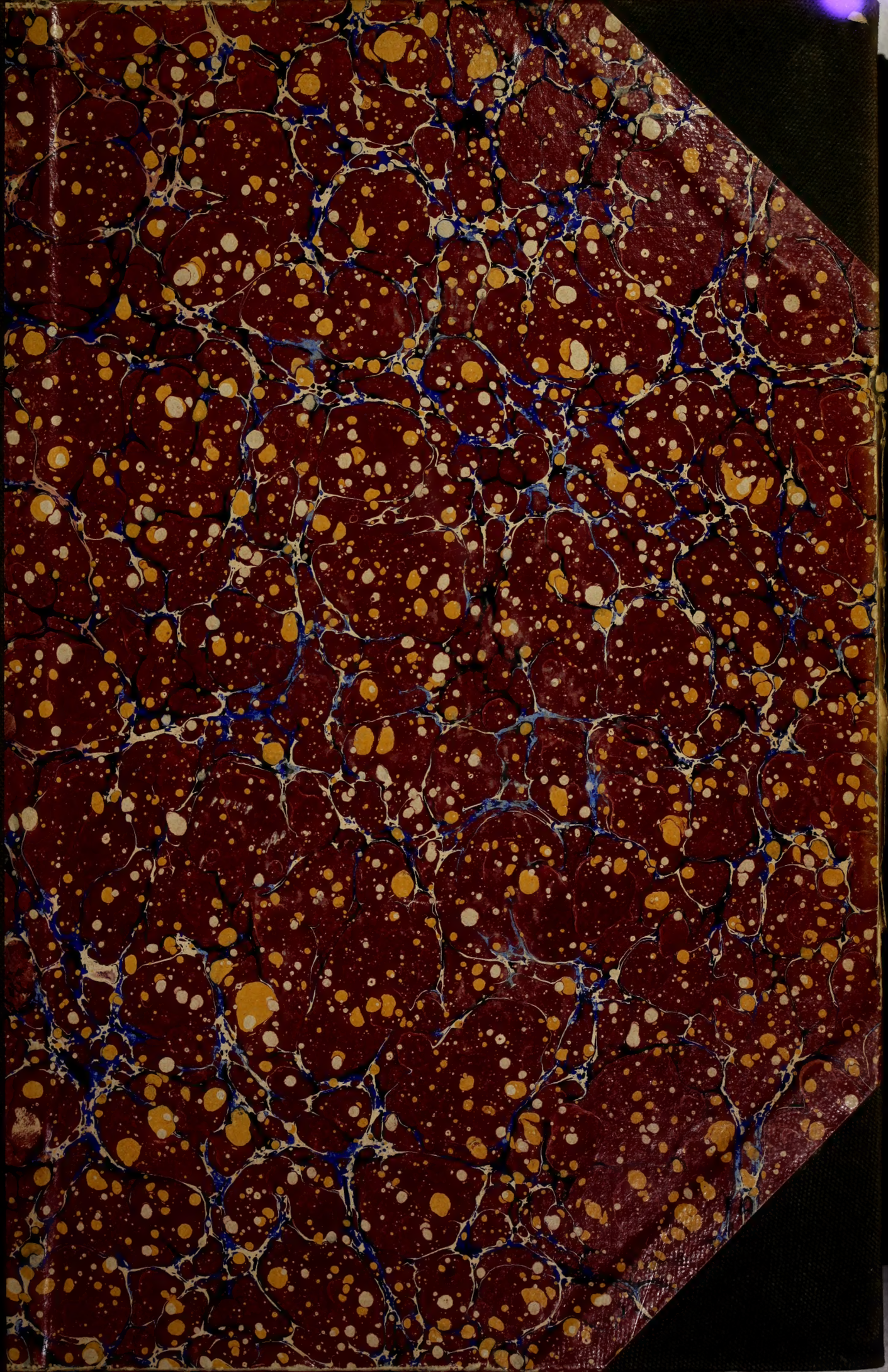

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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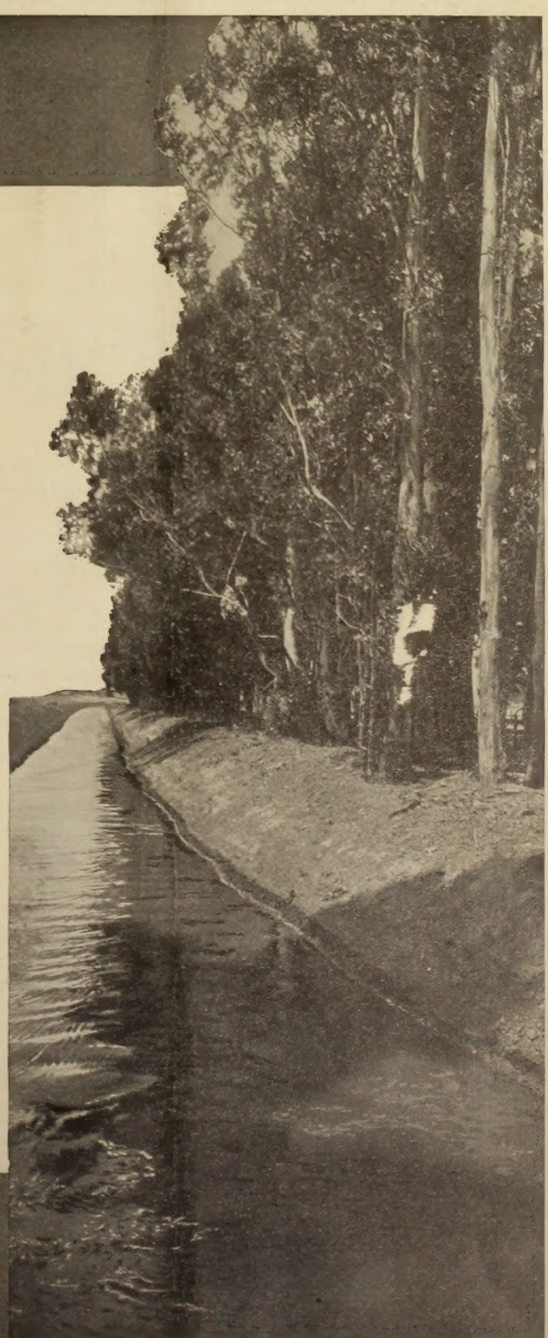

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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A Sensitive President

The extreme sensitiveness of the Administration at Washington to the clamant hysteria of the mob was well evidenced by the action taken in the cases which Attorney-General McReynolds postponed against the advice of the Federal District Attorney. President Wilson upheld his Cabinet officer to the extent of finding that the acts which led to the resignation of Mr. McNab were consistent with a sound discretion. He saw no reason for McNab's criticism, intimated that McNab was wrong in resenting the underground pull in behalf of certain men accused of crime, and then he rescinded the orders of McReynolds and ordered the cases prosecuted without delay. This apparent inconsistency is rightly to be attributed to the hysteria that split the empyrean directly over the roof of the White House. From Woodrow Wilson's History of the American People one gets the impression that the author is a very cold and dispassionate individual, always calmly philosophical, never to be influenced by brainstorms, prejudiced against the statesmanship that is controlled by clamor. This impression is not deepened by the current history of Woodrow Wilson the Chief Magistrate. This gentleman wears an ear close to the ground with a trumpet attached, and his whole being vibrates to the slightest sound.

Again the Clinic

The objection to the Municipal Clinic says the Call is that it implies official recognition of prostitution. This is the only objection we believe, and hitherto it has been entertained exclusively by sapheads of the ministry and other persons with intellectuals that remind us of the Devonian Era. But here is the Call not only stating the objection but embracing it. The Call tells us that recognition of prostitution by means of the clinic is in a sense approval of prostitution. This comes of the editor's rashness in divesting himself of his reasoning faculty and hanging it on the hat-rack, which is something no editor can afford to do when on duty. If recognition of a vice means approval of a vice then the burglar is a respectable member of society, for it is because of our recognition of burglary that we use locks and keys. The error into which they fall who argue that the maintenance of the clinic means approval of prostitution is in conceiving that the principal purpose of the clinic is service to prostitutes. The principal purpose of the clinic is service to society. It tends to prevent fallen women from stealing the health of men. It breaks the first link in what would otherwise prove an endless chain of disease extending through generations of men and women. The clinic bears the same relation to society as the policeman, and it is as essential to the welfare of society as the police power itself, which is a recognition of all the vices that impair the moral and physical health of the community. Wherever there is prostitution society owes to itself protection against the terrible disease prostitution entails, and to abolish the means of protection as the first step toward abating the source of the evil that calls for protection is stupidity of the kind that brought about the abolition of the canteen and increased drunkenness in the army.

The Underworld Symposium

From what is appearing in the columns of the Bulletin these days one might receive the impression that all the women of the underworld were there because they couldn't help themselves. This of course is far from the truth, and consequently the Bulletin's obscenity though profitable to Mr. Crothers is not to be justified on the ground that it serves as a basis of scientific inquiry. But of course the moral pretense of the publisher is obviously preposterous. He is doing nothing more than appealing to the prurient; and to all but the purblind his mask is transparent. All the information that may be required by the academic reformers who are interested in the subject of prostitution may be obtained from Dr. Sanger's scientific and exhaustive study of the subject. Touching the causes of prostitution Dr. Sanger supplies reliable data obtained not from anonymous correspondents or in haphazard fashion but by means of official expert inquiry. In the city of New York alone the inquiry covered the cases of two thousand fallen women. It was found that 525, little more than one-fourth, had been driven into the trade by destitution. Of the remainder 513 entered the life from inclination. In other words they became prostitutes to gratify the sexual passion. Now this is a factor little heeded or entirely ignored by the visionaries who talk about grappling with the vice. Among the women who voluntarily resorted to the harlot's trade were wives who confessed that they had deserted good husbands. When we examine the rest of Dr. Sanger's statistics we find that in addition to the 513 who were impelled wholly by instinct and passion there were 124 who confessed that they were prompted by the desire of an easy life; 114 who admitted that they were too lazy to work; 181 who sought the promiscuous company of men because of a desire to drink, and 164 who preferred the underworld to their homes because of ill-treatment at the hands of their parents. So as a matter of fact more than one-half the women questioned were leading a life of shame for no other reason than it was congenial to them. This circumstance does not argue that we should have no pity for the women of the underworld. That one-fourth of them should have been converted into prostitutes by destitution is an indictment of our social arrangements, but the problem is not so simple that the solution of it is to be made much easier by giving prostitutes a hearing in the public prints that they may talk about their trade as though it were of the most commonplace character and a fit subject for the reflection of persons of all ages.

An Elastic Law

How it is that the only vice that matters is permitted to flourish in this country today is a question that rouses us to academic inquiry. Here we have the Mann Act otherwise known as the White Slavery Law which appears to be so broad and sweeping in its provisions that it may be made to serve as a means of asbolutely interdicting all illicit intercourse between the sexes. Yet it appears to have had no other effect than to promote brawling self-righteousness and downright perversion of justice. The Mann Act was passed to stop the importation of women for the purpose of prostitution and to suppress the traffic carried on by so-called White Slavers. But it is so elastic and so comprehensive that it may be made to serve the purposes of Cruelty and Pharisaism, and it may be employed as an instrument of blackmail and revenge. A man may be prosecuted under this act for journeying with his mistress from one State to another or for yielding to the blandishments of a newly-made female acquaintance on an interstate railroad train. Of course it is a terrible thing for a man to have a mistress; it is most reprehensible to engage in philandering on a railroad train; and perhaps no sensual man who is guilty of any kind of sexual licentiousness should go unwhipt of justice. Nevertheless there ought to be some better way of curbing an insistent appetite than by having a law so sweeping in its implications as the Mann Act. The other day we read that a woman who

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is drawing alimony from her former husband is trying to have him indicted under the Mann Act because he is living with a woman he hopes to marry. We also read that the authorities have the case under advisement. The only reason that the case may be thought to come under the Mann Act is that the offense complained of is of a bi-State character. While we are not in sympathy with the man who leaves his wife to live with an affinity we will say that if all the divers manifestations of the passion of Old Adam are to entail punishment we ought to go about the business of punishing in the right way. We ought not to encourage officials to do what they know to be wrong in order to gain the applause of the self-righteous. No law should be susceptible of a multitudinous variety of constructions and thus be made to cover every conceivable piece of waywardness; not unless we make ignorance of the law a sufficient answer to an indictment. The law should not be an instrument of cruelty ready to the hand of a susceptible district attorney. The Mann Act since it has been found a convenient means of accomplishing almost everything but what it was intended to accomplish has ceased to command the respect of intelligent persons. Among intelligent persons there is much doubt as to whether the Diggs and Caminetti cases should ever have been brought under Federal jurisdiction. This doubt does not bespeak sympathy with those despicable wretches who deserted their wives and children to indulge their lust for a pair of wayward girls. But the question is whether the Mann law should be so construed as to make it possible to punish a man under it for flagrant disloyalty to his wife. It is not believed that the facts of the case warrant sympathy with the girls. Sympathy is wholly with the wives, and yet the defendants are to be prosecuted as White Slavers though we doubt that it will be argued that they had any intention of making prostitutes of their companions. Admitting this to be so—that they had no such intention—then under a proper apprehension of moral distinctions the prosecution of the men would be regarded as a much greater scandal than the one the defendants involved themselves in. Diggs and Caminetti are assuredly guilty of a crime. They ought to be severely punished. There should be no shrift short or other kind for two such mean and contemptible wretches, but it is to be hoped the facts will show that the Mann Act in its narrowest construction applies to them; that in other words they did contemplate the very thing that incurs the penalty prescribed. For after all, as some folk have learned from the Ruef case, the square deal is as important to all of us as to the wretch who needs it most. And meanwhile it would be well for all of us to be a little less inclined to enthuse over prosecutions under so vicious a piece of legislation as the Mann Act. The outleap of indignation which the particular cases to which its elastic provisions are adapted might be frequently checked by a little consciousness of the kinship of each of us with the frailties and vices by which a perfect God maintains the imperfections of His creatures. The saddest phenomenon of the times is the facility of men and women in believing that they are exactly what they pretend to be. If these poor deluded mortals who rush into print to vindicate their faith in the righteous efficacy of indignation were as sternly virtuous as their affected concern for virtue would indicate we should feel a beneficient tremor in their presence, but as it is we pity them realizing that it is in the nature of self-righteousness to be cruel and to be very far from the kingdom of God.

Bohemia and Bohemians

After all Bohemianism here in San Francisco is only a pose and a paradox, and hence the shock that was felt when one of our masquerading Bohemians lived up to his pretensions. He took surreptitiously from his friends, and they called him a thief. That was what Francis Villon used to do, and he is one of the most honored of Bohemians. What is it that Bohemianism most cordially detests? The Bohemia of tradition was tolerant of almost everything but respectability. Bohemianism is a protest against the subjection of human life to the conventions of society. There have been many Bohemias. There was the Bohemia of those prototypes of the Beggar Student, the one described by Petronius. There was the Bohemia of Villon's day, the Bohemia of Balzac and of Murger. Scott tells of a Bohemia in his "Fortunes of Nigel," infested with a frowsy, thieving, boozing, lazy lot of Bohemians. The old tradition feebly tried to lift its head in Thackeray's day. George Moore tells us of a Bohemia of late years in Paris. And whatever Bohemia we enter outside of San Francisco we find that Bohemianism means something real and definite. Here it has always been more or less of an imposture, a means of encouraging that most universal of human qualities—snobbishness. Here the man who might be a Bohemian, instead of being a Bohemian humbly serves as a means of providing atmosphere for a club dominated by the very class that Bohemians are supposed to be intolerant of. We are not criticising: we are merely stating a curious fact—that here in San Francisco, in a club of world-wide reputation, one that has made fine traditions for the city, Bohemianism has been assimilated by Commercialism. Modern Bohemianism had its origin at the close of the medieval period. In that period man's business was fighting, and fighting was play. When gunpowder was invented war ceased to be a matter of man's personal bravery and strength and skill. It became a science, a trade, like professional baseball. Then came all the paraphernalia of trade—the ledger, the tokens of credit, etc., and along came Puritanism to discourage all kinds of amusement, to crush the joy of living. Medievalism struggling to persist found expression in Bohemianism, which was a revolt against the blessed bourgeois ideal of gaining money. The Bohemian cultivated a repugnance to the drab and the dull. He was a flippant, reckless character, distinguished for good nature and for animal spirits. In time the idea of Bohemianism was associated with perpetual shortness of money. Nearly all poets, painters and actors became Bohemians—never a man in trade. Marlowe and Shakespeare were Bohemians. One was killed in a tavern brawl, and the other died of a drunken bout. In later years, in Paris, Bohemia became as Murger tells us, that stage of the artist's life which forms the preface to the Academy, the Hotel Dieu or the Morgue. In other words Bohemianism was a state of transition for men devoted to literature and art. Before winning recognition they pretended to be proud of their Bohemianism. They bore their penury with gypsy-like heedlessness. Contemptuous of the conventionalities, they were defiant of the world's ignoble servitude, and they estimated respectability at its true worth. But when success came to a Bohemian the land of Bohemia was abandoned, and the Bohemian cared no longer for its cheap and miserable scraps of pleasure. He was in the mood to join a Bohemian club, to succumb to its respectability, and to hiss a Dunn for helping himself to the saleable trifles of his Bohemian friends. A fine type of the Bohemian emeritus is Master Jack London from whom the prose Villon of our Bohemia stole several suits of pyjamas. Fancy a Bohemian having more than one suit of anything! If it isn't legitimate for a true Bohemian like Dunn to steal a suit or two of pyjamas from a sybarite like London, then what's the use of being a Bohemian?

The Self-Righteous Sulzer

Last week speaking of William Sulzer, Governor of New York, we observed that it was saddening to realize that the country is depending on men of his type, "shining examples of all that is most detestable in human nature, for administration of government under new nationalism." Also we observed that while men of this type may have some admirable virtues the probability is that their predominant qualities are the ones that populate penitentiaries. When those observations were written we knew nothing of Sulzer save that he was behaving like the average reformer lately come to the front in the politics of this State. Behind his conduct we thought we perceived impulses, prepossessions and motives somewhat inconsistent with a sensibility to the claims of others. He had been guilty of treachery to life-long friends and associates, and that was sufficient for us to know. We understood of course that in many minds such conduct is susceptible of justification. That vague, abstract consideration, the public good, is all that needs to be urged. But some folk have no stomach for treachery to friends. They regard the ties of friendship, the fountains of mutual confidence, as the principles of human wellbeing, the only security by which society can subsist. And though they might be convinced that the deed of Judas was motived in the desire to hasten his Master's declaration of himself as

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the Messiah, nevertheless they would feel that he ought to be precisely where Dante saw him. But our purpose is not recapitulation. It is to suggest that perhaps in the light of recent revelations our inference respecting Sulzer's character was more shrewdly drawn than our readers might have supposed. The Governor of New York, it appears, is a man with a past. In the midst of his wholesale denunciation of his friends the other day one of them retorted, "Well I was never indicted for perjury in Vermont." Newspaper reporters pricked up their ears; wanted to know what was meant. Then came the assertion that Sulzer some twenty years ago was indicted for perjury. This he stoutly denied. The denial appeared to be safe enough to make. It turned out that the records in the case out of which the charge grew were not intact. There was no indictment among them. But unfortunately for Sulzer a copy of the document was found in the office of the New York lawyer who had been actively engaged in the case. Sulzer pronounced the document a forgery. Again he was unfortunate. The lawyer had in his possession affidavits, depositions and documents galore to prove that Sulzer was in trouble in Vermont, that he was accused of trying to blackmail a widow out of a fee that he had not earned, and that it was due to the generosity of the widow that he was not prosecuted for suborning perjury after having been presented by a jury. Sulzer is still Governor, but his political career is approaching the end, and there will not be much pity for him. A man who uses his office as an instrument of hatred, who spends his time insinuating the blackest motives in his former friends while posing as a hero impatient for the redemption of mankind,—when such a man finds himself publicly haunted by an ugly past, he does not excite compassion in his fellow man.

Conflicting Lobbies

Now it appears that most of the lobbying at Washington was due to the conflict between labor and the manufacturing interests of the country. But whereas the Administration is terribly incensed against the manufacturers' lobby it has nothing to say about the lobby of the labor trust. It is notorious that the labor trust spends large sums of money to defeat Congressmen who have refused to vote according to the wishes of Samuel Gompers. Mr. Gompers himself more than once publicly announced the intention of the labor trust to conduct campaigns against recalcitrants in Congress. And it appeared to be considered legitimate that organized labor should thus seek to influence legislation; that it should browbeat and intimidate Congressmen whom it could not control. At any rate no storm of indignation was ever caused by the yawpings of the impudent labor Czar. It was to be supposed in the circumstances that something was being done at Washington and elsewhere to counteract the sinister influence of the labor trust. Manufacturers would have been very negligent of their interests if they had done nothing to assist Congressmen who had been courageous enough to incur the enmity of Gompers, or if they had not maintained a lobby at the capital. How important it has been to oppose the vicious labor trust, and at the same time how futile has been the opposition, we know from the class legislation that has been enacted and from the approval it has received at the hands of our darling President. Mr. Wilson has apologized for signing the civil sundry appropriation bill which contains a clause forbidding the Attorney-General from spending a part of the money in prosecuting labor unions deemed to be violating the anti-trust law. But his apology is not to be taken seriously. He says that this exclusion of labor from the operations of the act is "unjustifiable in character and principle," but that as the Administration will be able with other funds to enforce the anti-trust law against all offenders it doesn't matter. This is nothing short of cowardly evasion. The bill approved by President Wilson was vetoed by President Taft who knew just as well as President Wilson knows that the hands of the Government cannot be tied by an unscrupulous Congress in the way in which it seeks to tie them, but who nevertheless was true to his oath to support the Constitution of his country. And if President Wilson was as hostile to the labor trust lobby as to all other lobbies, if he was not a coddler of organized labor the unjustifiable provision would never have been passed up to him. As the leader of his party he had but to indicate to the Democratic Congress that he would not approve such an underhand attempt to amend the Sherman anti-trust law. Congress was willing to put Taft the Republican "in a hole," but it would not have done politics at the expense of Wilson the Democrat. The truth is that Woodrow Wilson acquiesced in the unjustifiable legislation for what he conceived to be the benefit of his party. And in doing so he was false to his oath and untrue to the sentiments he expressed in his speech accepting the nomination for President. He said on that occasion: "The forces of the nation are asserting themselves against every form of special privilege"; and as servants of the people "the sense of universal partnership must come into play if we are to act like statesmen, as those who serve not a class but a nation." Congress has served a class with President Wilson's permission, and he has served the same class with a half-hearted apology, and in doing so he has brought home to us the treasonable character of a brazen lobby against which he has not had the courage to utter one word of criticism.

Perspective Impressions

Some people have brains; others do their "light summer reading" all the year round.

How great some authors would be if they had taken the precaution to learn how to write!

If you have friends there is no need of ever knocking yourself; they will attend to that.

Wanted, and wanted oh, how badly—a Maxim silencer for Aked.

The President has already seen a good deal of ferment, and his a grape juice administration!

Strange, but every time a preacher resigns the cause of religion is advanced.

The "dry" summer resorts are not doing very well, but the consciousness of virtue doesn't console the hotel keepers a bit.

The pessimist according to the Rev. J. W. Horn, "has no constructive element in his make-up." The pessimist is the man who doesn't sympathize with the blasphemy of optimism.

The country editors all printed their good old "Safe and Sane Fourth" editorials as usual this year.

Remember that the society girl you meet in summer reserves the right to snub you in winter, and you may be saved unnecessary humiliation.

Not all the men you see smiling these days are rejoicing because their wives have gone to the country. Some of them have no wives.

We are getting dreadfully tired of seeing Carnegie's name in the papers. This also applies to the Chancellor of Stanford.

Supervisor Caglieri wishes it to be known that he is the only Supervisor who ever paid to get a dog out of the pound. It is pardonable vanity that prompts Dr. Caglieri to point with pride to himself in the act of paying a small sum that he might have kept. Perhaps it augurs well that he paid the poundmaster, though we regret to say that the majority of public servants find pecuniary honesty much easier than the intellectual kind.

So the manufacturers of the country have been organized in opposition to the labor trust lobby! What impudence! No wonder Professor Wilson is mad!

Ishi, "the last of his tribe," turns out to be an impostor—just as we supposed and suggested. Ishi probably has designs on vaudeville.

How many interviews will Starr Jordan repudiate on this trip around the world? The winner of this guessing contest will be given a second-hand copy of "Eric's Book of Beasts."

As the high cost of living is in a measure due to the demand for the necessaries of life the automobile may yet win recognition as a public benefactor. Think of the people it is killing and the people who would rather have an automobile than three square a day.

It is unfair to the good ladies who are censoring the voice from the underworld not to explain that their censorship does not extend over the lewd and filthy letters that are making circulation for old Uriah Heep Crothers.

Varied Types

CXXXIII—BLANCHE BATES

By Edward F. O'Day

"I went on the stage," confessed Blanche Bates, "because they promoted me in the San Francisco school department."

Of all the strange reasons for going on the stage that I have ever heard that is the strangest. I thought at first that Blanche Bates was spoofing me, but the suspicion died when I observed her narrowly and noted how serious she was. Her thoughts were winging back to the good old days before she ever dreamed of seeing her name flashed athwart the night in electric bulbs. The recollections were very pleasant, for she smiled; but she was not jocose. I realized that she meant what she said, so I begged for an explanation.

"I was teaching a kindergarten class in the old Emerson Primary," elucidated Blanche Bates. "My principal was Miss Sallie Rightmire, one of the sweetest women and one of the ablest educators in the department. Whether she thought that any change would be an improvement, that I couldn't do worse and might possibly do better with a different class, I really don't know to this day. But any way I was placed in charge of a higher class, so I quit and went on the stage.

"I was dissatisfied. I realized that I was not in my element in the kindergarten. Promotion didn't reconcile me to the work, and besides, as I say, the motive for the promotion was dubious. So I left the Emerson Primary. My mother said I was making a mistake, and I wasn't too sure at the time that mother's opinion would turn out to be incorrect.

"But I was anxious to follow in mother's footsteps. Mother had been identified with the stage in San Francisco for many years. She was at the old Metropolitan Theatre when the great stock stars of the sixties and seventies were making glorious history there. Then she was with the first California Theatre company. Later she was with McKee Rankin's company at the California. And after that she was with the first Alcazar company. So you see mother was part of what is now a tradition of the San Francisco stage.

"When I was teaching a kindergarten class in the old Emerson Primary, mother was at Stockwell's on Powell street. When dear old L. R. Stockwell heard from mother that I had left the kindergarten, he asked her to have me come to see him. There was to be a benefit performance and he asked me to take part in it. I was delighted at the chance. The play was 'This Picture and That' by Brander Matthews, one of those plays that ran the gamut of emotions. Perhaps Stockwell thought I might have talent for the stage, but I think the principal reason he wanted me to appear at his theatre in the benefit performance was because he knew I had a great many friends in the city and that my appearance would attract a certain amount of attention.

"At any rate I appeared, and as I look back on that first appearance now I know that I must have been very bad. But dear old L. R. kept me on for the following week. I played a ruined lady in some continental play.

"That was a splendid company Stockwell had. There was Stockwell himself, and Frawley, Clarence Holt now known as Edwin Holt, Clay Clement, Marie Burress, Ethel Brandon and her daughter little Polly Stockwell and Katherine Grey. Isn't it wonderful to think of the fine players who have appeared in stock on the San Francisco stage!"

Blanche Bates was interrupted at this point by a tap on her dressing room door. A sweet-faced woman entered, and there was quite an ecstatic meeting. It was Katherine Grey's mother who had come to call on her daughter's associate of those good old days when reputations were in the making.

"After that," continued Blanche Bates, "McKee Rankin gave me a chance at the Alcazar. Dear old McKee Rankin! I believe that he is out in front tonight. Mrs. Rankin was in the company, and so was Phyllis. And Nance O'Neil! The first play I appeared in there was 'Saratoga,' and I remember as if it were yesterday that Nance played a bathing girl in a red suit. Can you see Nance O'Neil, nine feet high and one foot across, appearing on the stage in a red bathing suit?

"Then Joe Murphy came to the Baldwin to give his repertoire of Irish plays and offered me a position. I became a real leading lady, and my cup of happiness was full. But not for long. Mother had been watching my work very closely, and now she gave her verdict. She said it was no use; that I had no talent; and that it would be folly for me to continue on the stage. So in great humiliation of spirit I retired.

"But only for a month or two. Frawley had organized a wonderful company and when I had been in retirement for about two months he offered me a place at the Columbia. I debated the matter seriously with mother. I certainly did not want to go back to the kindergarten, and I was very eager to stay on the stage. Mother finally relented. She said she supposed there was nothing to do but give her consent; that I appeared to be too lazy to do anything else but act; and that perhaps with very hard study and unremitting application I might hope for some measure of success.

"So I joined the Frawley company at the Columbia. Our first play was 'Sweet Lavender,' and what a grand company that was! Macklyn Arbuckle, Madge Carr Cook, Eleanor Robson, Jane Kennark, Belle Archer, Phosa McAllister, Harry Duffield, sweet little Hope Ross, H. D. Blakemore and Harry Corson Clark were in it. From time to time others came, players like Frank Worthing, Maxine and Gertrude Elliott, Tyrone Powers, Margaret Craven and Gladys Wallace. It was a rare privilege to be associated wtih such splendid actors and actresses.

"That is the outline of my start as an actress. It brings the story down to the point where I was prepared to go East when opportunity offered."

Blanche Bates was very attractive as she sat in her dressing room and indulged in these reminiscences. She has large and wonderful eyes of an agate coloring which I find it impossible to describe, and they sparkled with animation or danced with pleasure as she harked back to the old days from the time when she left the Emerson Primary to the time when her stage career brought her to the Frawley company and thus set her firmly on the path she has since pursued to success and stardom. Her mother is dead, but she lived long enough to know that Blanche was right in insisting that the stage was her proper sphere. But her maternal warning was heeded; Blanche Bates always studied hard and applied herself unremittingly. The large measure of success which has been hers she has earned by very persistent effort. But the talent was there in the first place. Doubless she inherited it from her mother whose fine acting in companies headed by Booth, Barrett, McCullough and others is well remembered by our oldtimers. No mere hereditary predilection, however, will explain the heights to which Blanche Bates has carried her art. Study and application of course; but what are these unless the person who uses them as means to an end possesses intelligence in the first place? Blanche Bates is a woman of great intelligence. She has cultivated her mind assiduously. That is a very special reason why she is able to hold an audience breathless through many minutes as she does so remarkably in the tense third act of "The Witness for the Defense."

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The People's Forum

The Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I do not wish to prolong this controversy interminably, but the astonishing letter of L. R. F. in your issue of June 21 demands a reply from me, and one that will be final as far as I am concerned.

Of the introductory part of his letter I shall only remark that the explanation he now vouchsafes of his amazement at my questioning your views is both impertinent and absurd, because forsooth "Your views are the views of men acquainted with the Irish drama and capable of judging art." That statement is a gratuitous one which I deny as categorically as L. R. F. asserts it.

My capacity for misunderstanding may be great but decidedly it is not greater than that of the man who cannot yet see the point I have been contending for right along, or else, the wish being father to the thought, who willfully burkes discussion of it because he cannot possibly contradict it. Almost a whole article he wastes proving that my viewpoint is not that of the dramatic critic but that of the moralist, of the Irishman "with certain national prepossessions and religious prejudices." I refer L. R. F. to the following passages in my former letters. In the issue of May 21 I said: "W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge, Padraic Colum, Lady Gregory and Co. are, I have no doubt, dramatic craftsmen of a high order." And again: "I am, I hope, sufficiently broad-minded to recognize much merit in them, in their workmanship, their dramatic craft and technique, but when they pretend to portray Irish life and the Irish spirit, I have no patience with them." I repeat again that my sole objection is that the Abbey School of Playwrights as a whole pretend to portray in their plays Irish people and Irish life, whereas as a matter of fact, their types as a whole are distinctly abnormal and untrue to the life which they purport to represent. Consequently how ridiculous it is to remark, as L. R. F. has done, that it is nobody's business what these artists write about. "Nobody has a right to dictate to an artist as to his subject-matter." Why, of course, every man is at perfect liberty to make a fool of himself with impunity, as long as he does not interfere with his neighbor in the process. And similarly it is the dramatist's privilege to evolve from his imagination the most freakish of types, as long as he does not proclaim from the housetops that these types of his are, for example, You and Me. Then, We have right. I am not concerned at all if a Synge or Yeats sees half a score of adulterers, murderers and buffoons in his imagination and "visualizes them," to use L. R. F.'s expression, anyway he thinks fit, so long as he does not claim to portray his actual experiences amongst the Irish people, a claim which Yeats and Synge very deliberately make in some of the prefaces of their books. If the playwrights of the Abbey Theatre continued until doomsday to emit the most absurd excrescences from "the white light of their imaginations" and "to visualize them for the benefit of others," no section of Irishmen whatsoever would interfere with their innocent pastime, so long as these aforesaid excrescences were not given to the world as typical of the people amongst whom they live. L. R. F. is wasting his eloquence, beating the air, whether deliberately ignoring my point or not, I don't know, but at all events, conclusively proving to his own satisfaction that I am not, what I never claimed to be, a dramatic critic.

But, God help us, in an unlucky moment I gave myself away. I am only an Irishman "with certain national prepossessions and religious prejudices." We have been targets so long, I suppose, that L. R. F. in company with many others, becomes irritated when we take to a little sharp-shooting now, in order to defend ourselves. Of course, I am an Irishman, writing from an Irishman's standpoint. That does not make L. R. F.'s case any better, does it? And I also plead guilty to the terrible charge that I have national prepossessions and religious prejudices. Of course I have, and I have yet to see the man worth his salt, who hasn't them, L. R. F. least of all.

I, like the rest of mankind, have not escaped the influences of heredity, environment and education. Born of Irish parents in Ireland, amid Irish surroundings and with an Irish education, instead of imputing it to me as a drawback in the present discussion, I have a strong impression that it is very much in my favor. And by the bye, I might remark here that the arbitrary distinction which L. R. F. makes between the critic and the moralist has no foundation in reason or in common sense. He says, "Here obviously is not the critic but the moralist pained at seeing adultery the motif of an Irish play." As if a man's criticism and a man's morality dwelt in two lobes of his brain as impervious to each other as air-tight compartments. I think that's unmitigated humbug. Why, the processes of a man's mind are so complex and varied, his impressions so numerous and involved and his views on one subject are colored so intensely by his views on others, that even if he would, he could not possibly divest himself of his attitude, for example, towards morality, whether that attitude be a positive or a negative one.

For answer to the statement that "I took him to task for mentioning several characters to prove that all are not abnormal," I refer L. R. F. to the following passage in my letter of June 14: "Does L. R. F. imagine for a moment that I was unaware that in a repertory of over one hundred plays, there are several to which no exception could be taken or ever was taken by any section of Irishmen whatsoever?" I never claimed that all the plays were abnormal, but I do claim that the productions of the Abbey Theatre as a whole are abnormal; and in proof of that I cited all the plays of Synge and two of Robinson's, and I intimated that I could keep on citing play after play, though of course people whose minds are open to reason would not expect me to do any thing of the kind. I might also remind L. R. F. that the objectionable plays were not accepted at any time in Dublin or anywhere else. The people of Ireland as a whole indignantly repudiated them. In Boston on the twenty-third of October, 1911, the players were hissed off the stage. In New York November 27, 1911, they caused a riot. And in Philadelphia on January 17, 1912, the whole company was arrested on the plea that "The Playboy of the Western World" was immoral. And should they ever have the misfortune to come to San Francisco I am afraid that L. R. F. and people like him will not have the pleasure of seeing them. And Irishmen are not by any means singular in repudiating them. As far back as 1904 the New York Herald spoke of 'Yeats's parodies of Ireland as insolently un-Irish. In 1909 the New York Sun described Yeats's plays "as savoring rather of Nietsche, Flaubert, Ibsen and Wm. Blake than of anything truly Celtic." Even in England, the Pall Mall Gazette characterizes some of Synge's plays as "Photographs of bestial stupidity and depravity."

For the rest, I have no intention of resuming this discussion again. Some minds are open to conviction and some are not. The public at large, those of them who have followed the discussion will judge for themselves whether or not I have made good my contention that no matter how beautiful may be their art and technique, how rich their dialogue, how effective their dramatic situations, the Abbey plays as a whole are not a good specimen of Common Sense Drama, precisely because, as Mr. Bonnet said of the modern high-brow drama, "They confound the abnormal with the typical."

Sincerely yours,

Hibernicus.

Parting

"Let fall, O love, the soft and heavy arms
That fain would hold me still;
Sweet with the stir of joyous blood, that charms
My backward-turning will.
No more the tragic splendors of thy face,
Passion and promise, fear,
Resentment, longing, tenderest yielding grace,
Bind me your captive here.
Hide, hide your star-compelling eyes! O cover
The desperate pulse of your white breast!
—Think of me as a shadow, once your lover,
Once dear; forget the rest.

"Our bond is naught; we cannot tread the way
Of those unmoving souls,
Who, hand in careless hand, live out their day
Thought-sundered as the poles.
Alas, my rebel spirit drew apart
Even while lips and lips
Were mingled; yea, when heart beat upon heart
In tumult and eclipse
Of life, and fusion of two beings; still
The deep Self hid alone,
Ashamed, yet all triumphant in the thrill
'I am once more mine own.'"

Translated from the Finnish by Rosalind Travers.

Lottery and Love

By Emilia Pardo Bazan (From the Spanish)

The story of my marriage, did you say? All right! It was rather extraordinary. One cold December day, years ago, a young beggar girl standing at the door of a cafe, sold me a lottery ticket. She was a slender slip of a girl, with a dark tangle of curls and a dirty, ragged shawl thrown over her shoulders. I gave her about three times the value of the ticket and she thanked me humbly, with a sweet smile of infinite charm.

"You will draw the prize," she declared, with the clear, ingratiating accent of the girls of Madrid.

"Are you sure?" I asked jokingly, while I slipped the ticket into the pocket of my overcoat.

"Well, I guess I am sure! Why, its number is 1,420, and that stands for my age exactly—fourteen years and twenty days. You are bound to win."

"Well, little girl," I answered, "don't worry. If I win the prize I shall go halves with you."

An expression of joy spread over her thin little face, so confident was she of the future. She clutched my sleeve and exclaimed:

"Ah, Senorito, give me the number and street of your house. Please, Senorito! It will only be a few days now before we can get our money."

With some misgivings I gave her my name and address, but in half an hour, after a brisk walk I had quite forgotten the incident.

A few days later it was forcibly recalled to me. I was lounging in my room, lazily listening to the incoherent shouting of the newsboys in the street, when all at once I discovered that they were calling out the lottery returns. I sent my man at once to get a paper. The first thing that greeted my eyes, as I opened it, was the number which had drawn the first prize. I thought that I was dreaming, but I was not. There was no doubt of it. There it stood in large black characters: "1,420," the age of the little ticket seller and my number. Those four printed figures represented many thousand dollars, and as I suddenly realized the fact, I began to tremble all over.

I may say to my own credit that it never even occurred to me to break my promise to the little girl. She had brought me luck; had been my mascot. Besides, I considered her a partner in a business transaction.

Suddenly I was seized with a keen desire to feel that blessed ticket with my own hands. I remembered perfectly that it was a cold day when I bought it and that I had slipped it into the outside pocket of my overcoat so I need not trouble to unfasten it. I made a bee line for my coat, which was hanging in the closet, and feverishly dived into every pocket, but the ticket was nowhere to be found. I called my man savagely and asked him if he had shaken the coat out of the window. Yes, he had beaten and shaken it, but nothing had fallen out, he was quite sure. I looked him searchingly in the face, but he seemed the incarnation of honesty. During the five years he had been in my service, he had never committed the least misdemeanor, and I felt that I must keep to myself the many things that I wished to say about the disappearance of that ticket. I already despaired of finding it, but nevertheless I lighted a taper and began a systematic search of every dark corner in my room. I looked through my closets, sifted the contents of the waste-paper basket and turned over the papers in my desk. All was in vain. I could not find the least trace of the ticket.

Towards evening, as I was stretched out in my armchair, smoking quietly and trying to make the best of my horrible disappointment, there was a short imperative ring at the door. An altercation followed, and the quick, sharp words of someone who insisted upon coming up the stairway. The door of my study was burst open and the little girl ticket seller, excited and weeping with joy, rushed up to me.

"Senorito," she said, "what did I tell you? Was I not right? You see, we have won the prize!"

I had thought that I had already passed through the worst of the affair, but I was mistaken, for I was not to be alone in my disappointment. It was too cruel. There I stood, stammering like a criminal, trying to explain to the child the loss of the ticket, how we had looked for it everywhere, that it could not be found and that her hopes must be disappointed. But I only saw her eyes fill with tears, and she said, with a quick shrug of her shoulders:

"By our dear Virgin, Senorito, neither you nor I were born to be millionaires—that's all!"

How could I reward such absolute confidence and disinterestedness? How could I make amends and make good my debts to her? For I was her debtor. Remorse for my carelessness and sympathy for my plucky little fellow-sufferer resulted in a conviction of responsibility for her. This feeling weighed so heavily upon me, that I took her into my home, supported her, educated her —and finally married her. But the most extraordinary part of my tale is that we are happy.

For The Love of A Sport

By Maurice Leblanc (From the French)

At the office where I have been employed for the last ten years Monsieur Guemin used to be one of the laziest and most indifferent of the clerks. But five years ago he was married; later he was presented with a son, and finally a daughter. Now he has become the most energetic and enthusiastic athlete imaginable.

His existence seems to hang on the cultivation of his muscles, which is his religion, his pet form of idolatry. His actions prove that his brain is chiefly occupied with the invention of new activities for his muscles. Standing in front of the high table that serves him for a desk, Monsieur Guemin will scribble away with his right hand, and with the left raise and hold at arm's length a chair which he keeps beside him for that purpose. This he does quite seriously and methodically, without interrupting his work. At intervals, he will clench his fists and shoot them up with all his force, bending forward to his knees and rising quickly. When he has gone through this performance two or three times he will resume his work. He never lifts any of the heavy ledgers without using them as dumb-bells. The other clerks whisper in respectful astonishment about his penholder, which is like an iron club, and about the brick which he uses for a paper-weight.

The most glorious of Monsieur Guemin's achievements is his custom of walking the distance from the office to his home in Passy four times each day. Elbows pressed against his sides, breast forward and head thrown back, Monsieur Guemin swings toward the Arc de Triomphe, cuts across the Boulevard Haussmann and makes the two miles to the office in twenty-five minutes or less, without getting in the least winded.

His clothes are naturally appropriate to this kind of existence. His coat is a thin and ancient garment even in winter. He never wears an overcoat, for Monsieur Guemin quite ignores the cold.

But I was not going to be taken in by these eccentricities. What miracle could have caused the change in this young man, once so placid? How could he ever have become such an athlete?

Last Sunday I met Monsieur Guemin in the Bois de Boulogne. He was pushing a baby carriage and carrying a child on his left arm. Beside him walked a sympathetic and graceful woman. He greeted me proudly and was going to pass on, but I stopped him, thinking that this was the opportunity to learn more.

We chatted for a while and I found Madame Guemin very charming; cultured and spirited enough to be an interesting conversationalist. Her husband listened to her with open mouth, in reverent wonder at her ability. Talking of Passy, she asked:

"Don't you think, monsieur, that my husband lives too far from the office? I'm sure it must be drudgery for him to travel that distance by omnibus, four times a day."

"Omnibus?" I ejaculated in surprise.

"Yes, the Passy-Bourse 'bus, four times a day. What a journey it makes!"

Monsieur Guemin put down the child he was

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

C—CITY THAT WILL NOT REPENT

By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

(The following fine poem was published in the Forum Magazine for July. The author Nicholas Vachel Lindsay is an American poet who is coming rapidly to the front. He leads the life of a troubadour, wandering about the country and depending on the sale of his poems for food and drink. Those who keep track of the best current verse know his work and admire it; those who wait for the public seal to be affixed to genius will not become acquainted with Lindsay for some time.)

Climbing the heights of Berkeley
Nightly I watch the West.
There lies new San Francisco:
Sea-maid in purple dressed,
Wearing a dancer's girdle
All to inflame desire:
Scorning her days of sackcloth,
Scorning her cleansing fire.

See like a burning city
Sets now the red sun's dome!
See mystic firebrands sparkle
There on each spire and home!
See how the golden gateway
Burns with the day to be—
Torch-bearing fiends of portent
Loom o'er the earth and sea.

Not by the earthquake daunted
Nor by new fears made tame,
Painting her face and laughing,
Plays she a new-found game.

Here on her half-cool cinders
'Frisco abides in mirth,
Planning the wildest splendor
Ever upon the earth.

Here on this crumbling rock-ledge
'Frisco her all will stake,
Blowing her bubble-towers,
Swearing they will not break,
Rearing her Fair transcendent,
Singing with piercing art,
Calling to Ancient Asia,
Wooing young Europe's heart.
Here where her God has scourged her
Wantoning, singing sweet:
Waiting her mad bad lovers
Here by the judgment-seat.

'Frisco, God's doughty foeman
Scorns and blasphemes him strong.
Tho' he again should smite her
She would not slack her song.

Nay, she would shriek and rally—
'Frisco would ten times rise.
Not till her last tower crumbles.
Not till her last rose dies,
Not till the coast sinks seaward,
Not till the cold tides beat
Over the high white Shasta,
'Frisco will cry defeat.

God loves this rebel-city,
Loves foemen brisk and game,
Tho' just to please the angels,
He may send down his flame.
God loves the golden leopard
Tho' he may spoil her lair.
God smites, yet loves the lion.
God makes the panther fair.
Dance, then, wild guests of 'Frisco,
Yellow, bronze, white and red!
Dance by the golden gateway,
Dance, tho' he smite you dead!

The Spectator

That Preposterous Charge

The controversy that has arisen between Roy Pike and Charley Wheeler over a power-development enterprise in Lake County must be sadly deprecated by all true lovers of reform and civic patriotism. For Charley Wheeler is the embodiment of these things, and Roy Pike who is only an unpretentious forthright citizen with no claims whatever upon anything possessed by his fellow-men except their respect and esteem has presumed to impugn Mr. Wheeler's reputation for square dealing. This is shocking. Penetrate to the marrow of this controversy and you will find that the accusation made by Pike against Wheeler implies something of a very ugly nature and therefore to say the least it is incredible. According to Pike he represents a company that wishes to invest a large sum of money in a power-development scheme which Mr. Wheeler thinks he is in a position to cripple. And Pike says that Wheeler threatens to cripple it unless the Pike company "comes to the center"; meaning that unless the Pike company buys out for an enormous sum certain properties to which Wheeler has a vague and indefinite title the eminent patriot and reformer will devote his talents and influence to the spiking of the Pike enterprise. Mr. Wheeler pronounces the charge preposterous. And to be sure it is.

The Upright Wheeler

The presumption of Mr. Wheeler's innocence of anything of unethical design is overwhelming. Consider his claims to the confidence of all of us. In the first place he is the attorney for Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, the soul of honor whose almost inhuman honesty so inflamed ordinary mortals that they once charged him with trying to hold up a big railroad deal in this city by means almost as bad as those now charged against his attorney. Again, Mr. Wheeler has vindicated his towering rectitude by publicly setting his face like flint against higher-ups and striking an uncompromising attitude against graft. And again, Mr. Wheeler enjoys the confidence of the incorruptible and celestially virtuous Administration at Sacramento. Furthermore Mr. Wheeler is a Regent of the State University, a position to which only the most honorable men are appointed. And of course everybody knows that Mr. Wheeler is a leader of the bar. This is the same Mr. Wheeler who figured in the Fair will contest, first espousing the cause of Nettie Craven and subsequently throwing her down hard when he discovered that she was a bad woman and that the pencil will wasn't essential to the breaking of the trust. Obviously the charge made by Mr. Pike is preposterous. Who knows anything about Pike? All that can be said for him is that he belongs to the Family Club. Never in his life was he found leading the forces of virtue into the breaches of corruption.

Take Off the Lid

As I have said, the presumption is with Mr. Wheeler, but for the benefit of the sceptical who are ready to believe anything provided it is only sufficiently improbable, let us have the facts, let us dispel imperfect knowledge by a little honest research. The nub of the controversy has been obscured in a cloud of words, and besides Mr. Wheeler may not be the only person eager for the light. It may be that Pike and his associates are trying to excite the suspicion of the public against other persons not less zealous of their honor than Mr. Wheeler. The Conservation Commission which appears to have the power to facilitate the crippling of the Pike enterprise is a political body beholden to the

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unspotted Governor of our State, and among its members is former Governor Pardee, once the bosom friend of Abe Ruef. Governor Pardee is always sensible of the need of vindication. And then there is this circumstance foaming like duck soup to the sceptical—that Dalzell Brown, bank-wrecker, has or had a big interest in the properties which Charley Wheeler is said to have converted into a club for the persuasion of Pike. Now Charley Wheeler was Dalzell Brown's attorney, and so was Governor Johnson, the man who appointed the Conservation Commission. Why this controversy is rank with pungent potentialities. There is inspiration in it for no end of sinister speculation and mean innuendo. And therefore my burning solicitude for all the friends of the people who might be involved by the unrighteous. So grave is the matter that I must dissent from Mr. Wheeler's proposal that it be referred to a Court of Conscience, a suggestion by the way that evoked the cruel retort—"the prayer of the wicked availeth nothing." Mr. Wheeler's is always the prayer of the just, but the Court of Conscience is unreliable, as too much depends on conscience which is a thing variable and adaptable.

Dry Lake County

"Yes, Lake County is dry," said Colonel Charles M. Hammond of Clear Lake to a group of friends at the St. Francis the other day. The genial colonel sighed as he said it, and then continued: "Let me give you an example of what that means. I was in Lakeport the other day when a party of fourteen in two big touring cars stopped at the garage of the hotel. They were ladies and gentlemen from Los Angeles touring the north as the guests of a wealthy man of the southern city. This gentleman was enthusiastic about Lake County. He told the keeper of the garage that the party intended to stay ten days or two weeks in Lakeport. Would they be able to get saddle horses? Yes, there were plenty of saddle horses in Lakeport, the garage man told him. They were eager to enjoy the beauties of the lake. How about boats? Plenty of boats, said the garage keeper. And the roads to the various resorts—were they good? The roads were in splendid condition, said the garage keeper. 'I understand that Lake County is dry,' said the Los Angeles man, 'but I suppose the hotels have licenses and that we shall be able to get a bottle of wine or a Scotch highball with our meals?" That, the garage keeper explained, was out of the question, for Lake County was absolutely dry; there were no hotel licenses. The motorist drew on his big gloves. 'Fill those tanks with gasoline,' he told the garage keeper; 'we shall leave Lake County as quickly as possible."

Art and the Vacuum Cleaner

A Chinese servant of the Palace Hotel was sent to the bar room the other day to clean the woodwork of the bar and back bar with a vacuum cleaner. He was a careful and thorough workman, and he exceeded his instructions. After finishing the woodwork he trained his vacuum cleaner on "The Pied Piper," the priceless canvas by Maxfield Parrish which has the position of honor above the Palace bar. He had gone over about one-third of the beautiful painting before "Cocktail Jim" Boothby, the Palace mixologist, discovered what he was about. Boothby is a connoisseur of art as well as of drinks, and he almost fainted at the thought of the injury which the celestial might work on the Parrish masterpiece. So he made him stop by the expeditious method of turning off the electric current that fed the vacuum cleaner. Careful inspection of the picture showed that no harm had been done. But consider the feelings of Maxfield Parrish when he learns that an air-sucking contraption was applied to his masterpiece!

The End of the Romance

Miss Adele Blood shattered the second romance of Edwards Davis the other day when she commenced suit for divorce. The star of "Everywoman" was apparently moved to take this action by the news from New York that the husband of an actress appearing with Davis in vaudeville had brought suit, naming the actor-preacher as co-respondent. Following closely on this legal step the injured husband met Davis in the company of his fair enslaver and knocked him down. Davis scrambled to his feet, not to fight but to run away. The wires had hardly brought us this bit of news when we learned that Miss Blood was taking steps to free herself. This is the second time that Davis' married bliss has terminated in the divorce court.

An Oakland Preacher

As a preacher in Oakland Edwards Davis set a pace for sensationalism which many of his brethren of the pulpit found it hard to keep up with. He was a past master of the art of advertising Edwards Davis. He rode a wheel before bicycling became common, he wore a claw-hammer in the pulpit, he even waltzed for his congregation one Sunday evening. Once he appeared in knickerbockers and silk stockings, scandalizing his congregation with the sight of his calves. When he married Alta Kingore who sang in his choir he resigned his clerical job and went East to conquer new fields. In New York he invented a parlor game which sold quite well. Then he fell ill and went to a hospital while his wife went on the stage. Later on Mrs. Davis re-

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turned to Oakland and started suit for divorce, but relenting, took him back and they went into vaudeville together. When the couple came to the parting of the ways Davis married Adele Blood, a former Oakland girl, who had gone on the stage in the East.

He Was No Daniel

Only one instance do I recall when Davis missed a chance to break into the newspapers. It was at the time of the old Haight street Chutes where Adgie and her lions formed one of the chief attractions. The management thought it would be a great stunt to hold a wedding in the lion's cage, so an impecunious couple was found who were willing to be spliced within reach of the lions' jaws. Davis was approached as the likeliest preacher to perform the ceremony. For a very fat fee he agreed to take the risk. But when the great night came and Davis saw the big brutes stalking up and down the cage and roaring terribly, he was attacked with "cold feet." At the last moment he approached the manager and with his best bow said: "Sir, I regret to say that I have changed my mind. I have two reasons. In the first place I am no Daniel. In the second place the age of miracles is past."

Interviewing Durrant

The night before Theodore Durrant was hanged the Examiner sent Edwards Davis to San Quentin to interview him. He went ostensibly as a clergyman to give the wretched man spiritual consolation, but really to try and extract a confession for the paper. Martin Egan who has since attained wide celebrity as a newspaperman, was detailed to interview Durrant for one of the other papers. Egan was disturbed at the thought that the preacher might "scoop" him and when Davis' private interview with Durrant lengthened out through many minutes Egan's anxiety became unbearable. Finally Davis emerged and entered the conveyance which was to take him from the prison to the nearest telegraph office. Egan sprang at the horses just as they started, stopped the team and dragged the preacher from his seat. "Did you get a confession?" he demanded. The frightened preacher managed to say "No." "Well, if you have anything in the Examiner tomorrow that I have missed getting, I'll publish that Oakland scandal about you." There was no exclusive feature in Davis' article.

His Latest Act

When Edwards Davis was last here he presented at the Orpheum a lurid act called "The Picture of Dorian Gray." It consisted of a hodge-podge of lines from Oscar Wilde's various works thrown together around an incident from the Wilde novel. Dorian Gray in this Davis version was a beautiful woman instead of a man, and the part was played by Adele Blood. Since then Davis has attracted attention with a vaudeville act the idea of which he took from "Everywoman." It is a morality called "The Kingdom of Destiny."' To say that Davis wrote it himself is to convey to the reader that it is not a masterpiece. And yet eastern critics have taken it pretty seriously. One of them declared that it was better than "Everywoman." Another remembered (no doubt with the assistance of Davis' press agent) that Joaquin Miller had said of the preacher-actor: "He looks like a boy. I know him to be a man. He is famous in all the West and will be heard from in the East." Richard Le Gallienne and Edwin Markham were quite enthused. Another critic said: "Mr. Davis has actually established a new standard of art for the American vaudeville."

David Is Slender

I noticed David Warfield standing in a pose of easy grace at the corner of Powell and O'Farrell the other day, and was surprised at the lissomeness of him. With a bright green hat settled jauntily on the head which Bohemian Club sculptors love to sculp David leaned his decreased weight on a light cane which would never have supported the adipose David of yesterday. For David has banted wonderfully. He has dropped, I should say offhand, in the neighborhood of thirty pounds. He has regained the lines of his figure. His legs are the legs of a youth, and there is no bulge discernible in the pit of his waistcoat. David is therefore an example for our men about town who have allowed themselves to become enfleshed. I understand that David has done all this by the simple means of cutting out most of his daily food and more of his daily drink while at the same time exercising regularly. While I was regarding David with admiration Ed Child strolled up the street from the Orpheum to

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SAN FRANCISCO

ease his ears for a minute of "Broncho Billy" Anderson's rivet drills and remarked: "He ought to star in 'The Return of David Thin.'"

Belasco Wanted Butler

A great compliment has been paid to the professional ability of Fred Butler, the popular stage director of the Alcazar. David Belasco has offered Fred the position of stage director at the Belasco Theatre in New York. William Deane has occupied that position in the Belasco organization for years, and has a reputation second to no other stage director in New York. But Deane is going to retire, and Belasco looked about for a man to take his place. Fred Butler was his first choice. It was an attractive offer, financially and otherwise, and Butler considered it carefully before he turned it down. Fred decided that he would not be happy away from the city which has been his home for so many years and where he has so many friends. David Belasco first awakened to Butler's worth as a stage director four or five years ago when he came out here with Acton Davies, the dramatic critic, to witness the western production of "The Rose of the Rancho" with Bessie Barriscale in the role which Frances Starr played in New York. Butler's work in mounting the Tully-Belasco drama won many encomiums from the chief of the Belasco family. Following the production of "The Rose" David Belasco sent to New York for the scenery and costumes used in the big Blanche Bates production of "The Darling of the Gods," and Fred Butler put that play on in equally fine style. Since then David Belasco has kept his eye on Fred Butler. It is needless to say that Fred Belasco is delighted that Dave is not to take Butler away from the Alcazar.

Bulletin Pornography

How far may a newspaper go without landing its editor in jail for obscenity? That is the question which the Bulletin bids fair to answer. Data already supplied demonstrate that an editor may go very far indeed. The Bulletin has undammed a flood of filth, and so far not a single public protest from those who are being drenched in it! The "Auld Reekie" of local newspaperdom is outraging its readers every night, but its readers are complacent where they are not prurient, and nothing in the way of an obstacle is erected against still more disgusting disclosures. The Voice that is wailing from Commercial street has been almost decently pitched so far, and the distinguished ladies serving as censors have had little to do. But there is no committee of prominent clubwomen to censor the vile letters printed from day to day. Some of these letters are mere essays in pornography. The writers must have penned them out of curiosity to see how far they might go in nasty suggestion without being rejected. It is a lewd revel of debauchery, a witches' sabbath in print, and it threatens to go on interminably. I wonder if mothers and fathers still allow their children to read the Bulletin?

A Public Scandal

By these letters the impression is sought to be created that San Francisco is a modern Babylon, that half the homes of the city are presided over by satyrs, and that every other man you meet is a Marquis de Sade. At the invitation of the Bulletin the outcasts of society have taken to print to console themselves by dragging respectability down to their level. The dominant note of the epistolary symposium is that the wives of the city are unconsciously subject to contact with impurity as the husbands of the city are vile wretches who spend their time exciting the disgust of the women of the underworld. There is iteration and reiteration of the assertion that married men are the supporters of the underworld. As to how much truth there is in this assertion we need not inquire, but certainly the dissemination of it will not tend to ameliorate conditions anywhere. It may tend to create distrust in homes, but it will not induce sympathy for the women of the town. But this is not the purpose of the letter-writers who represent themselves as the tools of all kinds of depravity, and who pique curiosity by veiled allusions to refinements of vice and mysterious tortures. These letters are the vaporings of degenerates, and the Bulletin these days is serving no other end than that of easing the diseased minds of the most loathsome creatures that infest the sumps and stews of society. The Bulletin has gone beyond the pale, made of itself an outcast. This in the most literal sense is the prostitution of journalism. The whole thing is a public scandal, and some-

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thing should be done to abate it. Why should a newspaper be permitted to introduce into the homes of this city revolting pictures of bagnio bestrality under pretense of disseminating wholesome information?

The Wizard of Truckee

Attorney Tom O'Connor is back in town after winning a murder case that looked utterly hopeless. The defendant was a Doctor Sunburnt of Truckee who killed a man named McGinniss after a nasty family quarrel. The trial was held in Nevada City, Judge George L. Jones presiding and District Attorney Fred L. Arbogast prosecuting. O'Connor introduced in evidence a photograph of Dr. Sunburnt taken the day after the killing, showing the lacerations which McGinniss had inflicted on Sunburnt before the latter killed him. The photographer, an elderly citizen of Truckee, very deaf and with a high-pitched voice, was put on the stand. The District Attorney wanted to find out if he had altered the negative in any way. "Was this photograph retouched?" he asked. "What do you mean by that?" piped the witness. "To simplify the question," said Arbogast, "suppose I came to you to have my picture taken, what would you do?" "Well," answered the Arnold Genthe of Truckee, "I'd pose you in the usual way; then I'd take your picture; and then I'd touch it up to make you look as much like a gentleman as possible." The judge and jury went off into peals of laughter.

Geo. W. Caswell Co. Awarded Contract

Geo. W. Caswell Co. of this city were awarded the contract to supply coffee to the various institutions under the control of the City and County of San Francisco, in the face of the keenest competition. The Board of Supervisors called for bids and a great many samples were submitted, and the city asked the best known firm of coffee experts in town to make a careful examination and cup test of the samples. The result was that the contract was awarded to Geo. W. Caswell Co., with special mention of the fact that the quality was higher than ever before offered to the city.

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When, after the theatre, one desires a late supper in an environment at once comfortable and refined, where the menu and service are unexcelled and where one may hear exceptional music, one finds at Techau Tavern the ideal condition for such enjoyment. These attractions account for the after-theatre crowds which gather at the Tavern every evening, taxing the capacity of the cafe to the utmost. The afternoon throngs of shoppers are scarcely less numerous. A feature of Tavern attractions is the presentation of various beautiful souvenirs to lady patrons, including Halycon Rose Perfume from the Hanson-Jenks laboratories and Aubrey Sisters' Beautifier, a cosmetic of nation-wide reputation.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

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SAVINGS MEMBER COMMERCIAL

Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco and The San Francisco Clearing House Association

JUNE 30, 1913

ASSETS

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate		$ 5,236,118.06
Real Estate, Bank Buildings, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults		739,451.14
Time Loans (Collateral and Personal)		1,114,637.56
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit		44,946.26
Other Assets		36,962.08
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds	$2,442,540.42	
Demand Loans (Collateral and Personal)	2,635,431.55	
CASH	1,912,270.43	6,990,242.40
		$14,162,357.50

LIABILITIES

Capital Fully Paid	$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	299,068.69
Dividends Unpaid	30,287.00
Letters of Credit	44,946.26
DEPOSITS	12,538,055.55
	$14,162,357.50

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco:
L. SCATENA and A. P. GIANNINI, being each separately, duly sworn, each for himself, says that said L. Scatena is President and that said A. P. Giannini is Vice-President and Manager of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

L. SCATENA,
A. P. GIANNINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1913.
THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Assets.

December 31, 1904	$285,436.97	DECEMBER 31, 1910	$6,539,861.47
December 31, 1905	$1,021,290.80	DECEMBER 31, 1911	$8,379,347.02
DECEMBER 31, 1906	$1,899,947.28	DECEMBER 31, 1912	$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1907	$2,221,347.35	JUNE 30, 1913	$14,162,357.50
December 31, 1908	$2,574,004.90		
December 31, 1909	$3,819,217.79		

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The New Menlo Links

Yesterday two of the prettiest country clubs were on view. There was a holiday atmosphere at Burlingame where the Cowans had a house party in the old Jones cottage by the golf links and the attractive country house and where the Breedens, Bloomfield Williams and others of the club foregathered. But most of the set motored down to Menlo where the new golf course was formally opened and the new club house, as the boosters have erroneously called it, that succeeded with ceremony and eclat the one of ago. But the new links that have just been laid out over the hay rolling country near Redwood City. For the opening tournament some of the crack players of Burlingame and the Marin Country Club were entered and the events were viewed by the country clubs. The Hopkins tribe, including the Carl and Will Taylors, Mesdames Sam Hopkins and Chester Cowdins turned out with their guests. The McDonald Spencers and Percy Moores were there with consignments of visitors and the Cowells who had a Fourth of July house party at Orchid House, each guest fetched with an orchid.

At the Berceland

At San Mateo there was another gala occasion at the Berceland Club where the corner stone of the new club house was laid. The Berceland is rated as the richest country club in California and the new building to replace the temporary structure now used will be the latest cry in country club luxury. The present building will be used as an annex. The Dechaderes had guests for the occasion and present also were the Gaston Bachs, Leonhards, Ehrmans, Hellers, Lilienthals, Walters, Sloss, Dernhams and others who represent the solid financial element of San Francisco. There was a vaudeville program after the formal event of laying the corner stone was accomplished. Miss Seville Shainwald and Mayon Gunst were guests of the occasion with their dancing.

"They" are saying that when Mrs. Oelrichs exchanges to the cerulean main "You will drive me out of this country some day," she is quite as outspoken as Miss Millicent when she refused to spend any money in London because women can't vote.

The Talbot Walker Rag

The county set turned out in force for the Talbot Walker dance at the Menlo Country Club. It was frankly announced as a rag party. Anyone who didn't rag was out of it. But of course everyone in the Walker set has caught the spirit of terpsichorean progress and "one steps" at least. It is a curious thing about the one step. You can't tell it from the rag unless you are prejudiced against the rag when the distinction is obvious. However invitations to the Walkers' rag party were accepted by prejudiced one steppers and unprejudiced raggers alike. Quite a contrast to the spirit of two years ago when Peter Martin shocked conservatives with his dance at the maternal mansion in Broadway. It was stated and denied and reiterated that Peter gave a rag party and was discussed with disapproving comments by mothers of debutantes, the same debutantes who ragged at the Walkers' party, and very likely the same mothers. Marian Newhall who is one of the most graceful raggers in the set danced her prettiest. The Newhalls are all splendidly independent, and Marian frankly calls it the rag instead of the one step. Ruth Winslow is another graceful dancer who one steps, and Lee Girvin does the tango. The Hopkins clan rags well and was much in evidence. Mrs. Walker's sister Helen Keeney who is just home from an Eastern finishing school had her first real taste of a grown up party. So had Ruth Zeile, another of next winter's debutantes, just out of school.

"They" are saying that if allegations in a certain Los Angeles divorce complaint are true, Mrs. Joe Eastland must have a sort of weakness for those "beautiful friendships" of which she denounced so prettily when she started to divorce Joe.

Who Will Be Queen of the Debs?

Whether Helen Keeney or Gertrude Hopkins will be the beauty of debutante row next winter is a question that has developed factions among the prophets. Gertrude Hopkins who is the daughter of Mrs. George Ebright and whose father was Sherwood Hopkins, nephew of E. W., is wonderfuly lovely to look upon, with the classic grace of the Hopkins that seems an unfailing heritage in the clan. She has spent much of her time in her uncle's household, but since her mother's second marriage has lived at the Ebright home in Scott street. For two years she has been the belle of the sub-debutante set at the Junior Friday night dances where future belles and beaux of Greenway balls are trained. Meanwhile Helen Keeney has been away at school. She also has a heritage of good looks. Her sister Mary was the most beautiful girl in society and as Mrs. Walker is still one of the loveliest of young matrons. But whichever wins the title of beauty of the season, there is no question both will be belles with all the family and social connections to entertain for them. If Marie Louise Black decides to forego a year of travel and stay at home for a debut she may prove the most beautiful beauty of all the debs—her friends declare. It would be an interesting development.

Miss Lathrop to Make Her Bow

Miss Hermina Lathrop who will be one of the important debutantes of next winter returned a few days ago from the East where she has been "finishing" at one of the fashionable schools, and made her first formal appearance in society as bridesmaid at a wedding. She was the only attendant of her cousin Miss Barbara Reid, one of the belles of Berkeley's younger set who was married Monday evening to Ralph Ewart Robson. Miss Lathrop arrived from the East on Monday with her parents and after a few days at the St. Francis they went to the family home at Palo Alto where they will spend the summer. For the debut of this attractive maid who is heiress to a share of the Stanford millions, Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop will take apartments in town for the winter.

"They" are wondering whether Lina Cavaleri exercised the same arts on Tenor Muratore as on "Looney Bob" Chanler.

Miss Gregg Piques Curiosity

Dashing vivacious, charming and spirited Enid Gregg was the most attractive figure in the Palace Palm Garden the other day. She was

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with young Stewart Haldorn of Monterey who has spent more time in San Francisco than in the old Spanish town of late and as much of it as he could with Miss Gregg. But no one dares prophesy for the fascinating Enid who has been rumored engaged a score of times. This summer it is rather a strain on the gossips to refrain. Miss Gregg has spent several week-ends as the guest of the J. A. Murrays of Monterey. Mrs. Murray is the mother of young Haldorn and is very fond of Enid. The Murrays are the wealthy Montana people who purchased the Hugh Tevis place at Monterey, so young Haldorn is heir to a fair fortune. But so is Miss Gegg for whom money has no lure. The Greggs by the way have just given up their apartment at the St. Regis and will make their home at the Fairmont where Enid and Ethel will make other beauties of the Fairmont younger set, Anna Peters et al., look to their laurels.

"They" are still speculating on the identity of the lucky girl who is to be Queen of the Portola.

Vale, Caesar!

Ernest Wiltsee learned to rag down there. Mary Garden, one memorable night, fled the place in a fit of jealousy which she cloaked under a pretense of being shocked by the turkey trot. Pavlowa visited there to see our famous dances and went away charmed. Florenz Ziegfeld took Lillian Lorraine there one night, and the next year's "Follies" had a San Francisco cabaret scene. Maxine Elliott peeped in one night on her tour of the "high coast of Barbary." Adeline Genee did not disdain the descent of those steep narrow steps. Bill Lange, Charlie De Young, Cyril Tobin—all our famous dancing men liked that crowded little dancing space. And now the license has been revoked! Helas! Ah me! Imperial Caesar, his license gone astray, must stoop to work to keep the wolf away! Caesar immoralis, mortuum te salutamus. Hail and farewell!

"They" are asking one another whether Captain Besley, the polo player, will retain his new found liberty or tender his emancipated heart to some pretty girl.

The Wilson Bungalow

The three attractive daughters of the James K. Wilsons recently inherited a fortune from an uncle and have built a summer home for themselves in Marin county where their parents are frequent guests. The oldest sister, Mrs. Marie Wilson Stoney whose brief married life ended tragically in the death of her husband three weeks after their wedding, is one of the most gifted musicians in society, and the living room of the new bungalow is more properly a music room with a grand piano filling one end. Madge Wilson who was a beauty of debutante row last year plays the drum like Fritzi Scheff or Bobbie Eyre and there are interesting evenings when the Wilsons have week-end house-parties. Grace, the second of the sisters, is to be married later in the summer to Hugh Fairlie to whom her engagement was announced in the spring.

Del Monte Notes

Federico Sisniega, Amada F. de Sisniega and family arrived at Del Monte from Chihuahua, Mexico, to remain several days. Dr. Otto Zaicheck of San Francisco who is Dr. E. Schmoll's assistant, is becoming a frequent visitor to Del Monte, as he is charmed with the many beauties of the peninsula. From San Francisco came Mrs. James C. Jorden and Miss Kinney accompanied by Miss Wallis, of Hillsborough, Canada, who are motoring South. Railroad men connected with the S. P. have been holding a meeting at Del Monte the past week and will continue next week. On Friday afternoon Mr. Warner entertained them with a motor ride through historical Monterey, up through the Presidio, and Pacific Grove to the Ocean Boulevard and from there to Carmel-by-the-Sea and back to Pebble Beach Lodge where they had a most delightful dinner. Among those present were L. J. Spence, director of traffic of the Harriman lines and Mrs. Spence, and her mother Mrs. McCord, Chas. S. Fee, Jas. Horsburgh Jr,, F. E. Batturs, Los Angeles, and Mrs. Batturs, C. K. Dunlap, H. M. Mayo and Mrs. Mayo, L. H. Nutting and Mrs. Nutting, A. E. Poston and Mrs. Poston, R. Sliger and Mrs. Sliger, L. M. Allen, I. M. Scott and Mrs. Scott, J. H. A. Parsons, New Orleans, and Mrs. and Miss Parsons, and R. F. Wilson. E. H. Janes and his two sons, from Cleveland, spent several days salmon fishing. They were very enthusiastic over the fishing and also very successful. Wm. P. Johnson, Miss Johnson, Miss Shepard and Miss Warner were at the Lodge for dinner on Sunday evening, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Hotle of Oakland. Mrs. Dunning, Miss Dunning, Wm.

To People Who Know a reminder is enough, that Pears' Soap acts like a restorative balm upon the skin and that its low price makes it economical to use

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15c. a Cake for the Unscented

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every bemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations.

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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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Schools and Colleges

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For catalogue and specific information, address
W. A. SHEDD, Head Master

Dunning, Willard Barton Jr. and Mr. Kuck motored from Oakland on Sunday. Miss Dunning is an ardent golfer.

At Casa del Rey

Dr. Maupin and family of Fresno have been at Casa del Rey for the past week. A. O. Warner and his two children, Conrad and Elizabeth, came with the doctor. The party motored up to play golf, and have almost lived on the course. They are all experts, and expect to be in Santa Cruz for at least another week. Mrs. J. C. Wilson and her three children are down for the month of July. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Larzelere, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere and Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Foran motored from San Francisco to attend the opening dinner at the Casino. The party are regulars at the beach resort and have not missed the opening dinner in years. Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. G. Macdonald and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Macdonald, came down from San Francisco by machine for the opening dinner.

Social Notes of Castle Crags

On Tuesday of each week the manager of Castle Crags is giving a series of bridge and five hundred parties. This week there were ten tables. L. H. Norris won the first bridge prize, a gold tie clasp, and Mrs. Ackobsen was the winner of the ladies' prize, a handsome reed basket, filled with Shasta lilies. Mrs. A. Comte Jr. was awarded the five hundred prize. Robert Pardow was host Tuesday evening at an enjoyable dinner. Covers were arranged for ten. Mr. and Mrs. George Scott of Berkeley are guests. Sixteen guests motored to the McCloud river Sunday. Amongst those who enjoyed the outing: Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. George Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Easterbrook, Miss Smith, L. H. Norris, R. Pardow, Lucius Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Appes and others. Mrs. E. A. Brim and Miss Beatrice Brim are at Castle Crags from Williams. The "rifle shoot" provided much amusement for the sixteen guests who participated. Mrs. George Innes distinguished herself by her accurate shooting, and Fred Reade was a close second. Appropriate prizes of gun metal were awarded. An enjoyable picnic supper was given Tuesday evening by the Cuyler Lees on Soda creek near Castle Crags. Supper was cooked on the beach. Mr. and Mrs. A. Comte Jr. have decided to spend the entire summer at Castle Crags.

The Fourth at Witter

Witter Springs has planned quite a good time over the "Fourth." The handsome silver cup for the auto running to Witter Springs which is on display in the Shreve, Treat and Eacret's windows has attracted a great deal of attention. Reservations have been made daily for automobilists. Quite a number of sports, games, etc., have been planned for over the "Fourth," such as bowling, dancing, swimming, billiards and pool tournaments, horseback riding and boating trips on the lake. Witter is one of the most attractive resorts in Lake County and all stopping there are delighted with their stay.

MYRTLE VANCE
At Pantages commencing Sunday, July 6.

Two Soloists at Kohler and Chase's

The summer series of Saturday music matinees under the auspices of Kohler and Chase are free to the public. Every week new enthusiasts are added to the audience. Another unusually big artistic feature is introduced at this Saturday's matinee when Madame Yvonne Michele, lyric soprano, and Emilio Puyans, flutist, will be the soloists. Madame Michele possesses a magnificent voice and made an excellent impression at home and abroad. Mr. Puyans is a flutist of international reputation.

For What Is San Francisco Famous?

San Francisco is famous the world over for her cafes. Ever since the days of '49 she has held an unique position in this respect. Nowhere else in the country can one find such a charm and air of differentness as pervades the dining places of this city. And in the forefront of all is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. You thoroughly enjoy eating in this place, so appetizing and tempting is the food served. And when it comes to pleasing and high-class entertainment, it certainly deserves more than passing mention. No matter when you dine there is always a varied and interesting entertainment bill.

FATHER! Here is a special package for your family—"Varied Sweets." It contains delicious chocolates for mother, tasty taffies for brother, luscious gum drops for sister, creamy peppermints for grandma. There is something in it for everyone. Surprise the family with this package to-night. At Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

(Advertisement)

Southern California Resorts

HOTEL DEL CORONADO
Coronado Beach, California
American Plan—Summer Rates in Effect

onado enjoys the same delightful climate in Summer that prevails during the Winter months. Golf and Tennis tournaments under auspices of Coronado Country Club throughout July and August. Yacht races, fishing contests, bowling tournaments, motor picnics held weekly. Bay and Surf Bathing.

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Spring and Fourth : Los Angeles, Cal.
"Right in the Heart of the City." Close to all Theatres, Beach Car Lines and Public Building. $1.50 per day and up. Special Weekly Rates.
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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
LOS ANGELES
Special Summer Rates
NOW IN EFFECT
700 Magnificent Rooms

	For ONE	For TWO
100 Rooms, Toilet and Lavatory	$2.00	$3.00 and $3.50
100 Rooms, with Bath	2.50	4.00
200 " " "	3.00	4.00 and $5.00
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100 " " "	5.00	6.00 " 7.00

100 Rooms, with Bath, Ensuite, on which special summer rates will be made.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE MONTH

The Personal Equation

of PARIS, *of* LONDON, *of* NEW YORK

Compiled by Mrs. Frances Hardin Hess of I. Magnin & Co.

Photographs by Courtesy of I. Magnin & Co.

The latest veil for the motorist is of white chiffon. In the centre is a shadow lace medallion large enough to cover the face.

* * * * * * *

Very pretty extra wraps for motorists are the soft Angora sweaters having a scarf and cap to match. They are warm and light and come in colors suitable for all occasions.

* * * * * * *

Except for motoring the vogue of tiny hats, according to to-day's indications, is on the wane. The brim of the average hat is considerably larger than has been seen before this year.

* * * * * * *

Other attractive pieces of feminine headgear are ratine turbans, which, like the elastic hat just mentioned, may be had in many colors. The brims, normally turned back closely all around, may be slanted downward at any side or at any angle, according to the fancy and the coiffure of the wearer.

From Motor Coats to Party Frocks is a Far Cry, but a Necessary One for the Smartly Dressed Who Go to Resorts. The Above Drecoll Gown is of Black Charmeuse and Black Chantilly Picked Out in Gold. The Coat is after a Burberry Model.

Cossack coat dusters made of Russian linen also are very stunning on tall women who can stand the wide belt effect and slashed back and side seams. Horn buttons are used, and on the tan coats contrasting colors for collars, cuffs and pipings are used. The soft hemp straw reversible hats are worn with these coats.

* * * * * * *

Outing suits made of "Tyrollon," a light weight knit wool material, are intended for the long trip. They keep their shape well, may be washed without shrinking and come in standard colors or heather mixtures. Tyrolean hats in corduroy in like colorings are used to wear with the suits. Trousers of the same material are worn with these suits instead of petticoats.

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Favorite of the Bill"

"The act was the favorite of the bill." So reports one of our veracious newspaper critics speaking of a sketch at the Orpheum played by Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson. It is beyond question the favorite of the bill. And as I learn from another critic that Miss Norton and Mr. Nicholson have been here before in the same sketch I must conclude that it has been the favorite of many bills in many cities, and that it is probably destined to become a vaudeville classic. That is why it interests me. Anything that has a hold on the affections of the people is worthy of attention. When the thing is a play, by examining it one may get an insight into public taste. This Norton-Nicholson sketch is of especial interest to me because the appeal it makes to human sensibilities is not the kind of appeal that I should suppose to be likely to get a response. Yet it is a play compact of incongruity, which is the essence of the laughable. But one may gag at the incongruities of this play without, I hope, being suspected of fastidiousness. Miss Norton the author of this driblet of drama takes you into the combination living room, bedroom and kitchen of a young couple, each of whom works in a department store. All the fun of the thing comes from their makeshift contrivances and their utter insensibility to anything in the nature of delicacy. Eggs are kept in a commode, a portable bathtub at the foot of the bed is used as a garbage can when not otherwise employed and the instrument used to cut bread is also used to clean finger nails. The dainty young lady uses a sheet of paper for a handkerchief and throws it into the combination bathtub and garbage can. She throws a wad of false hair among the dishes on the table where hair and butter commingle, and in the course of the performance she brings down the house by detecting a bad smell, holding her nose and exclaiming "Pew!" You see even a description of the piece is funny. The plain, unvarnished truth is that in this naive sketch which evokes gales of laughter on the vaudeville circuit and which is absolutely clean in the sense that it is devoid of wanton jest is blended many scraps of the old-time minstrel afterpieces which delighted the unwashed gallery in the days before Johnson, McNish and Slavin organized what they called their "refined minstrels." As I watched an Orpheum audience splitting its side with laughter at the sketch I wondered whether that wasn't just the reason why minstrelsy declined—the refining of it. For unquestionably the Norton-Nicholson sketch is the favorite of the bill, and according to the critic of the Examiner which is the mouthpiece of the plain people the piece is "the most refreshing vest-pocket farce uncurtained at the Orpheum in months." And on the same bill is Zelda Sears in "The Wardrobe Woman!" There are some other good things on the bill too. There are the London Palace girls, for instance, dainty dancers picturesquely costumed and there are the "five musical Gormans," but indubitably the "favorite of the bill" is the Norton sketch written by Miss Norton herself.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"Iolanthe" at the Tivoli

"Doc" Leahy deserves a vote of thanks for having given us this splendid Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Many who had not seen it before were surprised at the freshness and patness of the wit. All that Gilbert said about the House of Lords might have been written since the current agitation against that body was started. The singers all did justice to the sweet Sullivan music. Miss Vivienne, Miss Edwards, Miss Bergere, Philips, Santrey and the others were at their best. Teddy Webb was a delicious Lord Chancellor, and reeled off the long patter song as easily as if it had been written in words of one syllable. This is the song which De Wolf Hopper mastered with such difficulty, according to his own confession. The chorus of fairies and peers was perfectly drilled and added much to the zest of the performance. "Iolanthe" has enjoyed the popularity it deserved.

—The Music Lover.

"The Son of Solomon" at Empress

"The Son of Solomon," presented by Hugh Herbert and a capable company, is a playlet by Aaron Hoffman, and will be the headline attraction at the Empress next week. Several of the most perfectly formed women obtainable were

HENRY BERGMAN and GLADYS CLARK
Who will appear in Jesse L. Lasky's newest musical play, "The Trained Nurses," next week at the Orpheum.

secured for the life pictures seen in "The Models De Luxe." In flesh-colored tights these women will reproduce by living pictures some famous paintings. Mac Dolly and Charles Mack are violiniste and guitar player. Wilton and Morrick are comedy gymnasts. Elliott and West are "the Dancing Clowns" who do difficult and unusual dancing. Gilmore and La Tour do character impersonations. Mrs. Frank Farnum, a coloratura soprano, assisted by Harry Simpson at the piano will render ballads.

"Are You a Mason?" at Alcazar

Nothing funnier was ever written for the stage than "Are You a Mason?" which is to be the Alcazar's offering next week. Although it was adapted from the German, (and incidentally established Leo Ditrichstein's fame as a shrewd selector of foreign material to suit this country's less liberal taste), it produces more American laughs than any purely native humorous play, because its character as its wit are American and its plot is jammed with ludicrous situations. This will be the Alcazar's eleventh revival of "Are You a Mason?" and its presentation has invariably been a profitable venture. It packed the first Alcazar to the doors the night before that memorable morning of April 18, 1906, and it did the same thing twice in the Sutter-street house. That it will be witnessed by a crowded audience at every performance during the coming week is a foregone conclusion, for since it was last staged here the people of San Francisco have formed intimate acquaintance with its author's ability as a farceur and are eager to witness again the work that established his success on this side of the Atlantic.

"The Passing Show" at Cort

From the Winter Garden comes "The Passing Show of 1912," the production which broke all records for attendance at that famous place of entertainment, and repeated the triumph in Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. The local two weeks' engagement which will be played at the Cort begins Sunday night, July 6. There are seven scenes and the musical numbers follow one another with dispatch. Ned Wayburn was the producer and it is agreed that he has never done more excellent work in the way of arranging novel numbers. Bits from nearly every important drama and musical play of the past season are joined together in the plot. The harem scene from "Kismet" is employed to good advantage. Even the gorgeous Trixie Friganza plunges headlong into the tank. Then there are brief scenes from "Bunty Pulls the Strings," "Officer 666," "The Quaker Girl," "A Butterfly on the Wheel," "Oliver Twist," "Bought and Paid For," "The Return of Peter Grimm," and others. The entire performance is remarkable for the great number of dancing numbers. Trixie Friganza, Adelaide, the Bernhardt of the ballet, J. J. Hughes, Clarence Harvey, Texas Guinan, Howard and Howard, Moon and Morris, and a chorus of eighty are included.

Pretty Girls at Pantages

"Girls from the Golden West," a spectacular and gorgeously mounted musical production, tops the new bill at Pantages. Cora Youngblood Carson is the leader of the sextette and a musical soloist of prominence. The six girls wear beautiful costumes, changing several times during the act. "The Sweetest Girls in Vaudeville" is what they call the Misses Adair and Hickey. Miss Adair is a talented pianist. Miss Hickey revels in ragtime songs and dances. Miss Myrtle Vane, one of the best known stock actresses on the coast, will make her first appearance in vaudeville in Walter Montague's "An Obliging Wife." Brown, Wood, Barry and Dore, called the "Four Kids," have a budget of nonsense. Ed Vinton and an almost human dog make one of the best features. Harry Fischer and company will present a cycling act. Grace Nardini, the lady with the accordeon, will render ragtime.

Kinemacolor at Columbia

The Kinemacolor pictures of the Panama Canal to be offered at the Columbia Theatre commencing next Sunday night, were taken by special arrangement with the U. S. Government, Rear-Admiral Colby H. Chester being in charge of the camera men. Former President Taft, when he witnessed the Kinemacolor pictures in Washington, declared that he had seen more of the work of the building of the Canal by means of Kinemacolor than he had seen during his many visits to the Isthmus. To look at the troops of Japan at maneuvers and then turn to view the monster battleships of the United States pass in review, accompanied by cruisers,

submarines, torpedo boats, etc., cannot but arouse enthusiasm and the Kinemacolor invention has made it possible for everyone to see the naval fighting force of the American Republic in all its realism of motion and colors, with guns firing and the Stars and Stripes flowing to the breeze, with just as much realism yet at a minimum of cost, just as if one had been a spectator of the original scene of the review which set the whole world thinking. The evening prices at the Columbia during the Kinema season will be 25, 35 and 50 cents. Matinees at 25 cents.

Walter De Leon at the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces six new acts for next week. Jesse L. Lasky's newest musical play "The Trained Nurses" featuring Clark and Bergman, two well known vaudeville players, will head the bill. The book is by William Le Baron, the author of "The Antique Girl," etc., the music by Leo Edwards, the well known song writer, and the lyrics by Blanche Merrill. There are seven pleasing musical numbers. Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau supported by a clever little company will present a one-act play by Mack entitled "Kick In." Professor Ota Gygi, the violin virtuoso, is making his first American tour. He is a pupil of Joachim. The Four Le Grohs will contribute contortion, acrobatic and risley feats. Walter De Leon and "Muggins" Davies,

(Continued on Page 23)

AMUSEMENTS

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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 6th
First Time Here
The Kinemacolor Company of America Presents
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Secured by the Sun's Rays Only
Program Includes
"THE MAKING OF THE PANAMA CANAL"
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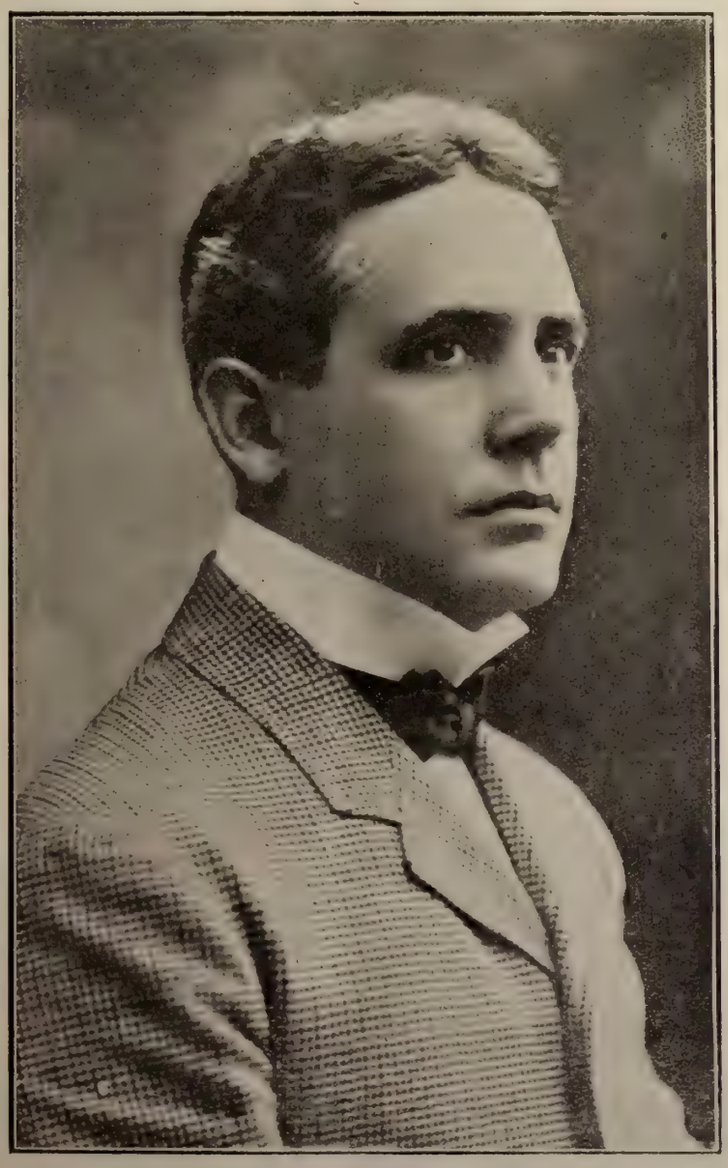
"U. S. BATTLESHIPS AT PRACTICE"
Two Hour Program. Interesting "Travel Talk"
MATINEE MONDAY and DAILY THEREAFTER
Prices: Evening, 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinees, 25c.

CORT Leading Theatre

Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time To-night—"Everywoman"
COM. SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 6th—Two Weeks
Best Seats $1.50 at Wed., Fri. and Saturday Matinees
First New York Winter Garden Show to Invade the West
"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"
Original, Unaltered New York Cast: Trixie Friganza, Charles J. Ross (of Ross and Fenton), Adelaide and J. J. Hughes, Howard and Howard, Texas Guinan, Clarence Harvey, Louise Brunnell, Moon and Morris, Ernest Hare, Frederick Roland.



CHARLES J. ROSS
The brilliant comedian who is with "The Passing Show of 1912" coming to the Cort Sunday, July 6.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Monday Evening, July 7th, and Throughout the Week
The Alcazar Players in Leo Ditrichstein's
Funniest Farce-Comedy
"ARE YOU A MASON?"
Producing Sixty Laughs an Hour
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
Matinee Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Week of July 14th—Return of Bessie Barriscale, Forrest Stanley and Howard Hickman.

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Commencing Sunday, July 6, 1913
"THE GIRLS FROM THE GOLDEN WEST," Cora Youngblood Carson's Famous Musical Sextette; Vaudeville's Sweetest Girls, ADAIR and HICKEY, in a "REVELATION IN RAGTIME"; MYRTLE VANE & CO. in "An Obliging Wife"; ED VINTON & "BUSTER," the Dog with a Human Brain; OTHER STAR ACTS.
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
ANOTHER WONDERFUL BILL
CLARK and BERGMAN in Jesse L. Lasky's New Tabloid Musical Play "THE TRAINED NURSES"; PROFESSOR OTA GYGI, Violinist to the King of Spain; THE LE GROHS; WALTER DE LEON & "MUGGINS" DAVIES; CECILE BERESFORD, English Comedienne; THE LONDON PALACE GIRLS; MISS NORTON & PAUL NICHOLSON; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES SHOWING CURRENT EVENTS; Special Added Feature WILLARD MACK, MARJORIE RAMBEAU AND FELLOW PLAYERS offering "Kick In."
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phone Douglas 70.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

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Sunday Afternoon and Evening—Last Times of "Iolanthe"
Commencing Monday, July 7th
That Jolly Opera Comique
"PRINCESS CHIC"
By Julian Edwards
Reappearance of THOMAS C. LEARY
Splendid Cast Big Singing Chorus Famous Tivoli Orchestra
Popular Prices—25c, 50c and 75c. Box Seats, $1.

Empress Theatre

Direction SULLIVAN & CONSIDINE
SID GRAUMAN, Manager
THE ACME OF VAUDEVILLE PERFECTION
Week Commencing Sunday, July 6, 1913
The Distinguished Character Star
MR. HUGH HERBERT
Supported by Miss Margot Williams and Thomas Evert
Present "THE SON OF SOLOMON"
SEVEN OTHER FEATURES
Refined Vaudeville 8—Big S. & C. Acts Weekly—8

Knabe

PIANOS—GRAND AND UPRIGHT
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Investors refused to follow the advance that came at the end of the previous week and prices of stocks have been falling steadily ever since. In the end the investor controls the situation and it is useless to boom the market so violently that it runs away from him. In the last week the declines were not panicky in character and the market suffered more from dullness than from other conditions. Without investment demand the professional operators had it all their own way and they let the market go down. Foreign markets were weak and this exerted considerable influence because the buying demand in New York was not good enough to absorb the securities offered by Europe. With British consols below 73, London was not in a position to buy Americans. Nearly half of the violent rise that came at the close of the previous week has been lost and the commission houses are awaiting anxiously the advance of new buyers. Early in the week the market backed and filled on rumors about the Union Pacific case which turned chiefly on the chance of exchanging part of the Southern Pacific stock owned by the Union Pacific for Baltimore & Ohio shares in the hands of the Pennsylvania. Later in the week another exposure of the fictitious character of quotations on copper metal was made and copper shares turned weak here and abroad. While the big selling agencies were holding the price of the metal at 15 3-4 cents a pound, second hands were selling it at 15 cents or less. These selling agencies have blown this sort of a bubble half a dozen times in the last year and it has always burst. They finally marked the official price down to 15 cents. Then reports began to come from Europe that large stocks of copper were hidden over there and Europe expressed faith in its own story by selling copper shares. Rio Tintos were the weakest of the important shares, so Europe did not discriminate against American copper shares. Crop reports and foreign trade statistics issued during the week were very favorable and railroad earnings were well maintained, but the market refused to respond to such news. Illinois Central was one of the weakest stocks because it does not appear to have earned its usual 7 per cent dividend. It paid the full rate last year, though not earned, the excuse given by the directors being that the earnings of the company had been impaired by floods and labor troubles which might not occur again. A second dip into its now scanty surplus would not be received with favor. Canadian Pacific felt the effects of foreign liquidation more severely than other international stocks, but part of the losses sustained by Union Pacific, Steel common, Reading and Amalgamated Copper were caused by similar selling. The New York money market is in better shape than those of Europe's financial centers and it is improving. while they are not. This makes New York the best market to sell in now, and German banks are also trying to borrow money here to tide them over their midsummer settlements.

Wheat—Trade in wheat nervous and inclined to follow reports from the spring wheat country. Scattered showers were reported almost every day from some sections of the Northwest, but crop experts who are in that section of the country kept reporting conditions unfavorable and said the rain had either come too late or did not touch the dry district. Later in the week the map showed general heavy rains all through the spring wheat territory, as well as in Canada, and prices were allowed to decline a little. Traders are not inclined to become over enthusiastic either way, and as a result, it has been a narrow market. Notwithstanding the numerous damage reports, receipts of wheat are running nearly three times as large as last year, and while the cash demand locally has been able to take care of the arrivals, it remains to be seen what effect the big run of new winter wheat will have on the market, beginning next week. Hedging sales have become more numerous and this would indicate a larger run of wheat to Chicago, as the crop in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio is said to be well above the average, and Chicago is the highest winter wheat market. Exporters are not in the market except for a few loads of old spring wheat from time to time. The situation at the moment looks bearish, and with more favorable reports from the spring wheat territory prices should work lower.

Corn—The market in corn was at times a very big affair, influenced by the hot, dry weather in the big corn States. Traders, both locally and outsiders, were bidding against each other, and as a result the market looked like a runaway affair. There were no unfavorable reports from the corn belt and the crop is said to be in better condition now than it was at this time last year. The trade, however, were not taking any chances of the market getting away and wanted corn at any price. At the advance, some of the big professionals took profits, and when, later in the week, the forecast was for general rain, the market reversed itself and prices broke quickly. Receipts continue very large and with the demand indifferent.

Cotton—The cotton market was influenced more or less by the action of the big spot houses who are in control of the July option, and the new crop options were inclined to partially sympathize with this opinion. Trade has been on a very small scale and traders were not inclined to get very far from shore until after the Government makes its condition and acreage report. Crop reports were generally favorable. The following report is one of the May reports issued by an authority who is making a close study of crop conditions and can be relied upon: Mississippi conditions are more uniform than at any time since 1904. The Delta has a splendid start. Northeast Mississippi also crop is clean, stand is good. Central and South Mississippi badly infested with weevil and a report at this time is almost featureless as they can and may undermine work which has been done. The crop in these sections is clean and well worked. At Atlanta, wes, north and central Alabama have an excellent crop. South Atlanta has an uneven, irregular condition, some of it fully normal. While the stands are good as a whole, it is irregular. Some of it is clean, perfectly worked. Georgia and Carolina: They partake very much of the condition in Alabama. Extreme South Georgia and South Carolina have excellent crops and early. The Atlantics as a whole have a full crop; all of it is clean and generally worked, growing nicely. I do not attach much significance to the plant at this date. It is healthy, vigorous, well developed, well cultivated and well fertilized. The soil has been perfectly prepared and the soil so far received the full benefit of fertilizers applied. Comparisons: I think conditions are a split between the last year and 1911. They are far better than last and well under the year before. They go up to June 28 with crop practically clean over entire belt with little or no excess or deficiency of moisture or temperature, with stand, as a whole, good. Taken as a unit, I would call it from a good to an excellent June 28 condition, equally as good as any we have ever had at this date. All west of the river, including Tennessee and Mississippi, averaged better at this date than 1911. The Atlantics average less. July and August will demonstrate the results.

Mary had a little calf,
'Twas clad in silken socks;
And to find muddy crossings she'd
Walk blocks and blocks and blocks.

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

For The Love of A Sport

(Continued from Page 8.)

carrying, gave the carriage to his wife and took me by the arm, saying, "Don't say a word, I beg of you, monsieur!"

"But the omnibus! What about the omnibus?" Truly I had seen the unmasking of this hypothetical "athlete!"

"I never take it, though my wife thinks I do. The fare would make twelve sous a day in summer and twenty-four in winter—two hundred and fifty francs a year. I prefer to economize. But don't tell my wife; she would worry, never accept—"

"But the gymnastic step, the—"

"Oh, I've developed that by degrees, to aid in economizing."

"And you've never told anyone?"

"Oh, one doesn't talk of these things. Just fancy telling anyone that I don't take the omnibus because I want to save the money for my wife! They would laugh at me. So I have posed as an athlete, as a man who does it for the love of the sport. For the sport! Lord, how I loathe walking!"

"But what about the dumb-bell chair, and the iron pen—?"

"I had to stick to my role. An athlete must have muscles."

"The summer suit! No overcoat?"

"Oh, an athlete is never cold—not very cold. Besides, it's cheaper. And what wouldn't one do for a wife like mine?"

He joined her again, took the children, and looked at her with an expression of mad tenderness.

Then I understood Monsieur Guemin. For the love of the sport! I had tears in my eyes—he had confessed so simply, so naively!

I took the hands of his wife and said in a trembling voice:

"Madame, you have an excellent husband. There are not many like him!"

Some people are so full of fight that even their own statements conflict.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs included: W. J. Currie, M. W. Hendricks, A. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Merritt, R. W. Ralph, H. F. McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Sturden, J. D. Kennedy, J. Hill, Morris Atlas, B. D. Dusy, J. H. Kuepus, J. Morris, Geo. F. Jepson, J. Newman, Mrs. C. F. Thompson, C. E. Thompson, E. W. Fisher, H. E. Knapp, B. M. Crawford, Mrs. G. Gibson, W. R. Moody and wife, H. McDavid, Mrs. S. H. Bechman and daughter, Mrs. Eugene Busse, Miss M. McMahan, J. S. Reef and wife, Mrs. C. A. Weihe, Miss J. A. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Bowen, J. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. N. Rosenthal, John Hooper, J. A. Chanslor, Dr. Frank Fischer, Miss J. Fischer, W. E. Camp, C. F. Forsberg, J. C. Hogan, S. G. Sears, J. W. Cushing and wife, Miss Mollie Hanssher, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Gibson.

The army officers who have recently arrived at Coronado, detailed to the School af Aviation, are as follows: Captains A. S. Cowan, F. B. Hennessy, Reasoner, Lieutenants H. M. Kelly, T. DeW. Milling, J. Morrow, Wm. C. Sherman, A. F. Carberry, F. Leydel, E. L. Ellington, M. L. Love, W. Dodd, J. Boehs, Biereton, J. M. Taliaferro, Goodier. Mrs. W. H. Smith entertained at auction bridge and tea at Coronado during the week. Lieutenant Grieger, U. S. A., who has been for some time at the Aviation Camp at Coronado and who sails for Honolulu on the July transport was the honored guest at a dinner given by fifteen brother officers in the banquet room at Coronado on the evening of June 28. Dr. I. Walton Thorne arrived at Coronado for the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Wilson (Miss Mathieu), are spending their honeymoon at Coronado. Other arrivals include Charles Wemer, Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Hogshead, Adolph Lehman, Lew Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Schwartz, Mrs. DeWitt McDonald, C. Murphy and Mrs. C. Self.

Recent arrivals at Casa del Rey from San Francisco included: Mrs. H. B. Reed, Mrs. J. S. Harlan, Mrs. Ida E. de Guerre, Miss E. Marion de Guerre, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Brown, Mr. L. C. Brown, C. R. Haley, Ernest G. Geary, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Williams, Mrs. George G. Carr, Leland L. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lind, Miss Hendy, Miss Webster, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Brobeck, J. E. Rucker, Harold Hayes, J. M. Cummings, Mrs. A. Anderson, Robert A. Ross, Earl Robson, H. E. Hollenbeck, J. C. Wilson, Madame E. Buck, D. J. Alberger, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thompson, Milton Salz, Philip Lilienthal, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Leo. Pockwitz, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cohen, Mrs. C. H. Wall, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kelly, Mrs. Marks, G. M. Rosenthal, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Killimede, Mrs. J. C. Wilson and family, T. H. F. Burditt, Mr. and Mrs.

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Letters

Stories by Frank Harris

A collection of nine short stories by Frank Harris has been published by Mitchell Kennerly under the title of "Unpath'd Waters." They are of an unusual type, and in a less liberal age the author would certainly have been called before an ecclesiastical court to answer for the daring originality of some of his conceptions, though there is neither irreverence nor blasphemy in his presentments. In "The Miracle of the Stigmata," he assumes that the Savior did not die on the cross but lived to steal away to Caesarea where under the name of Joshua he lived, a quiet, sad man, carrying on his trade of carpentry, married, but was estranged from his wife who was converted under the preaching of the Apostle Paul. Joshua was the only member of the community who was not carried away by the spell of the Pauline oratory and he became a marked character, the only unbeliever in the village. At his death, when the body was prepared for burial, and the scars of the old wounds were discovered, Paul, being called in, declared that a miracle had been performed, as a sign to the whole world of the truth of the Pauline doctrines. Mr. Harris' story is but a few pages in length, but it is a dignified and serious recital, a contrast to the cheap claptrap of that army of poor minds who have sought notoriety from time to time by sensational presentations of their ideas of what Jesus would do under various improbable and incongruous conditions. The longest story and that which will probably attract the most general attention is "An English Saint" which outlines the career of a popular clergyman. As a youth he was blessed with good looks and wealthy parents, but little else save a tractable mind. Gerald Lawrence was easily led because he scarcely had an idea or an impulse of his own. Mrs. Leighton undertook to form him, and a grand success she made of the undertaking. Old ecclesiastical furniture which he could well afford to buy, made him a proper background; asceticism was becoming to his style of beauty, and a rigid adherence to the policy of saying nothing—he had nothing to say—and of quoting scripture did all the rest. Here was a man helped instead of handicapped by his weaknesses, a saint because he had not enough red blood in his body to be even a mild sinner. "The Irony of Chance" and "The Magic Glasses" deal with scientific matters—one scarce dare say pseudoscientific, when so many philosophical dreams have been realized in our day.

VIEW OF BEAUTIFUL WITTER SPRINGS.

Hopeful—Dad, what is meant by the mother tongue?

Parent—S'sh! my boy. Don't start her.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), 526 California Street. Mission Branch, corner Mission and 21st Sts. Richmond District Branch, corner Clement St. and 7th Ave. Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1913.

2 GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, S. E. corner Montgomery and Clay Sts. Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1913. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1913, will earn interest from July 1, 1913.

L. SCATENA, President. A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE SUTRO NUSSBAUM, Deceased—No. 15,529; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elizabeth Nussbaum, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of June, 1913), to the said Administratrix with will annexed at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased.

ELIZABETH NUSSBAUM,

Administratrix with Will Annexed of the Estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 14, 1913.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administratrix, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49,614.

LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Plaintiff, 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfully ueserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's willfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessaries of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-10

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

late stars of "The Campus," will introduce a clever line of orginal songs, dances and dialogue. Their act is brimful of character, ability and comedy, and their "proposal song" is a miniature musical comedy in itself. Mr. De Leon and Miss Davies are young, good looking and enthusiastic and they have the further advantage of being great favorites in this city, where a warm welcome always awaits them. Cecile Beresford, popular in London both in musical comedy and vaudeville who has recently come to this country, will make her first appearance here. She will sing character, eccentric and popular songs to her own piano accompaniment. The only holdovers will be Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, and the London Palace Girls.

"Princess Chic" at Tivoli

"Iolanthe" will be presented for the last times at the Tivoli this Sunday afternoon and evening. On Monday night "Princess Chic," a jolly opera comique by Kirke LaShelle and Julian Edwards, will receive elaborate presentation. There is rollicking fun and a succession of bright musical numbers in the three acts. Rena Vivienne will show her versatility as Princess Chic. Sarah Edwards will be her page, Lorraine. Henry Santrey will be the Duke, John R. Phillips will enact Francis, and the funmaking will be in the hands of Thomas C. Leary who comes back to the Tivoli after many years, Robert Pitkin, Teddy Webb and Charles E. Galagher. Ilon Bergere will have a jolly part as Estelle and there will be half a dozen others in the cast in addition to the big chorus which, by the way, will be greatly in evidence. The production, scenic accessories and costumes will be up to the high Tivoli standard and matinees will be given as usual on Saturdays and Sundays.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery St. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1913.

S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market St. near 4th. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1913.

2 H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (savings department), 108 Sutter St. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1913.

2 A. LEGALLET, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, southeast corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from July 1, 1913. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1913, will earn interest from July 1, 1913.

2 A. SBARBORO, President

"THE SON OF SOLOMON" AT PANTAGES.

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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED JUNE 30, 1913

ASSETS

1—**Bonds of the United States** ($5,350,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof ($5,886,400.00), of the State of New York ($1,650,000.00), the actual value of which is $13,424,757.10

2—**Cash** in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks 2,115,596.20

3—**Miscellaneous Bonds** ($5,519,000.00), the actual value of which is 5,537,726.33

$21,078,079.63

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($340,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($213,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($120,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($120,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($728,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland & San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($5,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,410,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($547,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent bonds" ($50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent bonds" ($100,000.00).

4—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 34,012,623.27

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Marker, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 249,400.00

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—**(a) Real Estate** situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($1,910,393.99), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($12,488.52), and Alameda ($2,779.15), in this State, the actual value of which is 1,925,661.66

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 976,968.20

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—**Interest on Loans and Bonds**—Uncollected and Accrued 235,690.52

TOTAL ASSETS **$58,478,423.28**

LIABILITIES

1—**Said Corporation owes Deposits** amounting to and the actual value of which is $54,794,908.38

(Number of Depositors, 85,402;
Average Amount of Deposits, $640.94).

2—**Contingent Fund**—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds ..... $ 235,690.52

3—**Reserve Fund,** Actual Value 3,447,824.38

3,683,514.90

TOTAL LIABILITIES **$58,478,423.28**

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By E. J. TOBIN, Acting Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

CHARLES MAYO and E. J. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said E. J. TOBIN is Acting Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.
E. J. TOBIN, Acting Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1913.
CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXII. No. 1090 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 12, 1913 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Tribute to Dooling

The Bulletin logically enough pays the tribute of its sincere approval to Maurice T. Dooling of San Benito County who, it assumes, thanks to the exercise of the President's wise discretion, is to become a judge of the Federal Court. The Bulletin is under obligations to Judge Dooling, for it was Judge Dooling who kindly consented to preside over the trial of the Bulletin's mock libel case. Now it is a curious thing that while the Bulletin's tribute to Judge Dooling is an instance of the Bulletin's gratitude, Judge Dooling may be indebted for the tribute to the Bulletin's ingratitude. The paradox calls for elucidation. Among the distinguished jurists who petitioned for the position for which Judge Dooling is said to have been chosen, was Judge William P. Lawlor, once beloved of the Bulletin, in sympathy with the Bulletin's most cherished designs, and always alert to put his favorite daily under obligations that might earn political support. But while the Bulletin has a heart replete with gratitude the service that commands it must be continuous, especially if the service be an expression of a lively sense of favors to come. There came a time when Judge Lawlor begged to be excused. He exhibited to the Bulletin a heart of flint. Thereupon all past tokens of friendship were forgotten, the amity knitted by expediency was torn to shreds, and presto! the friend of yesterday became the enemy of today. From the Bulletin office on to Washington went a protest against the appointment of Lawlor. It arrived about the time that the severest of our judges had made assurance doubly sure. The Bulletin's "knock" was dynamic. It reverberated across the capital. To make a long story short Lawlor was dropped and Dooling was taken up. Now it is no invidious inference that we draw when we suggest that if really chosen Dooling has been somewhat luckier than Lawlor in his relations with our salacious contemporary.

Let Debts Be Written Off

In all that the Bulletin says of Judge Dooling we heartily concur. He is one of the ablest men on the bench. He has long enjoyed the confidence of the people of the county where he resides. Indeed in no other county in the State is there a judge more beloved by his neighbors or more respected by litigants. We believe it very fortunate if President Wilson yielded to second thought when selecting a judge to fill the vacancy on the Federal bench. And at the same time we feel quite certain that as between the Bulletin and Judge Dooling all debts might as well be written off. At any rate so far as the Bulletin is concerned it could start in today publishing eulogies of Judge Dooling and it could keep up the pleasant exercise till the crack of doom without succeeding in compensating him for the injury it did him when it foisted upon him a bit of theatricality in the shape of a libel suit.

Hark to the Reasonable Editor

"Let's argue the question reasonably," says the Examiner, speaking of the bond issue proposition. Then follows an argument the nub of which is in these words: "The way in which those fellows (the United Railroads) are working tooth and toenail to hang on to the street railways is the best possible proof that the street railways are a good thing for you to take over." So the best possible proof that the city should operate its own railways is that the railways are profitable to a private corporation which has no desire to go out of business! This would be an excellent argument to address to the taxpayers of the city if the taxpayers had reason to be proud of municipal government. But the taxpayers very well know that there is nothing quite so rotten in all this vast country as municipal government. The taxpayers very well know that municipal government is always in the hands either of knaves or fools. The taxpayers very well know that not a single department of government is managed on a business basis; that extravagance is on the principle of all the treasury will bear. So while the Examiner's argument may captivate the intelligence of the Examiner's readers there is a well-nourished section of the electorate that will not be seduced by it. A much more plausible argument is the one the Examiner has been insinuating through its local columns—the argument that as the Geary street road is making slathers of money therefore a system of feeders will be profitable. Of course it is almost impossible for the Geary street road to lose money. A trunk line in the heart of the city, the most desirable of all roads from a business standpoint, its receipts are enormous, but as to what is to become of the receipts in the long run we have yet to learn. The potentialities of the road for political purposes have yet to be thoroughly developed. No railroad department has yet been created. That is a matter to come later, after the bond election. Meantime Mr. Taxpayer must not be frightened. But a railroad department must be created—a department devoted exclusively to the general business of the railroad. It will have a general manager and God only knows how many assistants, how many experts, how many claims' agents and how many automobiles. All will depend on the receipts of the road, for of course it would be preposterous to let money accumulate in the treasury while there are efficient political workers standing around with their hands in their pockets. Suppose we have Andy Gallagher for our next Mayor! This may not be the divine blessing in store for us, but maybe it is. Anyway some labor leader may get the job, somebody with advanced ideas as to the number of hours that should constitute a day's work and the number of men necessary to run a political machine. The machine that makes votes must have a full crew as well as any other kind of machine. All these are considerations that may not be dreamt of in Mr. Taxpayer's philosophy, but we are not worrying about him. He may be all kinds of a damphool, but that little municipal plaster on his shack!—it's an irritating municipal plaster on his back, and nobody needs to remind him of it.

Where, Oh Where Is House?

We have heard so much of the shrewdness of Colonel House of Texas that we wonder where he sequesters himself when President Wilson has urgent business in California. Colonel House is the wise man whose advice President Wilson is supposed to take on every conceivable subject. He is reputed to have much discretion and no end of horse sense. We are beginning to regard Colonel House as a myth. We don't believe the President is taking advice from anybody but a prize mistake-maker like Burleson or McReynolds or Bryan. Sprightly only in error he makes the judicious mourn. Thus far he has been comporting himself with respect to matters Californian like a college professor thrown on the world bereft of guiding hand. Those miserable souls who love to contemplate the follies of the wise must find supreme delight in the several unhappy mix-ups into which the President blundered "out West," the first of which was known as the Japanese imbroglio, and not the least of which is the Fisk affair. It would be easy to sympathize with President Wilson in his quest of jobs to appease the appetite of his hungry constituents had he not sought public applause by certain

Our Passion for Character Assassination

After reading De Tocqueville's study of American democracy Amiel observed that the average is raised at the expense of what is great and excellent, that equality begets brutality, and that spleen is bound to be the malady of a democratic era. If Amiel were with us now he would perhaps insist that his reflections had been verified. For it would probably seem to him that spleen was the national malady and that brutality was a by-product of democratic idealism. The pastime of the shining hours appears to be assassination of character. No man is more worthy of credence than the informer, and there is nothing in which we so much delight as investigations that open floodgates of calumny. The stepping-stone to high place is in the district attorney's office. The principle of the presumption of innocence no longer obtains. Grand jurors indict a man and then rush into print to pronounce him guilty, and everywhere the public prosecutors, sworn to protect as well as to prosecute, before going into court try their cases at the bar of public opinion where the accused person is not vouchsafed a hearing. If this isn't downright brutality how shall we characterize it? In Washington Congress listens to a miserable wretch like Mulhall or a contemptible blackmailer like Lamar—self-confessed rascals—while they assail reputable citizens, and by the press and the Government their testimony is received as though it were clothed with the sanctity of holy writ. They do things somewhat differently in England. Months ago a weekly paper conducted by men of the highest standing in literary circles charged that leading members of the Ministry had been engaged in a dishonest deal with representatives of the American Marconi Company. No attention was paid to the charge. Week after week it was repeated and each week additional details of the affair were given. Finally the men accused were compelled to take notice of the apparently sincere attacks on their integrity. They could no longer afford to ignore the newspaper indictment. Then for the first time was the matter taken up by the Government. And now though the inquiry has shown that certain Ministers were speculating in the stock of a company that was to be advantaged by their official acts they have been acquitted of corruption. Even the press hostile to their party, while it scoffs at what it terms the impropriety of their conduct, affirms that they were not guilty of corruption. Even the Saturday Review, organ of the Tories, declares that the worst that can be said of Lloyd George and his associates is that they were indiscreet and that their aversion to the practices of the Stock Exchange was hypocrisy. Given the same scandal in this country to gloat over what a riproaring time our press would have! Here to be accused of dishonesty is to be morally dead, and no man knows how soon he may become a lifeless mark. For we are idealists and oh, how we love our fellowmen!

The Drift to Canada

If the boorish American who flaunted an American flag at a Canadian celebration is not an annexationist he is certainly a civic patriot, proving as he did in the long run that he thought more of his hide than the emblem of his country's greatness. This was not the first time, by the way, that Canadians were roused to indignation by the flaunting of the American flag in their faces. American statesmen of the Champ Clark order have been irritating Canadians in just that way for many years, and we should not be surprised to learn that our neighbors on the north side feel like tearing an American flag to tatters wherever and whenever they see one. The annexation of Canada has long been a hobby of some of our jingo politicians who have talked about it as though it were axiomatic that Canadians are sorely in need of the benign institutions of this country. The truth of course is that not only are Canadians well satisfied with their own form of government but they are convinced that we are very poorly governed and that no greater misfortune could befall them than to be absorbed by a great mass of people among whom the average of intelligence is considerably lower than the average in Canada. Unfortunately we have made no progress toward the conversion of Canadians to our way of thinking. On the contrary there is in this country a steadily growing appreciation of Canada, and the consequence is a rapidly swelling tide of immigration which is increasing the population of our neighbor and decreasing the population of several States of the Union. From those ancient times when Adam made his exit from Eden, when Cain went into the land of Nod and the Children of Israel began the movement that ended in the seizure of Canaan down to the days of the Exodus of the Pilgrims and the hegira from all lands to the golden streams of California, the populations of the earth have drifted southward and westward, but now for the first time there is a movement to the north into the trackless forests and virgin fields of a country beholden to a king. Is it only the land that attracts? No, we are told that the government also attracts. There appears to be greater stability of government in Canada, more personal liberty and greater respect for property interests than are to be found under new nationalism.

Just Another Theory

Now comes Dr. Alfred Wallace, the veteran scientist, to have his say on the subject of moral progress, how it is to be made. He is listened to very attentively because he was the discoverer with Darwin of the theory of natural selection. There is nothing like the prestige of a name to command respectful attention, even long after its possessor has drifted into his dotage, or even when he talks about something that he is in nowise qualified to discuss. Dr. Wallace talking about moral progress utters himself not as a scientist but as a speculative sociologist and he is not any more inscructive than was our plant wizard of Sonoma when he presumed some time ago to voice his opinion as a literary critic. Dr. Wallace ceased to be distinguished as a man of science years ago when he ceased to be scientific. He is a garrulous old man who thinks he is an authority on many subjects. He was first laughed at when he proved to his own satisfaction but not to the satisfaction of anybody else just what man's place was in the universe. His idea was that the sun and consequently the solar system occupies a position about central in the stellar system, and therefore, he argued, it was so appropriate that the solar system should be the abode of the only beings of intellect in the universe that it was unlikely that there was sensient life anywhere else. He further argued that such delicate adjustments and such numerous combinations of physical and chemical conditions are required for the development and maintenance of life as to render it in the highest degree improbable that they should all be found assembled on any other planet. Dr. Wallace hasn't imagination enough to conceive that thought and perception might be made possible in a mechanism somewhat different from our own. And now we find the old gentleman setting the religious world by the ears and getting pages of space in the magazines by setting forth as a discovery that human character is no better today than it was in the days of Homer and arguing that it is to be made better by following his rigmarole recipe which calls for a new kind of eugenics. His idea is that when women are made free they will marry none but the right kind of men and that moral improvement will result from a process of sexual elimination. As to the scientific basis of this theory we are not informed, but we suspect that Dr. Wallace is under the impression that nowadays the average woman marries not because her husband appeals to her taste but because she cannot do any better.

Perspective Impressions

A lobby is not a crime says Tom Marshall. Tom has a lucid interval now and then.

Goodbye, Alexander McAdie, and the best of luck to you!

Senator Martine wants free oats. The New Jersey ass is a fastidious beast.

Some folks find it no less difficult to tell the truth than to see it.

The State Department appears to have been converted into a moving picture.

The Los Angeles woman who is suing her husband for a divorce because he doesn't bathe will probably be demurred out of court on the ground that in Los Angeles a man isn't expected to keep anything but his conscience clean.

This is a curious despatch that comes from Chicago to the effect that ten policemen are to be appointed to patrol the bathing beaches and parks, and that "the civil service commission is to arrange a physical examination of applicants." Isn't that what may happen to them on the bathing beaches and in the parks?

President Wilson will probably solve the problem of splitting the Solid South.

So the Supervisors laughed at Koshland. Well, even the Roman augurs couldn't always control their risibles.

The Call says the Geary street road is paying. In the same way perhaps that the Call is paying.

Panama-Pacific appointments continue to remind us what a lot of "noted men" there are in the Middle West.

A Boston widow is looking for a eugenic husband—with a bank account. Maybe if the bank account is big enough the lady will not object if the eugenic combination is less than normal.

A mob in Jacksonville, Fla., killed a negro the other day and then mutilated his body, cutting off pieces of his ears for souvenirs. In time as a result of the spread of education and the softening influences of Democracy the people of Florida may become so enlightened as to perceive the wholesome effect of dining on barbecued nigger.

Judging from the Bulletin, Commercial street must be populated with letter-writing martyrs.

Perhaps President Wilson selected his Cabinet on the principle that guides the theatrical manager whose star can shine only by contrast.

If this were a more religious country the President wouldn't make a first page story every time he goes to church.

If the municipal railroad is making so much money why not use the profits to build new roads instead of issuing bonds?

So Rockefeller's pastor says the oil king is "a rose bush in the Lord's garden." Well, no doubt the pastor is the parasite that so often goes with the rose bush. He ought to be sprayed.

The man with the bulbous nose and receding chin created by an Examiner cartoonist to typify the citizenry of San Francisco and preach municipal ownership looks the part; also he looks like a cross between Mayor Rolph and E. P. E. Troy. The cartoonist is playing a joke on the editor.

virtuous pretensions. The maxim that to the victor belongs the spoils is by no means abhorrent. The President might have professed respect for it without injuring his reputation, but he preferred to pose as a statesman partial to the merit system. We were told that efficient postmasters would not be removed for the benefit of job-chasers. This was understood to be the policy of the Administration. But presently Postmaster Fisk was asked to resign; an unfortunate nomination for decapitation, inasmuch as strenuous efforts to find cause for Fisk's removal had proved futile. There has been mean intrigue after mean intrigue to get rid of Fisk. All sorts of motives from revenge to greed of office have inspired conspiracies against Fisk. He has been "investigated" time and again. Groups of inspectors have dropped into his office unexpectedly and examined it from roof to basement; they have gone over town in search of grievances and through branch postoffices in the hope of finding evidence of neglect or mismanagement, and the only result has been to establish for him the reputation in officials circles for supreme efficiency. Yet he was asked to resign. This might not have been an unreasonable request if the public had not been informed that postmasters would be removed only for cause. In Fisk's case it was not only unreasonable; it was cruel because he had been under fire. In justice to himself he could not afford to resign, and very properly he refused to resign; not that he challenged the power of the President to remove him, but that he questioned the right of a Cabinet officer to besmirch him. And this is precisely what the Cabinet officer was contemptible enough to undertake. In the first flush of his indignation Postmaster-General Burleson proved himself the fit associate of Attorney-General McReynolds. He said that charges would be forthcoming, believing no doubt that they could be easily manufactured and having no scruple at engaging in that kind of business. But when he familiarized himself with the records of his office he changed his mind and backed down. Such briefly is the story of the exposure of the hollowness of President Wilson's pretensions. Fisk will be removed not for cause but to create a vacancy for a Democrat.

Disclosures in Washington

The testimony that has been taken during the course of the lobby investigation reads like a picaresque romance of cutpurses, blackmailers and bunco men. President Wilson did well in precipitating the investigation. It has shed light into the ratholes of national politics and made luminous the tortuous, ill-smelling, underground passages through which public business is conducted by the vermin hatched and warmed by a venal demagogic press. But the question suggests itself—What is President Wilson going to do about it? Surely he is sensible of all that is implied in the ugly state of affairs that has been revealed. This is not merely a case of the disclosure of wrongdoing. There is always more or less of that wherever dishonesty is profitable, and always will be while selfishness remains a principle of human nature. The Mulhalls and Lamars are vital phenomena of an organic disorder due to conditions prejudicial to public health. We have them with us because we have made time and sentiment propitious for them. This lobby investigation has made it clear that around Congress is raging a conflict between selfish interests that are not at all concerned about the interests of the country. And it has also been made clear that our representatives in Congress in all their doings consult their own interest first and the interest of the country later on. Organized labor gave us Munchausen Mulhall by making it advisable for the organized manufacturing interests to do something for their own pretection. And notwithstanding Mulhall organized labor striving unscrupulously for undue advantage in the conflict between labor and capital did not fail to procure from a susceptible Congress legislation which President Wilson, though himself extremely careful of the feelings of the multitude of voters represented by Samuel Gompers, pronounced "unjustifiable," and which as a matter of fact is repudiation of the most sacred principle of government. Blackmailer Lamar we may safely ascribe to the conflict between capital and demagogy, the flames of which are fanned by our muckraking press. So we see that Congress itself is absorbed in the affairs of these various conflicting interests. We have learned that in the evolution of politics our national parliament has come to be inspired and controlled by men representing not the business interests of the country nor the welfare of the country but by men hostile to those interests either from zeal for faction or from selfish and criminal design. It appears that we redeemed Congress from the corrupting influence of predatory wealth to make it the serviceable tool of the scoundrels that inspired the McNamaras and the rogues who started the steel trust investigation in order to manipulate the stock market. But we are an easy-going people, and the state of our government doesn't shock us half so much as the private morals of our neighbor. The inconsequential sins of a side street are what count; not the enormities of the riff-raff whom we have converted into statesmen. However, we are going to make things better in time by making it still more advantageous for public servants to cultivate popularity by playing to the labor gallery and taking tips from a Lamar that will be taken seriously by our great engines of public opinion. But meanwhile may we not inquire whether the polite author of "A History of the American People" in five volumes has the courage to expound the lesson which his lobby investigation has thrown on the screen at Washington, D. C.? President Wilson has come to the front at a psychological moment, and we are curious as to whether he would rather drive a chariot like Nero or govern an empire like Trajan.

Our Passion for Character Assassination

After reading De Tocqueville's study of American democracy Amiel observed that the average is raised at the expense of what is great and excellent, that equality begets brutality, and that spleen is bound to be the malady of a democratic era. If Amiel were with us now he would perhaps insist that his reflections had been verified. For it would probably seem to him that spleen was the national malady and that brutality was a by-product of democratic idealism. The pastime of the shining hours appears to be assassination of character. No man is more worthy of credence than the informer, and there is nothing in which we so much delight as investigations that open floodgates of calumny. The stepping-stone to high place is in the district attorney's office. The principle of the presumption of innocence no longer obtains. Grand jurors indict a man and then rush into print to pronounce him guilty, and everywhere the public prosecutors, sworn to protect as well as to prosecute, before going into court try their cases at the bar of public opinion where the accused person is not vouchsafed a hearing. If this isn't downright brutality how shall we characterize it? In Washington Congress listens to a miserable wretch like Mulhall or a contemptible blackmailer like Lamar—self-confessed rascals—while they assail reputable citizens, and by the press and the Government their testimony is received as though it were clothed with the sanctity of holy writ. They do things somewhat differently in England. Months ago a weekly paper conducted by men of the highest standing in literary circles charged that leading members of the Ministry had been engaged in a dishonest deal with representatives of the American Marconi Company. No attention was paid to the charge. Week after week it was repeated and each week additional details of the affair were given. Finally the men accused were compelled to take notice of the apparently sincere attacks on their integrity. They could no longer afford to ignore the newspaper indictment. Then for the first time was the matter taken up by the Government. And now though the inquiry has shown that certain Ministers were speculating in the stock of a company that was to be advantaged by their official acts they have been acquitted of corruption. Even the press hostile to their party, while it exults in what it terms the impropriety of their conduct, affirms that they were not guilty of corruption. Even the Saturday Review, organ of the Tories, declares that the worst that can be said of Lloyd George and his associates is that they were indiscreet and that their aversion to the practices of the Stock Exchange was hypocrisy. Given the same scandal in this country to gloat over what a riproaring time our press would have! Here to be accused of dishonesty is to be eternally disgraced, and no man knoweth how soon he is to become a shining mark. Yet we are idealists and oh, how we love our fellowmen!

The Drift to Canada

If the boorish American who flaunted an American flag at a Canadian celebration is not an annexationist he is certainly a civic patriot, proving as he did in the long run that he thought more of his hide than the emblem of his country's greatness. This was not the first time, by the way, that Canadians were roused to indignation by the flaunting of the American flag in their faces. American statesmen of the Champ Clark order have been irritating Canadians in just that way for many years, and we should not be surprised to learn that our neighbors on the north side feel like tearing an American flag to tatters wherever and whenever they see one. The annexation of Canada has long been a hobby of some of our jingo politicians who have talked about it as though it were axiomatic that Canadians are sorely in need of the benign institutions of this country. The truth of course is that not only are Canadians well satisfied with their own form of government but they are convinced that we are very poorly governed and that no greater misfortune could befall them than to be absorbed by a great mass of people among whom the average of intelligence is considerably lower than the average in Canada. Unfortunately we have made no progress toward the conversion of Canadians to our way of thinking. On the contrary there is in this country a steadily growing appreciation of Canada, and the consequence is a rapidly swelling tide of immigration which is increasing the population of our neighbor and decreasing the population of several States of the Union. From those ancient times when Adam made his exit from Eden, when Cain went into the land of Nod and the Children of Israel began the movement that ended in the seizure of Canaan down to the days of the Exodus of the Pilgrims and the hegira from all lands to the golden streams of California, the populations of the earth have drifted southward and westward, but now for the first time there is a movement to the north into the trackless forests and virgin fields of a country beholden to a king. Is it only the land that attracts? No, we are told that the government also attracts. There appears to be greater stability of government in Canada, more personal liberty and greater respect for property interests than are to be found under new nationalism.

Just Another Theory

Now comes Dr. Alfred Wallace, the veteran scientist, to have his say on the subject of moral progress, how it is to be made. He is listened to very attentively because he was the discoverer with Darwin of the theory of natural selection. There is nothing like the prestige of a name to command respectful attention, even long after its possessor has drifted into his dotage, or even when he talks about something that he is in nowise qualified to discuss. Dr. Wallace talking about moral progress utters himself not as a scientist but as a speculative sociologist and he is not any more inscructive than was our plant wizard of Sonoma when he presumed some time ago to voice his opinion as a literary critic. Dr. Wallace ceased to be distinguished as a man of science years ago when he ceased to be scientific. He is a garrulous old man who thinks he is an authority on many subjects. He was first laughed at when he proved to his own satisfaction but not to the satisfaction of anybody else just what man's place was in the universe. His idea was that the sun and consequently the solar system occupies a position about central in the stellar system, and therefore, he argued, it was so appropriate that the solar system should be the abode of the only beings of intellect in the universe that it was unlikely that there was sensient life anywhere else. He further argued that such delicate adjustments and such numerous combinations of physical and chemical conditions are required for the development and maintenance of life as to render it in the highest degree improbable that they should all be found assembled on any other planet. Dr. Wallace hasn't imagination enough to conceive that thought and perception might be made possible in a mechanism somewhat different from our own. And now we find the old gentleman setting the religious world by the ears and getting pages of space in the magazines by setting forth as a discovery that human character is no better today than it was in the days of Homer and arguing that it is to be made better by following his rigmarole recipe which calls for a new kind of eugenics. His idea is that when women are made free they will marry none but the right kind of men and that moral improvement will result from a process of sexual elimination. As to the scientific basis of this theory we are not informed, but we suspect that Dr. Wallace is under the impression that nowadays the average woman marries not because her husband appeals to her taste but because she cannot do any better.

Perspective Impressions

A lobby is not a crime says Tom Marshall. Tom has a lucid interval now and then.

Goodbye, Alexander McAdie, and the best of luck to you!

Senator Martine wants free oats. The New Jersey ass is a fastidious beast.

Some folks find it no less difficult to tell the truth than to see it.

The State Department appears to have been converted into a moving picture.

The Los Angeles woman who is suing her husband for a divorce because he doesn't bathe will probably be demurred out of court on the ground that in Los Angeles a man isn't expected to keep anything but his conscience clean.

This is a curious despatch that comes from Chicago to the effect that ten policemen are to be appointed to patrol the bathing beaches and parks, and that "the civil service commission is to arrange a physical examination of applicants." Isn't that what may happen to them on the bathing beaches and in the parks?

President Wilson will probably solve the problem of splitting the Solid South.

So the Supervisors laughed at Koshland. Well, even the Roman augurs couldn't always control their risibles.

The Call says the Geary street road is paying. In the same way perhaps that the Call is paying.

Panama-Pacific appointments continue to remind us what a lot of "noted men" there are in the Middle West.

A Boston widow is looking for a eugenic husband—with a bank account. Maybe if the bank account is big enough the lady will not object if the eugenic combination is less than normal.

A mob in Jacksonville, Fla., killed a negro the other day and then mutilated his body, cutting off pieces of his ears for souvenirs. In time as a result of the spread of education and the softening influences of Democracy the people of Florida may become so enlightened as to perceive the wholesome effect of dining on barbecued nigger.

Judging from the Bulletin, Commercial street must be populated with letter-writing martyrs.

Perhaps President Wilson selected his Cabinet on the principle that guides the theatrical manager whose star can shine only by contrast.

If this were a more religious country the President wouldn't make a first page story every time he goes to church.

If the municipal railroad is making so much money why not use the profits to build new roads instead of issuing bonds?

So Rockefeller's pastor says the oil king is "a rose bush in the Lord's garden." Well, no doubt the pastor is the parasite that so often goes with the rose bush. He ought to be sprayed.

The man with the bulbous nose and receding chin created by an Examiner cartoonist to typify the citizenry of San Francisco and preach municipal ownership looks the part; also he looks like a cross between Mayor Rolph and E. P. E. Troy. The cartoonist is playing a joke on the editor.

Varied Types

CXXXIV—HENRY T. SCOTT

By Edward F. O'Day

Can you imagine anybody calling Enrico Caruso Hank? Of course you can't. It's out of the question. Putting the matter in the most general terms possible tenors named Henry or Enrico are never Hanks. And there are a great many other Henrys whom nobody ever thinks of Hanking. On the other hand, many Henrys come by Hank in the cradle and carry Hank to the grave. It is as inevitable as that certain men should be nicknamed Spike. In between the Henrys who are never Hanked and the Henrys who are Hanked all the way through life are the Henrys who are only Hanked by their intimates. There is Henry Hadley. The only man I know who calls him Hank is Mackenzie Gordon, but Mac has known Hank since boyhood. And there is Henry T. Scott. A few of his cronies in the Pacific-Union Club and at Hillsborough call him Hank, while to the rest of the world he is either Henry or Mr. Scott, according to the degree of acquaintance.

I should rather interview Hank Scott than Mr. Henry T. Scott. Hank Scott, I am reliably informed, "loosens up," and interviews are never so successful as when your subject "loosens up." Mr. Henry T. Scott doesn't "loosen up"; he is reserved, diplomatic. I have it on good authority that Hank Scott twists speech into an occasional epigram; that he garnishes conversation with humor or acerbitude, according as his attitude is genial or aggressive. Mr. Henry T. Scott deals in forthright but measured utterances. In a word Hank Scott talks while Mr. Henry T. Scott talks for publication. It is not my good fortune to know Hank Scott, so I was constrained to interview Mr. Henry T.

Right at the start I was made aware of the difference. Mr. Henry T. Scott would not discuss industrial conditions in San Francisco, a subject, I believe, on which Hank Scott is particularly interesting. As he well may be. It is not so many years since Henry T. Scott was at the head of the Union Iron Works. At that time the Union Iron Works employed 6,000 men and had a monthly payroll of $300,000. Owing to deplorable labor conditions the Union Iron Works of today is not contributing in any signal degree to the prosperity of this city. Hank Scott would be well worth hearing on the change, but Mr. Henry T. says he is out of touch with industrial conditions and won't be interviewed on the subject.

But Henry T. Scott will talk about financial conditions. He considers that he is on his own ground there, and a reference to Walker's Manual shows that in so considering he is not exaggerating his importance. In Walker's Directory of Directors we find Henry T. Scott listed in the following: President of Burlingame Land and Water Co., City Realty Co., Columbia Theatre Building Co., Mercantile National Bank, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co., San Francisco Hotel Co.; Director in Bank of Burlingame, Crocker Estate Co., Crocker Hotel Co., Crocker National Bank, Crocker Realty Co., Mercantile Trust Co., Moore and Scott Iron Works, Oakland, Antioch and Eastern Railway, Western Mortgage and Guaranty Co., Windsor Trust Co. of New York, Yosemite Valley Railroad.

A man in so many corporations, a man who has been so conspicuously successful in his corporation activities may speak with authority on our financial condition. Let us hear what he has to say:

HENRY T. SCOTT

"The financial condition of San Francisco? It's as good as the financial condition anywhere in the United States. There is a stringency of money all over the world at the present time. That stringency naturally affects San Francisco. Money is tight here at the present time. It is tighter here than in some other large cities. But there are special reasons for this. One reason is to be found in the large personal subscriptions of our moneyed men to the funds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Another is to be found in our heavy bond interest, for we are carrying a great burden of State and municipal bonds. The 'Borax' Smith affair has also had something to do with the tightness of our money market.

"But conditions are going to grow better. I look to see the financial condition improve all over the United States in October. In October the crops will be moving, and as Europe needs our crop productions money will begin flowing back to us.

"It must be remembered that California lost many millions by the failure of the orange and lemon crops. Perhaps we are due for greater losses, but they will not be immediate. The tariff outlook is obscure. Nobody knows what the result of the new tariff law will be. It looks as if it will be very severe, but its effect will not be felt this year. Three years will pass before the ill effects of the sugar schedule will be felt in California. The tax on brandy which will kill our sweet wine industry will not go into effect until next year. However, the tariff bill has not yet been passed. When it has become law and people know just what its provisions are, the financial condition of the country will be steadied. While the tariff continues an open question the business man doesn't know whether to order his fall goods or not. We can't guess what the bill will mean until it has been whipped into shape. The income tax will be severe on people who have money or who are making money. The millionaires can stand it, but the people whose incomes are five or ten thousand dollars will find it necessary to readjust their expenditures.

"Speaking particularly of San Francisco, there is no question that we are too heavily bonded. There seems to be no stop to new bond issues. We can't sell the bonds which have already been issued, and it stands to reason that under present conditions we won't be able to sell the next issue, if the people pass it at the coming bond election. We are not alone in facing this condition. The State of Tennessee can't sell its bonds. The city of New York has the same situation before it. For some time to come we ought to forget our Civic Center projects, our tunnels through the hills and our additional municipal roads. The roads to the Fair grounds will only pay during the Fair anyway. But the Fair transportation problem is the city's own fault, for it refused to pass the Charter amendment providing for indeterminate franchises.

"Taking it all in all the present municipal administration has treated the public service corporations pretty fairly. It is true that they cut our telephone earnings pretty severely—if they had cut them any more we should have had to cease operating. And we have a right to protest against the use of the initiative for commercial purposes, as it was used by the Telephone Users' Association. A bill which originated in Oakland, I think, providing that the initiative should not be so used was passed by the Legislature, but the Governor did not sign it, why I don't know.

"As to the results of the Exposition—that has always been a problem to me. I cannot see that it will do us any great permanent good. Its benefits will be temporary; they will last only while it is open. Of course it will bring many people here, and some of these will settle in California, but that beneficial result will take time in showing itself. The history of all expositions proves that times are very hard after the expositions are over. People are apt to overbuild when an exposition is in preparation. A slump comes afterwards.

"Times are hard here as elsewhere. But they are going to be better, not worse. Perhaps they are not as hard as some of us think. Talk about hard times spreads rapidly and bad financial conditions are exaggerated as the talk is repeated from one man to another."

Thus Mr. Henry T. Scott, as he chewed on his morning cigar in his office in the Shreve Building. All that he said was sound and authoritative. But he remembered all the time that he was Mr. Henry T. Scott talking for publication. Again I say, I should much rather have interviewed Hank.

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The People's Forum

The Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: It is with deep regret that I learn of the determination of your correspondent Hibernicus to end our little controversy. I am just warming up to it, and besides it is a pleasure for me to give him the instruction he much needs. But to return to the fray. Hibernicus now says that his objection to the Irish plays is not that all the characters they present are abnormal but that as a whole the life they portray is "untrue to the life which they purport to represent." It is all right, Hibernicus admits, for Yeats or Synge to imagine what they please provided they do not pretend that their plays represent their "actual experiences," since as a matter of fact they never had any such experiences in Ireland. This, Hibernicus wishes it to be understood, is what he has been driving at right along. Very well, say I, but what proof have you to support your assertions? You have been doing nothing but making assertions, and because I don't accept them you conclude that my mind is not open to conviction. Granted that you cited several plays by way of proof. One was untrue to life in Ireland according to your notion because the theme was adultery, but in the same breath you confessed that adultery was not impossible in Ireland. Then there was another play (I am writing from memory) that was abnormal because one of the characters in it was a buffoon of a priest. Now this sort of thing will never do. As a logician Hibernicus must be aware that negative testimony is not of much value when opposed to affirmative testimony. Yeats says, "I had this experience." Hibernicus replies, "I never had it, and I never heard of anybody else having it, and therefore it was impossible for you to have it." Now humbly and without a blush I will confess that I am not to be convinced by that kind of argument powerful though it may seem to Hibernicus. In one of his prefaces Synge says, "When I was writing 'The Shadow of the Glen,' some years ago, I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow House where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen." Doubtless Hibernicus will declare that no women in Ireland talk like Synge's women, and stoutly deny that there ever was a house in Wicklow that had a chink in the floor. Again: One of Synge's plays was pronounced absurd by Hibernicus because it represented an Irishman playing a corpse to catch his wife in adultery. It happens that the story that suggested the play was told to Synge by an Irish peasant in the Aran Islands as Hibernicus may learn by reading the works of Synge. This doesn't prove that the thing happened, but certainly it indicates that the peasant mind may run in a certain definite direction.

Hibernicus admits that I was correct in my surmise that he is an Irishman with certain national prepossessions and religious prejudices, and after adding "I am an Irishman writing from an Irishman's standpoint," he says, "That does not make L. R. F.'s case any better." I think it does. Irishmen as well as other people have yet to be blessed with the gift of seeing themselves as other see them. The only native with the insight to see the peculiarities of his countrymen is the artist, and the Irish dramatists are artists.

In his last letter instead of attempting to prove anything Hibernicus quotes two New York dailies to the effect that the Irish plays are not Celtic. Evidently he has yet to learn that American dailies discuss Irish matters with a view to pleasing their Irish-American readers. If quotation is of any value perhaps it may be worth while to quote from a man who is recognized as an authority. I quote from C. E. Montague, one of the most learned of British critics, for years the critic of the Manchester Guardian, a man who knows Ireland as well as England: "No such gift has been made to modern Ireland by any of her children as Synge's disengagement of the essence, the differentiating virtue of the native imagination in Irish country folk. Such services help to make nations, for they render national qualities apprehensible, sensuous, so that the idea of them can be grasped and cherished by plain minds."

Hibernicus says the objectionable plays "were not accepted at any time in Dublin or anywhere else." Once more I quote Mr. Montague: "Commonly it is tough work to keep a modern country from kicking away any quite great work of art that is laid at her feet. Shelley, Ibsen, Whistler —their own received them not, and when Ireland's turn came she did as the rest, or part of her did. But soon the hooting is over. Already from Galway to Prague Synge's eager and glowing genius has entered at open minds." If Hibernicus will not be so unlike an Irishman as to quit I may eventually succeed in opening up his mind with a fountain pen.

Respectfully,

—L. R. F.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the W ide World Over
By Robert McTavish

Londoner the Laziest

The Londoner is the laziest human being in the world, according to the dictum of James Douglas, a well-known literatteur, in the course of a discussion on the effects of metropolitan conditions upon human energy. The London atmosphere, it is agreed, produces lassitude and lethargy. Provincials achieve success in London. Nearly all the men at the top in London are not Londoners born. "London in our time," said Mr. Douglas, "has produced few men of action, few organizers of industry, few statesmen. It would be a miracle if London did not produce some famous men, but the fact remains that London, as a whole, is unique in its lack of civil spirit, in the feebleness of its municipal life, and in its intellectual apathy. As to the theatre and the operas, it is a notorious fact that London is invariably the last city to recognize genius. Bernard Shaw was famous in Germany long before London discovered him."

Race Suicide in Berlin

The Kaiser's capital is threatened with a baby famine. The shop windows display almost in the nature of a public warning a book, just issued, under the title of "Sterile Berlin," which reveals the disquieting fact that children are constantly becoming less and less fashionable among the dwellers of the imperial capital. The author, Dr Felix Sheilhaber, says that conditions in Berlin are already practically on the same level as those which the world has hitherto associated exclusively with Paris. Although the population of the German metropolis has increased from 800,000 in 1870 to 2,100,000 in 1913, the number of births is considerably fewer than it was forty years ago. Dr. Sheilhaber has discovered that among 10,000 Berlin wives aged 45, 850 have either no children at all or not more than two. He says that this supplies a classic proof that Berlin has gone in for the despised "two children" system, or even the still more perilous "one child" scheme. He mainly blames the increased cost of living for the condition.

A Law Wrong 600 Years

In the days of King Edward III the British Parliament provided by statute that persons "of good fame" might in case of certain offenses be bound over to keep the peace. The law was engrossed in Norman French on parchment. Not long after a clerk copied it for convenience and to save wearing out the Parliament roll. He was careless and made it apply to persons "not of good fame." For six hundred years an act of Parliament has been enforced as the exact opposite of what it really is! Parliament meant that a person "of good fame" need not go to jail for a petty offense, but might be bound over. It passed a statute of mercy. For eighteen generations this has been enforced as meaning that persons "not of good fame" must be otherwise punished for offenses specified unless they could provide bonds. It has been used as a statute of mitigated severity. The wording of the careless clerk's copy has affected the theory and in many cases the wording of the law in every British colony and in many American States. For more than half a thousand years the greater part of the English-speaking races, and many non-English millions within their political systems, have lived comfortably under a topsy-turvy law and never known the difference. No one would know it now if some ferret of the law had not stumbled upon the fact while seeking a quibble for the benefit of Annie Kenney, window-smashing militant suffragette, bound over to good behavior.

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Gladstone, Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea

Being a Page of History Hitherto Unwritten Showing That Gladstone Had Been in Secret Communication with Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea for Years before the O'Shea Divorce Action Overwhelmed the Irish Leader: and That Gladstone Hypocritically Turned the Non-conformist Conscience against Parnell, Not Out of Horror at Parnell's Sin but Simply to Complete Parnell's Political Ruin.

By Frank Hugh O'Donnell

(Former Member of Parliament)

We know the Official Liberal story of the relations between Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. O'Shea. It is like the famous Chapter on Snakes in Iceland. "There were no relations between Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. O'Shea." Nobody in the world was so surprised as good Mr. Gladstone at the revelations in the Divorce Court that there had been a secret intrigue and intimacy between the Land League Leader and the brilliant English wife of his colleague and follower, Captain O'Shea. The righteous Premier of the Noncomformist Conscience had never suspected the bare possibility of such a thing. Mr. Parnell to have secret interviews with Mrs. O'Shea! Shocking! Shocking! Who could have believed it? The bad man must get no quarter. He must be hunted from Irish politics, and from that commanding position in the House of Commons, where he was so often unpleasantly independent towards Mr. Gladstone. In fact, the virtuous Gladstone even thought very severe things of the Irish Catholic clergy who had not sprung and rent Mr. Parnell at the first report of the Divorce Court. As the ultra-Puritanic squire of Hawarden wrote to the discreet Mr. Morley within a couple of days of the divorce decision, "I own to some surprise at the apparent facility with which Roman Catholic bishops and clergy appear to take the continued leadership." The dear old play-actor was surprised that the Irish bishops had let even twenty-four hours pass without a bell, book, or candle against the wicked, wicked man who had had absolutely secret interviews with Mrs. O'Shea! Mr. Gladstone chose to forget his own secret interviews year after year with Mrs. O'Shea as Parnell's ambassadress. Mr. Gladstone chose to forget all those meetings in the private hotel in Berkeley Square, where Parnell's proposals and conditions for the support of Mr. Gladstone's Government had been most secretly discussed between the purist Premier and the brilliantly fascinating Mrs. O'Shea. He was "surprised" at the facility with which the Irish bishops took Parnell's leadership. The dissembler had quite forgotten to be "surprised" at the facility with which he himself used to run to the secret meetings in Berkeley Square to learn Parnell's proposals of support and alliance from the very lips of Parnell's beautiful friend.

Some of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues used to be seriously annoyed at receiving the proposals of the Irish leader in this secret way through Mrs. O'Shea. Indeed, Lord Hartington, writing a strong letter of protest to Mr. Gladstone on October 13, 1882, as related in Holland's Life of the Duke of Devonshire, gives us to understand that the whole Liberal Cabinet resented such underhand communications between the Premier and the Lady Friend.

It should at once be said that Mrs. O'Shea, besides being decidedly handsome, was very able, and was a very shrewd politician who influenced the opinions of Mr. Parnell quite as much as she affected his sentiments and emotions. An English aristocratic Whig, her brother was Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood. Closely connected with the Gladstonian party, her uncle was the Lord Hatherley, who was Gladstone's Lord Chancellor in his Grand Ministry of 1868-1874. I think it was at the house of her sister, Lady Lennard, that Parnell and she met early in 1881. Everybody who was anybody in Parliamentary circles had heard of the close relations between the pair before the autumn of the same year. I have explained in my History of the Irish Parliamentary Party that besides any mutual affection of the passionate sort which may or may not have existed, Parnell's constant condition of worse than indifferent health, after the six months spent in Kilmainham Gaol, under Gladstone's infamous Coercion Act, made the strongest appeal to all the gentlest friendship of a sensitive and sympathetic woman, and Captain O'Shea—a thoroughly good fellow—was naturally convinced that Parnell's heavy illness fully justified Mrs. O'Shea's anxiety for their distinguished friend and habitual guest.

Close and prolonged acquaintance with an English lady of the best society, and possessing acute knowledge of that society, led to a change in Parnell's mental equipment, which, perhaps, first revealed to me the extent of Mrs. O'Shea's influence and teachership. I had been an intimate comrade of Parnell since 1875, and I was aware that this young squire from a broken-down estate in Wicklow knew nothing of London life and London people. He used to dislike them as well. Suddenly I found him remarkably well posted on quite a number of things only familiar to a Londoner, and to a Londoner with a good position in London life, both political and social. He knew personal gossip about distinguished English men and women. He knew political gossip about men, though avoiding all intercourse with men. I felt perfectly sure that he was being coached in the way which he ought to go by a lady who was exceptionally competent to guide and instruct him in matters omitted in his Irish education. Mrs. O'Shea was all the better fitted to be Parnell's ambassadress to Mr. Gladstone because she had largely formed Parnell's thoughts upon the current subjects of political interest and speculation. Numa had found Egeria!

In this connection, it is useful to recall that another old comrade, Mr. Biggar, also arrived at the conclusion that Parnell's friendship for Mrs. O'Shea was steadily diverting him from Irish ideas. Five years before the Divorce Case—so ancient and notorious was Parnell's intimacy with his colleague's wife—Biggar, supported by Mr. T. M. Healy, furiously denounced Parnell's support of Captain O'Shea as candidate for Galway, on the avowed ground that Parnell's action was part of the price of Captain's O'Shea's complacency. Biggar and many others made no secret of their conviction that "the Englishwoman" was denationalizing their leader or former leader. Mrs. O'Shea really detested and despised the rank and file of Parnell's Party. She mocked at their humble standards of education and breeding. The volumes of personal contempt which Parnell was afterwards to pour upon his hostile colleagues,—the "gutter sparrows"—were inspired by the fastidious society woman, proud of English society, who had encouraged Parnell to hold aloof more and more from the Celtic inferiors of the Wicklow-born descendant of English settlers. It was most unfortunate for Parnell's future that the National Gift of £40,000 in 1882 coincided with the ripening of his intimacy with the fascinating Englishwoman. He got the means of leading a life of ease in most agreeable company in London; and his Party saw him on the rarest occasions. The Liberal direction of the Irish Party was already so evident in 1883 that I resigned my connection with it in that year. In 1885, Biggar and Healy denounced the O'Shea scandal at the Galway election. And Gladstone was in constant communication with Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea from 1882 to 1889.

In 1889 Parnell had been brought to call Gladstone publicly "our great leader." Within six months Gladstone was using the pretext of the Nonconformist Conscience to destroy Parnell on the ground of secret intimacy with Mrs. O'Shea! Parnell had ceased to be invulnerable as soon as he ceased to appear irreconcilable. Gladstone had used Mrs. O'Shea for seven years in order to bring Parnell into his net. Too late the fond slave of the Delilah of Wonersh Lodge, Eltham, discovered that he had walked into the parlor of "The Grand Old Spider," as he nicknamed, too late, the benevolent Old Patron of his Charmer, after the well-acted patronage had been exchanged for virtuous denunciation.

Lord Hartington's Protest Against the Ambassadress

Lord Hartington has always appeared to me to have been a thoroughly straight and honorable politician. He did not like the underhand negotiations between Gladstone and Parnell through Captain O'Shea's wife, and he did not hesitate to say so. In his Life by Mr. Holland, there is a downright, straightforward letter to Gladstone himself, dated from the India office on October 14, 1882, which shows that Mrs. O'Shea's go-between communications were circulating among the whole Gladstone Cabinet, from Earl Granville down to Mr. Trevelyan, and that Hartington destested such a situation. A few sentences will explain everything.

> "Granville sent me by your desire the correspondence between you and himself on Mrs. O'Shea's letter. . . . I most earnestly hope that the draft reply to Mrs. O'Shea's was not sent. . . . I venture to think that there exists now no sufficient reason for any communication

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CI—DAWN THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

By Joaquin Miller

(This poem by Joaquin Miller was first published in the extinct Californian Magazine, July, 1893. The Californian was an illustrated monthly deserving of a better fate than that which befell it. In its files are to be found many fine poems by Californian authors—some poems indeed which are quite celebrated. The following is not to be found in Miller's collected works.)

Where white-browed Morning meets black Night;
  Such mighty battle kings of old,
Sword-girt and garmented for fight,
  Black-helmeted or crowned with gold—
Such Emperors to look upon!
Huge Indus Dusk, fierce Saxon Dawn!
And all their hosts with clashing shields
That front Pacific's fearful field!

Fit field, these half-world waters; Greek
  And dusk Darius, Indus, all
That was or is, or yet shall speak
  By blazing sword or cannon ball
Finds utterance. The Corsican,
Or saint or fiend, or god or man,
Sweeps through the gate with saber drawn;
"Charge! Pierce the center! On, and on!"

Silvered sabers! Swords of fire!
  Flame-fed horses shod with gold!
Unloosed light, high-born and higher,
  God's first born in glory rolled!
Lo, what chariots! Holy light
Hurled against the hosts of night!
Back, brave Indus! Trench thy braves
In their thousand coral caves.

He dies, and low lies kingly Dusk
  In battle harness where he stood—
Vast silence! then a sense of musk,
  Of perfumed morn, burned sandalwood.
The moon drops pale and pitiful,
Her widowed face as wan as wool.
Her baby stars have veiled their eyes
To weep as when a father dies.

The Spectator

The Anvil Chorus

Incredible stories come to me from Washington with damnable iteration. The authors of these stories represent themselves as being on the ground floor where President Wilson is giving ear to the petitions of Californian politicians and also to protests from California. I am told that the protests outnumber the petitions ten to one. Also I am told that the man who has been made more conspicuous than all others as a target for the brickbats that have been hurtling across the continent is that ascetic young celibate the Hon. James D. Phelan. According to report from Washington Mr. Phelan was not vouchsafed the pleasure of declining the Ambassadorship to Vienna. Report has it that he was given a roving commission to represent the World's Fair abroad by way of sop to soothe his feelings. It was a very mean campaign that was waged against Mr. Phelan. It was not conducted by his political enemies but by long-haired churchmen who think that Mr. Phelan would be more acceptable as a reformer if he had begun by reforming himself. These men have given credence to calumny, and they have sent on to Washington stories that have been whispered hereabouts for years.

Jimmy "Getting Back"

If President Wilson didn't have the courage to gratify Mr. Phelan's ambition at any rate he has been very kindly disposed toward our righteous millionaire. He has not forgotten Mr. Phelan's contribution to the campaign fund; and Mr. Phelan's recommendations respecting patronage have carried considerable weight. It was Phelan who urged the President to get rid of Postmaster Fisk, partly to please the Phelanites of the Knights of Columbus and partly to gratify his pet passion for revenge, for Jimmy has not forgotten that when he was Mayor it was Speaker Fisk of the Assembly who caused him to be dragged before the bar of the House at a time when the Legislature was trying to find out why gambling was permitted in San Francisco. And after all Jimmy is probably well satisfied with the granting of his request for the roving commission. Jimmy is persona non grata to the directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. They regard him with something of the aversion that a mad dog has for water. They haven't given him a look-in. And Jimmy, who spends half his spacious leisure in scheming either to triumph over his enemies or to give them pain could think of nothing better in this instance than getting the commissionership. You will find Jimmy laying claim to the glory of having made the Fair a success.

The Adaptable Hayden

The most adaptable of all the job-chasers that went to Washington to solicit reward for services rendered is Tommy Hayden, who is believed to have been appointed District Attorney for no other reason than that he never lost a case, never having had any. It is said that Tommy wasn't at all particular about the medium of his attachment to the payroll. Almost anything would do. He worked on the principle of the Stockton citizen who was a candidate for Governor but was willing to accept a harbor commissionership and did accept it. Tommy was originally a candidate for Governor of Alaska, but he was willing to become a judge or a United States marshall and he landed in the district attorney's office.

Hayden's College

I met the man who winds the ferry clock. He was conning a newspaper, and as I approached he shook his head with plain indication of disgust.

"The way these papers garble the news is a caution," he remarked.

"What's the matter now?" I demanded.

"Here's a paper says Tommy Hayden got to

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President Wilson's ear because he happened to be a graduate of Princeton."

"Well, maybe Tommy did go to Princeton," I offered.

"Princeton nothing!" said the wiseacre of the Embarcadero. "Tommy Hayden is a graduate of Vassar."

Another Recall Movement

Now it's Santa Rosa that is threatened with a scandal of the Jonquil variety. Some of the leading citizens of the beautiful Sonoma town have made a practice of entertaining wayward girls from the neighboring cowpaths. An arrest was made and for a time there was a prospect of the whole unsavory story getting into print. But District Attorney Lea of Sonoma is a discreet person. It was pointed out to him that in the event of the unlidding of the scandal the reputation of the town would be seriously impaired; also the reputation of several girls who were living at home with their parents, not to mention the reputation of men of affairs, men of family, etc. Lea thought the matter over, and he came to the conclusion that a general investigation would do more harm than good. He realized that it would disrupt families and perhaps drive some of the girls involved to a life of shame. After mature consideration he permitted the man who had been arrested to plead guilty to a simple assault, pay a fine and go, a wiser if not a better man. There was a profound sense of relief in several homes until the village gossips got busy. Presently some of the long-haired citizens who have no sympathy with sinners that are found out heard the story and developed a keen appetite for all the salacious details. These not being forthcoming, they began a movement to recall the district attorney. The movement is now on.

Barham Gets News of Home

"That's a great harbor you have down there, I don't think!" The speaker was the man who winds the ferry clock. He had just been introduced to Mr. Guy Barham, the man who put Los Angeles on the sartorial map. There was a time when Guy Barham could tolerate mild criticism of Los Angeles, but that was before he bought a newspaper in a junkshop and polished the journal up till it dazzled the eyes of the whole city. The Herald is now the breeziest and best newspaper in Los Angeles, and Editor Barham now feels under obligations to the city for having shown that there is at least one good thing it can appreciate. So when the incautious water front philosopher emitted an imputation against San Pedro harbor, the pride of Los Angeles, Editor Barham rolled his eyes in fine frenzy and proceeded to make a noise like a Herald editorial.

"San Pedro Harbor," he said, "is the finest home-made harbor in the world. Rolling and gleaming in the beautiful sunshine that eternally warms our thriving country it reflects the enterprise of our citizens who had the good sense to realize that what God neglected it was their proud privilege to attend to. What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean," said the clock-winder, "that it's on the blink. You arrested the captain of the Yale down there the other day, and what for?"

"Don't know," said Barham; "I'm not a police reporter."

"You arrested him because he steamed his vessel into the harbor at just a little more than four knots an hour. Your bum harbor is so damned small that if a little ship like the Yale, only twenty-seven hundred tons, goes in faster than four knots she rocks all the boats at their moorings, and so you've got a speed limit on captains. If the Manchuria ever goes down there she'll swamp the city."

Editor Barham who had come all the way to San Francisco to learn the truth about his home harbor was astounded, but he promised to have the harbor widened.

The Bunko Scandal

If the testimony of the bunko men was of value for the prosecution of crooked policemen it ought to be of value for other purposes, and the men who appraised that testimony most highly ought to be the last to make objection to it when it concerns themselves. What the truth is we may have some difficulty in ascertaining. The trouble is that too many persons have been interested in the concealment of it. From the beginning politics has played an important part in the whole business, and now it appears that the ever-busy Burns detective agency which has an old grievance against the district attorney dating back to the days of the graft prosecution has been trying to besmirch him. It would be interesting to know by whose authority this agency has been acting, and why in the midst of the prosecution it should be seeking to discredit the man who put the crooked policemen behind the bars. Perhaps Mayor Rolph could shed some light on this subject. Mayor Rolph is a glutton for the limelight, but during the course of the police department scandal he has kept discreetly in the background, though nothing of greater importance has occurred during the whole of his Administration. It appears that he has been so cautious that he wouldn't even come forward and give testimony for the benefit of his friend Detective McPhee, although nothing more was desired than a simple statement of fact, his reason being that it would "embarrass" him to appear in the case.

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At times, you see, Mayor Rolph can be for all the world like the shrinking violet, or the little Indian Afraid-Of-His-Shadow. Now this is too bad. The people have confidence in Mayor Rolph, and it would be hard to embarrass him. And the Mayor ought to come out boldly and affirm his confidence in the police department, which on the whole is a good department and deserving of confidence.

The Carmel Factions

"Harmony," I read in one of the papers, "has once more returned to Carmel." 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, but alas! the weather signs show no abatement of the brain storms that have made the hub of highbrowism famous. Musicians will assure you that harmony is a difficult science, and the Carmelites who are stronger on art than on science, have not yet mastered it. The dove of peace has yet to make Sulphitia-by-the-Sea its permanent abiding place. The Montagus of Carmel still bite their thumbs at the Capulets what time they meet on the board walk near the postoffice. The Guelphs still frown bloodily at the Ghibellines. When brows are measured down that way some are still found higher than others, and while nature continues to build them so, perfect peace and close harmony are out of question. They had two forest plays at Carmel last week, and judging from the attendance which was very large, one might have supposed offhand that all Carmel was out to boost the drama as one man. But not so. Only one faction had its inning during the Fourth of July holidays. The other side goes to bat in ten days. Those who think that "Runnymede" and "Aladdin" gave the forest drama of California a tremendous impetus will not wax enthusiastic over the plays from the pens of Mary Austin and Redfern Mason. And vice versa. Harmony returned! Not on your artistic life!

The Newberry Forces

The moving spirit that informed the two productions of last week was Perry Newberry. Newberry is a man of parts; he has the gift of versatility. Once he was a chief of police in San Jose; at another time a political manager in San Francisco; when the old Coppa coterie was in its heyday Perry was prominent at the round table that tourists loved to gape at. But nowadays Perry is separated by a wide gulf from many of his old cronies. They feel that he has co-operated with Frank Powers to introduce the spirit of commercialism into Carmel, and the higher the Carmel brow the more dreadfully it wrinkles at the thought of commercialism. Perry took Carmel's Forest Theatre into camp a year ago when his wife's lurid play "The Toad" was produced after an acrimonious controversy. That fight split Carmel wider than it had ever split before, and although the bitterness of the feeling has abated somewhat during the twelve-month, it is not all gone by any means. Arrayed on the side of Newberry are the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker of Carmel—the tradesmen and a few minor geniuses. Dr. Beck, the Carmel pharmacopolist, is one of Perry's stars; the plumber and the grocer embellish his dramatic productions. With these are Lowell Hardy who sometimes achieves publication, and a few others. Mrs. Jimmy Hopper appeared in "Runnymede" because the Hoppers are not exactly partisans; they like peace and quiet. But the big guns of Carmel did not lend active support to the Fourth of July holiday productions. They went to see "Runnymede," it is true; but that was because they like Greer Harrison, its author. They did not go to see "Aladdin" which was written by Newberry himself. The night of that production the unsympathetic faction spent its enthusiasm on Jimmy Hopper's rag party.

The Real Highbrows

The altitudinous highbrows will have their fieldnight toward the end of this month when a rival production will be staged in a rival forest theatre. You see, there is so little harmony in Carmel that the opposing factions will not even tread the same boards at different times. On the evening of July 25 the other irreconcilables will produce two plays, one by Mary Austin and the other by Redfern Mason, the musician. Mary's play was at first called "The Fire Bringer," but when somebody remembered that Vaughn Moody had written a play of that name, "The Fire Legend" was substituted. It is a story of the discovery of fire, and the hero's name is Evind, a pretty name which Mary invented for the occasion. John Kenneth Turner who wrote "Barbarous Mexico" and who, in the opinion of many Carmelites, started the revolution in Mexico, will play the role of Evind. The Redfern Mason drama is Japanese in theme and is called "The Samurai." The principal part in this will be handled by Opal Heron, wife of Herbert Heron the poet. Others who will lend their assistance more or less actively to the success of these plays are Professors Vernon Kellogg, Pearce and Rentdorf of Stanford with their wives, George Sterling, starriest of Carmel's stars, Mrs. John Kenneth Turner, Herbert Heron, Michael Williams and John Northern Hilliard. No doubt the former Helen Cooke who is now Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson, would take part were she not too busy taking care of little "Bunker Bean." These are the intellectual aristocrats of Carmel, and they are not to be harmonized with the Newberryites if they know it.

Greer Harrison's Play

There were some at "Runnymede" who remembered seeing it in the nineties when Fred Warde and Louis James produced it in San Francisco. It lay on the shelf a long time before Greer Harrison took it down and rewrote it. In its present shape it cannot be called great

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drama, but it testifies to something which all Greer Harrison's friends know—that he has the soul of a knight of chivalry. Greer Harrison has saturated his mind in the Robin Hood ballads, he has dreamed over "Ivanhoe," and his play is full of quarter staff play and forest love, brown October ale and Angevin villainy, of Templar lust foiled and greenwood virtue gloriously triumphant. If Greer Harrisan had lived in that old Merrie England he'd have shot the red deer with Scarlet and Little John or gone a-hunting with the Percy out of Northumberland in Chevy Chase. He has a soul for derring-do, and as a lad in Lincoln green and crossbow he would have acquitted himself as well, if not better than he has in the role of dramatist. It is not unkind to say that "Runnymede" lost something in the hands of the Carmel mummers. They are not the best amateurs in the world, and it would be wrong to criticise them; still one may remark that with better players "Runnymede" would have made a deeper impression. In the circumstances Greer Harrison was fortunate to have the strong arm of Frank Mathieu supporting him. Mathieu is a wizard of the woods, and he made the best possible use of the natural beauties of the Forest Theatre. As the theatre is wondrously beautiful with its wings of pines and its roof of stars, the setting was superb.

Carmel Was Upset

There was no living the ordinary life in Carmel during the Fourth of July holidays. The art histrionic turned the colony upside down. Chores were neglected for rehearsals, meals were bolted while lines were conned, costumes were the only clothes studiously thought of. Dr. Beck, the druggist, was so busy preparing to be Sir Richard of the Lea that he had no time to be sell cough medicine or compound prescriptions. The actor-plumber had no thought for leaks; he was plumbing the depths of histrionism. Poets and short story writers had to chop their own wood, for the kindling man was actively interested in the preparation of the stage. And the milk boy was so ardently enthralled in the memorizing of "a bit" that Carmelites were forced to take their coffee black. Once a year Carmel lives for art, and the rest of the year tries to live by it.

The Town Is Dry

Many of those who went down to Carmel from San Francisco to see the Forest Theatre plays were surprised and pained to learn that Carmel interdicts the sale of liquor. There are no saloons in the town. The inn has no license to sell the stimulating cocktail or the icy highball. Carmel is dry as a bone. For this, they tell me, Frank Powers is responsible. Frank fears the intrusion of an undesirable element upon his nest of highbrows, so he has seen to it that liquor is not dispensed in the village. If you want to drink in Carmel you must bring your favorite tipple from Monterey. Or you must present a prescription to the Carmel druggist. It does strike one as strange that in a colony of artists the sale of fancy-quickening beverages should be forbidden. Your true Carmelite will tell you that he hates puritanism; but here is the most odious of blue laws, and not a murmur from the artists. However, the hardship is not unmitigated. There is, as I have said, the drugstore, and most of the Carmelites have the requisite prescription.

Catalina Is Wet

San Franciscans who spent the Fourth in the South say that they received an agreeable surprise at Catalina. This favorite resort has been dry for a year, but on the third of July the trustees held a meeting at Avalon and incorporated, thus releasing themselves from the government of Long Beach. Then they declared the place wet, fixing liquor licenses at $5,000 a year. The result was that the Fourth of July visitors were able to drink beer with their luncheon, and the crowd was larger than ever before. Is this a sign that the South is regaining its sanity?

A Curious Adventure

"I was passing a hospital a few nights ago," said a chap of whose veracity I have no doubt. "This particular hospital has a garden enclosed by rather a high wall. It was about eleven o'clock. I was startled by a sharp sibilant sound. So was a youngster who was approaching from the opposite direction. Both of us stopped. You can imagine my surprise when I saw two girls perched on the top of that wall. 'Help us to get down,' said one of the girls. 'What's it all about?' said I. 'We're nurses in here and we have a

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date,' said the spokesman, or rather the spokesgirl. 'Why don't you get out by the gate or the front door?' said I. 'They're locked,' said the girl. So the youngster and I helped them down. The first girl was slight and we had little trouble. The other was stout and wore a tight skirt and her clothes got caught on the wall and she screamed and we had an awful time. Her face got very red, but whether she was blushing because her tight skirt refused to behave or whether she was hot from her struggle with the wall I don't pretend to know. It was embarrassing though to hear that youngster chuckle. At last we got her down. 'How will you get back?' I asked. 'That'll be easy in the morning,' said the slight girl. And then the two of them scampered away to keep their date. You can use the story," concluded my informant, "but don't mention the name of the hospital because you might get the girls in wrong."

At the Tennessee Society

The Tennessee Society of California held a meeting Monday night at the Exposition headquarters, and sent a telegraphic appeal to their old State urging participation in the World's Fair. The beauty and chivalry of Tennessee were splendidly represented, and southern sociability went hand in hand with the business of the meeting until an untoward thing happened. The entrance to the meeting room was darkened by a black cloud and to the horror of the Tennesseeans who should enter but a black man and a black woman! "What do you want?" demanded the president of the Tennessee Society. "Ah am from deah ole Tennessee and so is ma ole man, and we wants to attend dis meeting," said the colored woman. They were not lynched, merely thrown out.

Beautiful Shop Windows

If more retailers realized the importance of artistic window display, as does the French shopkeeper for instance, and would try to get some of the savoir faire of that business aristocrat, it would go a long way toward inducing people of wealth to shop at home, instead of going to other cities and other lands where more finesse in dealing is shown. Apropos of this are the windows of Geo. Haas & Sons store, or rather four stores. Mr. Haas spares no expense when it comes to creating a background for his sweets. One window is a dream with wisteria branches trailing over a dainty white-latticed wall, and another window—in which the richest of brocades frame a perfect Dresden compartment—is absolutely the last word for richness and beauty.

The Big Solano Enterprise

Despite the stringency there is money for safe investment in something that guarantees a profit, a home or a living as is evident from the demand for Solano irrigated farms. In fifteen days A. J. Rich & Co. found buyers for $600,000 worth of ten and twenty acre estates that before long will become the productive homesteads of prosperous agriculturists. The success of the selling campaign for Solano farms has not only been a marvel in real estate circles, but it has caused capital to understand that millions spent in the development of California's rural resources is bread cast upon the waters. The immediate cash return from land buyers has back of it the perpetual contribution of a prosperous community to the wealth of the State and city. "A capitalist should use raw land as a manufacturer uses raw material," said Patrick Calhoun in explaining the purpose of the Solano project. "He should create a condition that will ensure for the man of small means a comfortable home and a chance to make a living." Of course, Mr. Calhoun was fortunate in finding his raw material only forty miles from San Francisco; raw land of amazing richness; water for irrigation less than a dozen miles away; electric and steam railroads on the ground for quick, competing transportation and, most of all, easy access to deep water shipping—an eternal guarantee of cheap freight rates. These advantages are backed by an existing market of a million people and the million may be doubled in a decade. The Solano project had all the elements of a winner from the start. It might have been simplified if the lands had been available in big tracts, but their assembling necessitated the purchase of 450 farms so that the vast cost of development could be spread over the maximum number of acres. Effecting those purchases was the first duty of capital; the second was the digging of canals and reservoirs and the installation of pumping power; the third was the preparation of the soil for crops under irrigation. The purchase of farms is not ended—three more aggregating 900 acres were added to the project this week. The development is not finished, as another canal is being dredged to carry life giving water to 50,000 additional acres. The redistribution of the lands in small irrigated farms has only begun, but it seems destined to be most successful.

A New Confection at Techau's

A new confection known as Trentini Breath Pastilles, is now one of the most popular souvenirs presented to patrons by the management of Techau Tavern. These delightful little tablets are from the laboratories of V. Rigaud of Paris. The Tavern is a most agreeable place to visit at all times, particularly when warm weather makes one more than usually critical. It is always cool and well ventilated and one is never overcrowded even at the rush hours, because the comfort of patrons is the first consideration and the tables are so placed as to afford ample room for all.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Romance at Santa Barbara

Down in Santa Barbara they are remarking the devotion of young Elliott Rogers to piquant "Harry" Alexander. Harriet is at the Potter with a party of San Francisco friends and Elliott has been her cavalier at picnics and dancing parties. Last spring when he thought he would follow a business career in San Francisco, Elliott spent a lot of time at Burlingame where Mrs. Mountford Wilson, the aunt of Miss Alexander, had him often at her home and the young people were much together. When the scene of the business career changed to Santa Barbara Miss Alexander happily received an invitation to go South and to the obvious delight of Elliott appeared in the seaside city where she is spending the summer. Elliott Rogers is one of the catches of the younger set. He is a son of the late Robert Cameron Rogers ("The Rosary's" author), and is heir to a rich estate with his brother Reginald Rogers, named for Uncle Reggie Fernald, who is trying journalism in London. "Harry" Alexander is one of the favorites of the younger set and had more admirers than her share, her friends declare, before Elliott was added to the list.

Look Out for Walter

Walter Hobart is back from the Meadowbrook polo games with some new polo ideas and a ninety horse power motor car of foreign make that cost him a cool ten thousand. Walter is very proud of his new speed burner and has been telling everybody about it. I infer that there is going to be some very spectacular driving on the roads of San Mateo County. What a glorious time Walter will have with the speed cops!

Miss Gallois' Quiet Wedding

Society is disappointed that the wedding of Miss Jeanne Gallois and Horace Hill on the 24th at the Fairmont is to be a quiet affair with no reception and only a score of guests at the ceremony. Jeanne Gallois has been a belle of the ultra-exclusive set since her debut several years ago. Her most intimate friend is Mrs. Cheever Cowdin (Florence Hopkins), and during her first season it was often rumored that the devotion of Sam Hopkins to his sister's chum would end in the marriage of the young people. But Horace Hill appeared on the social horizon from his home in New York and Sam fell in love with lovely Elyse Schultz, and it all turned out differently. Miss Gallois will be a handsome bride. She is a beauty of the Carmen type and has a vivid, interesting personality with the trace of a French accent that is very attractive. It is a souvenir of her years at school in Paris.

Black's the Rage

Mournful costumes of dull black crepe de chine seem to be de rigeur in the set. They all look alike. Blouse effects for the bodice with thin white lawn collars turned away from the throat and white cuffs; and the skirts all falling in graceful clinging lines caught into draperies at the bottom. Mrs. Clem Tobin, slender and radiantly blonde, is stunning in hers. She wore it at luncheon at the St. Francis the other day, with a broad black hat, white plumed. Quite as lovely a picture as she made in her royal robes as queen of the Mardi Gras. Mrs. Walter Martin is very chic in her somber black crepe. It sounds incongruous; but Mrs. Martin is always chic with her fresh rose coloring and bright manner. For the first time in several season she is not wearing blue. A black and white cloth suit and her black crepe seem to be the favored costumes of her wardrobe. Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere who is pale and interesting since her long illness is especially lovely these days in her black and white gown. There is a broad sailor collar of white that is girlish and becoming. The hat is of dull black straw worn low over the face, and adorned with a white aigrette. Mrs. Bruguiere who had to abandon her plans of summering abroad when she fell a victim to typhoid will leave in September to visit her sister, Miss Eleanor King, in Paris. Miss Enid Gregg's black gown is of taffeta with white lingerie collar, and Miss Celia O'Connor also wears a black taffeta suit. Miss Ethel Crocker just home from Paris has a Rue de la Paix creation of dull black silk with white about the bodice which proves that this subdued effect once reserved for old age is unquestionably the latest cry for the very young.

A Drawing Spoiled

Fred Greenwood, the Bohemian Club millionaire, had a house party at his beautiful Belvedere villa over the Fourth. Among those who enjoyed his hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Riley Hardin, Mrs. Elizabeth Whittier and Charles Rollo Peters. Peters had always been desirous of painting the beautiful landscape that is to be seen from the veranda of the Greenwood bungalow, so he arose at an early hour on the Fourth and spent several hours making a sketch in black and white, to be copied later in oils. He had abandoned his work for a spell when Mrs. Whittier and the Riley Hardins made themselves comfortable on the veranda to enjoy the balmy morning air. As they conversed Mrs. Whittier thoughtlessly picked up one of Rollo Peters' crayons and began scribbling on the board which contained his sketch. She was aroused to a realization of what she was doing when she found Peters standing over her, his face the picture of dismay. Her scribbling had ruined the carefully worked-out sketch. Mrs. Whittier was profuse in her apologies, and Peters was equal to the occasion. He bowed his courtliest obeisance. "There is nothing for me to do except to sign this sketch and make you a present of it," he said.

Poverty in "The Set"

It is a sad but present fact that not every girl in the set has a rich father, an ample income, or an elaborate wardrobe. There are several popular belles of "society's inner circles," to borrow the bavardes' phrase, who make their own frocks and clean their own gloves, incredible as it may seem. They have gone through entire seasons

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of balls and dinners with two or three evening gowns and a single tailor suit, and no one has guessed from their appearance that they had so many less than other girls of their set. One of those bright and attractive young women who goes everywhere on very little was one of a Fourth of July house party down the peninsula. The hostess is a certain prominent young matron with unlimited wealth and several of her guests were also of the seven figure fortune class. One of the girls whose name is always among those present had a careless packer at home. She was shy a pair of white silk stockings when she dressed for dinner the first night. So she rang for a maid and sent a message to the bright and attractive young woman down the hall. Would Miss A. please lend Miss B. a pair of white silk stockings and some silver safety pins? Miss A. had a single pair of white silk hose and not a silver safety pin to her name. She did the best she could and cheerfully contributed the stockings she'd meant to wear herself and sent steel pins with apologies.

The Spreckels Garden

The hanging gardens back of the new A. B. Spreckels mansion on the crest of the Washington street hill are the wonder of the neighborhood. And well they may be. With reckless disregard for real estate values Mr. Spreckels has extended his garden down Octavia street to Jackson, buying lots and residences along the way and simply removing the superfluous dwellings. The elaborate house at the corner of Octavia and Jackson was unceremoniously dragged away and this very choice bit of property will be the lowest terrace of the Spreckels garden. There are a number of Italian palaces in San Francisco. The new Flood mansion is a recent effort. But none is so perfectly set as the Spreckels house that is the delight of captious criticising architects. It faces Washington street and the broad lawns of Lafayette Square, while back of it terraced gardens form a characteristic Italian vista. I am told that much of the artistic beauty of the place is due to Mrs. Spreckels' cultured taste. She is an artist of talent and has taken a personal pride in the building of the new home.

They Bring Souvenirs

Captain and Mrs. A. W. Bjornsted who are at present in Paris are coming to California later in the summer to visit the latter's mother, Mrs. Sabin, at Mountain View, bringing with them interesting souvenirs of their stay in Berlin. When Captain Bjornsted resigned as military attache at the American Embassy he was given a dinner at the Imperial Automobile Club of Berlin where he was presented with a silver cigar box engraved with the name of each guest present. Many of the names are of international interest. Mrs. Bjornsted has an autographed photograph of the Empress that she prizes highly, and one of the charmnig crown princess.

Mrs. Meynell Luareate?

For the first time since the office was established a woman is being seriously discussed as a fit candidate for poet laureate of England. I refer to Mrs. Alice Meynell whose poetry is caviare to the general but highly esteemed by those who appreciate the supersubtle and mystic in literature. The discussion of Mrs. Meynell's name interests us, because this charming woman is well known here. Mrs. Meynell visited California several years ago as the guest of Miss Agnes Tobin. She spent several months at Burlingame and was extensively entertained there. When Miss Tobin is in London she and Mrs. Meynell are very much in each other's company.

Social Doings at Castle Crags

Mrs. Fletcher, wife of Captain Fletcher, U. S. A., Mrs. William Heilborn of Honolulu and Cuyler Lee acted as judges at the masquerade ball that was given at Castle Crags on the Fourth of July. A handsome jewel box, ornamented with a French miniature was awarded to the "Darky Bride" who in every day life is Mrs. H. W. Bullen. Mr. Lucey made a stunning cowboy and won the man's prize, a cigarette box of filigree silver. Little Miss California Andrews who impersonated "Red Ridinghood" and Horace Orear Jr. who made an excellent "clown" were also awarded prizes. Much interest is being shown in the tennis tournament at Castle Crags. Among the guests there are some expert tennis players. Mr. Treat, a member of the firm of Shreve, Treat and Eacret, has generously put up a handsome cup as a trophy. It was hoped that Mr. Treat would umpire the games, but he was suddenly called to the city. Mrs. Chapius and her attractive young daughter arrived the day after the fourth. They are planning to remain for six weeks; Mr. Chapius will run up from the city for week-ends.

Del Monte Notes

Among the many society people congregating at Del Monte during the Fourth of July week were Mr. and Mrs. Gus Lion and Miss Hortense Lion of San Jose; Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss E. Oyster and Mr. A. J. Oyster of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Naphtaly, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Miss Armsby, Miss Quimby and Miss Ray of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Miller of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wayman of Ross; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Miss Redding and Miss Edith Rucker of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Henshaw, Miss Ida Henshaw and Mr. Edward T. Henshaw of Berkeley.

Local People at Vendome

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes will be glad to know they have returned to the Hotel Vendome after a visit to Del Monte. A delightful automobile party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Dutton, and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cornell of San Francisco registered at the Vendome recently. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mrs. P. E. Miller, Miss Armsby, Miss Ray and Miss Quimby formed a pleasant automobile party which registered at the Vendome this week.

Casa del Rey Notes

G. E. McFarland, vice-president of the Bell Telephone Company, is stopping at Casa del Rey for the season. He went to Santa Cruz a month ago and was so impressed with the delightful climate and fine hotel accommodations that he decided to go back and have his family stay during the summer months. Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Prather of San Francisco are staying at Casa del Rey. Mr. Prather is the head of the San Francisco branch of the Cadillac Automobile

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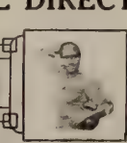

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Company. Both Mr. and Mrs. Prather are well known in Santa Cruz, having stopped at the Casa del Rey for the past three seasons.

The Fourth at Witter

Witter Springs as a Mecca for automobilists grows in popularity as the summer advances, and crowds of pleasure seekers motored there over the Fourth. A gala time had been arranged by the management of the hotel, the festivities including bowling and billiard tournaments, a swimming contest, fireworks and a dance in the evening. On Saturday there was a trip around Clear Lake, visiting several fruit-laden orchards on the way. Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Avenali, Miss Emily Carolan and A. E. Kittle composed a merry little party that motored to Witter for the national holiday. Others who spent the Fourth there were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Madison and Miss Dorothy Madison, Mrs. H. C. Watson, Miss Katherine Watson, Miss Helen Watson and John R. White who motored up from Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Waller, Miss Evelyn Waller, Lawrence Waller and Paul Fagan who made the trip by automobile from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cole, Miss N. H. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Edmonds and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tucker.

Pacific Grove Hotel Notes

The Pacific Grove Hotel has been doing capacity business for the last week. Like Del Monte it has been obliged to turn away many. Cottages at Pebble Beach Lodge have been brought into use for transient families who take their meals either at the Lodge, Pacific Grove Hotel or Del Monte. The rush at this famous Pebble Beach Lodge has been unprecedented, and all sojourners are loud in proclaiming praise of the beautiful Monterey Peninsula which is year by year becoming more attractive, and the climate which is pronounced the very best in the State.

Tait's For the Particular

San Francisco, the beloved of all the world, stands next to New York in the matter of cafes. It was here that the cabaret idea was conceived; a craze which has encircled the whole civilized world. To retain its fame for originality, San Francisco is now offering its cafe frequenters who have particular tastes a grand opera quartet at Tait's. This cafe has always been foremost in the ranks of the country's first class places. The management is ever making a special effort to please the pleasure seekers who want the best of foods served to the accompaniment of real high class entertainment. Tait's is an ideal place to "drop in to lunch," away from the hot and bustling street, where the soft-shaded lights give an air of tone and refinement to the artistic decorations. The Tait special fifty cent luncheon which is daily served makes a jest of "the high cost of living" which one hears so much about nowadays.

In the Social Spotlight

Members of the Ophite Club entertained at a box party at the Orpheum and at a banquet at Techau Tavern complimentary to Ensign Hamilton Vose Bryan, a 1913 graduate of Annapolis who joins the cruiser California, and Raymond Potter Campbell and Cyrus Geness Wilder, both on furlough from West Point. The party was a farewell to Campbell and Wilder who return to the Point, and followed an elaborate garden party and dance for a hundred of the younger set by Mrs. Thomas Benton Potter and her daughter, Mrs. Harry M. Johnson at their home in Alameda.

Guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs include: Edward A. Harris, Mrs. F. F. Thomas, Alex Work, W. W. Orcell, J. C. Hogan, F. W. Bain, Carlton W. Greene, E. W. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Jones, J. H. Carroll, A. L. Johnston, W. A. Speckens, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cushing, Mrs. W. S. Goodfellow, Miss E. Goodfellow, Arthur E. Alvarez, Mrs. L. Alvarez, J. C. Nipple, J. P. Cuddeback, W. Manny, John Farabine, N. Bonfillin, W. H. Romick, B. G. Strawsen, E. P. Messerby, Miss Mollie Dowling, Miss Aggie Dowling, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hege, Laddie Canevas, James Rolph, wife and three children, Charles Fairchild, Harry Gray, Capt. Jack Polish, John Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Burdette.

A very brilliant ball was given at Hotel Coronado on the evening of the Fourth for which four hundred invitations were issued outside of the hotel guests. Among the San Francisco people who arrived for the holidays were the following: Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Young, W. D. K. Gibson, Mrs. George Law Smith, Mrs. G. Cather, W. W. Wigmore and wife, Mr and Mrs. A. B. Amber, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Mathers, Dr. E. M. Parsons, Miss Marie Reim, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Snook, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hoag, A. de Bretteville, C. Cather, Miss K. F. Cronin, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wells, Miss Hester Mathers, Miss Mary J. Parsons, Mrs. C. A. Holland. Mrs. J. D. Spreckels has returned to Coronado after quite a lengthy visit in this city.

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The Deep Sea Fishing near Coronado is proving one of the most popular pastimes for guests and splendid catches of Yellowtail, Barracuda and other prized fish are made daily. Yacht races under auspices of Coronado Yacht Club. Golf and Tennis tournaments, Motor picnics, Bay and Surf Bathing and Motoring command equal attention in the enjoyment of Coronado's out-of-door life.

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100 Rooms, with Bath, Ensuite, on which special summer rates will be made.

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On the hotel porch, in the cool shade of the woods, and on the banks of the summer stream there is nothing like a box of "Varied Sweets" as a pleasure producer. This package contains luscious chocolates, dainty sugared almonds, mellow peppermints, delicious gumdrops—you are sure to find your favorite sweet in this box. At Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.
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The Personal Equation

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DINNER GOWN OF MOONLIGHT BLUE STRIPED WITH SILVER. VERY EXQUISITE.

The "Femina" is a distinctive little theatre in Paris that has grown out of the distinguished clientele of the notable publication of the same name. Here not long ago Marcelle Lender, the clever actress, gave a series of causeries or informal lectures, in which she tried to answer the question, "What Is Chic?"

The substance of her answer was that Chic is synonymous with the English word Style; that it was a totally intangible quality that many persons possessed, and that it was what everybody was seeking. She made it very emphatic that money-values did not produce Chic or Style, for she said "the Midinettes (the little errand girls of Paris) have Chic—have Style—and they certainly have not money." It is, then, a certain individuality that persons have which makes them wear their clothing with distinction and attractiveness.

* * * * * * *

From a Paris correspondent come the following notes:

An interesting way of really getting hold of the changes of fashion is to look back a year and to see what one was talking about then. Judged by that test, one of the most striking contrasts between last June and this is the persistence with which silk holds the attention today.

Ordinarily, by the first of June silk has practically ceased to demand consideration. Even belated buyers—those women who, in ordering their wardrobes, never do catch up with the season and never will—refuse generally to get excited about silk suits and dresses when summer is actually present.

But this year these late shoppers cannot afford to ignore silk, for it is enjoying one of the most enduring vogues in all its long and checkered career. The woman who thriftily looks ahead and expects considerable service out of her wardrobe is especially open to the idea of silk as a summer fabric, for she reflects complacently that these frocks can be carried over for cold weather wear.

* * * * * * *

Flowers have become a part of the costume this month. With evening robes and very dressy afternoon frocks, satin roses are worn at the belt. Gay tones are employed and the effect is always charming. With a tilleul (yellow-green) gown, for instance, was a big rose in grass-green velvet, with a circle of black plaited tulle outlining it. With a flame evening dress, a bunch of small lemon-colored roses, with black stems in satin, made a stunning effect. With a cream crepe de chine, seen one day recently at the Ritz, was a clump of pink and white silk apples, the stems and foliage of half-dark green.

* * * * * * *

With light summer frocks in satin, silk, crepe de chine, or batiste, it is a pretty idea to have a ceinture in black velvet or satin or some dark tone that will enrich the effect, the ceinture finishing at the back in a big flat bow, the loops resting against the sides of the belt. Such a frock was seen at the Ritz of crepe, the sickly color of dough when it is ready to be rolled into biscuits. The ceinture was of vivid green velvet, and a piece of the velvet was fastened about the knees all round, terminating with the same kind of a flat bow in the back. The velvet was so tightly put about the body that it looked as if intended to hold the knees together. Hobbles again! What think you?

An Actor And His Medium

By Theodore Bonnet

Alexander Dumas used to say that he needed nothing more for a drama than four boards, two actors and a passion. That is about all Willard Mack needs, and he is unknown to fame. Perhaps Willard Mack deserves to be styled a genius though that isn't saying much for a man nowadays. Genius is everywhere. But the genius of Willard Mack is exceptional. It is evidenced by a mind of large general powers that are not determined in any particular direction. He is an actor who can supply the medium of his own histrionics, and he can annex a wife who is no less artistic than himself. What wonderful economy can be practiced by a man with so many gifts! He makes a family affair of the struggle for existence, and saves money with the assistance of his brain-child. How have these two people—Willard Mack and his wife Marjorie Rambeau—managed to hide their light? I believe they are unknown in Broadway. Mack, I am told, has been playing in stock in Western cities. Marjorie Rambeau has played in stock across the bay and in Los Angeles. But it is in vaudeville that they awaken the general to a sense of their merit. They made their first appearance at the Orpheum last Sunday, and the whole house sat up and took notice. Not since Bernhardt left town have I seen anything approximating the artistry of Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau. I am not comparing them to Bernhardt. To know anything of the range of an actor's intellectual sympathy or the flexibility of an actor's talent one must see him personate many and various parts. I have seen Willard Mack play nothing but a character that he himself created. Nobody knows the character better than himself. But certainly nobody could make it seem more real; and the same is true of Marjorie Rambeau. The play is called "Kick In," a title that might have been invented to disarm suspicion of its worth. The play is little more than a situation, but it is an admirably imagined and contrived situation. The author shows us two thieves of the higher class, a man and his wife, who have just committed a crime which they hope to be their last; who have arranged to leave the country in a few hours, but who have reason to fear that a certain detective may arrest them. There they are in their room, dread and anxiety, hope and assurance alternating in their bosoms. Out of this situation the author has wrung all the passion it contains. Proceeding by a series of increasing strong premonitions he reaches a very high peak of emotional effect, producing a crescendo of excitement in the audience, enough to shatter the nerves of the most self-possessed. It is melodrama, but nothing more artistic in the dramatic line has ever been seen at the Orpheum, and the acting is of a kind that makes one feel that actor and actress have the talent and imagination to compel applause in the highest reaches of the drama. Willard Mack gives us a fine portrait of the picturesque thief, but it is in his wife one sees flashes of the genius that attains great heights. Tenderness, wrath, agony, sarcasm, ferocity,—all these emotions she portrays, expressing the most abrupt transitions, passing from vehemence to self-control with perfect naturalness. Nothing could be finer than her mingling of strong lights and shadows in the indications she gives us of the thoughts crowding in tumult on her brain in the alternating moments of suspense and dread and of hope and longing for freedom and a new life. Today Mack and Rambeau are topliners in vaudeville. How long will it be before they flash in electric light on Broadway? And by the way, there are other topliners at the Orpheum, for the bill on the whole is the kind that doesn't happen in O'Farrell street every week. Almost a show in itself, and certainly one that would compensate for a billful of Norton and Nicholsons, is the musical comedy "The Trained Nurses" that introduces us to Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman and a bevy of pretty girls. Clark and Bergman are giving a very rare and very captivating performance. Theirs is a dainty sketch and it is daintily played. And to make more than full measure the Orpheum gives us this week Professor Ota Gygi, a violinist who does some very fine bowing and blends some very fine tones. An artist is Gygi who might entertain at a concert a whole afternoon.

Gossip of the Theatre

Disillusion at the Cort

Proximity is half-brother to familiarity, and if familiarity breeds contempt, proximity may be said to engender disillusionment. What a number of people must have been disillusioned at the Cort this week! Your humble servant was one of them. For years I have been gazing in rapture across the footlights at the lovely goddesses called chorus girls. The dazzling pulchritude which they displayed made my heart leap up the way Wordsworth's leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky. More wondrous fair to me than any rainbow was the chorus girl beyond the footlights. She was a creature beyond compare, perfect in beauty from the crown of her raven or golden head to the arch of her dainty instep. Her long-lashed eyes sparkled beneath proudly curving brows of jet; her cheeks were peach bloom; the Cupid's bow of her ruby lips parted to reveal dazzling teeth; her neck and bosom were of milky purity; and for the lines of her figure I have not adjectives temperate enough to keep the expression of my ecstacy within modest bounds. Many a time and oft have I sat enthralled at such a vision and exclaimed with Aeneas at the sight of his mother Venus: "O dea certe!" But never again! It's all off. My eyes have been opened to the truth. Proximity did it at the Cort Monday night. Proximity and that ingenious man Ned Wayburn, if Wayburn it was who conceived the idea of bridging the footlights and sending the chorus girls of "The Passing Show" into the midst of the audience. When the goddesses pranced down that runway they left their divinity behind. The closer they came to me the farther they removed themselves from my adoration. I saw how the pencil had curved their brows, how the tricks of makeup had darkened their eyes and put the rose in their cheeks, how the powder had whitened their bosoms. I discovered that their figures were not all they were curved up to be. My heart no longer leaped up; it beat dispiritedly beneath a burden of disappointment. Another illusion fled forever. A fond dream of superhuman loveliness passed with "The Passing Show."

—Edward F. O'Day.

MISS IRENE FRANKLIN
The American comedienne who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Tivoli Team Work

The Tivoli company has crystallized. Its various elements have grown together until now the cohesion is completed. That the process took so short a time must be attributed to the excellence of the organization which Doc Leahy assembled. The principals, the chorus and the orchestra were so gifted in the first place that they needed but a brief period of communion to make their team work perfect. The Tivoli is only a few weeks removed from its opening as our home of light opera. We have had "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "The Serenade" and "Iolanthe." As these pieces followed one another the Tivoli forces gained steadily in smoothness. Now that we are enjoying "Princess Chic" the whole Tivoli machine is running as though on ball bearings. There isn't a creak or a jar; the movement is easy and uninterrupted. Rena Vivienne is mounting rapidly in the estimation of Tivoli patrons. Her work is becoming finer with every production. Her voice has always shown exceptional beauty, but now that she has become accustomed to her surroundings her acting is surer and more effective than at first. The same holds good of Ilon Bergere. It is difficult for a singer who has been rendering

one role for several years to accommodate herself to the heavy demands of a stock company. But Miss Bergere has great ability, and she has fully justified her selection. Santrey and Phillips also deserve high terms of praise. Their singing and acting in "Princess Chic" is spirited and earns them many plaudits. There is a quartet of comedians in "Princess Chic," and the four roles could not be better portrayed in a stock company than they are by our old friend Tom Leary, Teddy Webb, Charles Galagher and Robert Pitkin. The chorus sings better every night, for here too the improvement has been progressive. And the orchestra is in fine accord with the singers. The Tivoli company has rounded into shape; it may now confidently challenge the most cold-blooded criticism.

—E. F. O'D.

The Half-Hour of Music

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that the Half-Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre Sunday afternoon at four o'clock will be given by Mrs. Therese Oliver-Pixley, soprano, of San Jose, and Mrs. Dwight V. Ross of Palo Alto. The program will be as follows: Rummel's Ecstasy, De Bussy's The Bells, the Prayer from Puccini's "La Tosca," and the Valse Ariette from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," Mrs. Oliver-Pixley; two sacred songs, "Hear Ye, O Israel," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Gounod's "Oh, Divine Redeemer," Mrs. Oliver-Pixley; Liszt's Dream of Love and Lavelle's Butterfly, Mrs. Ross; Hugo Wolf's Verborgenheit, Schumann's Der Nussbaum, and Harriet Ware's Boat Song, Mrs. Oliver-Pixley; Cornelius' The Monotone and "Thou Brilliant Bird" from David's "La Perle du Brasil," Mrs. Oliver-Pixley. The public will be welcome.

Third Symphony Season

The third season of the San Francisco Orchestra will open at the Cort Friday afternoon, October 24, and gives every promise of being the most brilliant artistically, financially and socially in the history of the orchestra. The Board of Governors of the Musical Association which maintains the orchestra wish to continue to deserve the attention and cordiality of all interested in the highest forms of music. So, during the third season, ten symphony concerts, all on Friday afternoons, will be given, and the services of world famous soloists have been secured to assist in the great orchestral programs. Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink who of all artists at present before the public, by virtue of wonderful voice, superb artistry and gracious personality, holds the leading place, will be the first soloist of the season. Mme. Heink's every appearance serves to increase the hold that she has upon the affections of the music loving public. Clarence Whitehill, the superb baritone whose work in the Wagner operas, both in this country and in Europe, has given him an enviable position as an artist; Fritz Kreisler whose combination of qualities, intellectual and temperamental, gives him a place among the greatest violinists of our time; Jean Gerardy, one of the most sought-after of 'cellists, and other distinguished artists will be presented. The orchestra will comprise the best instrumentalists available. Several changes have been made in personnel since last season, in pursuance of a steadfast policy to maintain the San Francisco Orchestra always at the highest point of efficiency. Henry Hadley, the conductor, will prepare all his programs for the third season in Europe, and they will contain the works of the masters as well as the best of the modern school. Many novelties which will prove most interesting are promised by Mr. Hadley. Details in regard to prices, programs, etc., will be announced early in August. The Board of Governors: Dr. A. Barkan, E. D. Beylard, Antoine Borel, W. B. Bourn, J. W. Byrne, C. H. Crocker, Wm. H. Crocker, F. P. Deering, J. D. Grant, Frank W. Griffin, E. S. Heller, I. W. Hellman Jr., A. C. Kains, J. B. Levison, John D. McKee, J. D. Redding, John Rothschild, Dr. Grant Selfridge, Leon Sloss, Sigmund Stern, Dr. Stanley Stillman, R. M. Tobin. The executive offices will remain in the Head building. Frank W. Healy is the manager.

Stirring Drama at Empress

The Empress next week will have Porter J. White as headline attraction. "Scandal," his miniature drama, is well conceived and intense. White is supported by John C. Tremayne, Harry Stephens and Adelaide Fairchild. Emma Francis is a danseuse and singer, and her young whirlwind Arabians will be a great feature. The Booth Trio do cycling stunts. Gus Hibbert and Harold Kennedy are comedians in burnt cork who present songs and patter. Fred Pisano and Katherine Bingham do character impersonations, songs and dialect numbers. Morris and Beasley offer catchy songs and artistic dancing in "The Manicure." McCormick and McCormick, coin manipulators and jugglers, Essanceescope motion pictures and the Empress orchestra are other features.

The Great Kinema at Columbia

Theatregoers here are familiar with Kinemacolor pictures for they have seen the Coronation of the King and Queen of England and their enthroning as Emperor and Empress of India at Delhi, but without doubt the Kinemacolor company have done their greatest work in the program that is at present being offered at the Columbia. It is divided into four parts. The first subject is the Balkan War. Over five thousand feet of film show the armies of the Balkan allies and the Greek navy. The subject of greatest interest is "The Making of the Panama Canal" on which seven thousand feet of film have been used. It is a most comprehensive photographic description of the work and progress on the waterway, and one is taken from the Atlantic entrance of the canal through every lock and channel to the open sea at the Pacific entrance. The first and only motion pictures taken of the Japanese army have been secured by the Kinemacolor company and are also included in the Co-

(Continued on Page 21.)

AMUSEMENTS

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UNPARALLELED TRIUMPH!
SECOND BIG WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT
Best Seats $1.50 at Wed. Friday and Saturday Matinees
"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"
Trixie Friganza, Chas. J. Ross (of Ross and Fenton), Adelaide and J. J. Hughes, Howard and Howard, Texas Guinan, Clarence Harvey, Louise Brunnell, Moon and Morris, Ernest Hare, Frederick Roland.

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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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A POSITIVE FURORE
Playing to Enormous Throngs
SECOND BIG WEEK BEGINS SUNDAY, JULY 13th
MATINEE EVERY DAY AT 2:30
KINEMACOLOR PICTURES
Two Hour Program Includes
"THE MAKING OF THE PANAMA CANAL"
"ACTUAL SCENES OF THE BALKAN WAR"
"JAPANESE ARMY WAR MANEUVERS"
"U. S. BATTLESHIPS IN REVIEW AND PRACTICE"
SPECIAL TRAVEL TALK
Prices: Matinees—Any Seat, 25c
Evenings—Reserved, 25c, 35c and 50c
July 20th—Third Week Kinemacolor—New Features.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Phone Sutter 4200
One Week Only, Starting Monday, July 14th
Gilbert & Sullivan's Nautical Opera
"PINAFORE"
Or "THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR"
Splendid Cast Big Singing Chorus Famous Tivoli Orchestra
"For we sail the ocean blue andour saucy ship's a beauty"
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Popular Prices—25c, 50c and 75c. Box Seats, $1.
Next Monday—"Mikado."

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Monday Evening, July 14th, and Throughout the Week
the San Francisco Favorite
BESSIE BARRISCALE
Aided by Howard Hickman and the Alcazar Company in
Channing Pollock's Charming Comedy
"SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN"
Splendidly Acted and Staged
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

Pantages Theatre
Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Beginning July 13th
A. LISKY'S Sweet Singers from Southern Seas, "A Night in Hawaiia"; CLAY GREENE'S Third Degree Playlet, "The Police Inspector"; COOGAN and COX, "As You Like It"; BELLE OLIVER, "Tetrazzini of Ragtime"; FLORENZ TRIO, "Fun in a Restaurant"; ZALFREDO, "Ysaye of Vaudeville"; HATHAWAY and MACK, New York Society Dancers.
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon Matinee Every Day
VAUDEVILLE AT ITS BEST
IRENE FRANKLIN, the American Comedienne assisted by Burt Green at the Piano; THEODORE BENDIX, the Noted Composer and Conductor and his Symphony Players; McINTYRE & HARTY, "The Sugar Plum Girls and the Marshallow Boy"; MORAN & WISER, Comedy Boomerang Hat Throwers; GOYT TRIO, Novelty Gymnasts; THE LE GROHS; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES, Showing Current Events. Last Week—Immense Hits of MACK and RAMBEAU in "Kick In" and CLARK and BERGMAN in Jesse L. Lasky's Latest Tabloid Musical Play "THE TRAINED NURSES."
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phone Douglas 70.

Empress Theatre
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SID GRAUMAN, Manager
THE ACME OF VAUDEVILLE PERFECTION
Week Commencing Sunday, July 13th
The Noted Legitimate Star
PORTER J. WHITE
And Associate Players in
"SCANDAL"
A Comedy-Dramatic Playlet by Oliver White
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Viewing the stock market last week as a whole its action was a decided disappointment to those committed to the long side. It is true that, following the sharp break of the previous Saturday, the market gave a gratifying exhibition of strength on Monday and was fairly well sustained on Tuesday. But for the rest of the week it showed a stubborn tendency to drag and developed into a professional affair with alternate rallies and declines but a rather distinct downward trend. It was painfully evident that there was no important buying. In fact, from the appearance of things the interests upon whom had fallen the task of supporting the market on the recent break were seizing every opportunity to relieve themselves of their burden without unsettling the list. Early in the week the President appealed in an urgent message to Congress for the passage of the currency reform bill. The endorsement of Mr. Wilson of the measure for currency reform was not received with the enthusiasm that such an important and needed reform might be expected to arouse in the street. Satisfaction over the prospect of the substitution of a modern monetary system was tempered with regret that the administration should commit itself to a measure which barred the bankers of the country from a voice in the operation of the system and centered it in political appointees of the President. The failure of a committee of the American Bankers' Association to persuade Mr. Wilson to consent to amendments which would admit the bankers to minority representation of the Federal reserve board and the threats of prominent bankers to withdraw from the national banking system unless such representation was accorded to the banks revived the spirit of pessimism which was so rife in the financial district a few weeks ago and was an important factor in retarding the progress of the recovery in stocks which had been moving so auspiciously.

Wheat—There is very little change in the price of wheat compared with last week and the market in the meantime has held in a narrow range. The Northwest weather news was more favorable, as general rains have visited that locality, and the talk is now fear of black rust for that section and numerous private reports spoke of more favorable outlook, but on the whole the crop will be much below last year's yield. The winter wheat movement is just beginning to be felt, as the weather has been very favorable for harvesting and the yield is much better than expected. Farmers are said to be offering wheat freely and a heavy run of new wheat is expected the latter part of this month. The new wheat grades well and is of a very fine quality. Millers are in the markets for the better grades at a fair premium. There is some export business being done every day by way of the Gulf and it looks as if the exporters will be ready buyers for wheat offered around the present level. The Balkan situation has loomed up in a threatening way, and as long as this factor hangs over Europe there will be no chance of any break of consequence in wheat values on this side.

Corn—It has been a weather market in corn; dry, hot weather in the big producing corn States gave the market the upward trend only to recede again on reports of showers. As yet there has been no damage to corn by dry weather; in fact, the present weather is said to be made to order for the rapid growth of the plant. The undertone of the market is strong and the trade are inclined to take the buying side on the first reports of hot weather, as this is the season of the year when crop damage reports make their appearance and generally result in higher prices, temporary at least. Receipts of old corn are heavy and the cash demand could be better, as stocks of corn are piling up and are much larger than last year at this time, with every indication of a still further increase, as the Eastern demand seems to be fairly well supplied and export business is at a standstill. However, it's a weather market.

Cotton—July furnished the key to last week's futures market. Great uncertainty existed as to whether Liverpool houses would realize on their July contracts or take up cotton. In view of this uncertainty trades were chary in committing themselves to either side of the market. It was realized that, should Liverpool take up cotton from the already attenuated local stock, the possibilities of a July squeeze would be greatly enhanced. Moreover, there was a report that local spot interests would undertake to thwart Liverpool. At all events, the situation looked full of bullish prospects. On the other hand, the possibilities of a severe break in the market through the dumping of July contracts on the market also presented lively bearish possibilities, and that was to be expected if the Liverpool houses would realize on their July holdings. As the local trade was entirely at sea regarding the intentions of Liverpool which acknowledgedly held the whip hand, the market was swayed by conflicting beliefs and moved up and down sharply within a range of about 20 points. Friday saw the uncertainty regarding July dispelled, when notices for about 15,000 were issued and permitted to circulate long enough to shake out trailing longs and break the price to the lowest point for several weeks. It sold off to 11.91. The inference was clear that the July longs were not inclined to advance the market. It was noted that some of the houses which issued notices stopped them after the market had had a break and it is possible that Liverpool still has the control of the July position, although the talent generally attributes it now to McFadden. Business is slowing down in Manchester, according to recent mail advices. One firm says: "Business in Manchester has been slow during the past week and many complaints have been heard as to the difficulty in obtaining orders. Some shippers report the condition of trade in India as far from good, and are expecting that we shall have a repitition of the position in 1908, when business fell off very considerably. There are many reports of cancelments, which will have a depressing effect on the buyers. The China market, at one time so promising, is now very quiet, but a small business passing. The outside markets also are not helping to remove the general stagnation, and it is only a fair amount of orders on the books for forward delivery that keep producers firm."

"This," said the learned Egyptologist triumphantly, "proves that a republican form of government once existed in this land. This man was a candidate for the Presidency—the right leg of the mummy is a foot longer than the left one."

Thus was another page added to ancient history.

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

lumbia program. The Mikado of Japan gave his special sanction for these pictures which show the fighting men of the Orient in war maneuvers and also the remarkable aerial corps. Following these comes the U. S. Navy in review and Uncle Sam's warships in practice. On last Sunday night when the pictures were shown for the first time, five hundred people were refused admission owing to the standing room limit which was taken as early as seven-thirty. At each succeeding performance, great audiences have been in attendance, both evenings and matinees. The second week begins Sunday night. Evening performances begin at 8:30, matinees daily at 2:30.

Bessie Barriscale at Alcazar

Bessie Barriscale's return to the Alcazar Monday evening promises to be a notable event, for the popular little actress comes as a full-fledged star who has just concluded a very successful transcontinental tour. Accompanying her is Howard Hickman who is also a favorite of the Alcazar's clientele, and supporting them will be Belasco and Mayer's complete acting corps. An unusually heavy advance sale of seats assures crowded audiences throughout the coming week. Charming comedy is "Such a Little Queen," the medium of Miss Barriscale's reappearance. It was written by Channing Pollock, author of "In the Bishop's Carriage" and other successes, and when produced in New York, where it scored a season's run, the critics pronounced it his masterpiece.

Comedienne at the Orpheum

Miss Irene Franklin who heads the Orpheum bill next week is an American girl comedienne. Her songs are characteristic and her method of treating them thoroughly original. She has the assistance of Burt Green, accompanist. Vaudeville has captured another musical light in the well known composer and operatic conductor, Theodore Bendix and his symphony players. He has with him artists who are famous for their solo, as well as their ensemble playing—Michel Bernstein, Jacques Shore and Arthur Bernstein. Their program opens with the prologue from "Pagliacci" sung by Signor Prussini. Then follow Brahms' dashing Hungarian dance and a potpourri of Irish airs arranged by Bendix including "Killarney," "My Home O'er the Sea" and "The Low Backed Car." There will also be solos, duets and other attractive numbers, the act concluding with the Toreador song and finale from Carmen. McIntyre and Harty, "The Sugar Plum Girlie and the Marshmallow Boy," will amuse with their comedy, songs and dialogue. Moran and Wiser, comedy Boomerang Hat Throwers, will exhibit their skill. The Goyt Trio will present a combination of gymnastics and animal training. Next week will be the last of the Le Grohs; Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau in "Kick In"; and Clark and Bergman in the Lasky skit "The Trained Nurses."

"Pinafore" Revival at Tivoli

On July 3, 1879, "H. M. S. Pinafore" was first produced in this city at the Tivoli. Its success was astonishing as it achieved the record run of eighty-four nights. Beginning Monday night, the Tivoli will revive "Pinafore." Teddy Webb will be Sir Joseph Porter, Robert Pitkin Dick Deadeye, Henry Santrey Captain Corcoran, John Phillips Ralph Rackstraw, with Charles Galagher the Bos'n, Oliver Lenoir Bos'n's Mate, and Robert C. Ryles the Captain of Marines. The feminine roles: Josephine, Rena Vivienne; Little Buttercup, Sarah Edwards and Cousin Hebe, Ilon Bergere. The Tivoli orchestra under Conductor Linne will give a good account of itself in Sir Arthur Sullivan's exquisite melodies. The costuming will be accurate and attractive. Tonight will mark the last performance of "Princess Chic." The usual popular Tivoli prices will prevail. Performances are given every evening with matinees on Saturday and Sunday.

Second Week of "Passing Show"

"The Passing Show of 1912" will begin its second week at the Cort Sunday night. Three matinees will be given, on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at which the top price is $1.50. During the past week the Cort box office has been unable to supply the demand for seats, and the indications are that the second week will equal in point of receipts the record-breaking second week of the "Blue Bird" last winter.

"A Night in Hawaii" at Pantages

"A Night in Hawaii," a beautifully staged musical production with ten native Hawaiians, is the stellar attraction at Pantages next week. Charles Alisky, the producer, opened in New York a few months ago and the act was a signal success. The natives are splendid singers and dancers, one of the troupe, an alluring maiden, performing the sinuous "hula." Bell Oliver, styled the "'Tetrazzini of Ragtime," has catchy ballads. Coogan and Cox with songs and dances sprinkled with an abundance of daring fun, are the big comedy hit of the bill. A startling demonstration of the "third degree" is exemplified in "The Police Inspector," a new playlet by Clay M. Greene and Harrison Armstrong. The Florenza Trio have a tumbling acrobatic act called "Fun in a Restaurant." Zalefredo, the "Ysaye of vaudeville," has classical melodies, the newest rags and modern selections. A duo of well known dancers are Hathaway and Mack who will show the newest steps of the Tango.

Miss Ashley at Kohler and Chase

Miss Phyllida Ashley, pianist, will be the soloist at this Saturday's Music Matinee under the auspices of Kohler and Chase. Miss Ashley is a favorite on the concert platform in the bay cities, and she has progressed rapidly during the comparatively short period of her career. She received her musical education from her mother, Mrs. Blanche Ashley.

HOWARD and HOWARD
The clever comedians in "The Passing Show of 1912" at the Cort.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), 526 California Street. Mission Branch, corner Mission and 21st Sts. Richmond District Branch, corner Clement St. and 7th Ave. Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1913.

2 GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (savings department), 108 Sutter St. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1913.

2 A. LEGALLET, President.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE SUTRO NUSSBAUM, Deceased.—No. 15,529; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elizabeth Nussbaum, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of June, 1913), to the said Administratrix with will annexed at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased.

ELIZABETH NUSSBAUM,
Administratrix with Will Annexed of the Estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 14, 1913.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administratrix, Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-14-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49 614. LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfully deserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's wilfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessaries of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-10

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market St. near 4th. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1913.

2 H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, southeast corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from July 1, 1913. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1913, will earn interest from July 1, 1913.

2 A. SBARBORO, President

Gladstone, Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea

(Continued from Page 8.)

with Parnell except across the floor of the House."

Lord Hartington's protest against Gladstone's communications with Mrs. O'Shea, even for the sake of keeping in touch with Parnell, brought a reply from Mr. Gladstone, dated from Hawarden on October 18, in which the Premier admitted that he had again written to Mrs. O'Shea, but had suggested "another channel of communication in future!" Of course, Mrs. O'Shea was not the person to give up her privilege of private audience with the British Prime Minister on the most important affairs of the State; and Parnell was not going to risk the dangerous secret of his underground negotiation with the head of the Sassenach Government getting into hands which might betray the deadly intelligence to Irish opinion on both sides of the Atlantic. If Pat Ford and Pat Egan in New York only knew of those secret meetings in the private hotel in Berkeley Square, between the English Premier and the English Ambassadress of the national champion!

Mr. Barry O'Brien's Account of Chamberlain's Evidence

Thanks to an interview with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain which Mr. Barry O'Brien publishes in his Life of Parnell, we have distinct corroboration that Gladstone kept up the underground negotiation with Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea in the year 1885, to Mr. Chamberlain's own knowledge. Let me quote Mr. Barry O'Brien's account of Mr Chamberlain's evidence, published, let us not forget, with Mr. Chamberlain's knowledge, and in Mr. Chamberlain's lifetime. It throws a strange light, a horrible light, on Gladstone's conduct towards Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea.

Mr. Barry O'Brien.—Was Parnell in communication with Mr. Gladstone in 1885 directly or indirectly?

Mr. Chamberlain.—Yes. Parnell was in communication with Mr. Gladstone, through a lady.

Mr. Barry O'Brien.—Mrs. O'Shea?

Mr. Chamberlain.—Yes.

Mr. Barry O'Brien.—May I take it that the Cabinet was practically in relation with Mr. Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea from 1882?

Mr. Chamberlain.—Yes.

Here is a precious specimen of a grand old man keeping up surreptitious meetings with Captain O'Shea's wife year after year, from the year 1882, hiding the meetings from her husband, carrying on the meetings "in order to communicate with Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea," whom Gladstone knew to be on terms of the most intimate confidence with Captain O'Shea's wife; and at the end of all these years of close and regular communication, Gladstone pretends that the divorce case in 1890 first made him aware of the intimate relations between Parnell and O'Shea's wife; and the virtuous old hypocrite is so shocked and startled and surprised that straightway Parnell must be driven from Parliament and public life, and made a holocaust or whole burnt offering to the Nonconformist Conscience! There is nothing much more disgusting in the whole of Parliamentarian History, rotten and disgusting as that may be.

Gladstone's Avowals of Oral Communication

Where Mr. Barry O'Brien is a personal witness and reporter of facts he deserves confidence. It is only in those parts of his narrative about Parnell where he dishes up the ignorant hearsay of partisans and dependents, that especially the first chapters of his tale are defective in the extreme. He must be taken as a witness of the utmost weight when he reports and records the actual avowals of Mr. Gladstone on his "oral communications" with Mrs. O'Shea in connection with Parnell and the Liberal Party. Here are Gladstone's avowals to Mr. Barry O'Brien on the secret interviews with Captain O'Shea's wife, in Captain O'Shea's absence, ever since the year 1882, when Mrs. O'Shea arranged with Mr. Gladstone the reconciliation with Parnell after the terrible tragedy in the Phoenix Park that nearly ruined both Parnellism and Liberalism in Ireland. Thanks to Mrs. O'Shea, in those secret interviews with Mr. Gladstone the breach was rebuilt; the alliance with Parnell was resoldered and repaired; and Gladstone and the Liberals got the underground use of Parnell's influence with the Irish vote until Gladstone saw his opportunity for putting himself and his go-betweens entirely in the place of the discarded and outmanoeuvred

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Charles Stuart Parnell and his devoted Catherine O'Shea. What must have been Mrs. O'Shea's feelings as she read all those high-pressure outbursts of Gladstonian virtue and moral indignation at the "discovery" of her intimacy with Parnell! Wherever there is a statue of Gladstone there should be a statue of Pecksniff too. Here are Gladstone's confessions to Mr. Barry O'Brien.

> Mr. Gladstone.—Mrs. O'Shea wrote to ask me to call to see her. She told me she was a niece of Lord Hatherley, and I called to see her. She said that a great change had come over Parnell with reference to the Liberal Party, and that he desired friendly relations with us.
>
> Mr. Barry O'Brien.—Had you any written communications with Mrs. O'Shea?
>
> Mr. Gladstone.—No, I wrote her no letters of importance. I wrote her letters acknowledging hers, as in the case of the first appointment. But all my communications with Parnell were oral.

What a proud moment it was for this Whig and Liberal Englishwoman, this niece of a Whig and Liberal Lord Chancellor in a Gladstone Cabinet, to be able to assure Mr. Gladstone that—through her, above all—"a great change had come over Parnell with reference to the Liberal Party and that he desired friendly relations" with Gladstone and Company! Delilah had brought her shorn Samson—a very lath-and-plaster Samson at best—and had delivered him to. . . . Liberals! And what a reward was to be hers, when the Liberal Leader, having utilized her aid and utilized Parnell to the top of his bent, seized the occasion, which was made, for branding her with shame and hunting him to ruin!

As a matter of cold fact, we know from Lord Hartington—quoted in Holland's Life—that Gladstone had written as well as spoken to Mrs. O'Shea on Parnell's communications; and the business thus discussed was so important that Lord Hartington got quite angry over the secret negotiations and wrote to Gladstone himself, that he would "regret even a simple acknowledgment of Parnell's objectionable propositions without a protest." Mr. Chamberlain also tells us that "the Cabinet was in practical communication with Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea." The thing is self-evident. Nothing else, comparatively, was talked of by Mr. Parnell's followers but the suspected communications with the Government. You may search in vain for the name of Mrs. O'Shea in this connection in the reticent pages of John Morley's Life of Gladstone. That Liberal historiographer never earned his peerage by saying too much about Liberal policy and politicians. A wise economy of facts is far more effective than crude inventions and taradiddles.

I would say in conclusion that it is quite erroneous to imagine that Gladstone waited for that fine old crusted counterfeit, the Nonconformist Conscience, for an excuse to turn on Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. The newspaper reports of the Divorce Case had hardly time to dry when Gladstone was already writing to John Morley, exclaiming joyously that "Parnell cannot continue to lead." He was already—he who thundered or squalled against Vaticanism—declaring, in the same letter to Morley, that the Pope must surely use the divorce as a weapon to break Parnell . . . who was no subject of the Pope at all. "The Pope has now clearly got a commandment under which to pull him up." Phew! What mean malignancy!

Let me just add, in final finality, that the whole of the case against Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea rested on suspicion, on secrecy, on surreptitious meetings, as the meetings were made to appear. In fact—and I ask particular consideration for this matter—Gladstone could have completely dissipated the charge against his unfortunate Ally and his Ambassadress by honestly revealing, as I think he was bound to reveal, that Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea had been, to his knowledge, and with his consent and authority, engaged with him, the Premier of England, in constant, confidential, and secret negotiations and interviews; that these interviews had resulted in great benefits for the Liberal Government and, he hoped, the prosperity of Ireland; and that he must warn the public against attaching an injurious significance to secret arrangements, which, he knew, had continued for years with the highest objects of the peace of Parliament and the good of the State.

Mr. Gladstone could have borne that testimony. I think that he was bound as a decent man to bear that testimony. On the contrary, Mr. Gladstone not only left his Ally and his Secret Ambassadress in the lurch but he let loose upon their chase every cruel hound and every mongrel cur that he could whip in to rend a Betrayed Man and a Loving Woman. I am no admirer of Parnell's policy and no believer in his statesmanlike ability. I am certain that he and his Party inflicted incurable hurt upon the true ideals of Irish Nationhood. But Mr. Gladstone owed him nothing but gratitude. To Mrs. O'Shea Mr. Gladstone's debt was far greater still. His conduct to both in their dark hour makes one of the meanest pages in the world's history.

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A woman is apt to believe everything her husband tells her until she has been married at least two weeks.

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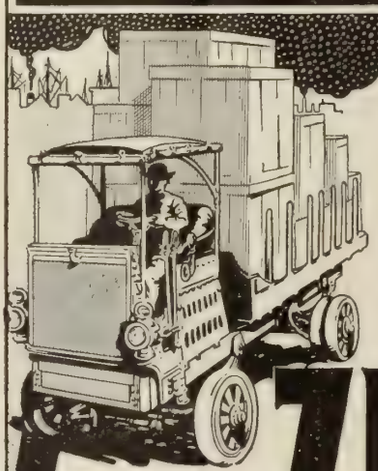

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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To Men and Women Who Have Suffered a Loss of the Hair, or Those Whose Hair is Falling Out, or Showing Evidences of Other Unhealthiness

AFTER twelve years of unending research in my own and greater laboratories I have discovered a means of eradicating the various species of bacteria that, as is known to all bacteriologists and pathologists, are the cause of all diseases of the human hair, causing thinning and falling hair, brittle hair and the various stages of baldness. The fact that baldness and other hair troubles are caused by bacteria that thrive and multiply in the roots, follicles and interior of the hair, is not a new theory but one that has been scientifically proven and accepted for many years, much to the discredit of the manufacturers of the many nostrums which have been sold the credulous public as "infallible hair tonics."

My discovery is, first: A method of submitting these bacteria to culture, something that has heretofore baffled science, and, second: A treatment that kills the microbe spore, leaving the hair roots healthy and strong and prepared to supply the head with a perfect growth of healthy hair. This treatment, which I have developed at the cost of twelve years and almost the entire of my private fortune, I wish now to present the world, with the knowledge that it will forever banish all fear of baldness as fast as men and women can take advantage of it.

UNFORTUNATELY I am not able to restore lost hair where the hair roots already have been absolutely killed. But this condition is not often found in the human head. It takes many years and a somewhat violent infection for bacteria to completely kill the roots. Usually, in cases of advanced baldness, there is sufficient life left in the roots to make the treatment successful in restoring, at the very least, a moderately thick covering of hair. Where baldness is only partial, not yet affecting the entire scalp, I can safely promise a complete new growth. The treatment is not inconvenient, and takes from but three to six weeks to effect a cure and start the new growth of healthy hair. My fees will be just as reasonable as the cost of the individual treatments will permit.

I shall be glad to fully explain and demonstrate the action of the bacteria on the hair, and the method of eradication to all who will visit my laboratories. I will be pleased to make especial laboratory appointments when they are desired, especially for ladies. I can promise a true diagnosis of any hair trouble that may be presented, and a conservative statement of just what should be done to remove it. I shall be pleased, also, to answer correspondence from other cities, pending the establishment of branch laboratories.

Frederick Migge

Laboratories and Offices, 700 to 705 Call Building

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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The Conservative Colonel

The radicals of American politics are becoming too radical to suit Colonel Roosevelt. In other words the man who sowed the dragon's teeth objects to the reaping of the harvest. The Colonel is indeed the shrewdest politician of his generation. Anticipating the effect on the general purse of prolonged trust busting and the schemes to uplift the masses at the expense of the classes the Colonel is preparing to win recognition as a truly conservative statesman. In the current Outlook he discusses railroad regulation and pleads for fair dealing. He says it is wrong to pass workmen's compensation and full crew bills while reducing rates. The cardinal point to be remembered, the Colonel tells us, is that the burden caused by the workmen's compensation and the like should be distributed through the corporation upon the public. The cardinal point is simple enough, but the difficulty is to render it inexpedient and unnecessary for our politicians to do politics. In these progressive times only the popular survives, and how is a politician to remain popular unless he proves his hatred of the Octopus by regulation to the point of strangulation? Putting the burden on the public is the last thing any self-seeking politician will do. The square deal is a fine thing, but under the reforms advocated by Theodore Roosevelt we must have golden rule statesmen to put it into practice, and the direct primary beloved of the Colonel is conducive only to the kind of statesmen that are now being admonished by the former President to deal fairly with the railroads. But let it not be supposed that the Colonel is greatly distressed by the things that inspire his criticisms. In these things there is more than inspiration for him. The author of the bane would love to administer the antidote. Nothing would suit the Colonel better than riding in the whirlwind of his own making and directing the storm. By what we regard as the eventuation we are reminded of some of the observations in the Farewell Address. Warning us against the spirit of innovation Washington says: "The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual."

Blowing Ourselves

"In the matter of money expended for the purchase of automobiles California is second to only one State in the Union." So runs an editorial in the Call, which came second only to the Examiner in applauding the spendthriftiness of the people of the State. As a considerable part of the cost of publishing our contemporaries was paid by the folk who bought automobiles last year it is natural that the publishers should rejoice at the prosperity of the trade. The automobile manufacturers are good advertisers and are venerated in all newspaper offices, and whatever their business, to the stimulation of it the press dedicates its services with enthusiasm. Town Talk is no exception. But we will not attempt to compete with the Call in paying our respects to the automobile trade. In this sentiment we must refrain from concurring: "No better index to the continued prosperity of the people of a State could be found than California's average of more than $100 per capita spent for automobiles in a period of eight years." The Call ingeniously prefaces the foregoing with the assertion that "Business is good; California knows nothing of hard times." But this assertion is not based on the testimony of any recognized authority. Proof of the softness of the times according to the Call is that the people of California spent for automobiles during the year ending June 30 the enormous sum of $67,684,000." To convince the average man that business is good and that prosperity is bound to continue it will be necessary to furnish him some other kind of proof. When a man goes to a cafe every night in the week to buy wine the conclusion is not inevitable that he will be able to dine on lobsters and truffles the following week. Many a gay blade who looks prosperous in fine linen at an expensive summer resort has to keep a close watch on his nickels during the remainder of the year. Now it is not to be said that all automobiles are luxuries, but it is certainly not to be gainsaid that it would have been better for business generally if some of the millions sent out of the State for the benefit of the automobile trade had been kept at home to buy butter and eggs and pay honest debts.

The Lobby Investigation

The lobby investigation is a two-edged blade, and the keenness of it is felt at once by the just and the unjust. Bad are the lobbyists, unprincipled rascals all, but what shall we say of their righteous dupes and tools in Congress, those eminent uncompromising foes of capital who have been putting water on the wheels of the blackmailers of Wall street? The investigation has taken a turn that nobody had any prescience of. If the Administration had been able to foresee the course of the probe and to sense the mass of pungent detail into which it was going to penetrate the country assuredly would have been denied the illuminating intimacies into which it has been fortuitously brought. The lobby investigation it may be well to remember is a mark of Democratic candor, but it was never intended to besmirch zealous Democratic statesmen or to let the people know that vicious demagogy has been in alliance with sordid charlatanry at the capital of the nation. President Wilson unwittingly made the investigation imperative when, to frighten the recalcitrants of his party, to conquest them by intimidation, he publicly announced that those vague but terrible abstractions, "the interests," were lobbying against the tariff bill. It was in self-defense that Congress ordered an investigation. Statesmen wished it to be known that they were not being tampered with. They were passionate for vindication. And doubtless they would long since have given themselves a fine coat of whitewash if Judge Lovett had not told of the overtures that had been made to him over the telephone and the unspeakable Colonel Mulhall had not come forward to achieve infamy by his gratuitous treachery. So many are the matters of pressing interest now clamant for investigation that everybody has lost sight of the first subject of the inquiry. The tariff lobby has been consigned to mythland. It appears that there are other lobbies more deserving of investigation. The Lamar-Lauterbach lobby is one of them, the lobby personally conducted by Colonel Mulhall is another. From what has been disclosed respecting the first it appears that a man commonly known as "the wolf of Wall street," a notorious, unscrupulous trickster, has been able with the assistance of Congressmen to set the financial world by the ears and agitate business circles from one end of the country to the other. If the disclosures are far from conclusive of corruption on the part of Congressmen they at least prove that Congress is susceptible to strange influences and indicate that the great parliamentary body which longs to arrogate to itself the power of the Supreme Court is very much in need of a guardian. As to the disclosures made by Colonel Mulhall they imply something more than the self-gratulatory lobbyist is able or willing to perceive. The Colonel is posing as a facile corruptionist only with a view to besmirching his former masters, but it is clear that

he is making out a case embarrassing to the whole Administration. It appears that he was employed to oppose the labor lobby and that he was not very successful, the reason being that he was under a great handicap. The labor leaders had only to inspire terror and appeal to the demagogic instinct which dominates all other instincts in the halls of Congress. Mulhall could accomplish nothing except among men who were not inclined to curry favor at the feet of Samuel Gompers and whatever resistance they offered to the labor lobby Mulhall attributed to his own efforts. The truth of course is that Mulhall was doing nothing to earn his salary, that in time he was found out and discharged. Nevertheless his disclosures if not inherently deserving of credence are not to be despised. It may not be true, what he says in one of his letters, that President Wilson when Governor of New Jersey promised Samuel Gompers to support a radical laborite for the Senate, but there are many circumstances indicating that the President neglects no opportunity to cultivate the esteem of the leaders of the labor lobby. He has in his Cabinet former Congressman Wilson, one of the most aggressive of union men. When Secretary Wilson was in Congress he was put in control of the Committee on Labor which was conducted as a family affair, and before his election to Congress he was on the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor. Before that he was a conspicuous figure in mining labor troubles and was once arrested on a charge of conspiracy in connection with a strike. Of these things we have been reminded by Colonel Mulhall, and therefore we say that the lobby investigation is worth while and not altogether a blessing to the Administration.

The Principle of Party Loyalty

Party loyalty we were told in the not very long ago by Progressive politicians in their variety was a thing of the past, a superstition handed down from a former unenlightened generation and no longer taken seriously by intelligent men. Better than loyalty to party was devotion to country. Party loyalty was inconsistent with civic patriotism. Every man should be free to act according to the dictates of his conscience rather than in compliance with the whim of faction. This was fine plausible patter, most agreeable to the Dalgettys of all parties at a time when new alliances were in process of formation. The new principle made it easy for all the facile rogues of politics who were in need of rehabilitation, many of whom are now to be found in the jobs which otherwise would have been inaccessible to them. But now that the principle has served its purpose we find that the old superstition has been revived. When in the Senate Democratic caucus opposition developed to the plan of binding all members to undeviating support of the tariff bill the principle of party loyalty raised its drooping head. The opponents of the plan said it involved a surrender of the right of private judgment. They were told that any Democrat who resisted the passage of the bill would be known as a traitor to his party. And yet it is admitted that incorporated in the bill are matters by no means germane to the tariff, matters that even supporters of the Administration regard as vicious. By means of the bill a new economic policy is to be foisted upon the country, and this could not be done except by the ironclad caucus rule which is justified only by the principle of party loyalty.

Macaulay's Prophecy

In a letter written to Henry S. Randall of New York, May 23, 1857, Lord Macaulay drew a picture of a situation which he believed was bound to arise in this country. "The day will come," he said, "when in the State of New York a multitude of people none of whom has had more than half a breakfast or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of legislature will be chosen?" In this letter Macaulay set forth the proposition that "institutions purely democratic must sooner or later destroy liberty or civilization or both." "Either," he said, "the poor would plunder the rich and civilization would perish, or order and property would be saved by a strong military government and liberty would perish." The experience of this country, he declared, would prove the rule and for the reason that our "Constitution is all sail and no anchor." This letter was printed in the Call last Sunday as "a hitherto unpublished letter" with the comment that Macaulay "risked a reputation for common sense by hazarding a prophecy that has been so completely falsified," for "if the prophecy had any merit or foundation in reason it should already have been realized." How easy it is to convict Macaulay of unreason! It is done simply by putting a time limit on his prophecy. Now this "hitherto unpublished letter" is to be found in many books. It has been published many times in this country in recent years, and usually for the purpose of illustrating the remarkable judgment and foresight of the great essayist. If all the prophecy has not yet come true it is certain that some of it has. If our Constitution is not "all sail and no anchor" how comes it that we are drifting so far away from its principles and from the designs of its authors? Is the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people evidence of a reliable anchor and no sail? Are there not already signs of the plundering of the rich? Even so patriotic an American as Theodore Roosevelt complains that railroad regulation amounts to confiscation. And many a political philosopher regards the income tax as the entering wedge of a species of spoliation. As to the "demagogue (who figures in the prophecy) ranting about the tyranny of capitalists" and asking "why anybody should drink champagne while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessaries," shall we deny the existence of him? The whole prophecy may be far from fulfilment, but when we think of Theodore Roosevelt running for a third term and how easy it would be to make conditions propitious for a military government, we can hardly regard Macaulay's prevision as a pipe dream.

American College Professors

In this country where there is something papal about the college professor, where he is listened to as though he were an ecumenical council or the embodiment of the most enlightened opinion many shocks will be caused by some remarks made by Frank Harris in the New York Times. For this Englishman is something of a scholar, and he has done things. He is a novelist, a playwright and a critic. He has written short stories which have been pronounced by the Saturday Review, the best short stories in the English language. He is the author of a play that ran for one hundred and fifty nights in London. He wrote a critical study of Shakespeare which George Meredith praised almost extravagantly, which, according to Bernard Shaw, entitles him to rank with Ben Jonson as the greatest of Shakespearean critics, and from which, according to Arnold Bennett, will date all Shakespearean criticism of the future. So Frank Harris is deserving of attention. He says: "There are many sorts of professors, high priests of the Philistines, pompous of mien and wise with the wisdom of books; but the one sort I have never heard is the man of genius." Mr. Harris divides professors into three classes, and to the third and lowest class he assigns the American professor "who is armored in stupidity, and has that cloistered conceit which commends him to the common." Considering the important part played by this third class in the life of the nation the indictment drawn by Mr. Harris is terrifying. Our Chief Magistrate belongs to this class, and to this class we go for much of the advice which has given us assurance in our wanderings from the old moorings and in our pursuit of the rainbows of reform. It will be remembered with what pride the Bull Moosers pointed to their platform because it was constructed principally by representatives of the class that is "armored in stupidity." It may be interesting to learn that the Harris indictment was inspired by a silly criticism of the Englishman's greatest work by Professor Brander Matthews, the distinguished pedant of Columbia University to whom all the Philistines of American literature look for instruction. Mr. Harris tells us that Professor Matthews is his choicest specimen of the third and lowest class. Speaking of Harris' critical study of Shakespeare Professor Matthews said that no dramatist ever wrote self-revealing plays. This preposterous assertion gave Mr. Harris a fine opening and he did not neglect it. With charming dexterity he holds the Columbia professor up to the scorn of the learned. Let it not be understood that we concur in the sweeping generalities of the English author. The point of view is the main point in the practice of the gentle art of disparagement. From the Harris point of view no professor is ever a man of genius, but from our point of view the country is full of professors with genius—for self-advertisement.

Varied Types

CXXXV—FRANCIS McCOMAS

By Edward F. O'Day

I met Francis McComas in the St. Francis Tuesday morning.

"I thought you were in the desert," I remarked.

"I am," he answered gravely.

"When do you leave?" I feebly apologized.

"Tonight."

"You are going to paint?"

"Well, partly that, and partly to get away from people who ask me when I am leaving for the desert."

Convinced by this little interchange of amenities that McComas was in the proper mood for an interview, I backed him into a convenient corner where we sat down.

Talk with Francis McComas makes for mental stimulation. McComas thinks deeply and expresses his thoughts vigorously. The wit of his words is sometimes biting, but always illuminates the topic under discussion. His is the talk of a maker, a doer, a creative artist. His talk is like his painting, arresting, significant, suggestive. Of his pictures I need say but little. They are famous. The medium he is most interested in developing is water color, and his water color pictures are acclaimed in London and Paris as well as in the United States, East and West. McComas has painted not only in the desert of the Southwest and along the cypress-edged shores of Monterey Bay, but also in Greece, Spain and France. He has exhibited in London and Paris. Men who are presumed to know have assured me that the time is coming when Francis McComas will be recognized as THE water colorist. Before you dismiss that statement as an extravagance it might be well to make a few inquiries of your own.

"You go alone to the desert?" I continued.

"No," he answered; "Xavier Martinez will be with me."

"Why have you selected him?"

"Well, one naturally selects a painter who has one's respect and to whom one's hat is off."

"Why!" I said with an appearance of amazement, "don't you respect all California artists?"

"Most assuredly! I respect the whole four of them!"

"Who are they?"

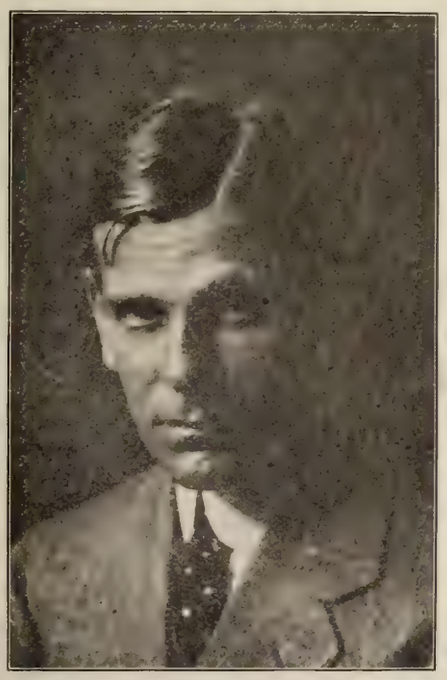
"Well now," he parried, "you're a clever chap; work it out for yourself."

"But what of the rest of our painters?"

"There are too many heroes in our painting profession," said McComas. "We want fewer heroes and more painters. At that it is not altogether the fault of the artists. They are encouraged in their mediocrity by a good-hearted, undiscriminating public, a public bred in a great big climate which makes for a big, generous-hearted people that wants to find good in everything. The public makes the heroes, and a number of our artists supply the necessary weakness. They paint to a standard below what they would be capable of if they were more sincere and greater students. The public accepts their work, thereby inspiring them to repeat the poor performance. These may be called the deck hands of the painting profession."

"You are pessimistic."

"It may sound pessimistic, but it is not. Thank God, we have good painters and sculptors! There are a few men in California much bigger in the world than many people here realize. No man living has modeled better animals than Arthur Putnam. It might be difficult to find a bigger all-round painter in the country than Arthur Mathews. He is a fine draughtsman and colorist, has a sense of composition all his own, is a painter of the portrait, the figure, landscape and decoration; in fact a man knowing everything about his craft. While there are men like this with us the case is not altogether hopeless. But unhappily there are other good men who are crowded out by the men who chose the profession instead of being chosen by it.



Bianca Conti photo
FRANCIS McCOMAS.

"Natural conditions in California are second to none for the production of good art. But there are disadvantages too."

"For instance?"

"Well, do you know any fine art schools here?"

"How about the Hopkins Art Institute?"

"It's a morgue!"

"That's an astounding statement."

"Most true statements are."

"Who are the dead people in this morgue?"

"Certainly not the pupils! We are just as shy on schools as we are on public galleries and collections. There are very few great paintings to be seen here. There are some fine things, but they are all unfortunately in private collections."

"But we have the Park Museum," I objected.

"Yes," said McComas, "and also Haquette's Palace of Art."

"No, that's gone," I corrected.

"Is it? Well we have the Hopkins Art Gallery and the Park Museum. This latter great institution is for the family gems which people are tired of having around the attic. I understand the acceptance and hanging of all offered pictures are compulsory under the Charter. That of course makes it easy for the deck hands."

"Who has charge of the pictures in the Park Museum?" I asked.

"The head gardener, I believe," said McComas.

"Of course we are under a great geographical disadvantage," he continued. "We are too far away from the big centers where good painting and sculpture are to be seen. Very little fine continental art comes as far as San Francisco. Not a great deal comes into the country."

"Why?"

"Because of the uncivilized tax on contemporary paintings."

"But aren't they going to remedy that?"

"Certainly they are, and the painters the tax is supposed to protect are fighting harder than anybody else for its removal. The members of the American Society of Painters and Sculptors are working like hounds to have the Ways and Means Committee place us, at least in that one respect, on a footing with the civilized nations of the world."

"What do you think of our critics?"

"They are too unanimous. They are afraid to offend. They fear to tell the truth or else they don't know it. Every painter is a hero to them."

"What proportion of our artists welcome severe and discerning criticism?"

"Judging by the painting one sees around, a very small proportion. Of course we all love to hear good things said of our work. But we are apt to derive more good from the unfavorable jolt of a critic of discernment than from all the sticky paragraphs the average art criticism is made up of. Personally I have always found that so. I don't say the criticism has always been discerning, but it has done me good just the same."

"I gather from the trend of your remarks that you think most of our artists ought to be painting cubist pictures?"

"You place them too high," replied McComas; "they ought to be canning fruit!"

"What can be done for art in California?"

"Everything in the world can be done. California is full of youth and strength and is just waiting for its giants. It's hard to see how they must not surely come."

"You know the desert country you are going to?" I asked, not thinking of anything else to say.

"Well, I have painted there before," answered McComas. "But it is one of the charms of that lovely country that one never knows it. Do I like it? Indeed I like it! It's elusive, sweet and strong and as lovely as anything in the world to paint. I shall work hard down there and I hope the result will not place me among the deck hands."

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The People's Forum

The Irish Drama.

[illegible] Yours Lion. Sir: In the following the Irish Drama controversy I will only offer [illegible] but we are going on much [illegible] and interesting again. Now about Lady Gregory's [illegible] I beg to [illegible] for the better acquaintance that he shows [illegible] what he says [illegible] to his usual acumen. The [illegible] of Shakespeare was that he filled a Stage and Co [illegible] as a whole got [illegible] as the other actors [illegible] are not built [illegible] the people of Ireland. [illegible] that as this is given the [illegible] of its own characters and experiences which [illegible] with that of the great majority of Literature. How does L. R. F. reply? By [illegible] on it the [illegible] of Synge's characters. See "Synge" and millions of the best names in Ireland. [illegible] and fully [illegible] see." "I deny that I have," answers Synge: "I got a [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Perspective Impressions

"Capital punishment," said Oppenheimer, "is a relic of barbarism." Perhaps, but so is murder.

So the gambling evil is to be eradicated again! Was there ever a Chief of Police that didn't have that job on his hands?

The Turk disposed of but the appetite for blood persisting, the Balkan states threaten to make the well known Balkan war cloud a permanent institution.

One reading the Bulletin naturally wonders whether the editor intends to move the denizens of the Underworld to Happyland or bring the sojourners in Happyland to the Underworld.

Perhaps the worst to be said against Chief White is that he permitted the rascals to be exposed. When Cook, sponsored by the Examiner, was Chief, was the police department pure as the driven snow? When did bunko men first begin sharing loot with detectives? When was gambling nothing more than a dream in San Francisco?

"Bawling like a lot of cows."—Call editorial. Why not mooing like a lot of jackasses?

The Christian Endeavorers have decided that the love element is permissible in plays. The tired business man will henceforth go to the theatre with a clear conscience.

The State statistician informs us that the June crop of brides broke all records, but we shall have to wait upon the courts to learn the proportion of pippins, lemons and peaches.

A dead whale with several thousand dollars' worth of bone in its head has become a menace to navigation off Puget Sound. It seems incredible that it could have drifted so far from Oyster Bay.

An optimist has been defined as "a man who doesn't care a whoop what happens—so long as it doesn't happen to him." But what of a man named Mooser expecting a federal appointment from this administration?

Don't expend all your energy on the summer vacation; you'll need a bit for the winter work.

Perhaps Bryan's financial trouble is due to the high cost of grape juice.

When the Monroe Doctrine doesn't peeve other nations it has a way of embarrassing the United States.

Secretary Bryan resents the statement that he must lecture to live. He doubtless wants it understood that he can't live without lecturing.

The newspapers have just discovered that Drew Caminetti is working on a pipe line. Didn't John McNab make some such announcement a few weeks ago?

City Attorney Long expresses the opinion that bonds for a municipal railway may be issued in any denomination. When Percy's political patrons tell him what they want he gets out his soapstone and shoe horn and sees that San Francisco gets her foot in it.

By Fire Light

By James Stephens

She read the letter through twice, and then she stood for a few minutes looking in front of her, with her arms hanging loosely by her sides, and her foot tapping on the carpet. She was looking into the future with the thoughtful gaze of one who has cut off all communication with the past, and, with a strange feeling of detachment, she was wondering how that future would reveal itself, and whether he . . .? She crossed to the fireplace, sat down, and read the letter over again.

When her husband went out that evening with his friend, he had kissed his wife in his now habitual hit-or-miss fashion, and asked her to settle his tie. He was always asking her to do something for him, and he never did anything for her. It was, "Will you hand me the paper, like a good girl?" and, "I say, dear, my pipe is stuffed, you might stick a hairpin through it," or, "You might see, old lady, if there is a match anywhere." Before their marriage she had been accustomed to men who did things for her, and the change was sudden: likeable enough at first—

* * * * *

. . . . How red the fire is tonight! They must be sending better coal than we usually get—there is not a single dark spot in it, and how the shape continually changes! Now it is a deep cave with stalactites hanging from the roof and little swelling hillocks on the floor, and, over all, a delicate, golden glow surging and fading. The blue flame on the top that flits and flickers like a will-of-the-wisp is gas, I suppose—I wonder how they extract it . . . I wonder will he be be sorry when he comes home, and finds . . . Perhaps his friend will be sufficient for him then . . . It is curious to think of oneself as a piece of animated furniture, a dumb waiter, always ready when required, and decently out of sight when not wanted—not dumb, though! He cannot say I failed to talk about it; but, of course, that [illegible] nd bad temper, and "making yourself ridiculous for nothing, my dear." Nothing! I warned him over and over again, but he must have company. He would be stifled unless he went among men now and again—"male company is a physical necessity for men, my dear." I suppose women do not need any other company than that of their husbands, and they must not ask too much of that . . . What strange, careless, hopeful creatures they are, and how they cease to value what they have got! Does the value rise again when it is gone, I wonder? . . . Out all day, and he cannot understand why I ask him to stay with me at night. "A man wants air, sweetheart." A woman does not, of course—she would not have the cheek to want anything: there is something not "nice" about a woman wanting anything. Do all men stifle in the air their wives have breathed? If I ask him, "Do you love me still?" he replies, "Of course: do you mind if I run out for an hour or two, dear?" One will ask questions. . . . A kiss in the morning, another at night, and, for Heaven's sake, don't bother me in the interval: that is marriage from a man's point of view. Do they really believe that women are alive? Is matrimony always a bondage to them? Are all women's lives so lonely? Are their wishes neglected, their attempts to think laughed at, their pride stricken?—I wonder. . . . I must not remember it. He could not see enough of me then. And the things he said, and does not remember.—I was a wonder that the world could not equal—it is laughable. A look from me was joy, a word delight, a touch ecstasy. He would run to the ends of the earth to gratify a whim of mine, and life without me was not worth living. . . . If I would only love him. If I could only bring myself to care for him a little—he was too humble, too unworthy to imagine—and so forth, and so forth, and it was all true then. Now I am someone who waits upon him. He wants this and that, and asks me for it. He has cut his finger and shouts for me to bind it up, and I must be terribly concerned about it: somehow, he will even manage to blame me for his cut finger. He cannot sleep in the night, so I must awaken also and listen to his complaint. He is sick, and the medicine tastes nasty; I am to understand that if the medicine tastes nasty I am responsible for it—I should not have given him anything nasty: he is surprised; he trusted me not to do such a thing. He turns to me like a child when he has any . . . and trusts . . . he turns to me . . . like a child . . .

* * * * *

The sound of a horse's hoofs came to her, and she rose from her chair with frightened haste. She looked swiftly at the clock, and then stood listening in a rigid attitude, with a face that grew white and peaked, and flushed and paled again. The horse came swiftly nearer, and stopped a little way from the house. Then a foot crunched the gravel, and her desperate eyes went roving quickly about the room as though she were looking for a place to hide in. Next, after a little

(Continued on Page 22.)

CLIFF HOUSE

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The People's Forum

The Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: As one following the Irish Drama controversy I am sorry that Hibernicus quit, for he was giving us much needed information on a live and interesting topic. Now while I have no desire to engage with L. R. F. on the subject under dispute I beg to draw attention to his latest arguments, just to show the value of what he puts forward as his final proofs. The contention of Hibernicus was that the plays of Synge and Co. taken as a whole are abnormal; or, in other words, that they do not truly picture the people of Ireland. In behalf of this he gives the testimony of his own observation and experience which is identical with that of the great majority of Irishmen. How does L. R. F. reply? By opposing to it the testimony of Synge, the accused. Sic: "Synge," say millions of the best people in Ireland, "you have cruelly and foully misrepresented us." "I deny that I have," answers Synge; "I got a correct knowledge of you in a house in Wicklow from hearing servant girls through a chink in a floor, and also from a story told me in the Isles of Arran." What kind of intelligence does L. R. F. give your readers credit for anyhow? Instead of trying to insert his fountain pen into anybody's head he would be infinitely better employed in putting a three-legged pot on his own. But wait! Here is wisdom that would do justice to King Solomon. "The only native," says L. R. F., "with insight to see the peculiarities of his countrymen is the artist, and the Irish dramatists are artists." Well what a pity our State legislature did not know this! It surely would pass a law compelling people about to marry to first subject themselves to the revealing gaze of a Synge, a Yeats, or perhaps an L. R. F. How divorce would disappear! Unfortunately (?) for Ireland Synge was not a native except in the barest sense of the word. He was merely Irish-born. He was educated and moulded a continental pagan. When the great Duke of Wellington who had been similarly cursed in his birth was taunted with being Irish he replied by asking if a man were born in a stable would he be a horse. Synge was more of an ass than anything else for had he the smallest knowledge of the Irish people he would know that they would recognize his effusions as coming not from his artistic insight but from his continental prejudice, and treat them accordingly. I wonder how the people of this country would take Synge and Co. if instead of calumniating the Irish for paltry dollars and cents they took their characters from the San Francisco Bulletin and offered them to the world at so much per as the genuine type of present-day America? L. R. F. would doubtless say that Americans would not mind as long as the portraiture was artistic. Probably they would not, for they know that with art or with no art the world would not accept such characters as true. But the case is entirely different with Ireland. Why do we Irish get so wroth at works like that of Synge, or at the green pigs and the disgusting postals so frequently and so prominently displayed by ignorant bigots on St. Patrick's Day? Is it that we believe ourselves immaculate or superior to everybody else? No. The explanation is this: For hundreds of years we have been subjected to every kind of fiendish torture to make us give up our ideals of nationality and faith. To justify this treatment and to deprive us of outside sympathy we have been consistently held up to the world by English writers and publicists as the lowest type of human brutes who could not be governed in any other way. Every bit of blood-wrung reform we have gained was fought by the same damnable calumny, and today the great, and the only, argument against Home Rule is that we are not fit to be trusted with the lives and liberties of our Protestant countrymen. Essential inferiority of race then, being ever maliciously put forward as an an excuse for our inhuman persecution, and being still urged to withhold from us the common rights of men how can we in the face of our history and achievements, in justice to our self respect, pass by without vigorous and bitter denunciation the acts of those who by pigs, postals, plays or otherwise are aiding and abetting our British slanderers and persecutors, and thus justifying the continuance of the rankling, rusty chains of the last seven hundred years? In view of this traditional British policy what is the worth of Englishman Montague's testimony that "from Galway to Prague Synge's eager and glowing genius has entered at open minds?" It has. Minds like his own.

Respectfully,

—Celt.

The Bible in the School

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I notice that at the Christian Endeavor convention in Los Angeles the preachers went on record as being in favor of Bible teaching in the public schools. I believe in religious teaching and I look upon the Greatest of All Books with proper reverence. But let us be logical. Let us not provide merely for the school children who are Christians. The others need religious instruction as well. So, in addition to the St. James and Douay versions of the Bible for the Protestants and Catholics respectively, and an accepted version of the Old Testament for the Hebrews, let us introduce into the public schools "Science and Health" for the Christian Scientists, the Book of Mormon for followers of Joseph Smith, the Koran for Mahometans, the Veda for Hindus and so on. School teachers may object to the additional work of teaching these various books, but I'm afraid that they will have to shoulder the burden. I'm not in favor of hiring preachers to teach religion in the public schools.

Sincerely, —K. Van C. H.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

"The Valet of God"

Interesting statements regarding the Kaiser's religious beliefs have been made in connection with the recent jubilee celebrated in Berlin. He has announced himself as "the valet of God, king by the grace of God, charged by Him with grave duties and heavy responsibilities." At one time he said: "Son of the Hohenzollerns, I have accepted the crown as a gift from heaven with all the duties which go with it. That is the conviction and the principle which shall always inspire my work and my government." At Jerusalem the Kaiser made what he called "a vow to Christ crucified and resurrected," in which he said: "The same as 2,000 years ago when the cry went from here throughout the length and breadth of the land 'Peace on earth,' thus I will address to the entire world the invitation which comes from the depth of our hearts—'Peace, goodwill toward men.' We will seek neither glory, nor power, nor honors, nor other good things, but only the one supreme good—the salvation of our souls. In this spirit I renew the vow of my ancestors. I and my house will conform to the will of God."

Suez Canal Receipts

Some idea of the value of the Panama Canal may be gained from the annual report of the Suez Canal Company for 1912. This shows that the total receipts for 1912 were $27,005,068, an increase, when compared with the receipts for 1911, of $363,692. Expenses totaled $9,211,045, this sum including $579,000 charged off to depreciation, and an equal amount to the fund for insurance and unforseen demands. The net receipts amounted to $17,794,023. The report states that, notwithstanding the reduction in the canal tariff, the year 1912 was the most prosperous the company has enjoyed.

Bulgaria's Attar

A little district of Bulgaria will long have reason to remember the year 1913, for not only have the exigencies of war shortened the supply of labor for the cherished product of the region, but also the Democratic Congress of the United States has seen fit to impose a duty on this same precious product—the attar of roses—as being an article of luxury. Although Bulgaria is by no means the only producer of attar of roses in these modern days, the Balkan conflict has had a large effect on the market, owing largely to the uncertainty of this summer's crop in King Ferdinand's land. Recent quotations for this essential oil in New York have ranged from $12 to $16 an ounce for quantities, whereas not so long ago $5 an ounce was regarded as an ordinary price. For scores of years this particular branch of the perfumers' art has had an abode on the southern slopes of the Balkans, but the extraction of the essence from the sweet-scented rose runs back for centuries until it merges in Eastern romance and tradition.

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Perspective Impressions

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So the gambling evil is to be eradicated again! Was there ever a Chief of Police that didn't have that job on his hands?

The Turk disposed of but the appetite for blood persisting, the Balkan states threaten to make the well known Balkan war cloud a permanent institution.

One reading the Bulletin naturally wonders whether the editor intends to move the denizens of the Underworld to Happyland or bring the sojourners in Happyland to the Underworld.

Perhaps the worst to be said against Chief White is that he permitted the rascals to be exposed. When Cook, sponsored by the Examiner, was Chief, was the police department pure as the driven snow? When did bunko men first begin sharing loot with detectives? When was gambling nothing more than a dream in San Francisco?

"Bawling like a lot of cows."—Call editorial. Why not mooing like a lot of jackasses?

The Christian Endeavorers have decided that the love element is permissible in plays. The tired business man will henceforth go to the theatre with a clear conscience.

The State statistician informs us that the June crop of brides broke all records, but we shall have to wait upon the courts to learn the proportion of pippins, lemons and peaches.

A dead whale with several thousand dollars' worth of bone in its head has become a menace to navigation off Puget Sound. It seems incredible that it could have drifted so far from Oyster Bay.

An optimist has been defined as "a man who doesn't care a whoop what happens—so long as it doesn't happen to him." But what of a man named Mooser expecting a federal appointment from this administration?

Don't expend all your energy on the summer vacation; you'll need a bit for the winter work.

Perhaps Bryan's financial trouble is due to the high cost of grape juice.

When the Monroe Doctrine doesn't peeve other nations it has a way of embarrassing the United States.

Secretary Bryan resents the statement that he must lecture to live. He doubtless wants it understood that he can't live without lecturing.

The newspapers have just discovered that Drew Caminetti is working on a pipe line. Didn't John McNab make some such announcement a few weeks ago?

City Attorney Long expresses the opinion that bonds for a municipal railway may be issued in any denomination. When Percy's political patrons tell him what they want he gets out his soapstone and shoe horn and sees that San Francisco gets her foot in it.

By Fire Light

By James Stephens

She read the letter through twice, and then she stood for a few minutes looking in front of her, with her arms hanging loosely by her sides, and her foot tapping on the carpet. She was looking into the future with the thoughtful gaze of one who has cut off all communication with the past, and, with a strange feeling of detachment, she was wondering how that future would reveal itself, and whether he . . .? She crossed to the fireplace, sat down, and read the letter over again.

When her husband went out that evening with his friend, he had kissed his wife in his now habitual hit-or-miss fashion, and asked her to settle his tie. He was always asking her to do something for him, and he never did anything for her. It was, "Will you hand me the paper, like a good girl?" and, "I say, dear, my pipe is stuffed, you might stick a hairpin through it," or, "You might see, old lady, if there is a match anywhere." Before their marriage she had been accustomed to men who did things for her, and the change was sudden: likeable enough at first—

* * * * *

. . . . How red the fire is tonight! They must be sending better coal than we usually get—there is not a single dark spot in it, and how the shape continually changes! Now it is a deep cave with stalactites hanging from the roof and little swelling hillocks on the floor, and, over all, a delicate, golden glow surging and fading. The blue flame on the top that flits and flickers like a will-of-the-wisp is gas, I suppose—I wonder how they extract it . . . I wonder will he be be sorry when he comes home, and finds . . . Perhaps his friend will be sufficient for him then . . . It is curious to think of oneself as a piece of animated furniture, a dumb waiter, always ready when required, and decently out of sight when not wanted—not dumb, though! He cannot say I failed to talk about it; but, of course, that [illegible] nd bad temper, and "making yourself ridiculous for nothing, my dear." Nothing! I warned him over and over again, but he must have company. He would be stifled unless he went among men now and again—"male company is a physical necessity for men, my dear." I suppose women do not need any other company than that of their husbands, and they must not ask too much of that . . . What strange, careless, hopeful creatures they are, and how they cease to value what they have got! Does the value rise again when it is gone, I wonder? . . . Out all day, and he cannot understand why I ask him to stay with me at night. "A man wants air, sweetheart." A woman does not, of course—she would not have the cheek to want anything: there is something not "nice" about a woman wanting anything. Do all men stifle in the air their wives have breathed? If I ask him, "Do you love me still?" he replies, "Of course: do you mind if I run out for an hour or two, dear?" One will ask questions. . . . A kiss in the morning, another at night, and, for Heaven's sake, don't bother me in the interval: that is marriage from a man's point of view. Do they really believe that women are alive? Is matrimony always a bondage to them? Are all women's lives so lonely? Are their wishes neglected, their attempts to think laughed at, their pride stricken?—I wonder. . . . I must not remember it. He could not see enough of me then. And the things he said, and does not remember.—I was a wonder that the world could not equal—it is laughable. A look from me was joy, a word delight, a touch ecstasy. He would run to the ends of the earth to gratify a whim of mine, and life without me was not worth living. . . . If I would only love him. If I could only bring myself to care for him a little—he was too humble, too unworthy to imagine—and so forth, and so forth, and it was all true then. Now I am someone who waits upon him. He wants this and that, and asks me for it. He has cut his finger and shouts for me to bind it up, and I must be terribly concerned about it: somehow, he will even manage to blame me for his cut finger. He cannot sleep in the night, so I must awaken also and listen to his complaint. He is sick, and the medicine tastes nasty; I am to understand that if the medicine tastes nasty I am responsible for it—I should not have given him anything nasty: he is surprised; he trusted me not to do such a thing. He turns to me like a child when he has any . . . and trusts . . . he turns to me . . . like a child . . .

* * * * *

The sound of a horse's hoofs came to her, and she rose from her chair with frightened haste. She looked swiftly at the clock, and then stood listening in a rigid attitude, with a face that grew white and peaked, and flushed and paled again. The horse came swiftly nearer, and stopped a little way from the house. Then a foot crunched the gravel, and her desperate eyes went roving quickly about the room as though she were looking for a place to hide in. Next, after a little

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CII—SAN FRANCISCO

By M. E. O'Connor

(The following sonnet by M. E. O'Connor described as "a late California poet," was published in the last Christmas number of the Monitor of this city. Some reader of this series may be able to supply information about the author.)

Like coral structure amid tropic seas,
  Builded enduringly on shifting sand,
  The stately domes of San Francisco stand,
While at her feet the vieing argosies
Their tributes pour, and every summer breeze
  Brings balsam breath from forest old and grand,
  Blent with the fragrance of the vine-clad land
And orchards of the new Hesperides.

Thus queening the ocean from the Golden Gate,
  The nation rearward, the Orient in front,
With all her youthful hostages to Fate,
The stars decree she must ere long become
  A city such as crowns the Hellespont—
The once proud rival of imperial Rome.

The Spectator

Unionism in Portland

The unions of Portland have just been beaten in a fight to injure an open shop of the northern city. The story shows that the unionist methods with which San Francisco is unpleasantly familiar do not always succeed elsewhere. The West Coast Engineering Company of Portland is an open shop concern, and its head, R. G. Littler, is a thorough believer in the advisability of battling for one's rights. Littler was given the contract for the installation of electric fixtures on a Portland bridge. The day the work was finished Littler was arrested at the instance of the Labor Commissioner, the charge being that he had violated the employers' liability law. He had failed to provide a safety railing on the platform where his men worked. Littler told his story to the grand jury. He explained that he had not provided the railing because his men preferred a system of straps recognized by the law as a proper protective contrivance. The grand jury refused to indict. Littler made the statement that his arrest was inspired by the unions and showed that the deputy labor commissioner who was active in the case was a walking delegate. It was also brought out that the safety straps were tested every morning before the men went to work. One morning the workman who made the test had a narrow escape from death. The safety appliance had been tampered with, and if Littler had not foreseen something of the sort and ordered the test, half a dozen of his men would have been killed.

A New Berth for Neylan

John Francis Neylan, president of the State Board of Control and stormy petrel of the Johnsonian dispensation, is tiring of his present job, according to the current gossip at Sacramento. It seems the Governor has decided that there has been too much strenuosity displayed in the investigating activities of Neylan's department and has passed J. Francis the tip to quiet down for an indefinite time. Reduced to a state of inaction which does not suit his aggressive disposition Neylan is fretting his heart out, for all the world like an Alexander conscious of more lands to conquer but debarred from declaring war. What's the use of the loud pedal if you don't press it? sighs J. Francis in extreme disgust. So he's sick of his present job. Being a sympathetic soul the Governor pities Neylan, and it is being told that he intends to give him a job where the limelight will once more beat upon him. The so called "Blue Sky Law" creates the position of Commissioner of Corporations, and I hear that Neylan will be promoted to this new place, provided the bad men of Los Angeles don't succeed in their avowed determination to nullify the new law by means of a referendum. The President of the State Board of Control receives four thousand a year, the bill to give him an extra thousand having come to grief when it reached the Governor's desk. But the Commissioner of Corporations will get five thousand, and what a good time he will have regulating the investment companies of the State!

The Row Over Tommy

"What do you think of this storm about Hayden's confirmation?" I asked the man that winds the ferry clock.

"Storm!" he snorted. "It's a riot! Why the Democrats are up in arms all over the State, and if it continues much longer we'll need martial law. You know who'll get the worst of it, don't you?"

"Tommy himself?" I suggested.

"No, Rudolph Spreckels. From what I hear I think Phelan was the man who really got Tommy the job, but among the politicians Spreckels is credited with the appointment and all the Democrats are sore. They're getting ready to swat Rudolph in chorus and they say that after one swat he'll be a political corpse."

"But Rudolph has some Democratic friends," I objected.

"Not in this matter," said the Embarcadero wise man. "Why, even Matt Sullivan and Theodore Roche who are the special prosecutors in the Diggs-Caminetti cases are going around telling everybody who will listen what a mutt Tommy Hayden is. I heard them myself only yesterday. That won't help Rudolph, will it?"

I walked away marveling at the complexities of politics.

Morals in San Quentin

On the Fourth of July the convicts at San Quentin gave a theatrical performance. Before the show started Dennis Duffy, president of the Prison Board, was standing in the yard, chatting with several prisoners.

"Colonel," said one of them, "some of the boys want me to wear my diamond in the show."

"Your diamond!" exclaimed Duffy. "Do you mean to say you have a diamond?"

"The classiest little chunk of ice you ever saw," said the 'con' proudly.

"Let's see it," said Duffy.

The prisoner reached into his pocket and produced a buckskin bag. Out of this he took a roll of cloth which enfolded several layers of tissue paper. He opened the tissue paper very carefully, but there was no diamond there. He looked up with a rueful countenance.

"Somebody's crooked around here," he remarked.

The Sin of Early Rising

Among the prisoners who took part in this holiday show was a very presentable young fellow who played and sang ragtime songs with the gusto and finish of a professional entertainer. As a matter of fact he had been a professional cafe entertainer before he was sent to 'stir.' One of the guests at the prison congratulated this young man on his excellent performance and discreetly inquired about the circumstances which landed him in prison.

"Well," he explained, "it was this way. I was tickling the ivories and singing rag in a honk-

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRA[illegible]

atonk at Oroville when one night a live boy blew into town. He was a good kid and he had a roll that he wasn't afraid to spend. We struck up quite an acquaintance and he opened wine. When he told me he didn't know where he was going to put up I invited him to bunk with me. He had eighty dollars in the kick when he went to bed, and I just naturally got up first in the morning."

A Natural Question

Convicts are not all as reticent about discussing their past as one would naturally suppose. One of the prisoners who had a prominent part in the Fourth of July show is serving a term for forgery. In the argot of the yard he's "a wallpaper boy," a designation inferring that the checks he was in the habit of signing with other people's names might serve as wallpaper but were good for nothing else. This man took a good deal of pride in narrating how often he had managed to cash forged checks.

"But they finally landed me for a piece of phoney paper down in San Jose," he remarked. "At that I nearly bulled the judge into giving me parole. He actually believed that I was as young as I told him I was. But the thing fell through because I couldn't dig up bondsmen to give security for me."

"Why didn't you write him a check?" asked another convict.

A Mysterious Arrival

Everywhere about town one hears vague but persistent rumors of a man of mystery who has recently come into "our midst" upon some mission even more mysterious than his identity. Those who assert that they have had a glimpse of him say that he is unusually short, slight and swarthy, and may be either a Hindu Swami or a Persian spy. Those who make a pretense of more definite information concerning him declare that he is a baron, born on the Island of Malta, of English parentage. According to rumor he speaks Manchu fluently and English reticently, has a Japanese name and is the confidential agent of the new Chinese republic. It is also reported that he is fitting up luxurious offices in some big office building (unmentioned), is employing a large force of clerks, stenographers and interpreters at fancy salaries and intends to take over all of the functions of the Chinese Six Companies and the Chinese Reform Association, negotiate national loans, bestow railroad and telegraph concessions and subsidies and in short move the capital from Pekin to San Francisco. Up to date, however, he has not presented his authority to the Six Companies, or to their attorney, John McNab, and until he does so they will not begin to worry.

Cherry's Doll

Cherry de St. Maurice who shared with Fanny Brown the queendom of Sacramento's tenderloin, was strangled last week in mysterious circumstances. There were accounts of the crime in our papers, but one very pathetic detail was missed by all the reporters except the reporter for the Sacramento Bee who buried it at the end of his account. I quote:

There was one touch of pathos in the room of the dead woman. In her bed, with its head peeping above the covers, lay a beautiful doll, the size of a 2-year-old child. The doll was dressed in a nightgown of silk and on a chair at the bedside was a complete outfit of clothing for the doll. It was said by a former housekeeper for Cherry de St. Maurice today that every night the notorious woman undressed that doll and put its night gown upon it. In the morning the woman would dress the doll and it would sit on a chair in her room throughout the day.

What sentiment Cherry de St. Maurice attached to the doll baby none of the women of the house ever knew. Miss De St. Maurice would never talk about it, and none asked her. The former housekeeper said that one morning she had entered the room and found Madame Cherry seated in a rocking chair hugging the doll to her breast and crying silently.

Among those of the night life Cherry de St. Maurice was considered a cold, grasping and avaricious woman. She was thought to have a heart of marble and was believed to love nothing but money.

But yet each night the great doll rested on her arm.

A Possible Explanation

The genius of Guy de Maupassant would have wrought that pathetic circumstance into a story to wring the heart. What is known of the unfortunate woman's past life may explain why she cherished that doll. It seems that when she was sixteen she married in Chicago, and a few months after the birth of a daughter she was deserted by her husband. That child is supposed to be fourteen years old now, but where she is being cared for has not yet been revealed. The picture of the little girl was on the mother's dresser in her room at the "Cherry Club," the room in which she was strangled. Perhaps the doll reminded Cherry de St. Maurice of her child. Perhaps it had belonged to her child. I look to see the scene in that bedroom, the woman lying strangled on the floor and the doll in the bed, appropriated by some writer of fiction.

New York and Our Clinic

While our most conspicuous uplifters are doing everything in their power to abolish the segregated district and put the so-called municipal clinic out of business, the latter institution continues to attract attention among serious and unprejudiced investigators. I am glad to be able to add to the other testimony that I have published on this head certain letters which passed between Dr. Rosenstirn, the director of the Clinic, and the Woman's Municipal League of the City of New York. This organization is composed of prominent New York women who are interested in all sound efforts to better conditions of life. Their attitude toward one of the most difficult of all problems is indicated by the following letters addressed to J. M. Maguire of the Clinic:

Dear Sir: It is some time since we have had any exchange of correspondence, but our interest in your work continues unabated. As you

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nagging, and bad

are aware, we are trying in New York to bring ourselves to some systematic way of dealing with the great question of prostitution. So far, there are nearly as many theories advanced as there are social science students to advance them, but we still think (those of us not carried away by their own ideas), that it is possible to learn by the experience of other people and other communities. With this end in view, I am writing to ask if you would be willing to receive as a volunteer worker in your Clinic, Miss Marjorie Clark of this city. Miss Clark is a trained nurse and had charge for three years of the free dental clinic established by Judge Peter T. Barlow. We wish to emphasize the fact that should you be willing to give Miss Clark the benefit of this opportunity to observe the workings of your Clinic, that the investigation would be conducted in a most sympathetic spirit. This is not to say that we commit ourselves to either segregation or to a clinic such as yours, but it does mean that we consider, granted these conditions, that San Francisco and your Municipal Clinic are meeting the question logically and scientifically, and that no better laboratory could be found to study this terrible question. Miss Clark will enclose a letter from herself, and your reply may be addressed to her or to us here. In closing, may I request you to send me any other material that you may have on hand that may be useful for us here? With renewed assurances of our best wishes for the success of your experiment, I remain,

Yours very truly,

—Alida B. Hazard,
Vice-President.

Dear Mr. Maguire: Enclosed please find Mrs. Hazard's letter. It fully explains my ambitions to study your Clinic, which I think is the first logical step towards the solution of this great problem. I have studied your cards and administration and believe it to be the best system in vogue. I shall be deeply grateful to you for whatever assistance you may be able to give me. Should you see the way clear to grant my request, I would like to report at your Clinic in September.

Respectfully yours,

—Marjorie Clark.

Dr. Rosenstirn Answers

Mrs. Barclay Hazard, My Dear Madame: Mr. J. M. Maguire, superintendent of our Municipal Clinic, has handed me your letter of June 30, which I take great pleasure in answering. I have enclosed some newspaper clippings to give you an idea of the work and aims of our clinic, and at the same time to present to you the difficulties we are laboring under. The would-be reformers and zealotic purists have intimidated our Mayor to withdraw police protection from our clinic, in spite of the protesting resolutions passed by the Board of Supervisors. Without police protection our usefulness is crippled, as we are powerless to prevent infected women from plying their trade. The attendance at the clinic is now merely a voluntary one and is reduced to about thirty per cent of the former contingent, but we of the Advisory Commission are endeavoring to convince the authorities of their error, police protection being essential to the usefulness and life of the clinic. We shall be very glad to have Miss Clark come, if she cares to under these changed conditions, and will give her all the assistance and information she may desire. Yours very sincerely,

Julius Rosenstirn, M. D.

Art in Pacific Grove

The summer colony of artists at Monterey is larger than ever this year. From the old Custom House to Point Lobos the beach is crowded with the easels of painters who are engaged on masterpieces. Wherever you go you find serious-faced young men and women laying colors on canvas for all the world as though their lives depended on the speedy depiction of cypress or surf. This being the case, the good clubwomen of Pacific Grove thought fit the other day to show their appreciation of art by inviting all the painters they could gather to a studio tea. Charlie Dickman was one of the lions of the occasion. The dear clubwomen were effusive in their panegyrics of his work. One Pacific Grove dowager was particularly attentive, and at last managed to have a tete-a-tete with Charlie. "Oh, Mr. Dickman!" she gurgled, "I understand that you paint the ocean." Charlie admitted that he sometimes endeavored to do so. "Do you paint your oceans with or without boats?" asked the dowager art lover. Charlie collapsed before he could frame a reply.

Studios in a Wrecked Bank

When buildings began to spring from the ruins of San Francisco we were mildly surprised; when rose bushes emerged from brick piles and began to blossom we were astonished; when the old family cat, for which we had mourned for months, appeared on the new door step unscathed we were astounded. But the wreck and ruin of the old California Safe Deposit and Trust building and bank were so complete that by no stretch of the imagination could one conceive anything rising from it. But there in the very heart of a

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district given over to barter and exchange and in the old ramshackle rooms since abandoned to all the rats that escaped Rupert Blue are blossoming and flowering—all sorts of interesting things. Some very earnest and very talented people—neither highbrows nor Bohemians, but workers—have fitted up studios and are doing things literary, musical and artistic.

Talent in Variety

One is Mrs. Fred Bordwell who sketched in Mexico for a year or so while her husband built railroads. Her work was not only accepted but was given a choice position in the recent exhibition at Carmel and attracted much attention. Just now she is dividing her time between the development of her old sketches and the making of new ones in Chinatown. During her sojourn in Mexico she gathered the materials for a series of short stories that are well under way. Adjoining Mrs. Bordwell's studio on one side is that of Miss Esther Stevens, the daughter of Mrs. Sanborn of Berkeley. With her New York training she is doing some splendid work in portraiture. On the other side John Kelly, the illustrator, and his wife, a sister of Mrs. Philip Bradley, have their workshop. Mrs. Kelly is modeling in clay, and making a specialty of figures and portraits. At the end of the broad hall is the studio of Miss Medora Block, the daughter of former Tax Collector Block who is at work upon a comic opera and doing the book, the lyrics and the music without the aid of a collaborator. In another room a psychological study in the form of a novel is approaching completion, publication and success, but the authoress, for social reasons, has been able to conceal her identity under the nom de plume of Marja Jahn. Next door, in the room that once held millions—in unredeemed clearing house certificates and unpaid promissory notes—Messrs. Wessel and McLeod, illustrators, are doing their best work. Upon their wall hangs the motto that is driving them on to success—the only reminder of the crash that flattened Dalzell Brown and fattened Hiram Johnson—"a man must eat."

The Union in New Hands

The old Sacramento Union which was almost wrecked by the defunct Calkins Syndicate has passed into new hands and will now be under a new management. It was always a good money-maker, so Calkins charged up against it the losses of other papers under his control, and the weight of accumulated indebtedness nearly swamped it. It struggled on for some time under the management of L. E. Bontz. But Bontz would like to be the next postmaster of Sacramento, and is therefore ready to retire from his editorial work. The Union will be under the management of Lynne Simpson who for years has been telegraph editor of the Chronicle, and is a brother of Ernest M. Simpson, late managing editor of the Call. It is understood that an entirely new corporation has been organized to take over the paper, and that Simpson has a long term option upon it coupled with an agrement that there shall be no interference in his management of it until the option expires.

A Hero Overlooked

The daily newspapers are supposed to keep the public informed upon all current events of interest, but how many people in California today know that a San Francisco boy who left here only a few weeks ago has won recognition abroad as the highest class champion that ever came out of the West; that good old conservative London has gone mad over him; that the newspapers and periodicals there and in New York are publishing pages of portraits and descriptions of him and columns of editorials about him, while here in his old home one is compelled to search the brevities on the sporting page to discover any mention of him? If Tommy Lipton were over here trying to lift the cup with another Shamrock we should have pages of him. If Jack Johnson, admittedly a physical wreck, should meet Sam Langford, confessedly a faker, in Paris, we should have columns of it, but when a fine clean lad fights his way to the very top of a good clean sport he is practically ignored, even when he goes abroad to bring back to America a cup that we lost ten years ago and have never been able to recover.

McLoughlin's Achievement

Outside of the tennis courts Maurice McLoughlin is very slightly known here as a model real estate salesman, though he has won every tennis championship in America worth having and has enough trophies to fill a large room. Very recently he went to England to contest for the Davis cup, but when he landed he found that he was in time for the All England tournament and entered merely to get himself in trim for the big event. Though fresh from the steamer trip and wholly unfamiliar with the courts he fought his way through to the finals—something no American has ever been able to do before—and with scarcely the loss of a set. Then he went up against the great Wilding, the holder of the trophy who had done nothing but train for the challenger, and was beaten by a narrow margin. The English critics conceded that all the luck of the match was against McLoughlin, that had it broken even he would probably have won and that he is the equal of the man who has been for years regarded as incomparably the greatest tennis player in the world. And they declare that with another year or two of experience—he is only 23—McLoughlin will be the greatest player the world has ever seen. The manner in which he accepted his defeat won the hearts of the sportsmen over there and they are lionizing him. The speed with which he covered the courts without apparent effort astonished the Britons and the women of London, one learns from their papers, are studying and imitating what they call "the McLoughlin glide." It is freely predicted that McLoughlin and his team mates will win the Davis cup in the great tournament now under way.

California Champions

How many people in California know that every national tennis championship of any importance is held by Californians; that May Sutton, Hazel Hotchkiss, and Mary Browne defeated all women players for years; that McLoughlin won all singles and McLoughlin and Bundy all doubles;

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that young Hurd of Pasadena has the intercollegiate championship? And how little is known of the striplings Johnston and Strachan who give promise of surpassing even McLoughlin! Young Johnston who is only 18, is the holder of all the coast championships and a year ago defeated the two Canadians who are now in England after the Davis cup. He has just departed for the East to represent California in the singles in the big national tournaments this year, while Strachan and Griffin will contest in the doubles. If they win in the finals they will go up against McLoughlin and Bundy for the national cup.

Important Bridge Rules

In the good old game of whist play was everything. Bridge introduced a new element of equal importance—the declaration. When that game was superseded by auction it was found that 75 per cent of the skill was in the bidding, and ever since royal bridge came into popular favor the importance of the declaration has been steadily growing, until the play of the hand counts for little. This is due to the new count and the opportunities it affords to go game in any suit. Observation has shown that, among expert players, only once in eleven times is a score below the line of any assistance toward game, and in the search for the "out" declaration the bidding has grown more and more informatory in character. But it has been a groping in the dark, provocative of confusion and misunderstandings. The Eastern authorities, who sought to clarify the game by suggesting various spade conventions, only added to the confusion, till the ordinary player, despairing of ever finding two who follow the same system, feels inclined to abandon all in disgust.

New Spade Conventions

In the last two months the members of the San Francisco Whist Club have been testing the conventions suggested, approving, rejecting and changing, till they have found a system that seems to work satisfactorily. Its best feature, perhaps, is that it is conducive to good team work, for it enables a weak player to so bid his hand that his more expert partner may play it—to their mutual advantage. It is as follows: With any holding short of two quick and certain tricks at any declaration that may be made, one spade should be the bid. Your partner counts upon you for that number, and a bid of one in any suit is merely assurance that he shall not be disappointed. A bid of two spades tells your partner that you have three certain tricks in your hand at any declaration, at least one of which is in spades—for example, Ace or King and Queen of spades with the Ace and King of another suit. If the outside suit be diamonds or clubs, bid two spades regardless of its length as an invitation to a no-trump. If the invitation be not accepted the long suit may be bid on the second round, and your partner has a photograph of your hand. A bid of three spades informs your partner that you hold at least five spades without the Ace and probably without the King, but with some outside help in other suits. A weak player holding King and four small spades, the Ace, Queen and another club and the Ace of diamonds would not bid a no-trump, but give his expert partner the option of declaring royals or without. The four spade bid is employed as a secondary declaration over one in any suit but royals, in which it would be insufficient, and tells your partner to bid a no-trump if he has the suit stopped. Lacking the stopper, he should bid his own suit, if he has one; but if he is hopelessly weak he should bid another spade and let his partner take himself out. A five spade bid is employed in exactly the same way over one in royals, and instructs the partner to go two without if he can stop the spades. It is also used as a secondary bid over a no-trump, giving the information that the bidder also holds a no-trump, and instructing his partner to bid his longest suit or go two without, according to his holding. If he be too weak to make a declaration he passes it back by bidding another spade. As an original bid five spades, which must not be confused with its use as a secondary declaration, tells your partner: "I hold five hearts and five royals with two big honors in each suit. I am in doubt which to bid. Go two in the suit that gives promise of game." With fair strength in the two other suits and nothing in hearts or royals he may prefer to go two without. With a hand upon which you may safely bid two in hearts or one without, do not guess, but bid six spades and let your partner make the declaration best suited to his hand. With the same holding in royals instead of hearts give him the option by bidding seven spades.

The One Danger

The one danger in these high spade declarations to be avoided is the inclination to bid them upon hands that do not justify them, thus inviting disaster. The temptation to overbid in the slightest degree should be firmly resisted, except, of course, when the state of the score justifies a hazard. The next bidder after any spade declaration should never double except to show strength in the suit, for the declarer's partner must take him out. Over a four spade bid a declaration should be made if possible that will force the adversary to two without; and over an original five spade bid enough clubs or diamonds should be declared if possible to force the adversary to three in hearts or royals. When five spades are employed as a secondary declaration the next hand should make a shut-out bid if possible, and his partner must not be greatly encouraged thereby, but understand that it is merely a forcer. The general adoption of these conventions would raise the standard of the game in San Francisco beyond measure, and simplify the play in the tournament that the San Francisco Whist Club is now planning. Teams from all of the different clubs will be invited to participate. The system of scoring employed in the East in bridge tournaments will be modified to meet auction needs.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Rumor and Mrs. Hobart

The return of Mrs. Neil Hobart from her Oriental tour has revived a rumor in society that the former wife of Walter may decide again to essay matrimony. Mrs. Hobart declines to discuss the rumor at all and considers it a bit premature for people to hint at such a thing. Still there are stories of an old admirer of lovely Hannah Williams that was, who has not seen her in several years, but whose devotion has never wavered in the time of her residence abroad. Mrs. Hobart's beauty of face is only equalled by her charm and beauty of character and should rumor prove true when the final decree in the Hobart divorce is granted, she will have the cordial good wishes of a host of devoted friends. At present Mrs. Hobart is the guest of her sister Mrs. Alexander Lilley in San Rafael. Her recent tour of Japan was enjoyed with the Charlie Baldwins, Mrs. Baldwin who was Virginia Hobart, having always retained a warm affection for her sister-in-law.

The Hearsts Rag

Almost daily one hears of terpsichorean innovations and of new devotees of the pleasant pastime. The latest dance is the "tiger," which has not yet reached us from New York, and the most recent converts are Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, who are at Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's home in Pleasanton. A teacher who has recently come from the East and organized many classes here, declares that the ultra-smart set has decided to taboo the rag, and he teaches only the more graceful steps, but Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, I am told, are satisfied with the more popular dance and may be found practicing it every evening at the hacienda.

An Appeal for a Scarf Pin

I am not running a "lost and found" column, but I cannot resist giving here the substance of a conversation I had the other day with a well known chap from Los Angeles. I have an idea that his appeal will reach the ears, or the eyes rather, of the young woman to whom it is addressed. To put it briefly, Larned Feagan of Los Angeles would be much obliged if the young lady who appropriated his beautiful scarf pin would let him have it back. Larned Feagan is the son of the proprietor of one of the smart jewelry shops in Los Angeles. One evening he was invited to a party at the home of certain prominent Los Angeles people where this beautiful young society girl of San Francisco was a guest. He wore in his scarf a costly pin of diamonds and sapphires. The young lady from San Francisco admired the pin and requested that she be allowed to examine it. Feagan released the safety catch and handed the pin to her. She failed to return it. The young man had not the courage to ask it of her point blank, so when she returned to San Francisco it was still in her possession. "If you put that in your paper," said my Los Angeles friend, "Larned Feagan may get his scarf pin back." I wonder if he will?

Buds and Business College

Two of last year's debutantes have decided to take a course at a business college next season and in due time will graduate, with honors no doubt, as expert bookkeepers and stenographers. It is as useful a fad as the younger set has known, and it really is a fad. Four of the buds of last year followed it. Of these one was Margaret Carrigan whose engagement to one of the clever Thompson boys was recently announced. She will doubtless never have occasion to be anyone's stenographer or bookkeeper, marriage and a fortune of her own taken into consideration. But there is Mrs. Fred Tallant, unexpectedly caught into a business career since her husband's death; and Miss Cora Smedberg who carried on her father's insurance office for a while. Neither of these one-time belles of society supposed they'd ever have use for a business training. Mrs. Roy Pike who was lovely Edith Simpson was the first of the belles to take up the idea. She took a course in bookkeeping and shorthand, though the Simpson fortune is in seven figures. The then Miss Simpson wisely decided it was a good idea for a girl to know these things and at least do her housekeeping in a businesslike manner.

Busy Brides-To-Be

Four of the brides-to-be are spending most of the summer days in town in the interests of their trousseaux. Any day one encounters them: Jeanne Gallois, handsome in the half mourning she still wears for her father, the late Eugene Gallois, going hurriedly into shops and out of them. Miss Dorothy Page doing likewise. Miss Grace Wilson, rather more stately. Miss Kate Peterson apparently rushed to death. Miss Peterson is to be bridesmaid at the Page-Buckingham wedding on September 6 while her own marriage to Ward Mailliard is set for the twentieth. Both these affairs will be al fresco. The second at the beautiful Peterson place in Belvedere promises to be as picturesque as the wedding of Anita Mailliard and Temple Bridgman that made social history in Belvedere several seasons ago. The Temple Bridgmans, by the way, will be here from their home in Tennessee for the event. At the Page-Buckingham marriage Miss Marion Lee Mailliard will make her first formal appearance in society, though her debut is still several years away. Marion Crocker will lay aside her mourning to be among the attendants of whom the bride will have ten.

Washington and Custis Blood

It is an interesting coincidence that a descendant of George Washington and a descendant of the Custis family should both be among the army matrons at the Presidio this year. Mrs. Amos Martin, wife of Captain Martin of the Fourteenth Infantry, is the great granddaughter of General Ogle who was descended from the Washingtons. She was Miss Grace Lee Lewis of Baltimore before her marriage. Mrs. Martin Crimmins, wife of Captain Crimmins, belongs to the Custis family. Her mother was a Custis of Virginia. Mrs. Crimmins was Margaret Cole of San Francisco, and her sister Mrs. Horatio Lawrence, the former Bessie Cole, is named for Elizabeth Custis. Mrs. Crimmins is spending the summer with the John D. Crimmins' in New York but will return to California and rejoin Captain Crimmins at the Presidio in the fall.

They Shock Medford

The Frank Prestons have entered with enthusiasm into ranch life in Oregon where they have been entertaining California friends this month. Mrs. Willard Drown and her children are there for a several weeks' visit, going in for the simple life with her handsome sister-in-law. The place is several miles beyond Medford whose smart set has been shocked by the sartorial indifference of these two young matrons from San Francisco's "inner circles."

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She's a Famous Fortune Teller

Mrs. Ysobel Strong who is the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Strong at their apartment in Jones street, is going back to Santa Barbara to tell fortunes at the Kirmess. Mrs. Strong is a famous teller of fortunes. In Samoa she made a set of fortune telling cards that she always uses. The Kirmess will be the great event of the season in the mission town with Mrs. Billy Graham and Mrs. Charles Hopkins to lend it eclat. By the way, the younger girls have a choice of titles this year in Santa Barbara. There are Earl Graham and Prince Hopkins, the latter just home from Harvard, with names that sound delightfully like the real thing.

The Fosters En Famille

The Foster clan is gathered at the family ranch in Sonoma County and it is very like a patriarchal community of old. There are the Henry Keuchlers and their children—Mrs. Keuchler was the oldest daughter; Dr. and Mrs. Draper (May Foster); the Will Fosters, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster (Margaret Calhoun), Miss Martha Foster, Miss Louisiana Foster and her fiance, Leonard Abbott Jr.; and members of the third generation to make a score of subjects. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster share the patriarchal duties. The Fosters are one of the most delightful families in the set, their friends say. There are always good times at Fairhills and they are all unaffectedly interested in one another. Mrs. Foster was a Miss Scott, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Scott, a pioneer clergyman of San Francisco. Mrs. Almer Newhall is her niece and formerly made her home at Fairhills. The Newhalls were added to the family circle at the ranch over the last week-end.

The Mystery of Portola

The tip has gone forth that everybody in town will be delighted when the announcement of the name of this year's Portola Queen is made public. This does not mean that the Queen has been chosen already, but simply that the energetic citizens who have charge of the October fete have decided to leave the choice to a committee of women, the most tactful women, the most charming and the most expert in the appraisement of loveliness that can be brought together. The result is bound to be the selection of a stunning beauty to preside over the revels. I cannot mention the names of the good ladies who are going to make the selection, but I may state that I shall be disappointed if Mrs. Eleanor Martin is not one of them. All the signs show that our Portola this year will be a more important social event than the world-famous Mardi Gras of New Orleans.

John Martin and the Stars

John Martin of Ross Valley and San Francisco gave quite an elaborate entertainment and supper the other evening, a number of beauties who scintillate in "The Passing Show" being the recipients of his generous hospitality. Two large touring cars loaded to capacity carried the musical comedy favorites from the theatre to the scene of the festivity. Miss Trixie Friganza, Miss Texas Guinan and Adelaide, the ballet dancer, were among those who inspired this very enjoyable affair. Those well known San Franciscans who were invited by Martin declare that all had the time of their lives.

Harry Scott, Nimrod

Since Harry Scott received an invitation to sail to Bering Sea and shoot polar bears he's been the envy of all the men in the Burlingame Club. The trip will be made in "The Adventuress" which is the suggestive name of John Borden's steam yacht. John Borden is the young Chicago millionaire who was introduced to the set by Harry Scott on his arrival last week. He preceded "The Adventuress," due today from her voyage around the Horn, by a fortnight and has been a guest of the Scotts at Burlingame. The third member of the party will be H. C. Andrews of New York. The trio will go first to Alaska and then into the more northern waters to seek the polar bear in its native lair. A moving picture camera will be on the cargo of "The Adventuress" and in the course of time we may see Harry Scott in heroic hunting scenes to rival those that have made Paul Rainey famous. The sailing of "The Adventuress" is to be a gala event in the set that will be in town to see her cast off.

A Wedding in the Literary Set

The marriage of Lem Parton, star reporter on the Examiner, and Miss Mary Field, the well known magazine writer and socialistic reformer, came as a distinct surprise, even to their most intimate friends. While there was no effort to keep it a secret, no public announcements were made, and many of their acquaintances are still in ignorance of their new found happiness.

Envied for Reducing

Whenever and wherever women may meet nowadays it is certain that the names of Mrs. Fredrick Kohl and Miss Hager will be mentioned—never with the lifting of eyebrows or the narrowing of eyelids—always with admiration tinctured with envy and reluctantly yielded. How did they do it? There was a time when they could have posed as a California Ceres and Diana respectively with more success than any Native Daughters I ever saw, but—alas!—beauty of outline just won't stay. Abundant health, the appetite for "tasty" things that all unthin people possess, and a fine refusal to worry over increasing avoirdupois will soon banish anyone from the realm of the classical and mythical. But they have "come back."

"How did they ever ———?"

"Have you ever tried the potato treatment?" asks the slender one of the plump one.

"Have I! Well rather. I have not looked upon the potato in all its delectable variety for a year, so now I have completely conquered my

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desire for it—just as I did my passion for candy, for the sake of my voice."

"But really," says the svelte one, "this new cure is potatoes. You eat them baked with salt—two or three big ones—three times a day just one day in the week—and with each meal a glass of skimmed milk—nothing else. The rest of the week eat moderately of anything you like."

"No wonder I've been getting fat!" exclaims the plump one disgustedly. "Fancy a form of Irish extraction, brought up by parents who considered it almost a sacrilege to dine without the health and beauty bestowing potato going without any for ages! It serves me right. But watch me. The first thing you know I shall be straight up and down all around, have a chin like the prow of a ship and lovely 'artist's' lines in my neck."

The Great Secret

No; the potato is not the corrective—unless you happen to have rheumatism and a pocket. This is something new that Mrs. Kohl found during her last European trip—so new that Mme. Bernhardt obviously had never heard of it when she made her farewell appearance here. And even she after being undieted and uncorseted for 70 years may "come back." And one recalls the great prima donna who is no longer—well, who is—horribly healthy and unbeautifully plump, and probably denies herself spaghetti. But there was Mme. Nordica, almost slender—again—attributing her airiness and her yielding torso lines to a mysterious little powder. No; it is no magic philter that rushes in through opened pores to wage war upon offending fats. It is not abstinence, renunciation or slow starvation—this conserver of beauty, this preserver of health. It was the pugilist who pioneered the way—that tremendously healthy animal whose hardest fight is with fat—who knows that the time must come when he will go down beneath the weight of it, never to "come back." No; it is not punching the bag, skipping rope, running miles on the high road, soaking in salt water, or abjuring cigarettes. This achievement of the age the plump will clamor for as the tubercular did for turtle serum is a new—corset—just an elastic abdominal support that gives the diaphragm free play. A lacy brassiere firmly fitted does the rest. There! The secret of the surprisingly supple figures that one sees is out.

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At Del Monte

The beautiful weather the guests of Del Monte enjoyed over the Fourth and during the golf tournament continued the past week, and many jolly motor parties have arrived from San Francisco, some to spend their time on the links, others to enjoy the scenic boulevards and quite a number the salmon fishing. Del Monte has a new gasoline fishing launch fitted especially for this purpose and ready at all times for the accommodation of its guests. Polo is to reign for one week preceding the golf tournament. Two teams are already booked, the San Mateo Juniors and the team of the Third Squadron of the First Cavalry of the Presidio of Monterey. The first game will be played August 29, and the last probably Wednesday, September 3. The date for the annual Fall golf tournament has been set as September 6 to 13, inclusive. The tournament this year will be known as the California State and Del Monte Championship Golf Tournament. The idea of giving the winner of the Del Monte tournament the title of State Champion and the tournament being partly held under the auspices of the California State Association will no doubt prove a great drawing card and bring many crack players from distant points.

At Casa del Rey

The weather continues perfect at beautiful Casa del Rey on the Santa Cruz beach, and hundreds are in the surf every day. The sands are crowded with guests, and the large Japanese parasols which are used as sun shades make a pretty picture. The reserve torpedo flotilla is at anchor, and the naval officers are entering with spirit into the gaieties of the season. Besides, there are six hundred soldiers encamped at Laveaga Park, and their presence adds greatly to the attractiveness of the ocean resort. Complimentary balls to the soldiers and sailors have been arranged, much to the joy of the young women who love a uniform. There will be a dance for the officers Monday night, a courtesy extended to them by the city of Santa Cruz. The Southern Pacific has made a two-dollar excursion rate from San Francisco and bay points.

Tait's—A Delightful Retreat

A cool, soothing atmosphere pervades this veritable garden on a warm summer day while unique and pleasing decorations lend color to an otherwise beautiful setting. And a musical program of unusual excellence is provided during every meal. Courteous, attentive service, a feature of this popular cafe, adds to the pleasure of the repast. In the afternoon several novel musical numbers are presented between 2 and 5 o'clock. The management has not overlooked anything for the comfort and entertainment of its extensive patronage. The special 50 cent luncheon is an attraction that has added materially to the popularity of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe.

The "pro." was being criticised in his absence; and, come to think of it, it is generally in one's absence that the nastiest things are said. And so hard was the critic on the histrionic shortcomings of the absent one that the latter's particular pal was moved to protest.

"Say what you like about him, there's one thing you can't deny," he contended. "He's a worker!"

"Possibly," retorted the critic, in icy agreement. "Nobody ever accused him of being a player!"

And, as the pal afterwards complained, there was a lot more ambiguity in that remark than in the subsequent query, "What's yours?"

On the hotel porch, in the cool shade of the woods, and on the banks of the summer stream there is nothing like a box of "Varied Sweets" as a pleasure producer. This package contains luscious chocolates, dainty sugared almonds, mellow peppermints, delicious gumdrops—you are sure to find your favorite sweet in this box. At Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

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The Vendome has many attractive features, and at this season of the year it is an ideal terminal for an automobile trip or for a week-end sojourn. First-class, with most reasonable rates.

The Personal Equation

of PARIS

By MRS. FRANCES HARDIN HESS *of* I. Magnin & Co.

Photograph by Courtesy of I. Magnin & Co.

From Paris comes the following notes:

The silhouette has undergone a change in the last few weeks. It looks as though the draped skirt were doomed, and flounces and ruffles in all forms are likely to take first position. At the beginning of the summer season the lace flounce appeared, a single deep flounce of lace set on a silk foundation skirt. Shortly afterward the two-flounced skirt came in, and this was followed quickly by one with three flounces, called the three-tier skirt. Although it was first presented in lace and tulle,

NOT THE LATEST, BUT CONSIDERED THE BEST PICTURE OF MADAME SOREL, THE GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS, NOW PLAYING THE WIDOW IN "VOULOIR," WHO IS THE ARBITER OF FASHION, FOR THOSE WHO ARE THE REALLY EXCLUSIVE PERSONS IN FRANCE.

Callot exploited the idea in silken fabrics, making Shantung and plain- satin dresses with skirts of this description. Too early to prophesy the whimsicalities of the Flounce Mania!

* * * * * * *

Parisiennes are spending small fortunes on their shoes these days. Nothing but the newest and freshest of footwear is ever seen, and one wonders if the Parisienne ever wears a boot or a slipper more than once, so fresh and new do they always appear. The buckles on pumps and tongue pumps, and the tiny strap fasteners on the "cothurns" are veritable works of art. They add a pretty item to the cost of the season's footwear, these buckles and slides of cut steel or silver, but they are distinctly worth the cost, since they give such chic to the geenral toilette.

* * * * * * *

The separate waistcoat is the rage in Paris; at the racecourse, the tea rooms and in morning promenade in the Bois, one sees the very smartest Parisiennes wearing, with sombre coat suits, a vest or a waistcoast of a bright fabric. The influence of this fashion will be strongly felt in the early fall models. Fancy silks, such as Roman stripes, Scotch plaids, fancy brocades and the new checked effects, are in great demand for these waistcoats. In cut, many are made with deep revers which are allowed to extend over the front of the jacket and appear almost as a part of the coat itself, others are strictly tailored like a man's vest and are fastened with fancy crystal, pearl, or brilliant buttons, some forming a double breasted effect and on others a single row only.

The length of the vest in front varies, the tailored styles forming sharp points at the waistline in front, while others have a basque-like effect; that is, they extend about three inches below the waistline and frequently have a narrow belt of black ribbon, which terminates on the side front in a single sash end. Aside from the silken fabrics in vogue for this fashion, fancy eponges are smart and very popular. A new pattern shows an irregularly striped design in multi-colored effect; other novel patterns are in Martine design or l'art de Paul Poiret.

* * * * * * *

The outfit for an afternoon function of a woman considered a la mode, figuring very reasonably, costs almost $500. For instance, the dress, purchased at any leading rue de la Paix house, represented 1,000 francs—this is not too great a value to put on some, though the elaborate lace and embroidered gowns represented a sum far in excess of this amount. The hat, purchased at any of the great designers, for instance, a velvet one with ostrich trimming, cost 300 francs ($60), without speaking of the aigrette and paradise trimmed hat which represents from $200 to $300; shoes, 75 francs or $15; the mantle, for it is an indispensable adjunct in Paris, represents 750 francs or $150, and the parasol, in keeping with the general character of the attire, costs easily 175 francs or $30. Now this amounts to an outlay of $450, not including such accessories as the purse, stockings, gloves, jewels, etc. Many consider this estimate entirely too conservative.

* * * * * * *

A summary of the Mode emphasizes the great vogue of lace. Last year it seemed at its height, but, if possible, it is exceeded this year. Vying in popularity with the lace dresses are those of diaphanous and perishable tulle which is used in the form of deep flounces on the skirts, or as a veiling over many silk foundations. The vogue of lace and net in underwear and in blouses is as great as in frocks. People seem to have gone mad over transparency.

* * * * * * *

Tulle hats, with the crown very transparent, and double pleatings of tulle upstanding from a narrow velvet band to form a brim, are among the most decided millinery features of the day.

* * * * * * *

Tulle formed the neck trimmings of almost every frock, either in plain bands, easy frills or in pleatings.

Gossip of the Theatre

"Pinafore" at the Tivoli

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas, like good old wines that are laid away on the shelf to accumulate cobwebs on their labels, mellow and ripen with age, losing none of their sparkling effervescence and growing richer in their delectable bouquet. The reason is that they were good operas when they were written, not merely frothy productions designed to appeal to perverted tastes and exhilarate for the moment, not the hastily prepared concoctions that leave a bad taste in the mouth and an ache in the head. Monday evening the Tivoli uncorked "Pinafore," the old favorite that proved a record breaker on its first production here and did for the little Eddy street opera house what "The First Born" did for the Alcazar; and those who were present at the revival drank in the old melodies with as much zest as did their "sisters, their cousins and their aunts" thirty-four years ago. In the revival, as in the first production, the Tivoli management followed closely upon the heels of London and New York, where the old time favorites have recently proven as popular as ever. "Pinafore" was first presented at the London Opera Comique May 28, 1878. In the same year Emily Melville and an amateur company gave a performance of it at the old Bush Street theatre in this city. It was first produced in New York January 15, 1879, and on July 3 of the same year at the Tivoli, where it had a continuous run of twelve weeks, something unheard of in the time of two productions a week. In the cast were F. E. Brooks, F. Roraback, H. de Lorme, Miss M. Neville and Miss Edith Hartwell, all of whom the old timers still remember. The original Little Buttercup of the company was Edith Woodthorpe, now Mrs. Al Dobson. The honors of the revival must be divided between Edward P. Temple, the stage manager, and Teddy Webb, the comedian. To Temple who is a martinet at rehearsals only, the performance owes the zing and zip that are so often wanting in revivified productions. Webb, as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., shows, as usual, the thoroughness of his English training, giving exactly the touch that distinguishes comedy from burlesque both in the makeup and portrayal of the character. We have grown so accustomed to seeing Sarah Edwards in coarser characterizations that her Little Buttercup was a pleasant surprise, while Rena Vivienne's pretty mezzo found ample opportunity in the songs of Josephine. John R. Phillips, as Ralph Rackstraw, showed the strain of rehearsals and the nervousness of a first night, but will come back as soon as he is sure of himself. Charles E. Galagher, as the Boatswain, was given a splendid opportunity to show his resonant bass voice, and he made the best of it. The ensembles were particularly good, the costumes fresh and fetching and the stage setting up to the standard.

—The Music Lover.

Miss Franklin's Success

Once in a while the exacting critics at the Orpheum—and there are as many critics as there are Orpheumites at every performance—once in a while these more or less blase appraisers of vaudeville throw off restraint and indulge themselves in a revel of enthusiasm. Miss Irene Franklin caused one of these outbursts Tuesday night. I am told she causes them every night, and I do not wonder. Miss Franklin is billed as an "American comedienne," and the bill puts the matter quite conservatively. Miss Franklin is not an ordinary American comedienne. She is in truth an American comedienne whom one cannot watch without immediately thinking of certain English comediennes. That Miss Franklin should remind one of such finished performers as Ada Reeve and Vesta Victoria indicates that she has quite unusual talents, but does not carry the inference that she is an imitator. Her methods are distinctively her own, quite as distinctively her own as her subjects are distinctively American. Her chorus girl is just as true to type as Rose Stahl's chorus girl, but at the same time a different chorus girl from Miss Stahl's. Her waitress is a quite irresistible characterization, true to life in every small detail. She has quite a comic sense, has Miss Franklin, and a rich voice of flexible power. It was good to see the Orpheum audience go wild over her. They

MARION BENT
Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

stopped the show in their insistent demand for more, and Miss Franklin had to plead with them to give the other acts a chance. In a splendid show Miss Franklin is easily a bill-topper.

—The First Nighter.

Miss Barriscale, a Little Queen

Bessie Barriscale is just the dainty, petite and fascinating actress to portray the heroine of Channing Pollock's "Such a Little Queen," San Francisco knows Miss Barriscale's ability, for during her various engagements at the Alcazar she has played all sorts of parts and played all of them with exceptional success. She never had a more appealing role than that of Anna Victoria, the exiled Balkan Queen who learns more of life and love in a New York flat than she could have hoped to learn had not a revolution sent her flying from Bosnia. Miss Barriscale's welcome to the city has been touching in its cordiality; she deserves to be so received. The Alcazar will be crowded with her admirers while she continues there. Howard Hickman was excellent in the role of the American who tries to win the heart of the exiled Queen, and Kernan Cripps as the King was adjudged altogether worthy of the happiness which lies in store for him at the conclusion of this delightful comedy.

—The Second Nighter.

Elephants at the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week six new acts. Miss Orford will introduce her elephants. They enact a little play of domestic life—the family supper and baby's bedtime, concluding with the rescue of Miss Orford from the upper window of a burning house. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent will present "At the News Stand," full of fun. They excel in song and dance. Lamberti plays upon the violin, 'cello and piano. In different make-ups he portrays various composers playing their respective compositions and accurately depicting their mannerisms. Hal Davis, Inez Macauley and their company will present a comedy by Archie Colby called "The Girl from Childs." A sketch by Miss Elsie Janis, the distinguished star and authoress, entitled "Three in One," will be an amusing feature and will serve to introduce Val Harris, Reta Boland and Lou Holtz. Ida O'Day will introduce her original Songologue. When last seen here it was as the successful star of a pretty little play "A Bit of Old Chelsea." For the second week of her engagement Irene Franklin who is scoring one of the greatest hits the Orpheum has ever known will introduce new songs and impersonations. Theodore Bendix and his symphony players will conclude their engagement.

Karl Grienauer at Kohler and Chase's

At the Music Matinee at Kohler and Chase Hall this Saturday Karl Grienauer, the 'cello virtuoso, will be heard. He is no stranger to our concert audiences who know him both as orchestral musician and concert soloist. He was first 'cellist of the Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Scheel. He will play works by Saint-Saens, Popper, Verdi and Moszkowski. There will be instrumental selections on the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

Last Week of "Passing Show"

The third and last week of the "Passing Show of 1912" at the Cort will begin Sunday night. Arrangements have been made for the company to remain over on Sunday night, July 27, this being the last performance in this city before the departure for Oakland, Portland and Seattle. It will not be seen anywhere else on the Pacific Coast, south of Portland. Three matinees will be given during the last week, on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. In spite of the fact that the month of July is not supposed to be the best in the year for theatricals in this city, the "Passing Show of 1912" has broken all records for a three weeks engagement of any attraction at the Cort. As a result San Francisco is assured of another visit by another New York Winter Garden organization next summer.

Forrest Stanley at Alcazar

Forrest Stanley who returns to the Alcazar next week as Bessie Barriscale's co-star during the remainder of her season, is well and favorably remembered by our play patrons, for he was Laurette Taylor's leading man when she was under Belasco and Mayer's management last summer, and he then proved himself an actor richly endowed. James Forbes' successful American comedy "The Traveling Salesman" which will be the medium of Mr. Stanley's reappearance in O'Farrell street, was chosen because it enabled him to score an emphatic hit in the East and affords Miss Barriscale almost equal opportunity to do effective work. He will be seen as a typical commercial tourist, and she as the

pretty ticket-seller at a village railroad station in the middle west. These two characters are surrounded by more than a dozen others, each of whom is familiar to anyone who has studied the inhabitants of a small town.

Three Headliners at Empress

The Exposition Four with mirth and melody; John White and his comedy animal circus; and "The Trainer," a story of the turf will be the headliners at the Empress next week. The Exposition Four are Alexander Brothers, Willing and Cooper. They play on xylophones and sing. Russell Alexander does blackface comedy. John White's comedy circus is making its second appearance. Mules, hounds and dogs are the actors. "The Trainer" is about a former trainer who bets on a horse to provide comforts for his home over which the stork hovers. Paul Dullzell, star of the sketch, was selected by David Belasco to play the role of the dope fiend in "The City." Theo Lightner and Dolly Jordan are comedians who furnish a singing, dancing and piano act. Raymond Teal has parodies and stories. Marcou, a shadowgraph expert, is a clever performer. Mme. Lorraine and her operatic trio and the Essanceescope wind up the bill.

Added Pictures at Columbia

The third successful week of the Kinemacolor Pictures will begin at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon, and in addition to the big features, "The Making of the Panama Canal" and "Scenes of the Balkan War," special features will be seen, "The Scarlet Letter," based on the novel, and "Views of Nigara Falls," taken by the Kinemacolor company for the United States and the Canadian Governments. The Columbia's venture into kinetics is proving successful beyond expectation. Daily matinees and the regular evening presentations at 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. will be given at the Columbia during the kinemacolor engagement.

"The Mission Play" Coming

San Francisco is interested in the announcement that Gottlob, Marx and Co. of the Columbia have secured for early August presentation the Mission Play of San Gabriel. During the past two years much has been printed and said of this play. It has become one of the features of the tourist's itinerary. All the effects, players, etc., will be brought here. George Osborne will make his appearance in the role of Father Junipero Serra.

"The Mikado" at the Tivoli

Commencing Monday evening the Tivoli will put on an elaborate revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "The Mikado" which, with the exception of "Pinafore," has proved the most successful of all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. "The Mikado" has always been one of the Tivoli's most reliable offerings and has always been received there with the greatest pleasure. In the present revival everything possible is being done to comply with the best traditions of the earlier productions and there is no doubt that this will eclipse all previous efforts of the Tivoli management. The cast will be a notable one consisting of Teddy Webb as the Lord High Executioner; John R. Phillips as Nanki Poo; Henry Santry as Pish Tush; Charles Galagher as Pooh Bah and Robert G. Pitkin as the Mikado. The feminine roles are as follows: Yum Yum, Miss Rena Vivienne; Pitti Sing, Miss Ilon Bergere; Peep Boo, Miss Mildred Whitney; while Sarah Edwards will have the exacting role of Katisha. The big Tivoli chorus will have much to do. Stage Manager Edward P. Temple promises a beautiful setting, and Conductor Linne will render a good account of the music.

Pelkey and Burns at Pantages

The program for the coming week at Pantages bristles with names prominent in fistdom. Arthur Pelkey who by his victory over Luther McCarthy, leaped to the front overnight, will head the bill with Tommy Burns. This is Pelkey's first appearance in this city and interest is keen as to his worth. Burns who is acting as the big fellow's manager will be seen in a sharp little set-to of three rounds, preceded by some clever rope skipping, bag punching and shadow boxing by the champion. On the same bill is Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons who will be seen in a musical extravaganza entitled "A Bulgarian Romance." Mrs. Fitzsimmons' principal support is Charles Dano, the operatic tenor. "The Newly Married Man" is a comedy playlet presented by Bernard and Harrington. Sylvester and Vance are singers and dancers. A pair versed in acrobatics and gymnastics is the Mars Duo. Billy Dodge, a local entertainer, will give his imitations of famous singers and character actors.

"Hurried Luncheon" at Techau's

Business men and others whose time is limited find the "hurried luncheon" served at Techau Tavern a great convenience. The menu is always good and of liberal variety and the surroundings are much more agreeable than is usual in restaurants available to those who wish short orders. There is always good music by an orchestra of unusual ability and the cafe is so well ventilated as to insure the comfort of patrons. The cafe is equally popular with ladies during shopping hours and is well filled every afternoon.

"What's the height of your ambition?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, but she just comes up to my shoulder."

"Pop, what is the difference between an artist and an artisan?"

"An artisan, my son, can usually make at least three dollars a day."

"But are you sure," persisted the grouchy customer, "that this 'ere stuff will cure my rheumatiz?"

"Oh, yes," replied the drug clerk; "all the doctors refuse to recommend it."

"So the Widow Strong is going to marry again, eh? Is her prospective husband a good catch?"

"I hope so. They say she used to throw flatirons at her first one."

AMUSEMENTS

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Beautiful Scenic Triumph "NIGARA FALLS" in addition to "THE MAKING OF THE PANAMA CANAL" and "ACTUAL SCENES OF THE BALKAN WAR"
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Prices: Evenings, 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 25c.

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THE GREATEST SUCCESS SAN FRANCISCO HAS KNOWN
The New York Winter Garden's Greatest Hit
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Monday Evening, July 21st, and Throughout the Week
BESSIE BARRISCALE FORREST STANLEY
Howard Hickman and the Alcazar Company in the Successful American Play
"THE TRAVELING SALESMAN"
By James Forbes, Author of "The Chorus Lady," etc.
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
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A TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR ATTRACTION
ARTHUR PELKEY, Champion Heavy Weight of the World, with Tommy Burns, ex-champion; MRS. BOB FITZSIMMONS, assisted by Chas. Dano and cast of 14, "A BULGARIAN ROMANCE;" BERNARD and HARRINGTON, "The Newly Married Man;" SYLVESTER and VANCE, Elite Entertainers; MARS DUO, Oddities in Acrobatics; BILLY DODGE, Beau Brummel; ALSACE and LORRAINE, Musical Monarchs.
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30 Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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PEERLESS VAUDEVILLE
MISS ORFORD and her WONDERFUL ELEPHANTS; PAT ROONEY AND MARION BENT "At the News Stand"; LAMBERTI, the Master Musician; HAL DAVIS, INEZ MACAULEY & CO. in the up-to-the-minute Comedy "The Girl from Childs"; HARRIS, BOLAND & HOLTZ, presenting "Three In One," written and produced by Elsie Janis; IDA O'DAY in her Original Songologue; THEODORE BENDIX and HIS SYMPHONY PLAYERS; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES Showing Current Events. Second Week—The Theatrical Sensation of the City, the American Comedienne MISS IRENE FRANKLIN with Mr. Burt Green at the Piano.
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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"THE MIKADO"
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Matinees Saturday and Sunday
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THE ACME OF VAUDEVILLE PERFECTION
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was the consensus of the weekly trade reviews that business is holding fairly well. A decline in retail trade is always seen at this season but the early part of July this year does not show much slacker business than in normal times. This week manufacturers and jobbers looking toward the fall trade have been greatly encouraged by the fair weather and the generally favorable reports from all grain sections except the spring wheat territory and from the cotton sections. The wheat and corn options again declined. If the grain markets present a fair view of the crops, the yield will be more bountiful than has previously been estimated. It was perhaps because of the weakness in grain that traders were unwilling to leave short contracts outstanding over the week-end and that many of the stocks advanced. Very little was done in the late trading. Early gains held fairly well. The few brokers on the floor were relieved when the session was over. None of them can anticipate another week so remarkable for the dullness of trading.

Wheat—The tendency of the wheat market was again toward a lower level. The Government report was slightly bullish in that it indicates a smaller crop than was expected. Unless the spring wheat meets with further serious damage we expect the final figures will show a crop about equal to last year. The daily big receipts indicate that farmers will do this year as they always do—sell enough wheat regardless of price to make a big movement and the tightness of the money market will also be against the bulls. In the long run this may mean a good thing for the bulls in wheat, as it will undoubtedly result in a big export business being done as European markets show a tendency to firmness owing to the fact that the war will greatly interfere with harvesting and also the unfavorable French crop news. There will be bulges due to the market getting oversold but for any sustained advance the bulls must have additional material damage to the spring wheat crop.

Corn—The condition of the corn crop is generally favorable and with good luck could equal last year's crop. The next six weeks are the critical period for corn, therefore weather conditions should be watched very closely by traders in this cereal. If the present favorable outlook for the crop should be maintained December corn at 58 cents will be high. There is still plenty of time and opportunity ahead for both bulls and bears to have an inning in corn. The Government report is moderately bearish.

Cotton—The situation in Washington concerning the proposition to pay tax on cotton for future delivery of one-tenth of a cent per pound is a very serious one. To the average citizen the proposed tax of one-tenth of one cent per pound appears to be insignificant, whereas it is really destructive in its entirety, as such tax would amount to $50 per contract of a hundred bales since one contract is represented by fifty thousand pounds of cotton. Under so heavy a burden the present method of moving the crop to market would be annihilated, the small, as well as the large cotton dealers would be unable to do business, and the great exchanges of New York, New Orleans and other cities of the south would practically be forced to close their doors, while those of England, Germany, France and other sections of Europe would continue to do business as usual. These foreign countries do not produce cotton, only consume it, and naturally would be master of the situation and have the power to dictate prices to the south by forcing values to a low level, perhaps below the cost of production, since the buying power of the American people would be reduced to a minimum. Under the circumstances we would suggest that all interested take immediate steps to prevent this threatened calamity to the south by petitioning your Senators and Congressmen in Washington to vote to remove this obnoxious tax from the tariff bill, the burden of which fifty cents per bale the planter would have to bear. Already the trade is beginning to feel the effects of the agitation of so drastic legislation, as is proposed, as all interests, the farmer, the interior buyer and the exporter are handicapped by the uncertainty of the future, and, as a result, forward commitments are reported to be very light so far compared with the amount of business booked up to this time last year. As yet the market is being sustained by the impression that the growing crop will be late in maturing. According to our advices the crop is only a little late in opening along the coast country of Texas, whereas south Texas proper and more particularly in central and north Texas cotton is earlier than last year or about as early as ever known. It is probable, therefore, that the movement of new crop cotton or rather offerings of same will be surprisingly large next month.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs include: W. H. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Kirk, Miss Teresa S. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Power, Ben Dill, Mr. and Mrs. Rey Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. King, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hanison, Mr. and Mrs. Tognazzini and children, Mrs. H. S. Blood, Mrs. Jas. M. McDonald, Miss Elsie Moore, Miss A. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. C. Pike, W. H. Moon, Jr., W. W. Cooley, A. D. Olivin, F. R. Henderson, James K. Stule and son, Mrs. K. Sutle and maid, W. T. Hund, E. W. Runzon, Dr. J. W. Thorne, A. Fatjo, P. M. Fatjo, M. Schwab, F. Kronberyl, H. Kronberyl, M. D., Mrs. Matson, Miss Matson, J. H. Davis, Milton A. Rounbaum, Mrs. W. G. Barnwell, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Beisel, M. J. Shutan, Chas. F. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. H. Goldstern, Mrs. D. Morley, Miss M. White, B. F. Jacobs, C. W. Kelly, Bert Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ford, Norman Ford, Geoffrey Ford, James Hunter, Misses Hunter, Miss S. Winter, Mrs. M. Fay, F. R. Koening.

Col. and Mrs. Jas. A. McClintock with the Misses Pauline and Stella Sears of Phoenix are at Pacific Grove for a protracted stay. Col. McClintock is a retired army officer and is now postmaster of Phoenix. Another prominent Arizonan who is motoring leisurely from Tucson to Seattle, Mr. Louis Iaeger, stopped with his wife at Del Monte and Pacific Grove and renewed acquaintance with Messrs. Massie and Ingels of the Del Monte office staff and Mr. Foster of the Pacific Grove Hotel, all of whom were connected at one and the same time with the well known Santa Rita Hotel at Tucson of which Mr. Iaeger is the proprietor.

Mrs. A. J. Francis, her sister Mrs. R. E. McCabe and her mother Mrs. C. M. Tennant are at Casa del Rey for an indefinite stay. Geo. H. Roos and his family have been there for the past month and will stay till the end of the summer. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Storey and their charming young daughter are making an extended stay. Mr. Storey is with the Standard Oil Company here. Melville Marx of the Columbia went down to order rooms for his family for the balance of July and the month of August. Mrs. Eva Hunt, one of our popular and talented young matrons, has been there for the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller of Berkeley motored down to spend the week-end. Mrs. G. L. Olds accompanied by her two charming daughters Edith and Mary are there from Porterville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCreary of Byeaville, Ohio, are summering at Castle Crags. Mrs.

(Continued on Page 21.)

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IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from Page 20.)

Silverman was hostess at a delightful picnic at Cantara Gorge. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were the guests of honor. Twelve others participated in the outing. The four-in-hand left "The Farm" at ten o'clock, and there was tiffin at the Gorge. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duncan of Oakland, two children and maid are occupying a log cabin. Among the prominent Oregonians are Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cowles. M. Fox of San Francisco has registered. F. E. Booth of San Francisco has been enjoying excellent fishing. W. E. McCord, a wealthy lumberman of Portland, is registered; his family will join him later. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lucey and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bullen will be host and hostess at an automobile party the first of the week. A trip to the McCloud river is being planned. Robert Pardow was host at a supper party that was given after the masquerade on the fourth. Four-in-hand parties are very popular, the excellent roads being well adapted for that form of entertainment. On Monday last week Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman gave a number of friends much pleasure by entertaining in this manner. After a pleasant three weeks sojourn Mrs. George Innes left Sunday for Monterey to join her three children. Mr. and Mrs. Innes and a number of their friends are planning to engage the "Baker Lodge" (belonging to the hotel) for next summer. Mr. and Mrs. Elleford of Oakland are spending the summer.

A very delightful dinner was given to the officers of the U. S. Aviation Camp at Coronado on Saturday evening at which Mr. John J. Hernan was host. The center decoration of the table was an aeroplane of white and green flowers. The officers present were Captains Cowan, Hennessy, Reasoner; Lieutenants Love, Morrow, Sherman, Ellington, Dodds, Milling, Taliaferro, Seydel, Carberry. Guests from San Francisco included Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Miss Gibson, Miss Smith, Mrs. Frank Godfrey, Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann. Mrs. B. F. Norris accompanied by her granddaughter Jeannette Norris has arrived at Coronado for the summer. Mrs. Hugh R. Rood of Seattle whose husband was lost in the Titanic disaster is a guest at Hotel del Coronado. Before her return to Seattle she will spend several days in San Francisco where she has many friends. Mrs. Leon Penteno of Stresa, Italy, is the guest of Mrs. Rood. Mr. Charles Moses with his sister-in-law Miss Helen O'Brien arrived by motor. Mrs. J. D. Spreckels was hostess at a luncheon and auction bridge on board the yacht "Venetia" during the week. Among the San Francisco people registered are Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Muhl, C. W. Purrington and wife, Miss K. M. Field, E. J. Campion and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Harrison.

"George stole three kisses from me last night."

"Oh, he doesn't know any better."

"How did you guess? He said they were better than any he ever had."

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,965.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in her lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings, certain real property situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: All of lots Twenty-one (21) and Twenty-two (22) of Block One Hundred and Seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Park Addition to the town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him, as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described, and it is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 22d day of August, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall, on Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted. It is further ordered that a copy of this notice and order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks before said day, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, July 11, 1913.

F. H. DUNNE,
Judge of the Superior Court.

HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Attorneys for Petitioner, 612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49,614.

LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Plaintiff, 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfully deserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's wilfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessaries of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-10

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By Fire Light

(Continued from Page 7.)

interval of silence, a pebble struck the window. She stood for a moment staring at the window and then ran to it, swung open a pane of glass, and, leaning out, she called in a high, strained voice—"I will not go." Then, closing the window again, she ran back to the fireplace, crouched down on the rug, and pushed her fingers into her ears.

Her husband came home before eleven o'clock, brushed the wraith of a kiss half an inch from her lips, and asked was there anything nice for supper. The supper things were already on the table, and, after tasting a mouthful—

"Who cooked this?" said he.

She was watching him intently—

"The girl did," she replied.

"I knew it," said he angrily, "it's beastly. You might have done it yourself when you were not busy. A lot you care about what I like."

"I will do it tomorrow," she replied quietly.

"Yes, do," said he, "there is no one can cook like you."

And she, still watching him intently, began to laugh.

He leaped up from the table and, after a stare of indignant astonishment, he stalked off to bed.

He turned for an angry instant—

"You are always giggling about nothing," said he, and he banged the door.

Letters

"The Ambition of Mark Truitt"

There was a time, and not so long ago, when any work of fiction was assumed to be of interest to women alone, and the only topic worth treating therein, the absorbing question of whether "she" would get "him" in the last cross-purposes, sighs and tears and disappointments. More and more we see what are called "men's books" coming to the fore in which business, politics and sociological questions assume the first place and the sentimentality is relegated to the same proportional importance which it occupies in real life. "The Ambition of Mark Truitt" is a man's book, which is another way of saying that it is an unusually good one. Mark Truitt was an American youth, country-bred, of good parts, who had attracted the attention of the village clergyman and had been taken in hand and given a good education not only in book matters, but, as far as one can do it for another, in character and purposefulness. Of healthy though not strong physique, the youth had worked in his father's blacksmith shop, tramped the hills and rowed on the river and lived a life of healthy industry until his twentieth year, when he determined to go to the city, after the manner of country youths since cities were first built, to make his fortune. The raw country boy was provided with a letter of introduction which he lost no time in presenting to the manager of one of the big steel plants, only to see it torn into scraps and himself virtually ordered off the premises. But Mark Truitt had a streak of dogged obstinacy in his makeup and unusual courage. He learned, once for all, that he had to depend upon himself and that he would have to begin at the bottom, if, indeed, he found work at all. The bottom in his case proved to be a place in a gang of pick and shovel laborers under a bullying boss, but Mark Truitt had executive ability and the capacity for managing men, and his advance was rapid. In spite of the killing hardship of the work and his comparatively frail body he stuck to his work until a bad accident left him permanently crippled, and would have thrown him out entirely, had he been an ordinary workman. Mark, however, was a natural mechanic who had made improvements and inventions of value to the steel magnates and he was too valuable a man to lose. It would be dangerous to leave him at large to find his way into some rival establishment, so a place was made for him as a superintendent at a better salary, and having become a protege of one of the magnates who counselled him shrewdly about investments, he became an example to the youth of the land, a parable of the rewards of industry, a typical case of the rise from poverty to affluence, from a humble laborer to capitalist, in the course of a few brief years, and an incitation to go and do likewise, with no account of the special qualifications of the man or the special opportunities offered him. The youth, Mark Truitt, was half-dreamer, half hard bargainer, and it was not the dreamer who was encouraged by the steel industry. Even when in the lowest rank he soon learned that every man must be for himself and take no heed of his neighbor, lest he be crowded out, so, while never deliberately planning for an advantage, he took ruthlessly what came in his way, giving no thought for those who fell by the roadside. He married the village beauty whom he admired and idealized as all youth is prone to do. He warmed her with his own fire and set her upon a pedestal to worship. Unity likewise worshipped a goddess, herself, and she, too, had her ambition, to reign in society. It is an ancient

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM I. HARROLD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of William I. Harrold, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Reid & Dozier, No. 1103 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William I. Harrold, deceased.

R. FRANCIS HARROLD,
Administrator of the Estate of William I. Harrold, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 11, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 19th day of July, 1913.

REID & DOZIER, Attorneys for Administrator, 1103 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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story, that of the cold-blooded, grasping woman constantly making demands, seeing everything as it affects herself alone, posing as much to herself as to the outside world, and managing to create the effect of being a passive victim of man's inhumanity while really the waspish person whose sting is never withdrawn. There was the inevitable divorce, the experiment and disillusionment of other relations, and the final working out of destiny but against this background of private history we have the large movements of life, the labor troubles of the mills, and the partnership trials of the corporation, the rival philanthropies of the capitalists and the petty meannesses of their less heralded transactions, the social glories of the elect and the hardships of the workers, the disillusionments and disappointments, and the inescapeable necessity for activity, and the whole gamut of human passions affecting every class and station of society. In one respect at least this is a remarkable book for, dealing with the steel industry and with so much of the contents devoted to the lives and labors of the humble workers, it holds no brief for either capitalism or labor, for unions or open shop, for native or foreign workmen, nor for or against socialism, though it works out in a vision of betterment for all. Henry Russell Miller has given us two other exceptionally good books. Prophecy is unthankful occupation with the year but half gone, yet it is safe to say that there is little likelihood of "The Ambition of Mark Truitt" being surpassed many times in the near future. From Bobbs-Merrill.

Dyspeptic Philosophy

The one time a woman always keeps her word is when she says she wouldn't marry the best man living.

Many a man goes to bed feeling like a king, and wakes up feeling like the deuce.

Virtue is its own reward. The tallest shaft in the cemetery reaches no nearer heaven than the lowliest slab.

Perhaps two can live as cheaply as one, but love generally starves to death that way.

The average girl of 16 always thinks she can write a book called "Advice to Parents."

Occasionally you still hear of one of those old-fashioned girls who marries the man she falls in love with.

Second thoughts are best, when they are less expensive.

We live and learn, but those who live fastest don't always learn most.

It isn't always the girl with the most cheek who does the most blushing.

The unpleasant word "gent" is short for gentleman, but the average gentleman prefers not to be short.

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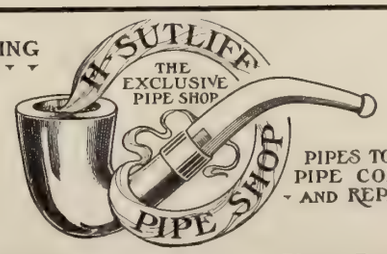

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To Men and Women Who Have Suffered a Loss of the Hair, or Those Whose Hair is Falling Out, or Showing Evidences of Other Unhealthiness

AFTER twelve years of unending research in my own and greater laboratories I have discovered a means of eradicating the various species of bacteria that, as is known to all bacteriologists and pathologists, are the cause of all diseases of the human hair, causing thinning and falling hair, brittle hair and the various stages of baldness. The fact that baldness and other hair troubles are caused by bacteria that thrive and multiply in the roots, follicles and interior of the hair, is not a new theory but one that has been scientifically proven and accepted for many years, much to the discredit of the manufacturers of the many nostrums which have been sold the credulous public as "infallible hair tonics."

My discovery is, first: A method of submitting these bacteria to culture, something that has heretofore baffled science, and, second: A treatment that kills the microbe spore, leaving the hair roots healthy and strong and prepared to supply the head with a perfect growth of healthy hair. This treatment, which I have developed at the cost of twelve years and almost the entire of my private fortune, I wish now to present the world, with the knowledge that it will forever banish all fear of baldness as fast as men and women can take advantage of it.

UNFORTUNATELY I am not able to restore lost hair where the hair roots already have been absolutely killed. But this condition is not often found in the human head. It takes many years and a somewhat violent infection for bacteria to completely kill the roots. Usually, in cases of advanced baldness, there is sufficient life left in the roots to make the treatment successful in restoring, at the very least, a moderately thick covering of hair. Where baldness is only partial, not yet affecting the entire scalp, I can safely promise a complete new growth. The treatment is not inconvenient, and takes from but three to six weeks to effect a cure and start the new growth of healthy hair. My fees will be just as reasonable as the cost of the individual treatments will permit.

I shall be glad to fully explain and demonstrate the action of the bacteria on the hair, and the method of eradication to all who will visit my laboratories. I will be pleased to make especial laboratory appointments when they are desired, especially for ladies. I can promise a true diagnosis of any hair trouble that may be presented, and a conservative statement of just what should be done to remove it. I shall be pleased, also, to answer correspondence from other cities, pending the establishment of branch laboratories.

Frederick Migge

Laboratories and Offices, 700 to 705 Call Building

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXII. San Francisco, July 26, 1913 No. 1092

JOHN MASON

Considered by Many America's Foremost Actor, Who Will Be Seen at the Cort Theatre, Beginnin g Monday, July 28, in Augustus Thomas'. Master-Drama, "As a Man Thinks."

TOWN TALK

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The Imitative Bryan

Some very severe things have been said about Secretary of State Bryan since he announced to an indifferent world that he could not keep the wolf from the door on his salary of a thousand a month. It has been charged that the Great Commoner is becoming commoner and commoner; that he has made himself more of a laughing stock than ever and his country the mock of civilized nations. Much the same criticism was leveled at the Wagging Chin of the administration when he astounded the polite by serving grape juice at a diplomatic banquet. The criticism is no doubt deserved, but it is none the less tiresome. It falls heavily upon ears fatigued. The Secretary is not interesting in these sluggish days of summer, even when he makes the high cost of living a personal matter. It is inconceivable that many Americans outside the narrow limits of the Chautauqua circuit can yield more than momentary attention to the plaint of a tear-stained cabinet officer who cries that he cannot pay his bills on a paltry twelve thousand per annum. So we shall refrain from adding our denunciations to the chorus. Suffice it to point out that the Megaphone of the party in power has sinned against originality. Imitation is not to be borne, even in the most platitudinous of statesmen. What is this Bryaniac moan about the inadequacy of a salary but a feeble echo of the Johnsonian dictum, "A man must eat?" Bryan has fitted that immortal utterance to the larger conditions of national politics. With Bryan's itching palm we are not concerned; but we cannot forgive him for stealing Hiram's thunder.

Reform and Endurance

Borrowing the language of a too much maligned sport, reformers may be compared to quarter horses. They are good for a burst of speed but lacking in stamina. They cannot go the distance. They have lots of spirit but little endurance. Their energy quickly peters out. Breeding has a great deal to do with the worth of men as of animals; the reformer does not seem to be a thoroughbred. But leaving that question to the eugenists, reformers appear to be the creatures of a forcing system which brings a too early maturity, or, to be more correct, a pseudo maturity. That which matures early fades early. The reformer is frequently done for at an age when the ordinary man, unburdened with the responsibilities of a peccant world, is still forging steadily ahead at a satisfactory pace. These reflections have been induced by consideration of the case of Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver. A tireless reformer is Judge Lindsey, a mighty hunter of the beast that has his lair in the jungle of reaction. Alas! Judge Lindsey has not worn well. He shows signs of breaking up. For him as for the once spirited racer it looks as though the boneyard is in sight. In his home town where he must be better known than elsewhere a recall movement is being directed against Judge Lindsey. The charge is a serious one. Judge Lindsey is accused of showing too much leniency to white slavers. The women of Denver—this recall like that which unseated Judge Weller, was started and is being pushed by women—have delved into the records of Judge Lindsey's court and have brought forth what they claim is irrefutable evidence that little Ben has dealt overkindly with the procurer and the macquereau. So Judge Lindsey is now standing on a field which is not Armageddon. The Christian soldiers are marching against him instead of with him. His demeanor is as might have been expected. Those who scrutinize the morals of their fellows with an unsympathetic eve should not complain if their own conduct is studied through powerful glasses. Yet they do complain. Judge Lindsey is complaining bitterly that the women who are trying to recall him are creatures of "the system," that loathly dragon on whose scaly back the spear of Ben has so frequently descended. Truly the life of a reformer is not a happy one; the career of a reformer is not a lengthy one. Here a suggestion may be in order. Why does not some statistician chart the Lindseys who have fallen from their high reforming estate and tell us in diagram and figures just how many years a reformer may play his reform game to the satisfaction of other reformers? There might be consolation for the non-uplifter in such a table. It might teach him greater patience.

The Poet Laureate

Outside the small class of readers that cultivates a nice discrimination in its appreciation of poetry the name of Dr. Robert Bridges, the new laureate, is scarcely known. The poetry of Dr. Bridges is caviare to the general; indeed for many years it was handed about among the few in volumes privately printed. In this country nobody except a keen editorial writer on the New York Sun seems to have forecasted his nomination. The choice has puzzled many who took it for granted that Premier Asquith would consider only such poets as Kipling, Masefield, Noyes and Hardy. But Kipling's singing days are done; some of his most recent essays in metre are wretched doggerel. Masefield is perhaps too strong for the official British stomach. Hardy is a poet of great power, but his fame is more especially based upon his novels. Noyes is less a poet than Dr. Bridges is. Still a shrewd guesser might opine that Mrs. Asquith, the former Margot Tennant who inspired "Dodo," influenced her husband in his choice. Dr. Bridges stands apart from the main current of modern English verse; his influence has been exerted upon a select circle. He is a champion of a theory of versification which has never taken hold on the English language, namely that prosody depends on the number of stresses in a line, not on the number of syllables. While this old theory has failed to make headway, Dr. Bridges has written poetry of such beauty that he cannot be regarded as a crank in advocating it. While he is more or less of a revolutionist in his verse structure, the new laureate is in all other senses a conventional Briton. He was educated at Eton and at Corpus Christi, Oxford; he studied medicine and walked the best London hospitals. His wife is the daughter of Alfred Waterhouse, a Royal Academician. Presumably he is a man of independent fortune, for he gave up the practice of medicine at the age of thirty-eight, and has ever since lived in studious retirement at Oxford, producing poetry, closet dramas and occasional critical essays. At the age of sixty-nine he receives the "terse of Canary wine." He is worthy the honor, and those who are led to read his poetry for the first time will thank Premier Asquith for calling Dr. Bridges to their attention.

Opportunities in Land

The old, old story of the argonaut who was offered a city block on Market street in exchange for a pair of rubber boots—and refused it—never fails to amuse, not because he didn't have the boots, but because he lacked the prevision to beg, borrow or steal them—to get them at any price; and those who laugh and pass on remember the story but learn no lesson from it. Opportunities apparently as unalluring but really pregnant with promise are neglected or ignored by Californians till some Easterner, Middle-Westerner or foreigner seizes upon them, to his profit and our chagrin. The pioneer came to California for gold and wanted nothing but gold. He wanted it quickly, and there was but one way to get it—dig for it. He did not wonder that the Mexican government had granted land to its citizens by the league, for there was no gold in it, and none but an imbecile would think twice of paying the few cents an acre that was asked for it, and settle down to spend the remainder of his life among Mexicans and Indians when the supply of gold was exhausted and everyone else had gone back to the States. Some few made their piles and hurried back to their old homes to invest their gold before the slump in value that they regarded as inevitable should leave it with as little value as silver. Others less fortunate abandoned the hope of quick riches reluctantly and engaged in commercial enterprises which gave promise of fair returns before the exodus of gold-seekers. Still others, admittedly failures, turned to agriculture with no expectation of enriching themselves but content to eke out a bare existence. A very few had the means and the foresight to buy land in large tracts from

the Mexican grantees; the most of them filed pre-emption and homestead claims upon the unoccupied portion of the government domain. But the man who had no more than the 360 acres to which his citizenship entitled him was poor indeed. And twenty-five years ago any farmer or rancher would have told the home-seekers brought here by the transcontinental railways that every acre of land worth having had been taken up. There was nothing but pity for the poor Uitlander who squatted on a brushy hillside and began clearing off the chapparal or crawled out to the edge of the desert and began boring for water. But the lands for which the late-comers paid from 25 cents to $2.50 an acre twenty-five years ago have yielded them a living ever since and today with their vineyards and orange groves are worth from $250 to $2,000 an acre. Yet how few of the original settlers in California have profited greatly by the quick development and the increased values! The Mexican grantees with their leagues and leagues of fertile land sold eagerly for a pittance and died in comparative poverty; the pre-emptors and home-steaders, long ago convinced that prices offered were far in advance of values, parted with their holdings with a sense of guilt, feeling that they were defrauding the purchasers. And today those who still hold large tracts are looking for buyers and selling hurriedly, satisfied that prices have reached the top notch, that a slump is inevitable, that their gold will turn to silver. It is the foreign peasant who has lived and labored under the conditions described in Zola's "La Terre"—the man who has learned that ten acres of good land will yield luxury, five acres comfort and one acre independence—that recognizes the tremendous opportunities offered in California. It is the Easterner who has battled with frosts and rocks, and the Middle-Westerner who has faced blizzards and droughts, that appreciate real values, while we Californians, long accustomed to the lavish bounty of our State, remain insensible to its possibilities when brought to the highest state of cultivation and to the more important fact that the growth, development and prosperity of our urban communities depend upon the productiveness of our soil.

Our Fuel Problem

The fuel problem of the future is an interesting one always. To some communities it is already one of exceeding gravity. It may become such here in California before a great many years, even though electrical development will supply us with all the light, heat and power we require for domestic use so long as snows fall in the Sierra. But where will we find fuel for our navy and merchant marine? The world's coal supply is diminishing rapidly, and experience proves that oil fields are not inexhaustible. The demand for fuel in California has grown so prodigiously that it would be utterly impossible for us to get the coal we required if our wells should suddenly run dry. In 1900 San Francisco bought approximately 2,250,000 tons of coal at a cost of about seven dollars a ton. The development of oil fields that promised an adequate supply for an indefinite period at less than half the cost of coal presented such an alluring opportunity to users of fuel that all the coast railroads, gas works and steamships, with the exception of the Pacific Mail and Japanese liners and the Government transports, began using it exclusively. There would have been no exceptions if the trans-Pacific vessels could have found oil on the other side of the ocean to fetch them back. The result was that in 1912 San Francisco bought only 475,000 tons of coal, of which the Pacific liners took 100,000, the transports 110,000 and domestic users the remainder. Last year the California oil fields yielded 87,000,000 barrels, of which fully one third was used in this State for fuel and gas. As it takes four barrels of oil to do the work of a ton of coal, we find that we used the equivalent of 7,000,000 tons. If through any cause our oil supply should be cut off, where would we be able to get that amount of coal? What shall we do a few years hence when our requirements have quadrupled and our supply is exhausted?

The Future of China

The revolution in China and the promise it gives of a speedy awakening from a slumber of centuries have excited intense interest throughout the world, but speculation has been limited almost entirely to the political position the new republic will assume among the nations. Those who view the "yellow peril" apprehensively see it in only one of two forms—the militant aggressiveness of Japan or peaceful invasion and conquest through unrestricted immigration. The greatest peril that confronts the world, in this century at least, does not lie in the growth of militarism in China, but in the development of her inexhaustible resources; not in the armed invasion of her neighbors, but in commercial and industrial competition which no nation is prepared to meet with any hope of success. We have heard so much of destitution and congestion in China that, notwithstanding its great area, we have come to regard it as greatly overpopulated; so much of impoverished soil and deforested and eroded hills that we have believed its productiveness exhausted. But China is neither overpopulated nor exhausted. The congestion exists only along its shores and for a thousand miles inland, while its resources which have scarcely been touched, are inexhaustible. Take this country sixty years ago, place four hundred millions of people east of the Mississippi river, fifty millions west of it, and you have the conditions in China today. The plains of Manchuria and Mongolia in the north which have been barren and neglected wastes for centuries, will produce as much grain as is grown in the United States and British Columbia together; while Western China, now isolated and uncultivated, will support twice the population of the whole empire when flood waters are conserved and utilized for irrigation, when all tillable soil is brought under cultivation, when means of communication and transportation are established, when foreign markets for her products are found. Dr. Sun Yat Sen who devoted seventeen years of his life to the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, saw more than mere political liberty in store for his people if they could once be awakened. He saw them rising from the hopeless apathy in which they had been plunged for centuries through tyranny and oppression, into hopeful activity. He saw pillage and poverty giving place to peace and plenty, not through political freedom, but through industrial opportunity. Once when asked the meaning of the movement upon which he was laboring so indefatigably, he said: "It means not merely a revolt against the Manchu invader and usurper, but an industrial and commercial revolution that will involve the whole world. When one-quarter of the earth's population who have been hibernating for two thousand years, suddenly awaken, apply themselves intelligently to the development of inexhaustible resources with a thrift and energy that no other people in the world can equal, what can stay their progress, what can check their destiny, who will be able to question their supremacy? But America, our friend and neighbor, has nothing to fear for many years to come, either from immigration or competition. The Chinese prefers to remain in his own country, if it will yield him a bare subsistence, and with the construction of railroads and the development of Western China, some Oriental Greeley will say: 'Go West, young man; go West.' And they will go. Through you and your canal we will find our markets, and together we will move the center of the world's production far to the West. We will make the Pacific instead of the Atlantic the scene of the world's commercial activity." Our recognition of the new republic has tended to cement the friendly relations that have existed so long, and if Sun Yat Sen's prophecy is to be fulfilled let us hope that they will be fostered. The time may soon come when we shall need a powerful friend in the Orient.

The Night

By Ralph Hodgson

Fond muse surrender, weary as thou art,
To sleep at last: a meadow's breadth from thee
In yon dim copse and still thy sister's heart
Hath respite from its old sweet agony.

The wall of night is up: around, across,
Above nor sound nor sense of day remains,
Yet still there comes the fitful drive and toss
Of moths upon the yellow window panes.

Varied Types

CXXXVI—HARRISON FISHER

By Edward F. O'Day

With as much Wenzel nonchalance as I could simulate offhand I approached the handsomest man in the Palace lobby and hazarded:

"Harrison Fisher?"

"Yes."

Feebly attempting a Chandler Christy swagger I led him to the sun-bathed court of palms, and we assumed correct Kuppenheimer attitudes upon a sofa. At a nearby writing table a Stanlaws girl was blotting a note. At another angle of vision a Dana Gibson queen was smiling at the talk of a Mr. Pipp. Harrison Fisher looked at me with a high light of inquiry in his eyes.

"A sketch, if you please," I begged.

The Fisher frontispiece was a study in the chiaroscuro of doubt.

"Of your life," I elucidated.

The man who put the etude in pulchritude was visibly relieved. A smile of Montgomery Flagg expansiveness overspread his Leyendecker features; he laughed an easy Robert W. Chambers laugh.

The Stanlaws girl at the writing table must have heard his name. She arched her brows at him as though she were coquetting from the cover of the Cosmopolitan. Harrison Fisher flashed a professionally keen appraising glance her way, stippled the carpet with the ash of his after-breakfast cigarette and laughed again.

"My life is prosaic," he deprecated, "and a sketch of it illustrates only one thing, the necessity of hard work."

Then he drew for me a series of modest biographical pictures in neutral tints.

The carbon in Harrison Fisher's blood is artist's charcoal. His grandfather was an artist; so was his father. The force of heredity sent him to the California Art Association over the old California Market when he was a mere youngster. Amedec Jouillin was his teacher there, and when he finished the course he painted landscapes. A little later, with Gelett Burgess and some others he worked in a studio-barn on Telegraph Hill, hiring a model every Sunday.

"I sold two or three of my pictures," he proclaimed with justifiable pride.

Then he joined the art staff of the Call, working with Joe Kahler and Richard Partington, with Arthur Dodge and Percy Gray and Coulter who drew ships for the Call six days a week. From the Call he went to the Examiner, where Jules Pages, Homer Davenport, Jimmy Swinnerton and Miss Partington were members of perhaps the greatest American newspaper art staff ever assembled. When Hearst acquired the New York American a number of the Examiner illustrators were sent East to the new paper. The youngster Fisher was not one of these favored artists, but he was twenty-one and thinking of a career.

"I could not see opportunity in San Francisco, so I went hunting for it in New York," he says.

For three or four months he worked on the American among old friends. Then he quit the newspaper grind to become a free lance in the art ranks of the metropolis. He sold his first drawing to Truth, a weekly now defunct.

"It was hard sledding," he confesses. "There were a number of us who used to make the rounds of the art editors with our arms full of drawings. Sometimes they were taken; very often they were not. I had a tough time of it. Then I met William Curtis Gibson, now the editor of the Cosmopolitan, then the editor of Puck. He gave me steady work. For three years I made pictures for Puck, 'he and she' pictures to illustrate jokes. From Puck I went to the Saturday Evening Post.

"It was on Puck that I first drew pretty girls, and I've been at it ever since."

Terkelson and Henry Photo

HARRISON FISHER

Harrison Fisher sighed at the thought of all that beauty. If I'm not mistaken the Stanlaws girl at the nearby writing desk sighed too.

"I'm sick and tired of drawing pretty girls," he declared. "I want to do stuff with character in it. But it's hard to break away."

I think the Stanlaws girl heard, for she looked unhappy, disappointed.

"This winter, though, I shall devote a lot of time to painting. I shall do some portraits."

Did I imagine it, or was that a look of hope renewed that came over the face of the Stanlaws girl at the writing table? Had she vision of herself in a Harrison Fisher portrait?"

"It is necessary," I remarked, "that I ask you something about our beautiful California girls."

"Is it absolutely necessary?" asked Fisher with a trace of hesitation.

"It's always done in Fisher interviews," I replied firmly.

"I suppose so," he assented mournfully. "Well, they are glorious, superb, divine, splendid, exquisite. Coming from the Bohemian Grove yesterday I noticed them waiting for the trains at the stations, creatures of healthy tan, spirited, of queenly carriage—"

"That will do," I yielded mercifully. "Tell me, is there really a Californian type of beauty?"

"No," said Harrison Fisher. "There are no sectional types in this country. A girl comes to my studio to pose. She is typical of Fifth Avenue. But I learn that she is fresh from San Francisco. Put a cowboy hat and a bandanna on a girl from Jersey and she becomes the typical Western girl. Beauty is not of this section or that. It is found everywhere. American beauty is blended of many races. One of my best models is an American girl of Irish and French descent."

"Have you been bothered here by girls anxious to pose for you?" I asked.

The Stanlaws girl no longer made a pretense of attending to her voluminous correspondence. She was listening, patently eavesdropping, her lips parted in Philip Boileau expectancy. A less susceptible artist would have drawn her on the spot.

"Not this time," Fisher almost whispered. "But the last time I was here it was terrible. I was besieged, literally besieged. They lay in wait for me in the corridor by the dozen. They flooded me with letters and photographs every day. There was no avoiding them. This time the papers have been more merciful. They have let me be."

"Are there many opportunities for San Francisco illustrators in New York?" I questioned, mercifully changing the subject.

"Lots of room for them," said Harrison Fisher. "The supply of good illustrators is not equal to the demand. I must have turned down about one hundred thousand dollars worth of orders last year."

He said it with the carelessness of an Otho Cushing Olympian, and I tried to listen with high-toned Henry Hutt sang froid. But it was no use. I could not assimilate that huge sum with any appearance of ease. Alfonzo Kimball would have scorned my lack of well bred insouciance. Orson Lowell would have ignored me. Only Bud Fisher or Rube Goldberg would have been pleased with my open-mouthed provincial astonishment.

One hundred thousand dollars worth of orders turned down! I was speechless. The interview died of lockjaw.

I came to in time to observe the Stanlaws girl fluttering perilously near. I saw a look of Harrison Fisher determination upon her bonny face. Harrison Fisher saw it too. He arose with a quick handshake and did a perfect Phillips Coles fadeaway.

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Perspective Impressions

The prominent clubman continues to go wrong.

It is as difficult to abolish John Oakhurst's as Mrs. Warren's profession.

If that "bomb" had been made of Swiss cheese Carnegie might have been pleasantly reminded of the blowholes in the armor plate.

What a tremendous amount of silence one hears about the holy war that the Bulgarians are waging upon the Musselmans of Macedonia.

The powers are insisting that the United States recognize Huerta's government in Mexico. From current reports it is doubtful if Huerta himself can do that.

When the Alameda girl compelled rival suitors between whom she was unable to decide to draw straws for her, she overlooked an opportunity. She should have entered into a divorce stipulation and compelled them to draw for the long and the short term.

William Woodhead, president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, says our Fair needs advertising in the East. That probably means that our Fair needs advertising in the East very badly. It's a quiet tip for the directors to get busy.

You can't please a judge. He does'nt want to be recalled and he does'nt want to be forgotten.

Is Peace Propagandist Starr Jordan in the Balkans, Mexico or China?

Haven't we enough trouble without exhuming the dead past of the police department?

Much trouble will be avoided if employers remember that rhythm takes the place of 'rithmetic in the poet's three R's.

The officers of the crown in England have decided that aviation is neither a sport nor a pastime within the meaning of the Sabbath-breaking law. It must therefore be regarded as neck-breaking diversion.

Chief of Police White demonstrated that he was wholly unfitted for the office he occupies when he arrested the newspaper editors for aiding the lotteries. Doesn't he know that he must not interfere with the boosters and protectors of games that advertise.

It is announced that the students of the University of California who wish to perfect themselves in the Terpsichorean art, are to take up "eurythmics." Is that university extension in eugenics, or merely a special course in the biological department?

"Mrs. Wilson serves tea to old ladies."—Daily paper.

Bryan was lecturing, so couldn't attend.

Why not a crusade for the abatement of affinities? Of course it would accomplish nothing, but think of the fun the crusaders would have!

If our prominent clubwomen must engage in uplifting why not have them reform our prominent clubmen?

When bridegrooms explain family jars and deserted wives bare unhappy pasts, newspaper reporters get a smile from the city editor.

The poetic temperament as manifested in the Bohemian Club seems to run strongly to other people's jewelry and other men's wives.

The manuscript of a New Jersey novelist which was lost in the mails, was returned by his cat. Who can say whether the writer's pet was intelligently faithful or discerningly critical?

The refusal of England, Germany, Russia, Spain and Japan to signify their intention of participating in the Panama-Pacific Exposition till international disputes are settled would indicate that they are laboring under a misapprehension. The capital has not been moved to Harbor View and Charles C. Moore is not Secretary of State.

The People's Forum

Mayor Rolph, Doubt Dissipater

Editor Town Talk: Up to the present time I have been skeptical, not to say suspicious, as to the representative character of the committee selected to manage the campaign in favor of the issuance of municipal bonds for the construction of new street railways, but I am happy to say that all of my doubts have been removed by the remarkably felicitous and reassuring explanation offered by Mayor Rolph. In order that there might be no question as to the character of the committee the Mayor called upon the Mission Improvement Association to name it. As the Mayor resides in the Mission he very naturally had complete confidence in the organization, and his confidence was justified by the immediate adoption of a resolution authorizing its president to name the committee. In the exercise of the finest prudence and the highest caution the president, Mr. Eustace Cullinan, decided to confer with Mayor Rolph and receive his suggestions as to the personnel of the committee. As he was an enthusiastic political supporter of the Mayor, he had perfect confidence in the executive's judgment, and his confidence was justified by the appointment of Mr. Cullinan as president and Mr. Rainey, the Mayor's private secretary, as secretary of the committee. Thus its representative character was double assured. I also had some misgivings as to the legality of a bond issue for the construction of new lines, but happily they have been removed. Mayor Rolph has explained to my complete satisfaction the provision of the charter that authorizes the building of new lines from the profits of any that may be owned and operated by the city. The framers of the charter were wisely silent as to the character of the profits mentioned—whether present or future, actual or expected. The hypercritical might contend that a corporate by-law providing that all profits should be devoted to the enlargement and development of the corporation's enterprise did not authorize a mortgage for that purpose, but they must be regarded as narrow-minded obstructionists. Mayor Rolph is strictly for construction, if not strict in construction.

—A. J. C.

The Irish Drama Dispute

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: With all the fervor my soul is capable of I beg of you not to let the controversy about the Irish drama die. Fan it! It's immense! I haven't enjoyed anything so much since my lamented friend "Jimmy" Whistler illustrated the "gentle art of making enemies." Hibernicus fills me with rapture; L. R. F. warms me like a cocktail; and Celt, the latest champion to enter the lists, tickles me to healthy laughter. Again I exhort you, don't let the flame of this controversy languish and die for want of fuel. And while you are replenishing the coal scuttle let me ply the bellows, though I have nothing to contribute but comment. What a joy your true Irishman is when he gets into a dispute! He would fain silence you with big words, the way Dan O'Connell silenced that Dublin fishwife whose name escapes me. When your correspondent L. R. F. got Hibernicus into a hole, lo and behold! Celt rushes to Hibernicus his aid by shouting at L. R. F., "You're a fool!" He follows up this by asseverating that Synge was an ass, and lumping Synge's plays with "green pigs and disgusting postals." But the weightiest indictment of Synge is that he was not "a native except in the barest sense of the word." What was he then? Celt tells us, "a continental pagen." Let us therefore weep for Synge, the continental pagan, and for Butler Yeats and George Moore too, for if the designation applies to Synge it is more closely applicable to the other two. And why is it that an Irishman can't dispute without referring to the blood shed by his ancestors? Why must he clank "the rankling, rusty chains of the last seven hundred years?" Why not let those chains rust? It was proper enough perhaps for the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy to recall their priesthood "hunted down like wolves," their "country overthrown," but what has all that to do with the modern Irish drama? These disputants would command more respect if they did not assail Synge and other world-cherished artists with the intemperate language that used to be hurled at low vulgarities of the playhouse like "McCloskey's Flats." All this merely by way of comment. Please don't let the war end. Let us have it fought out until one side succumbs if it takes all summer.

Enthusiastically,

—A Naturalized Briton.

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Poems About San Francisco

CIII—SAN FRANCISCO ARISEN

By James Riley

(This set of verses celebrating the heroic resurrection of our city was composed by James Riley of Boston. The author is under the impression that Drake entered San Francisco Bay, for he speaks of the Golden Gate as "Drake's entrance all forlorn." Singers, however, are not expected to be careful readers of history.)

O city of our utmost West,
Raise high your sunset hands,
And show the world you dared to wrest
Your life from flaming brands.

You oped your eyes to light one day,
You tottered and you fell;
But once again to sea and bay
You ring the risen bell.

Throw open history's page and write,
Child of the tracking sun!
The wondrous day beyond your night
That shows the work you've done.

Then, turn to all recorded time,
Great cities in their flame!
And find a town unstained by crime,
As yours, when horror came.

A music deep is in your breast,
Timed to Pacific's wave!
Whose chant full long shall make you blest,
And bid you still be brave.

A song of wave; a song of mart!
The deep, strong, tidal song
That brings the present to its part,
And makes the future strong!

Time's way is long, and his old eyes
For broken towers and gray;
But thou, Francisco, art for skies
That know but morning's way!

Futurity is in the throes
Of each day's vast unrest!
And you are of the Argonauts,
That sailed the waters blest.

You're of the men who passed the Horn,
Swept down Pacific's slope
And made Drake's entrance all forlorn
The Golden Gate of Hope.

The West that trailed her setting sun,
And left old East to dream,
Now leaves to you, her race all run,
Her farthest wave a-gleam.

She says, "Yours now the sleeping lands!
The throbbing, red-lipped now!
The Western way to Orient strands,
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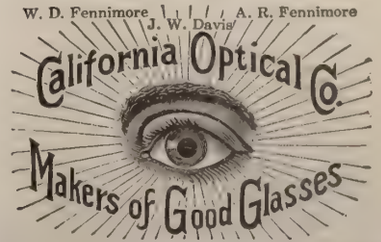

181 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

1221 Broadway, Oakland

Poems About San Francisco

CIII—SAN FRANCISCO ARISEN

By James Riley

(This set of verses celebrating the heroic resurrection of our city was composed by James Riley of Boston. The author is under the impression that Drake entered San Francisco Bay, for he speaks of the Golden Gate as "Drake's entrance all forlorn." Singers, however, are not expected to be careful readers of history.)

O city of our utmost West,
Raise high your sunset hands,
And show the world you dared to wrest
Your life from flaming brands.

You oped your eyes to light one day,
You tottered and you fell;
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You ring the risen bell.

Throw open history's page and write,
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the Sturgis & Walton Company of New York. To San Franciscans "Lanagan" has an especial appeal; he's our own detective.

A Reporter Who Lives

Lanagan is a newspaperman out of whom the breath of life was not squeezed when he was confined within book covers. He lives for every reader; to the newspaperman and to all those who know newspapermen, their habits, their methods of work and their achievements he is a strongly differentiated individual. Yet Hurlbut did not take him from the flesh—that would not be good fiction. He combined the salient traits of police reporters still in harness, but so skilfully that there is no lack of plausibility, no hint that the reporter of daily life has been transfigured or glorified. Lanagan doesn't exist. You won't find him in the reporter's room at the Hall of Justice. But he could exist. There are police reporters who solve mysterious crimes by brilliant flashes of inspiration kindled by keen and unremitting observation, just as there are police reporters who sometimes drink too much, smoke too many cigars, dress abominably and neglect their work at intervals.

Full of Local Color

And just as Lanagan is made real by the endowment of real virtues and real weaknesses, so the whole book is made convincing by the constant recurrence of realistic touches. Sampson, city editor of the Enquirer, "the coldest-blooded city editor in the West, yet the most responsive to a story," is well known to many San Franciscans. Many can tell the real names of Chief of Police Leslie of San Francisco and Chief of Police Henley of Oakland, of Billy Fogarty who combines the liquor and bail bond businesses, of Horace Lathrop, the police court shyster, of Kid Monahan, retired king of pickpockets, of Billy Connors, who ran the "Buckets of Blood" and of Boris Koshloff, the mysterious agent of the Russian government. Many of the crimes described in the ten fascinating stories were actually committed in this city. The local color heightens the effect on nearly every page. Hurlbut takes us to Nob Hill and the Fairmont, to old homes in the Western Addition, to the Palace and to the old Palace in Chinatown, to Clementina street and the Potrero, to Baker's Beach and Telegraph Hill. We are introduced to Dan Reardon and his famous steam beer, to Pastori's, to the St. Germain and the Oyster Loaf, to Shumate's Pharmacy and old St. Mary's and to Caesar's, "the original Caesar's with the two tables and the marvelous cuisine that pioneered the way for the glaring cafe chantant of today's slumming parties." And wherever Hurlbut takes us we are confronted with mystery and crime, with romance, with human nature in the rough or delicately veneered. It is the San Francisco of a glowing imagination—therefore the real San Francisco.

The Art of Hurlbut

I am not going to say anything about the stories, lest I mar enjoyment of them. Read them, and get the thrills first hand. If you take up the book you won't put it down till you've finished the last story. And even in the hurry of your reading, the delicious hurry in which real detective stories like these are always read, you won't overlook the artistry of the work, the care for form, the passion for the right word, the artist's love for the phrase that will stick in the mind. Despite your hurry you will stop to reread and ponder at times, as when you are told of "the secret book at headquarters; that stable police violation of Magna Charta"; or of "the great mantrap that so easily can be thrown around the peninsula of San Francisco, the trap that time and again has caught the thieves of the world when they have fled for haven to the Western Coast metropolis"; or when you read of a poor crippled girl that "she came as so many others come to the newspaper ante-room; in futile, uncomprehending protest at the entire system of News". There in a sentence you have a truth known of all newspapermen, but never before so strikingly expressed. Here is another truth whimsically set forth: "Were we not at least potential paranoiacs we couldn't be newspapermen. Certainly we wouldn't do the things we do for the pay we get. Regarding newspaper photographers, there is no question. They are all crazy; except one". Again I say, read "Lanagan" for yourself. It will make you a better San Franciscan. It may introduce you for the first time to real newspapermen, and that, Heaven knows, is an introduction many people need. Newspapermen are beholden to Ed Hurlbut for placing them in a true light; the reading world is beholden to him for a cracking good book.

Tong of Our Town

According to recent advices from China Tong King Chong, the San Francisco editor who a few months ago was elected "United States Senator" in the first Chinese parliament and has since been promised the post at Washington, finds himself in a perplexing and perilous situation from which he will be able to extricate himself only with great difficulty. Politics in the new republic, where various factions are fighting for control, appears

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to be as hazardous and uncertain as it is in local Chinatown, where numerous highbinder tongs are contending for supremacy. For many years Tong King Chong has figured prominently in both, alternately scoring successes and suffering reverses. As the American representative of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, he was the recognized leader of the revolutionists here where the Chinese were refromers to a man. Suddenly he became involved in a local highbinder war, went into hiding with a price on his head, was charged with conspiracy and murder and held in the county jail for months without bail. Then in rapid succession came a treaty of peace, a dismissal of the charges, the overthow of the Manchus, a return to prominence and power and the long-expected political reward. When he departed for Peking to assume his official duties the Chinese colony turned out en masse and bade him an appreciative and enthusiastic farewell.

His Desperate Situation

Now the Southern provinces of China have rebelled against the government at Peking, declared their independence, organized a confederacy and are waging a war that gives promise of being as successful as their revolt against the Manchu dynasty. Tong King Chong and all of his countrymen in America are natives of the rebellious provinces. While his sympathies are with them his interests at the present time lie in his adherence to the government of Yuan Shi Ki, so he is suspected by both factions. If he attempts to leave Peking and join the rebels it is freely predicted that his body will travel without his head. If he remains in Peking and the revolution proves successful his head will probably be taken south without his body; and if it proves a failure he will be regarded in both the North and South as a traitor to his people and will be left with no occupation or use for either head or body. Tong King Chong is perspicacious and resourceful, but it will require all of his cunning to extricate him from the predicament in which the dramatic peripities of Fate has placed him.

He Wanted Odds

A patron of one of the Powell-street gambling clubs rushed up to the clerk of his hotel across the street the other day and gave him "the hurry-me-quick."

"Le'me $5," he gasped. "I'll pay you to-morrow!"

"I'll bet even money that you don't," grumbled the clerk as he handed it over reluctantly.

"Say! What kind of a fool do you think I am?" demanded the borrower as he pocketed the money. "That fellow in the cigar stand over there will lay me odds of ten to one."

A Victim of the Alphabet

R. P. Schwerin, general manager of the Pacific Mail, was formerly an officer in the United States Navy, is a strict disciplinarian and frequently has the captains of his fleet "on the carpet" explaining apparent derelictions of duty or technical violations of orders. Captain Austin of the Pennsylvania and Captain Zeeder of the Siberia were summoned to his private office to give the whys and wherefores. After listening to their explanations Zeeder escaped with an "all right, Captain," but Austin was kept standing on one foot and then the other while the G. M. recited the details of every dereliction that had been charged to him from the time he first entered the service of the company. Captain Austin paused in Assistant Frye's office to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"The chief has a great memory, hasn't he, Captain," observed Frye.

"Memory be damned!" exploded the captain. "He's got it all down in that little black index book on his desk, and he spends all his spare time doping up on it. He always opens it up at 'Austin,' and it will be twenty years before he gets down to 'Zeeder.'"

Escargots, Meaning Snails

"The people of San Francisco don't know what they are missing," declares one of the gourmets of the Family Club. "If they did, they would devour the pests that are devouring their gardens—the French snail. Edible? Well, Ambrose Bierce defines the word as 'anything good to eat; for example, fish eat worms, snakes each fish, hogs eat snakes, men eat hogs and worms eat men.' Edible? Why, they are a highly prized and high-priced delicacy. I am informed that a San Franciscan named Rixford imported a few from France and placed them in his garden in the Western Addition so that he might always have the little palate-ticklers at hand. Some escaped, and now they have spread all over the city and far down the peninsula. Wherever they can find good green stuff they are fattening and propagating. One acquaintance of mine found that his garden of dahlias was threatened with destruction. Being German he could not bring himself to the enjoyment of a delicacy so essentially French, so he put a lot of mud-turtles in his garden to eat the snails. All he gets out of it is the sport. It must be exhilarating and exciting to watch a mud-turtle run down a snail, bite a hole in his shell and pull him out by the small of his back. The preparation of them for the table is a fine art. Feed them for a week on the best lettuce and fatten them for three days on damp bran. No gourmet will eat anything but a stall-fed snail. Then soak them for two hours in salt water and vinegar to purge them of all vegetable matter. Parboil them, take each one from the shell and remove its stomach, put them back in the shell and bake them in butter and fine herbs and you have a dish that costs 75 cents the half dozen at any French restaurant. I used to have them shipped to me from Chicago, but the other day a friend of mine sent me thirty-five dozen that he had gathered in half an hour on Russian Hill. In four days I was able to figure myself $52.50 ahead of the French restaurants. Many people refuse to eat them because they don't like the sound of the word 'snail.' All who eat by ear should therefore call them by their French name—escargots."

For Club Stewards

This is a note for club stewards who know most things but occasionally have something to learn. Eddie King is the steward of the Concordia Club in Van Ness Avenue, a club which boasts with reason of the table it sets for its members. Eddie King has been spending his vacation at Tahoe.

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Being a fisherman of enthusiasm and skill Eddie King has had a lot of Tahoe trout to send to his friends. Naturally he did not neglect the Concordia Club. A few days ago there appeared on the carte du jour at the Concordia this item: "Lake Tahoe trout, no charge". Nobody ate the trout. Why? Well, the members who dined at the Concordia that night jumped to tne conclusion that there must be something wrong with the trout if it was served free of charge. So Eddie King's generous mess of trout went to waste. The tip to club stewards is this: Don't let the club serve your catch free of charge if you wish it to be enjoyed.

Concordia Plans

The Concordia Club, by the way, has not suffered in the least on account of the remoteness of its clubhouse from the downtown section. The members of the Concordia are leisured men who do not mind the run out to Van Ness for a bite of lunch or a before-dinner cocktail. The Concordia indeed is enjoying an era of unusual prosperity. The treasury is pleasantly full, and plans for improvement and extension have been perfected. The Concordia is soon to build an annex which will carry the club to the corner of Post street. In this annex will be a completely equipped gymnasium, hand ball courts and a fine swimming pool. The membership role was recently swelled by the accession of one hundred and twenty younger men, and these will be particularly in evidence when the annex has been opened. Another innovation will be studied with interest by our other clubs. Twice a week the gymnasium and swimming pool will be placed at the disposal of the women relatives of the members who will be at liberty to use them for six hours on end.

A Box and Cox Complication

Stewart Masters of the Examiner and Hugh Thompson of the Bulletin shared an apartment, their tobacco and their money—everything but their clothing, and they would have shared that if either had worn a garment that came within a foot of fitting the other. One worked nights and slept days; the other worked days and slept nights. One drew his salary on Saturday, and the other on Tuesday, so one always got money about the time the other was broke. When Masters retired early Sunday morning he went through Thompson's pockets and took what he would require to last him till Tuesday. When Thompson got up on Wednesday morning he helped himself to what was left of Masters' salary. As no account was kept by either it was inevitable that each should suspect that he was contributing the major portion of funds. One Wednesday morning Thompson found Masters' pockets empty. He was shocked, pained and grieved, for he had counted on finding enough to tide him over till Saturday. He tiptoed over to the bed and sniffed Masters' breath, but it was as sweet as a baby's. He was loth to believe that his pal was "holding out" on him and pondered a more charitable solution of the problem. "Probably got sentimental and paid a bill with it," decided Thompson. There was nothing to be done but await an explanation, but when they met for a few moments that night Masters offered none. Furthermore he showed no symptoms of financial distress. He was still smoking tailor-made cigarettes instead of Durham, a sure sign of opulence. "He's holding out on me," decided Thompson. The next morning, when he had dressed, he began a careful search of the apartments. He ransacked every nook and cranny, but not a cent could he find. In his exaspiration he went to the bed, grabbed Masters by the ears and thumped his head on the pillow till he was a wake.

"Where's your money?" he demanded.

"I haven't any," declared Masters.

"Yes, you have. You're hiding it. Tell me where it is, or I'll beat your brains out with a pillow. I've got to have some."

"Well, it's in your back pocket," admitted Masters.

"Well, of all the dirty tricks! Hiding your money in the last place I would ever think of looking for it and stealing it from me when I was asleep!"

An Impounded Secretary

There was a time in San Francisco when a newspaper sanctum was sanctuary. At its threshold all authority halted; beyond its portals no process ran; within its barriers no law, human or divine, was recognized. Once within the memory of many, a murderer found refuge there and remained in security until he voluntarily fled. But that is all changed now. Only a few weeks ago a vulgar policeman, in violation of the custom acquiesced in so long that it had come to be the law, invaded the sacred precincts, dragged the editors themselves away from their desks, led them away to prison and charged them with a petty misdemeanor. And later a common militiaman, vested with more authority than the State of California can delegate, forced his way into the most secluded recesses of the Examiner office, took the secretary of Publisher Dent H. Robert by the nape of the neck and placed him in durance. Upon the rolls of the militia he was merely Private Hargraves of the Hillsborough company, and his offence, absence from duty without permission. When he joined the exclusive organization he was given to understand that he would soon be promoted to a lieutenancy and that his position would be altogether ornamental. As secretary to the publisher of a great daily he knew that his services were absolutely indispensable. When the order came to go to the Presidio for drill and practice he threw down his gun, took up his pencil and sought sanctuary in the publisher's office. When the provost guard, engaged in rounding up deserters, demanded admittance and the right of search, they were pleasantly surprised. The whole staff welcomed them with what amounted almost to an ovation, ushered them in and to be sure that there was no mistake or dereliction introduced them to Private Hargraves. For eight days he was kept in the guardhouse upon a diet that consisted principally of soda crackers and ginger snaps, and his frantic appeals for delivcrance were unheeded. He has returned, chastened and emaciated, and threatens to resign from the horrid old militia.

Candies and Names

It takes time to perfect anything, and this is the third generation of the firm of Geo. Haas & Sons. So skilled and prolific in the creating of new formulas for candies are the sons of the founder that they turn them out faster than they can think of names for them. Each confection must have a name of its own to give it character in the mind of the purchaser. Recently a box of exquisite beauty was manufactured and certain high-grade specials were selected to fill it. What to call this pot-pourri of sweets was what puzzled the Haas freres. They offered a prize of twenty dollars to the employee suggesting the best name. A little genius selling candy in the Polk-street store suggested the prize name "Varied Sweets."

Souvenirs at Techau's

It is little wonder that Techau Tavern is well filled with guests even at those hours when restaurants are usually deserted. During shopping hours, for instance, one always finds a throng of ladies in search of rest and refreshment. It is not alone the excellence of the Tavern as a purveyor of the best food products supremely well cooked and correctly served, but the characteristic atmosphere of the place, at once cheery and refined, which draws the ladies to its hospitable doors. The music, too, is better than one usually hears in restaurants, and moreover the management has a happy custom of presenting little gifts to its lady guests in appreciation of their presence. Among these attractive souvenirs there is none more generally liked than the dainty little bottles of Parfum Mary Garden, that most delightful scent, of which hundreds of bottles have been presented to ladies at the Tavern.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Burlingame Dances Madly

The passion for dancing increases and it surely seems that by next season there will be tango classes at the Pacific-Union Club. It's the only place left uninvaded by the spirit of the times. Down at Burlingame the set is whirling madly. A morning dancing class is the latest inspiration. Mrs. Will Crocker and Mrs. Mountford Wilson are enthusiastic members. Also the Crocker girls who have been so long in Paris that native dances like the Texas Tommy must be learned or learned over again. Mrs. Harry Breeden is considered the most graceful of the matrons. As Emma Butler she was famed for her dancing in the days of the old-fashioned deux-temps and the waltz. Mrs. Eugene Murphy is another noted for her grace in the tango. She was always the best dancer of the Hopkins tribe and her piquant brunette beauty makes her especially picturesque in the spirited measures of the dance from Buenos Ayres. Then there are Mrs. Osgood Hooker and her sister, Mrs. Charles McIntosh, Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, all learning the latest steps. The class meets twice a week at the homes of the members. At New Place there is a ballroom for its accommodation, as there is at the Breeden place. At other homes rugs are taken up and halls emptied of furniture when class meetings require. The mornings of lessons and practice end in merry luncheon parties; and afterward there is not unlikely to be an afternoon dance at the club. After dinner there is always dancing. As a result of the Terpsichorean madness there is a noticeable waning of bridge. No one, it seems, has time or inclination for an inactive afternoon or evening at the card table.

Bessie McNear's Engagement

News of the engagement of Elizabeth McNear and Power Hutchins in London was one of the surprises of the week. "Bessie" McNear, who is a sister of Fred and so connected with the Hopkins clan, is a clever girl who seemed to prefer travel and study to society and beaux. She had her own fortune and it was supposed would continue to enjoy her bachelor-girlhood. But in London recently she renewed an old friendship with Power Hutchins and their marriage will take place at the London home of Mrs. Edgar Richard. Power Hutchins is a former San Francisco man, a graduate of the University of California and brother of Miss Reed Hutchins who married a New Yorker and lives in the East. He is a mining engineer whose profession has taken him to far quarters and there is doubtless much of the travel she likes in store for his fiancee. Miss McNear is a sister of Mrs. Philip Bowles who may decide to go to London for the wedding in October.

Wedding Plans Changed

Plans for the marriage of Miss Martha Foster and Leonard Abbott Jr. have been changed since the sad death of Mrs. Will Foster last Sunday at the Foster ranch near Willitts where the family was recently gathered. Mrs. Will was the wife of the oldest son of the Foster clan of Fair Hills, and greatly beloved by her several sisters-in-law. She was Miss Marion Burness before her marriage half a dozen years ago. The Will Fosters occupied an attractive bungalow on the ranch where Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster (Margaret Calhoun) have been their neighbors. Mrs. Foster's death followed the birth of her third child last week. The Foster-Abbott wedding was to have been an elaborate affair at Fair Hills, but it is probable that only relatives and intimate friends will be bidden, though the wish of the bride to have her two married sisters, Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Keuchler for matrons of honor will be carried out.

John Martin, a Correction

Your old friend Tantalus makes no claim to infallibility. To err is human, and Tantalus confesses that he is of errant humanity. I was betrayed on what seemed good authority into mentioning last week that John Martin of Ross and San Francisco had given an elaborate entertainment to the twinkling stars of "The Passing Show" company. This was a mistake. The twinkling beauties who have been scintillating at the Cort have been continuously entertained, but Mr. Martin was not among their hosts. The entertainment to which I referred was provided by another prominent San Franciscan, and Mr. Martin had nothing whatever to do with it.

Unchanged by Life Abroad

Visits home of the girls who have married and gone to far places to live are always interesting to their friends who like to note the changes. Some of those who have taken up their residence abroad return after a few years more "continental" than a European. Some of them bring accents. If they only go as far as New York the change is less marked though they do have more of a polite than enthusiastic interest in our provincial sports and pastimes. But for contrast there are the two San Francisco girls who are just home from court life in Berlin. Mrs. Niblock and Mrs. Bjornsted are as gracious and cordial as though they weren't on more or less intimate terms with royalty abroad. Mrs. Bjornsted arrived last week to visit her mother, Mrs. Sabin, and except that she is rather more distinguished looking if possible, her winter in Berlin has not changed her any more than it changed Mary Harrison Niblock whose diplomatic experience extends over several years. Mrs. Cloman might be counted too. She lived for a time in San Francisco before her marriage to Captain Cloman and the brilliant seasons in London, and she's the most cordial and unaffected woman at Burlingame.

A Trio at Carlsbad

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Maud O'Conner and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer are a trio of old friends together at Carlsbad, after their travels. They were inseparable at the Fairmont where they all lived a few seasons ago and Mrs. Ryer has been keenly missed since she went abroad to put Doris in school. She is one of the wittiest women in society and with Mrs. Dutton's wit to second hers and the O'Conner sense of humor they are always a merry group. After the six weeks' cure at Carlsbad they have planned to be in Paris together. Doris Ryer, I am told, has grown into a veritable beauty and will be a sensation when she comes home to make her debut. She is one of the richest heiresses in the set besides, so that she will have a brilliant first season is a foregone conclusion.

He Was a Great Beau

George Whipple whose marriage to Miss Kellogg will be an event of September was considered the handsomest beau in society a few years ago. Doubtless he still would be if he hadn't withdrawn

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more or less from the gay whirl as many men do when they reach years of discretion. It was his fascinating iron-gray hair that made him look like a hero of romance at twenty-five. It was just the touch of gray that Henry Miller used to effect with powder when he thrilled the hearts of matinee girls. In those days George Whipple was a devoted admirer of beautiful Edith Simpson who married Roy Pike. But it was an intellectual appreciation, Miss Simpson used to declare. They liked the same books and read much together, and romance never developed. Louise Kellogg is an attractive and clever girl and has spent several years abroad. Her mother is Mrs. Marmaduke Kellogg.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

Edward Salisbury Field has gone to Paris to live. Edward Salisbury Field is the clever young San Diegan who wrote stories and was always mistaken for an Englishman by strangers in Santa Barbara. He made his home at "Stone Hedge," the Montecito residence of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson who had known his mother in her girlhood and took a kindly interest in him. He was a decided favorite in Mrs. Billy Graham's set and wrote any number of clever playlets for her miniature theater at Bellosgardo. The cafe chantant at the Montecito Club that was such a success a few years ago with the Newhall girls and Kathleen De Young taking part, was planned and managed by Edward Salisbury Field who has left a place that will not be filled in the smart set of Santa Barbara. It is said young Field has gone to Paris primarily to study art. His Childe Harold pictures evidence a unique talent for fantastic humor that could be easily developed into cubism, if it is not that already. Mrs. Stevenson has deserted Stone Hedge temporarily and is visiting her grandson, Austin Strong, and his wife at their apartment in Jones street.

The Peeved Bohemiennes

The wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the Bohemian clubmen feel that they have a twofold grievance against the club this year. In the first place there is to be no special performance of Rufus Steele's drama for the benefit of the ladies. The innnovation of last year when "The Atonement of Pan" was repeated on a special ladies' night did not meet with general approval in the club. So the ladies will have to content themselves with hearing the Herman Perlet music when the annual concert is given in this city. The second grievance is of a different sort. The financial geniuses of the club conceived the idea of spreading the midsummer festivities over a fortnight so that members might be constrained to spend more time and consequently more money in the grove. Tonight the Cremation of Care will take place. Next Saturday night the low jinks dinner and low jinks will be given under the management of Doctor "Jack" Shiels. On the Friday following the high jinks dinner will be held, and the next night the grove drama will be performed. So this year the members are going to spend two weeks at the grove instead of three days. Is it any wonder that the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts are peeved? All their vacation plans have been disarranged.

Notes From Hotel Del Monte

The past week at Del Monte was an unusually lively one for the guests at the hotel, for in addition to the amusements and many forms of recreation indulged in, there was the Feast of Lanterns at Pacific Grove on Saturday evening. Preceding this was the Presidio of Monterey Field Day events in the afternoon. Friday evening Sidney F. Hoben gave his dramatic reading of Massenet's "Thais" with incidental music on the piano. Mr. Hoben is a noted pianist, having studied in Leipsic and toured extensively in concert work. During the week there were many dinner parties at the Lodge, picnic parties to the Rancho Del Monte and to the many beaches on the Peninsula. The Golf Links were thronged morning and afternoon, many having come down to prepare for the big event in the fall. Since the announcement of the week of polo preceding the golf tournament at Del Monte many inquiries have been received by the management for accommodations which goes to show that polo week at Del Monte may be as popular as the golf week has proven to be in the past. George H. Howard III motored down, spending a few days during the week. Mrs. A. W. Simpson is registered. Mrs. Minot Terrill Jr. arrived Friday for a stay of a month or longer One of the most popular foursomes on the course the past week or so has been Dr. E. E. Brownell, E. R. Folger, Frank H. Proctor and C. S. Stanton. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cheney and family of Los Angeles are registered for an indefinite stay. Mrs. E. J. Bowen of San Francisco is at Del Monte again this summer and plans to spend a month or more. Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Smith from Los Angeles returned last Tuesday to spend the rest of the summer with their family. Their friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bettinger, with their family, joined them a few days later.

Social Notes of Castle Crag

Mr. and Mrs. George Rolph and Miss Elizabeth and Dorothy Rolph of San Francisco are registered at Castle Crag. They motored from the city in their six-cylinder automobile. Mr. Rolph is a brother of Mayor Rolph. Enthusiastic reports of Castle Crag will be carried back to Los Angeles by the Misses Nell Patterson and Jane Lyford. These young society girls are great hikers and are taking numerous tramps in the mountains. Judge and Mrs. J. A. Cooper of San Francisco are registered. Horace B. Chase joined his family Friday evening. Saturday morning Mr. Chase played a splendid game in the tennis tour-

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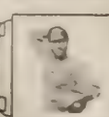

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nament. Captain Warner, a retired army officer, is registered. The captain is a prominent New York clubman who, when in San Francisco, resides at the Pacific-Union Club. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wall and Miss R. Wall are guests. The former is a wealthy sugar planter of Honolulu. Dr. and Mrs. Goodspeed of Oakland are guests of Mrs. Easterbrook. Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are occupying one of the log cabins. Saturday evening a number of the young people tendered a dinner dance to the Misses Treat of San Francisco. Covers were arranged for eighteen, the long table being decorated with maidenhair fern and crepe myrtle vine. Later in the evening dancing was enjoyed in the Assembly Hall. Amongst those present were Miss Ysobel Chase, the Misses Treat, Miss Campbell, Misses Callahan, Miss Booth, Miss Lee, Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Smitten, Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, H. Wright, Richard Lee, Horace Chase Jr. and others.

Pacific Grove Hotel Notes

Every night the last week the hotel has been obliged to turn people away as it was filled to capacity. And the autos are still in the lead over the trains in bringing in the people. The "Feast of Lanterns" on Saturday night was a decided success; the long serpentine row of automobiles beautifully decorated with lanterns and electric lights was a wonder to everyone who saw it. The car of Harley Landon was awarded the first prize as the cars passed in review in front of Hotel Del Monte. Ex-Governor Gillett was a guest of the hotel the first part of the week, and Lieutenant Governor A. J. Wallace with a party of friends was there the latter part of the week. Prominent persons who were there to appear before the Chautauqua were Bishop Hughes of the Methodist Diocese and Bishop Nichols of the Episcopal Church; Dr. John M. MacLaren, the noted pulpit orator and lecturer; Mrs. Sydney Yard, and the Knickerbocker and Sierra Quartettes.

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IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Recent arrivals at Paso Robles include: The Misses S. Winter, M. L. Black, Leslie Miller, Grace Gallagher, A. Clarke and Friedman; Messrs. W. Trinkled, Fred Hartsook, A. R. Merriman, W. N. Moore Jr., Albert K. Miller, P. B. Christenson, A. F. Friedman and J. D. Kelly; Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Miller, L. F. Young, L. E. Pioda, W. H. Pennington, H. W. Simpson, A. V. Clarke.

Among San Franciscans at the Vendome, San Jose, last week were Mrs. Brewster Cameron, B. P. Byers, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gartenlaub, Mrs. Plum, Mrs. S. A. Monsarrat, Mrs. Randolph Whiting, Mrs. Geo. G. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Raynor and Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Harrison and daughter.

Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson of San Francisco was hostess at a very enjoyable auction bridge and tea at Hotel del Coronado during the week. The five tables were arranged in the ball-room and tea was served later in the tea-room on the terrace. The prizes consisted of dainty lingerie waist covers, several of which were won by San Franciscans. The yacht "Venetia" arrived at Coronado early Monday morning having on board besides her owner, J. D. Spreckels, Mr. Titus of Coronado and M. F. Tarpey of Fresno. Arrivals at Coronado from San Francisco include Edgar Peixotto, Miss L. Fatjo, Miss Clara Frankel, Mrs. P. M. Fatjo, Messrs. A. and L. Fatjo, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. R. J. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader and Miss Mills motored to Santa Cruz and stopped over at Casa del Rey to enjoy the week-end festivities. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Oustott of Yuba City are there for an indefinite stay. Albert Bettens went down from San Jose to take part in the inter-city golf match between the San Jose players and those at Santa Cruz. Mr. Bettens is one of the leading hotel men in the State, having hotels in San Jose, Sacramento and Fresno. He is an ardent golfter and an active member of the San Jose Golf Club. Some of the other players from San Jose included: H. V. Seggerman, G. T. Tompkins, E. G. Singletary, George Singletary, H. J. Lion, Percival Carey, F. A. Schneider and E. K. Johnstone. Reverend Doctor Frederick W. Clampett, pastor of Trinity Church, has been there for the past week. He is a golfer of ability and plays eighteen holes a day. The drives around Santa Cruz are probably the greatest asset the town has, and there is never a day but what Casa del Rey is favored by Eastern tourists who have heard of the Big Tree drive along the beautiful San Lorenzo Canyon. Mrs. Walter Browne and her charming daughter Dorothy heard of the drive in New York City from friends who were out here last year, and being in the State this summer did not overlook the opportunity to see it. Mrs. Browne is the widow of the author of "Everywoman." Mrs. Goetting and her two charming daughters Margaret and Lucille are there for the summer. The two young ladies are expert golfers.

Mrs. Jane I. Meyerstein and maid will return from Bartlett Springs to-morrow, after a very pleasant sojourn.

On the hotel porch, in the cool shade of the woods, and on the banks of the summer stream there is nothing like a box of "Varied Sweets" as a pleasure producer. This package contains luscious chocolates, dainty sugared almonds, mellow peppermints, delicious gumdrops—you are sure to find your favorite sweet in this box. At Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"The Mikado" at the Tivoli

When the Tivoli opened its new home on the old site a few months ago its old patrons could find nothing in the high-priced grand opera, or in the magnificence of the playhouse that even faintly suggested the good old days—excepting perhaps the excellence of the productions. It was just grand opera in a big metropolitan opera house—good opera in a good house, but not the Tivoli. The musical comedies that followed after a season of darkness revived recollections, and the familiar faces that appeared in the company renewed our acquaintance with the old playhouse. But the revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, first "Iolanthe," then "Pinafore" and Monday "The Mikado," makes us feel that "the little old Tivoli" with its memories and intimacies, is going again. Monday night's production was up to the usual standard musically, beyond is scenically. Edward P. Temple, the stage manager who startled the East by making a gorgeous spectacle out of "The Bohemian Girl," has a way of putting "ginger" into an old show till it appears like a new one. Teddy Webb maintains that Koko is one of the best of his comedy roles, and there is no gainsaying that he is one of the best of the Kokos. Charles E. Galagher's Pooh-Bah, vocally and dramatically, will be remembered along with Willie Pruett's or Arthur Cunningham's. Ilon Bergere who was cast for Pitti-Sing fell ill, and Myrtle Dingwall, well known to local audiences, took her place on short notice, but the part did not suffer in her hands. Sarah Edwards as Katisha and Robert Pitkin as the Mikado handled their roles as conscientiously and satisfactorily as usual.

—The Music Lover.

Amusement at Mechanics' Fair

According to promises made by the directors, this year's Mechanics' Fair is to assemble in San Francisco one of the greatest combinations of musical and entertaining talent ever brought across the Rocky Mountains for one occasion. Twenty thousand dollars is the figure at which the cost of this feature of the exposition is now placed. John Palmer Slocum, six years manager of Richard Mansfield and a power on Broadway, is arranging for this end of the fair. He announces that one of the great concert bands—Creatore's, Sousa's or Ennis'—will be sent here. The other special entertainment features will be staged in the National Theatre where there will also be one of the largest orchestras ever heard here, selected from local talent. Some of the artists with whom Slocum is negotiating are Eva Tanguay, Nordica, McCormick, Harry Lauder and the Great Raymond.

John Mason in "As a Man Thinks"

After playing in New York for over a year and a half in his new play by Augustus Thomas, "As a Man Thinks," John Mason will fill a fortnight's engagement at the Cort, starting Monday. With Mason will come his Thirty-ninth Street Theatre Players, seen with the distinguished star during his remarkable metropolitan season, and the Messrs. Shubert promise the original scenic and costume display used in the New York production. Augustus Thomas wrote "As a Man Thinks" especially for John Mason, just as he wrote "The Witching Hour" for him; and the character of the gentle old Doctor Seelig in the new play is said to fit the star better than any other character he has interpreted. "As a Man Thinks" is in four acts, depicting scenes in New York's' smartest social set. Julie Herne, the beautiful daughter of the famous actor-author James A. Herne who wrote "Hearts of Oak" and "Shore Acres," is in Mason's company. Other popular players of the supporting cast include John Flood and George Gaston.

Last Week of Kinemacolor

Star features will be offered by the Kinemacolor Moving Picture Company at the Columbia for their fourth and last week commencing Sunday matinee. "Nathan Hale" and the old English morality play "Everyman," each in three reels, will probably know the greatest popularity. An intensely interesting feature will be the three-reel photo play entitled "Steam" in which is shown the discovery of steam by Watts. Two pretty love stories in which Watts, the discoverer and Stephenson who first applied it as a means of power, are heroes, have been interwoven in the story. "The Pearls of the Madonna" will also be presented in addition to several other features. Matinees are given daily at 2:30 p. m., while the evening performances begin at 8:30. The original eight-reel "Quo Vadis" production which was made by the Kliene-Cines company, will be offered at the Columbia beginning Sunday matinee, August 3. This will be the first presentation of the genuine "Quo Vadis" which is the same film feature that has caused such a tremendous interest in photo drama throughout the East and in Europe.

"The Cavaliers" at Empress

"The Cavaliers," a musical production and "The Passenger Wreck" will be the headline attactions at the Empress next week. "The Cavaliers" is an attraction in which eleven musicians and vocalists take part. The scene is in the Colonial period, giving scope for costuming and scenic setting. William A. Halpen is the baritone and Alma Moore the soprano. In "The Passenger Wreck" comedy and tragedy have a large place. It was written by John B. Hymer whose work is known here. The Three Bennett Sisters do physical culture exercises in which a three-round boxing bout is featured. A swagger set of soloists is the Palace Quartette composed of Henry, Taylor, Hughes and Witzman who offer a delightful song review. Joe Birnes is a story teller in character songs and dialect lines. The Georgia Trio, blackface comedians, motion pictures and Florence Bowes, a singing comedienne, complete the bill.

Symphony Notes

Henry Hadley, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, sailed from Paris on the steamer "Imperator" July 10 and is visiting with his parents at West Chop, Mass. Mr. Hadley found time while abroad to compose one-third of a new opera which he hopes to have finished this year. Adolph Rosenbecker, who held the position of concert master of the Symphony Orchestra last season, has been re-engaged. The very distinguished list of great artists engaged to appear as soloists with the Symphony Orchestra, and which contains the names of Mme. Schuman-Heink, Fritz Kreisler, Clarence Whitehill and Jean Gerardy, will compare with those secured by any of the great symphony orchestras of this country. Other soloists will be selected from the many excellent artists offered by the various New York and European managers.

Musical Stars Coming

A series of musical attractions of more than usual interest is announced for the coming season by Frank W. Healy. Geraldine Farrar, the beautiful and accomplished soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, will open the San Francisco concert season in October. Miss Farrar will make her first appearance west of Chicago. Charles A. Ellis who is directing the tour of Miss Farrar, has entrusted the local management to Mr. Healy. Fritz Kreisler's first San Francisco appearance will be as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and he will be presented by Mr. Healy in recitals at the Cort. Clarence Whitehill, the splendid baritone of the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera companies, will make his first San Francisco appearance as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and will be presented by Mr. Healy in recital at Scottish Rite Hall.

"Mrs. Dot" at the Alcazar

"Mrs. Dot," the Alcazar's offering next week, will be another fitting vehicle for Bessie Barriscale, Forrest Stanley, Howard Hickman and the regular company. Written by W. Somerset Maugham, the British playwright, it served Billie Burke as a starring medium during a season in New York and a year en tour, and this will be its first presentation at popular prices. Miss Barriscale's talents are admirably adapted to effective portrayal of the central figure in "Mrs. Dot." She has the role of the youthful, pretty and vivacious widow of an opulent London brewer, and when she finds that Gerald Halstone, a poor young fellow who has won her affection, is engaged to marry a girl unworthy of him she neither mopes nor seeks distraction, but plans to win him for herself. How she manages to succeed without conveying dissatisfaction to anyone concerned makes delicious comedy.

Mrs. Rees at Kohler and Chase's

Mrs. Richard Rees, soprano, will be soloist at the Music Matinee of Kohler and Chase this Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Rees is an exceptionally popular artist with the audiences that attend the matinees. She is a frequent feature on the more important musical programs given during the season. On this occasion Mrs. Rees will sing several songs particularly suited to her fine lyric style. The instrumental selections which will be played on the Knabe Piano and on the pipe organ, will be of more than usual interest inasmuch as they include both operatic and classic works.

"Pirates of Penzance" Next

Next week, starting Monday evening, "The Pirates of Penzance" will be given at the Tivoli with the following cast: Teddy Webb will be the Major General, Charles Gallagher the Pirate King, Henry Santry, Samuel; John Phillips, Frederick; Robert Pitkin, Sergeant of Police; Rena Vivienne, Mabel, and Sarah Edwards, Ruth. "The Pirates" is in the brightest Gilbert and Sullivan vein.

"Kid Kabaret" at the Orpheum

Gus Edwards will introduce next week at the Orpheum his latest, "The Kid Kabaret." It contains a cast of twenty juveniles with Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel at their head. All the principals sing, dance and impersonate. Miss Jane Connelly and her company present "A Strong Cup of Tea," a comedy of modern life by Erwin Con-

nelly. Song, dance and story will be furnished by Fred Watson and Rena Santos. Brent Hayes is a banjo virtuoso. He has committed to memory one hundred and four selections, any of which he is prepared to play at a moment's notice. Next week will be the third and last of Irene Franklin, the American comedienne who is creating an immense furore. She will sing entirely new songs. With this program Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, Lamberti and Miss Orford and her wonderful elephants will close their engagements.

Musical Comedy at Pantages

Fred Ardath and his dainty maids, the biggest laughing success on the Pantages circuit, head the bill at Pantages next week in a musical comedy called "A Night Out." The dainty maids, numbering twelve with Murial Arlington as the leader of the chorus numbers, will show a variety of new song hits. The Olga Samaroff Musical Trio are the added attraction. Miss Samaroff is a Russian girl violinist. The others play piano and 'cello. Roy La Pearl is billed as the baritone blacksmith. He is also known as "the man who sings above the clouds" and during his stay in this city will render selections from the top of the Pantages Theatre building. Will H. Armstrong has a merry little play called "The New Expressman." Dorothy Armstrong and Ada Robertson, two strikingly pretty girls, are in his support. Little Willie Hamilton will play classical selections on the cornet. Howard and Dolores have a dainty singing and dancing offering. The Lester Brothers are eccentric acrobats.

Matrimonial Discouragements

"Do you appreciate," the old man asked of the youth, who sought the hand of his daughter, "that marriage is attended with greater difficulties and discouragements than it ever was before?"

The youth would have spoken had not the patriarch waved him to silence.

"Do you realize (he threw his whitened locks back from his brow) that the lodge gag, the late-at-the-office excuse and the sitting-up-with-a-sick-friend idea have been worn so thin that even a blind woman can see through them, and that as yet nothing has appeared to take their place?"

Then He Paid His Fare

"Fares, please."

But the passenger on the Powell street car gave no heed.

"Fares, please." This time a little louder.

Still was the passenger oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term 'fare,'" said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely allude, in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this conveyance, and suggest that, without contempering your celebrity with enunciation, you immediately proceed to liquidate or"—

And at this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

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STARTING MONDAY NIGHT, JULY 28
2 Weeks—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
The Messrs. Shubert Present
"America's Foremost Actor"—Boston Globe
JOHN MASON
(By arrangement with Charles Frohman)
In Augustus Thomas' Master-Drama
"AS A MAN THINKS"
Nights and Saturday Matinees, 50c to $2. "Pop" Wed. Mats.

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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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Beginning SUNDAY MATINEE, JULY 27
Fourth and Last Week
KINEMACOLOR PICTURES
ALL STAR FEATURE WEEK
"NATHAN HALE," "STEAM" (a great industrial subject)
"EVERYMAN" and other Notable Subjects.
Matinee every day at 2:30. Every night at 8:30
Prices: Evenings, 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 25c.
Sunday Matinee August 3—Direct from the Astor Theater, New York, George Kleine's Eight-Reel Production of "QUO VADIS."

GUS EDWARDS' KID KABARET
Next week at the Orpheum

Pantages Theatre
Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Commencing Sunday, July 27, 1913
ARDATH AND HIS DAINTY MAIDS, 20 Singing and Dancing Comedians in "A Night Out;" OLGA SMAROFF TRIO, from Royal Conservatory, Moscow, Russia; WILL ARMSTRONG CO., "The New Expressman;" ROY LA PEARL, the Baritone Blacksmith; HOWARD & DOLORES, the Ragtime Model Girl; LESTER BROTHERS, Clowning Comiques; WILLIE HAMILTON, Wonderful Boy Cornetist.
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
SUPERLATIVE VAUDEVILLE
GUS EDWARDS' "KID KABARET" with Eddie Cantor, Georgie Jessel and a Kompany of 20 Klever Kid Komiks; JANE CONNELLY & COMPANY offer "A Strong Cup of Tea;" FRED WATSON & RENA SANTOS, Vaudeville Ideas in Songs and Dances; BRENT HAYES, an Artist on the Banjo; Last Week—MISS ORFORD and her WONDERFUL ELEPHANTS; PAT ROONEY & MARION BENT; LAMBERTI; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES Showing Current Events. Last Week—The American Comedienne MISS IRENE FRANKLIN, with Mr. Burt Green at the Piano. Entirely New Songs.
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The Gilbert & Sullivan revivals at the Tivoli are the talk of the town.
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Monday Evening, July 28, and Throughout the Week
BESSIE BARRISCALE FORREST STANLEY
Howard Hickman and the Alcazar Company in Billie Burke's Most Successful Starring Vehicle
"MRS. DOT"
A Comedy by W. Somerset Maugham
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

Empress Theatre
Direction SULLIVAN & CONSIDINE
SID GRAUMAN, Manager
THE ACME OF VAUDEVILLE PERFECTION
WEEK OF JULY 27, 1913
"THE CAVALIERS"
"THE PASSENGER WRECK"
THE (3) BENNETT SISTERS
THE PALACE QUARTETTE
JOE BIRNES
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Immortality

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

He stopped his oxen, with a prolonged low cry, and standing just in front of them with one hand on the yoke, the other resting on his goad, which he held like a spear stuck upright in the ground, he said, after due compliments, as people say when they translate an Eastern letter, "I see you are looking at it."

The object that I saw was a strange building, something like a Moorish saint's tomb, but with a burnished copper roof, reflecting back the sun. It stood out, garish and vulgar, just beyond the old brown walls of a Castilian town, built on the slopes of a gaunt sierra, at whose feet ran one of those deep greenish rivers only seen in Spain. A mediaeval palace of warm, yellow stone, the tower of the collegiate church, the strange and burnt-up country stretching almost to the walls without a suburb intervening, or a stray villa dotted here and there to break the sea of brown, rendered the building still more paltry in its meretriciousness. Lighting a cigarette slowly and painfully with a flint and steel, the bullock-driver, leaning against the yoke of his great tawny oxen, said: "Yes, what you see there we call the 'mushroom tomb.' A lady built it as you see it now, one of those modernists, who go about in motor cars, frightening the oxen and killing all our dogs. Now it is finished she does not like it, and, I hear, is going to pull it down, as she has done two others that she built. She goes on building tombs, as if one tomb was not enough to be forgotten by, as other folk build houses. Fools build a house, they say, for other men to live in, and so perhaps the Countess may build her tomb not for herself, for she may die at sea or in some foreign place."

I thanked him, and he, after accepting a cigar, which he proceeded to cut up for cigarettes, cutting it on his hand with a clasp knife a foot in length that opened with a series of clicks, gravely saluted me, stuck his goad into the near ox, in the loose skin upon its neck, and with a drawn-out "Anda-a-a," set out again towards the town. I walked towards the tomb, and saw that it was empty, unfinished, and half-plastered, and that above the door there was a monstrous coat of arms, just underneath the cross. It stood in a flat waste of gravel, which had been carted from the river, and was already disappearing in the cracked, thirsty ground. Looking more closely, I found what I had thought was copper on the roof was really glass. Large tiles of orange glass, laid overlapping, like planks in a boat built clinker-wise. Half-finished stones lay here and there, with broken wheel-barrows and bent and rusty picks. The monstrous building stood upon the plain, alone, ridiculous, and yet pathetic in its ugliness, and in the evident intent of her who built it to leave some recollection of herself when she was gone, in the same way some people build a church, taking no heed of any congregation, whilst others give a lifeboat to some far inland town. No one has yet set up a lighthouse in a desert, but we still live in hope.

Years passed, and I forgot the "mushroom tomb," the old Castilian town with its harsh Moorish name, the sierra and the river, edged with willows, looking like a thin green ribbon dropped in the dusty plain. Madrid, from the mere village of my youth, with its ill-paved and tortuous streets, set here and there with convents, and broken here and there with rambling palaces roofed with brown tiles, almost by accident became a modern town. Seville went at a bound from a great, silent Moorish city, where no one but a gipsy or a beggar walked in the streets by day, to a tourist center, with paltry little shops full of cheap fans and tambourines, on which were set forth views of the Giralda, gipsies with eyes as big as oysters, and heads of bull-fighters. Cheap castagnettes, made of unseasoned wood and warranted to crack the first time they were used, with raw-looking guitars and tinselled-handled knives all made in Birmingham or Lille, but duly lettered with inscriptions such as "Do not draw me without cause or sheathe me without honour" were hawked about the streets by turnpike bull-fighters who never faced a bull. Tramways ran through the narrow Calle de Genova that leads to the Cathedral, and bands of tourists haunted the cafes and the dancing-halls, urging the gipsy dancers to fresh indecencies, unknown to them in unsophisticated days.

Bilboa and Barcelona had become great hives of industry, the latter having developed into a Manchester or Birmingham with great tree-planted streets and a new suburb stretching out towards the hills. The walls had been demolished, and the old quays just underneath them, where once the fruit schooners lay, painted light green and white, with tapering masts and spars, and with a figure-head of Flora or Pomona carved and gilt, had turned to docks, from which great liners took away their droves of emigrants. Places remote as Ronda had blossomed forth with great hotels, with liveried touts standing about their doors, and speaking every language, without the smallest notion of its grammar or its form. In fact, progress had come to the more frequented parts of Spain. People in them no longer spoke of any foreigner as "El Frances," and prices, which of course keep step with progress, had risen mightily. In fact, an air of skin-deep Europeisation had come upon the land, obscuring almost all the national virtues, in the favoured spots where it prevailed, and bringing out all that was worst in Spanish character.

Business or pleasure, or something of the sort, took me once more to Guadlcazar to find the scene unchanged. When the slow, rumbling train had drawn up at the little station sweltering in the sun, two or three red and yellow omnibuses, drawn by thin mules or white, apocalyptic horses, harnessed with rope, and having nearly every one an open sore upon some part of him, described by Spanish drivers as a "flor," waited to rattle one up the steep stony road. Whips cracked, bells jingled and the thin windows rattled with a noise like thunder, whilst the rough, wooden box on wheels bounded and skated on the stones. People who must have seen it every day for years, turned out to watch it pass, in the same way they thronged the railway station every night to watch the arrival of the train from Barcelona to Madrid. Girls waved their handkerchiefs and men shouted "Adios Pepe" to the driver as if he had been setting out upon a journey of a hundred miles.

At last, battered and sore with the long twenty minutes, struggling not to be thrown against the roof, the instrument of torture stopped with a jerk outside the doorway, where sat the owner of the inn. Nothing proclaimed his status, except an air of great detachment, which seemed to indicate he was a stranger in the town. He sat, with a chair tilted up against the wall, smoking one of those oily, black cigars called "Brevas," which only Spaniards of his class can smoke and not expire at the last puff. His spotless shirt was open at the neck, and his broad face, close shaved and blue, gave him a look as of a bull-fighter who had made money and retired. I was the only pasenger and one might have thought he would have welcomed me; but beyond a grave answer to my salutation nothing was farther from his mind. He thought there was a room and was just making up his mind to call to somebody to show me to it, when looking at me he said, "I think I have the honor. Were you not here ten or twelve years ago?"

A ragged boy having taken up my bag to a bare room which seemed never to have been swept since my last visit to the place, I threw the window open and sitting down looked out upon a grassy, half-deserted square. A feeling as of having been marooned on some lone island crept on me as I watched two horses playing on the grass. No one regarded them as they chased one another up and down. At times a cat stole timidly across a street, just as a tiger steals across a forest glade, as stealthily and with an air as far detached from man. At last even the horses ceased their play and stood hanging their heads under a scanty-foliaged tree. Nothing was stirring in the town, and the hot open space was given over to the crickets, whose shrill chirp sounded so loud that one forgot a silence as of death hung over everything. Later on, as the breeze coming from the hills recalled the town to life, I strolled out on to the hot road, bordered on each side with heat-dried, ill-grown acacias, and followed it outside the town to where I now remembered that the "mushroom tomb" had stood.

Looking towards the place, I rubbed my eyes, for certainly a building occupied the place, but changed indeed, from the domed cupola, crowned with its yellow glass. Gone were the walls with their raised Moorish tracery; gone were the dazzling tiles, and in their place a Gothic structure with flying buttresses and gimcrack pinnacles stood, white and glittering, a newer and a more foolish mushroom than the last. The gravelly waste, still stretched around it, and the usual litter of a stone mason's yard, the picks and shovels, wheel-barrows and chips of stone were strewed about the walls. Only the coat of arms, but now grown rather weather-beaten, was let into a niche above the door. The arid plain scorching and sweltering in the sun, the old embattlemented town, the river winding between its poplars and the giant sierra, towering beyond the walls, gave the fantastic tomb a look as of a traveling circus, playing in some old Roman amphitheatre. A shepherd stood immovable and brown and looking like a trunk of an old tree, as he leant on his stick, guarding a flock of brown-woolled sheep, who searched amongst the stones for any herbage that had escaped the drought. When they strayed out of bounds he cracked his sling, unwinding it from where he wore it over his red sash, and they, knowing a shower of stones would follow if they disobeyed, put up their heads, then turned and fed towards him as he stood like a landmark on the plain. Unchanging and unchanged he stood, just as his forefathers must have looked, brown-cloaked and sun-tanned at the reconquest from the Moors.

Nothing but a poor wooden cross would mark his burial place; a wooden cross, that in a year of two would rot and fall; nothing but a brown post he looked, standing so silently, with all his flock, now feeding quietly around him and well within the distance of a sling's cast of a stone. His great brown dog, with its spiked collar round its neck, slept at his feet, changing position when he moved to keep itself within the shade its master's figure made upon the sand. The red-roofed town, wild sierra and the shepherd with his sling, his angarina, knotted quince-tree staff, his gnarled brown hands, rough hempen sandals, his sheep-

(Continued on Page 21.)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—When the unfavorable news of the week is taken into account it appears that the stock market acted very well. It became exceedingly dull, but the average price of the barometer stocks declined very little and most of the issues that did go down recovered most of their losses. It was a poor week for the brokers, but investors and holders of securities cannot complain. Midsummer dullness was to be expected and the only thing to be said is that it broke all records of seventeen years. Everyone is waiting for definite news of the tariff, the currency bill, the crops, the Balkan War, and the threatened railroad strike. The crops are of the greatest importance and they are showing up well. Already a large winter wheat crop is assured and most of it has been cut. The government crop report indicated a serious deterioration in the condition of spring wheat during June, but copious rains have fallen all over the spring wheat belt from Canada's farthest north to the middle of Iowa. Wheat is a very hardy plant and these rains have restored its condition almost completely in the last two weeks. Corn will probably break all records this year, and oats will yield an average crop. Live stock is doing well and commanding high prices. Cotton will probably equal last year's crop which was the second largest on record, but it is too soon to make cock-sure estimates regarding it. As prices are satisfactory the farmers should be prosperous and that means business for railroads and merchants, no matter what becomes of the tariff.

Wheat—Advances in prices of ocean freight room with July and August room pretty fully engaged indicate the enormous export business which has recently been worked. The early needs of Europe appear to be practically limitless and, while they are not bidding vigorously, they accept practically everything offered on a reasonable basis. It would now appear as if our exports for the first half of the crop year might be as great as for the corresponding time last year. This would be largely at the expense of winter wheat stocks, as our spring wheat is likely to be needed during the coming year at home. Receipts were largely on previous contracts to arrive, and better premiums were paid than recently. It is not to be expected that a market that has been so ill will entirely recover immedately, but the fact that it has been able to stand alone is in its favor. Nebraska and Kansas points report farmers unwilling to accept present prices, and very little is being bought on overnight bids. This is not surprising when it is known that the Kansas farmer has to pay more for the corn he buys than he can get for the wheat he has for sale. Official advices from Washington give the exports of wheat and flour for the fiscal year ending June 30 at 147,000,000 bushels.

Corn—The Southwestern markets were the leaders in corn and they sent numerous reports of damage by hot dry winds from Kansas, Oklahoma and parts of Missouri and Nebraska. But as long as no serious complaints are received from Iowa and Illinois and the other big corn producing States the local trade will refuse to believe that enough damage has been done to justify higher prices. Our advices indicate serious loss to corn in Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas and complaints begin to be heard from Southern Nebraska and Iowa. Receipts are becoming very small, and while fresh shipping demand has not been heavy, it is of a satisfactory volume under present conditions.

Cotton—The cotton market has been rather quiet the past week, but on the whole was generally firm with a slight advance toward the end of the week. The small stocks of cotton in New York and the fear of still further reduction keep the local talent nervous and act as a check on any pronounced selling of the new crop options. There is some apprehension regarding the growing crop in Texas and Oklahoma, where it is said the weather has been too hot and dry and rain is needed, but the following from one of our correspondents in Texas does not indicate any trouble from either dry weather or insects. "During the past two weeks the weather has been hot and dry with good winds blowing and the plant is growing and fruiting well. We do not want any more rain before August, but rain will do no damage if it turns hot and clear immediately afterwards. With the great amount of moisture we now have in the ground Texas will make a very large crop if we do not have any more rain at all. The thing to be feared now is cool weather and too much rain. This would produce insects. Hot and dry weather will keep the insects out. Don't get frightened at reports of high temperatures and hot winds. That's what it takes to make a good cotton crop. The plant is now very large and full of squares, and bolls never looked better. Present conditions indicate that Texas will make more cotton than last season, because West Texas is much better and East Texas is ideal. There are no insects and reports of insects that have been sent out are absolutely false. General prospects could not be better."

An Exclusive Church

Amelia Barr, the novelist, has just published her autobiography. It is full of good things, not the least interesting story being that of her attempt to join a church in London. She enjoyed a sermon by a famous preacher and wrote to ask about joining his congregation. An officer of the church called. After the polite preliminaries he said: "Dr. C——— would like to know the name of your banker."

"My banker!" I replied in amazement. "I have no banker."

"You see," he continued, "ours is a very extravagant church—I mean in good works—and our members must be looked to for large subscriptions. Dr. C——— is acquainted with your name—and thinks highly of you—but he is afraid you would not be able to give as—as liberally as our church expenses—demanded."

Mrs. Barr, far from aiding him in his embarrassment, looked at him silently while he floundered in explanations. Finally she said: "You had better make no more explanations, sir. I understand that only the rich can be members of Dr. C———'s church. The Lord Christ also is therefore ineligible. I will remain outside with Him. I had an old fashioned idea that every church was a house of God. I have no desire to intrude on premises belonging to Dr. C———." The ecclesiastic ambassador went away "not very happy."

"Do you really love me?" she wrote.

"Referring to my last letter," he promptly replied, "you will find that I love you devotedly on page one, madly on page three and passionately on pages four and five."

All it will cost you is $4.00 per year and you have the assurance that your valuable papers, etc., are safe. In a Safe Deposit box in the

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June 30, 1913

Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Immortality

(Continued from Page 19.)

skin jacket and his clear-cut features, shaded by a broad hat, such as was worn in Thessaly when the world was young, and men and gods so near to one another that goddesses came down and left Olympus, finding the love of men more satisfying than the serene embraces of their kind, all formed a picture of that Spain, now so fast passing.

Penelope may build her tomb, as she waits for the coming of her lord, he of the hour-glass and the scythe. Let her build on, the only lasting traces of a man's passage through the world are those that the brown, sling-girt figure that I saw standing in the middle distance cast upon the sand.

The House With the Veranda

By Edward Thomas

To and fro between the new houses raced the swifts. They flew just above the level of men's hats, except when they turned with a rapier-like twist up into the air. While they raced they screamed continually, shrill screams of a fierce hilarity. There were half-a-hundred of them, all flying as upon the surface of an invisible stream surmounted by a few black, bobbing hats, or, very rarely, an upturned white face; and no part of the streets was for more than a second without a crescent black wing and a shriek. They had taken possession of the town. Under their rush and cry the people in the streets were silent, walking blankly, straight ahead, and all looking old in contrast with the tumultuous and violent youth of the birds. The thought came into my head as I was passing the last of the houses that even so must the birds have been racing and screaming when the Danes harried their way a thousand years ago, and thus went they over the head of Dante in the streets of Florence. In the warriors and in the poet there was a life clearly and mightily akin to that in the bird's throat and wing, but here all was grey, all was dead.

When I came to the bridge leading over the railway to the meadows, I stood and watched the birds flying beneath me, about the slowly curving metals; for I could not tire of the wings and voices that ripped the dead air, and I crossed to the other parapet to see how far they went in the opposite direction. Then, for the first time, I noticed a house built almost at the edge of the bank which fell steeply down to the railway. Only the cutting separated it from the town, and, beyond it, could be seen nothing but trees lining the road and fields on either side as far as the woods of the horizon. It was the last house of the town, and one of the newest. Not being in a street, it needed not to be exactly like the rest, square, pierced with oblong windows on two sides, and blank on the other two; but so it was, except that its lower windows looked across the railway between the thin white spots of a verandah. A strip of garden, not more than equal to the house in area, surrounded it, and this was enclosed by rusty iron railings upon all sides. Every window was shut, and the light and air blocked out by Venetian blinds painted grey. The white paint of the window-frames and the verandah was dirty, but the red bricks of the walls were still harshly new and untouched by vegetation or any stain. The garden had never been cultivated: it was given over to long grasses of the unhealthy rankness peculiar to soil which is composed of builders' refuse, and the stalks were matted and beaten down so as to suggest the soaked hair of something dead. The door and gate were shut. The verandah and the white paint gave the building a pretentious air of being a pleasure house; yet it looked over the railway at the back parts of the town, at the railway station on one hand, at the cemetery and a tall chimney on the other. It had apparently not been occupied, or for a little time only, and was now empty; or it had been used for a month at a time, perhaps by half-a-dozen families; certainly it had never become a home;it was the corpse, the newly born corpse, of a house.

Beyond this, between the two lines of elms and on either side of them, was the open country. The road was old, too, worn down like a river-bed into the sandy soil, and the elms above either side made it dark as it rose towards the north. I had not gone many yards along it when I came to a place where the bank had been excavated long ago. There was a smooth sandy floor, and behind that a firm wall of orange sand, interlaced by the stony and snake-like roots of a great oak, which towered up from the top of the wall; and beyond the trunk the sun was a scarlet disc in a dull sky at the moment of going down. It was dark and still in this hollowed place, and I had looked at it for some time before I heard the crying of a child, and saw three children playing. Under the oak they had dug a cave in the sand, and a black-haired boy and a fair-haired girl were carrying away little spadefulls of sand, while the third sat still among the roots. The two workers went silently backwards and forwards. They moved gravely and without a word, and I might have thought each was unaware of the other, had they not made way for one another in their comings and goings. They worked as if they were in a dream and being moved by some unseen power. Their faces also were fixed and expressionless; their wide-open eyes seemed to be upon something which traveled always before them and was invisible to me. They were, perhaps, seven years old. The other was not more than three, and he took no notice of the others as he sat, his face smeared with tears and sand, and a paper bag on his lap. Now and then he burst out with a feeble sobbing cry, just as suddenly and not more loudly than the robin singing above his head. When he did this, the little girl went up to him and shook him gently, and took a cherry from the paper bag and put it into his mouth. At this he became silent again for a little, holding the cherry-stone in one hand and with the other rubbing his eyes. When this cure had been tried several times and the scarlet sun had gone down out of the dull heavens, the child began to cry more steadily, and it was in vain that a cherry was put into his mouth; for he held it a little while between his lips and did not notice when it fell out, but sobbed on and on as if he saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing, felt nothing, but only sobbed.

I asked the little girl: "What is the matter with him?"

"He wants his mother," she said.

"Where does she live?" I asked, as I stepped towards the child, meaning to lift him up.

"Over there," she replied, pointing with her eyes to the house of the verandah.

"Then why doesn't he go home?" I said, stopping still and thinking again chiefly of the house.

"His father is dead," said the little girl and the little boy simultaneously. Then they went on with their digging while I turned and saw the house looking as if it had grown suddenly old in those few moments—old and haggard and so cold that I shivered to think how cold it must be in the death-room behind the Venetian blinds.

Ocean Shore Railroad

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Ar. Los Angeles 9:50 P. M.
Down Coast Line by Daylight. Observation Car, Parlor Car and Dining Car.

THE OWL

Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station) 6:20 P. M.
Ar. Los Angeles 8:35 A. M.
Buffet-Library Car, Standard Pullman, Observation Car and Dining Car.

THE LARK

Lv. San Francisco (Third and Townsend) 8:00 P. M.
Ar. Los Angeles 9:45 A. M.
Standard Pullman, Observation Car and Dining Car.

COASTER

Lv. San Francisco (Third and Townsend) 7:00 A. M.
Ar. Los Angeles 10:30 P. M.
Chair Cars, Smoking Car and Dining Car. All tickets are honored on this train.

Also Four Additional Trains leaving San Francisco Daily with Standard Pullman and Dining Cars:

Valley Express (Ferry Station) 10:40 A. M.
Sunset Express (Third and Townsend) 4:00 P. M.
San Joaquin Valley Flyer (Ferry Station) 4:40 P. M.
Los Angeles and San Francisco Passenger (Third and Townsend) 10:00 P. M.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM I. HARROLD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of William I. Harrold, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Reid & Dozier, No. 1103 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William I. Harrold, deceased.

R. FRANCIS HARROLD,
Administrator of the Estate of William I. Harrold, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 11, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 19th day of July, 1913.

REID & DOZIER, Attorneys for Administrator,
1103 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 14,965.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in her lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings, certain real property situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: All of lots Twenty-one (21) and Twenty-two (22) of Block One Hundred and Seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Park Addition to the town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him, as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described, and it is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 22d day of August, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall, on Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted. It is further ordered that a copy of this notice and order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks before said day, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, July 11, 1913.

F. H. DUNNE,
Judge of the Superior Court.

HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Attorneys for Petitioner,
612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49 614.

LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

"I am sure Miss Goodform pads."

"Why?"

"Didn't you notice how furiously she blushed while that elocutionist was reciting Longfellow's poem, 'Excelsior.'"

Letters

"V. V.'s Eyes"

The success of "Queed," published two years ago, and the conjunction of the name Henry Sydnor Harrison with that mystifying title, "V. V.'s Eyes," will attract attention to the new book by the same author, but "V. V.'s Eyes" needs no "puller-in." It is a good story. The scenes are laid in some unnamed Virginia city, probably Richmond, but the precise locality makes no difference, since it is a study of people and conditions, not topographies. Vivian is a doctor who has a small income, barely enough for personal needs, but having no one depending upon his purse or earnings, and being of an unselfish and altruistic temperament, he has established himself in a slum neighborhood and devotes his time, his services and himself to the alleviation of suffering and poverty, asking no return from patients and pensioners who literally strip him of the clothes on his back. Vivian, known among his own as "V V." is particularly interested in the conditions under which the poor are obliged to work and one of his intimate friends is a labor commissioner who comes to him to talk over factory legislation and the difficulty of enforcing laws. Under the stimulus of Commissioner O'Neil Vivian has written some scathing articles for the local paper, in which he spares no words in denouncing the Huns of the aristocratic world. he factory which comes in for the strongest denunciation is the Heth Cheroot works, so he wins the pointed dislike of the ladies of the Heth family, the mother and daughter. Carlisle Heth is a social belle and beauty who is being ably trained by her capable mother to win the matrimonial prize. She has never concerned himself with the scource or the amount of her father's income, but knows that he is the president of a bank and assumes that the Cheroot works is a marble fairy palace where a goddess pours minted dollars from an ever-full cornucopia to keep her supplied with frocks and hats and jewels and good times. Her first meeting with Dr. Vivian comes s the result of an escapade which ends unfortunately. There are interesting sidelights on various phases of the social game—the carefully contrived "accidents" which brought Callie Heth and the desirable Canning together; the assurance with which it was taken for granted that the millioniare Canning was the unknown who financed the Settlement house; the ease with which full credit was given for the management to Pond, the imported director, and the speed with which Society took up the fad as a pet charity. Dr. Vivian did good by stealth but he had no occasion to blush to find it fame. There were too many others to look after the famous part of the enterprise. There seem to be no minor characters in the usual sense of supers who fill in the background. From "Kerrin," the little over-worked buncher, and her vagabond father, through the independent, hard-working, laughter-loving Cooneys, up to the unfortunate Dalhousies, father and son, and the useful Cousin Willie, every one is a principal while on the stage. "V. V.'s Eyes" is a book that will be remembered. From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Catfish"

"For the catfish is the demon of the deep and keeps things lively." You will find that quotation on the title page of Charles Marriott's "The Catfish," and well towards the end of the story you will happen on this: "At one time the North Sea fishermen brought their cod to market in tanks in the holes of their vessels. In the tanks the cod lived at ease, with the result that they came to market slack, flabby and limp. Some genius among the fishermen introduced one catfish into each of his tanks, and found that his codfish came to market firm, brisk and wholesome." The hero of "The Catfish" is a man with a nature curiously divided so that in one-half he is dreamer and poet and in the other a man of affairs. As the youngest of three children he is removed from his brother and sister by years but still more by disposition and a lack of understanding of himself. His real world is a place of imagination, and stories interest him but little since it is so easy to make up better ones for himself. Educated at home under a governess, he has an uneasy consciousness that he is somehow gaining credit under false pretences, for his history and geography and general information are not fenced off into their own little alleys, but run together in some inexplicable manner, and he feels that he has to do a lot of pretending when he is with people in order to protect his real self. His mother understands but fails to establish a connection. Later on, when he goes away to school, he has a schoolmate, an Irish lad, Miles Darragh, predestined to become an artist, who penetrates into the inner sanctuary, but George was still only a little boy at home when he first met Mary Festing, his catfish, who, with more courage than either his mother or his friend, goes right to the center. George is destined to meet Mary Festing many times, at longer or less intervals, and to find himself always stirred by her comments and criticisms. With one side of his nature he is certainly in love with her, and yet it is not Mary whom he marries, but an entirely different woman who makes him an ideal wife from another point of

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consideration. One of the puzzling points about the boy is what he is to become in later life. He has some ability as an artist, but it is not real artistic ability. He has good mechanical ideas but he stops short of full achievement. He plays games well up to a certain point. All of his teachers are confident that he is almost a genius. He makes satisfactory progress in every branch, but each is convinced that some other study is his specialty. His father is desirous of sending him to Oxford, but the boy decides against it and asks for a place in the bank of which his father is the head because he can find out there as well as elsewhere just what he is good for. Painstaking and attentive it is evident that he is not designed for a banker. George never loses his sympathetic and imaginative point of view. He is constantly finding people who are good for something but not what they are trying to do, and is still questing for his own special place in the economy of affairs. Eventually he finds it as the head of a department store in which he makes a point of supplying what people really want, not what they can be hypnotized or bullied into thinking they want, and in supplying only the best wares of their kind, not cheap imitations of high priced goods but cheaper goods of genuine value. Mr. Marriott makes an effective use of the river Bourne and the waterfall as Thomas Hardy and Eden Phillpotts do of the features of Dartmouth and Wessex. In these days of flats and apartments and hasty fittings, it is hardly likely that the young generation will appreciate the part which the old home plays in the life of both boy and man, but elderly folk who remember the days when only the wards of poverty dwelt in tenements and the ideal of every family was a detached residence with a front gate and a back fence to guard privacy, even though the space enclosed was small, will hark back to their own childhood and youth. "The Catfish" is an unusual and exceptional book. There is incident enough, but character and the reaction of one nature upon another give the main interest. From Bobbs-Merrill.

Kathleen Norris Stories

"Poor Dear Margaret Kirby" is the title and initial story of a collection of eighteen tales by Kathleen Norris, which have been collected from the periodicals in which they have made their appearance. They are an exceptionally interesting lot and those who have read some or all of them elsewhere will be the very ones to appreciate the volume. Mrs. Norris has taken for her own a field long left unexploited, that of the normal, comfortable home life. We have had unhappy wives, brattish children, love at cross purposes, business women who have married and married women who have gone into other business, and divorce in and out and all over them. Now at last we get back to real homes with fathers and mothers and children occupying their proper places and proportions. It seems incredible that such a delightful morsel as "What Happened to Alanna" should have gone the weary rounds of all the editors without success, yet Mrs. Norris assures us that it was her first effort in the line of fiction and that its reception, or rather the lack of reception, discouraged her completely and turned her attention to other things. One grows really fond of the Costellos who figure in several of the stories and would be glad to see them developed into a full-sized novel. To be sure they are horribly commonplace, perhaps even "vulgar," and hopelessly uncultured, with their church bazaar and convent school activities, their eight children and their big, ugly comfortable house, but in spite of their wealth and the indulgent generosity of the parents, they have managed to instill into the children a wholesome respect and obedience to authority and that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, and when Annie, the laundress, climbs all the way from her basement wash tubs on a rainy day to give a moping, half-sick little girl in the fourth story nursery some mislaid trifle, one does not need to be told the servant problem is the least of the household trials. It is an ideal household where the children are confidential with father and mother and well disposed towards each other, absorbing unconsciously from their tactful mother and good natured father lessons in real and unostentatious charity. Several of the stories have a local setting. "Bridging the Years" will make its appeal to any old San Franciscan who has noted the disappearance of the old-time cottage and garden to make way for the flat and apartment. "Austin's Girl" was a Californienne and Austin a very blue-blooded Bostonian. Every westerner knows the tragedy of mother-in-law there. One need but mention "Rising Water," "The Last Carolan," "The Tide Marsh," "The Measure of Margaret Coppered" or "The Gay Deceiver." They are the unforgettable kind that live in our hearts and call to us again and again. From the Macmillan Company.

"George, dear," began the bride as they were on the way to the depot for their honeymoon, "I want you to answer me just one question, and then I shall feel sure of you."

"What is it, darling?"

"If you knew that I loved you as much as you love me would you love me as much as I love you?"

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ANNOUNCEMENT

To Men and Women Who Have Suffered a Loss of the Hair, or Those Whose Hair is Falling Out, or Showing Evidences of Other Unhealthiness

AFTER twelve years of unending research in my own and greater laboratories I have discovered a means of eradicating the various species of bacteria that, as is known to all bacteriologists and pathologists, are the cause of all diseases of the human hair, causing thinning and falling hair, brittle hair and the various stages of baldness. The fact that baldness and other hair troubles are caused by bacteria that thrive and multiply in the roots, follicles and interior of the hair, is not a new theory but one that has been scientifically proven and accepted for many years, much to the discredit of the manufacturers of the many nostrums which have been sold the credulous public as "infallible hair tonics."

My discovery is, first: A method of submitting these bacteria to culture, something that has heretofore baffled science, and, second: A treatment that kills the microbe spore, leaving the hair roots healthy and strong and prepared to supply the head with a perfect growth of healthy hair. This treatment, which I have developed at the cost of twelve years and almost the entire of my private fortune, I wish now to present the world, with the knowledge that it will forever banish all fear of baldness as fast as men and women can take advantage of it.

UNFORTUNATELY I am not able to restore lost hair where the hair roots already have been absolutely killed. But this condition is not often found in the human head. It takes many years and a somewhat violent infection for bacteria to completely kill the roots. Usually, in cases of advanced baldness, there is sufficient life left in the roots to make the treatment successful in restoring, at the very least, a moderately thick covering of hair. Where baldness is only partial, not yet affecting the entire scalp, I can safely promise a complete new growth. The treatment is not inconvenient, and takes from but three to six weeks to effect a cure and start the new growth of healthy hair. My fees will be just as reasonable as the cost of the individual treatments will permit.

I shall be glad to fully explain and demonstrate the action of the bacteria on the hair, and the method of eradication to all who will visit my laboratories. I will be pleased to make especial laboratory appointments when they are desired, especially for ladies. I can promise a true diagnosis of any hair trouble that may be presented, and a conservative statement of just what should be done to remove it. I shall be pleased, also, to answer correspondence from other cities, pending the establishment of branch laboratories.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXII. San Francisco, August 2, 1913 No. 1093

LOUISE GIUNCHI
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Our Political Graveyard

It has been said that the office of mayor of San Francisco is a graveyard of political hopes and aspirations. So many political careers have come to an end in that office that it would seem to be somewhat perilous to assume what may be regarded as its lethal duties. But if we give the matter due consideration we shall see that it is not the office so much as the man that embodies fatal consequences. We have a very curious taste in mayors. In selecting them we appear to act on the theory that almost any man of weak character or strong vices will do. Hence when we haven't a Schmitz or a McCarthy we have a Taylor or a Rolph. Under which of these types it is better to pay tribute we are at a loss to determine; but we have no hesitation in confessing to harboring the suspicion that given the choice between a Rolph and a frank rogue we should not embrace "Mission Jim." Mayor Rolph furnishes a fine study of the peculiar equipment that appeals to the taste of the people of San Francisco and that has caused the impression that the mayor's office is the burial place of political ambitions. A business man is Rolph, a business man on a small scale, but less devoted to business principles in the management of a big municipal government than to the practice of the arts of the politician. The whole trouble with Rolph is that he knows nothing about politics. He hasn't mastered the rudiments of the trade. His idea is that success is achieved in politics by the assiduous use of the glad hand. He knows no other implement, nor does he employ it with dexterity or subtlety. Now, while cordiality and affability are fine qualities they do not compensate for lack of sincerity and ability; and there is always danger that the injudicious use of them, the accentuation of them by means of the loud pedal, may give the impression that they are a species of theatricality. Far better than a pliable glad hand is a stiff backbone. The smile that never comes off is not as captivating as any of the familiar expressions of a forceful personality. What does it profit a city to have a Sunny Jim in the mayor's office if in his nose he wears a ring to facilitate the leading of him by sordid politicians and designing editors? Mayor Rolph may be a man of excellent impulses, under disinterested and honest guidance he might have rendered good service to the community without at all neglecting his interests as a politician, but misled by an unsavory coterie, yielding himself to the manipulation of the Sullivans, the Crowleys and the Cullinans, the only thing that can be said with certainty regarding his administration is that it has earned for him the largest tombstone thus far reared in the political graveyard to which fate has already consigned the mortal part of him.

A Terrible Combination

The knave in public office is always much easier to tolerate than the fool, but the man who is a combination of both knave and fool is more intolerable than either. Stupidity is not to be mitigated by a dash of knavishness, and it is only the knave whose intellectuals are alert that can justify himself by his finesse. So when we have a Rolph in the mayor's office there is reason for loud lament. Belauded by sycophants and parasites, Mayor Rolph might be compared to the proverbial bull in the china shop, were it not for the fact that the bull knew what he was about. Piling up taxes, raising the assessed value of property and reducing its market value, Mayor Rolph is nevertheless either insensible of the havoc he is making or unaware that the people understand what is happening to them. In the circumstances it would seem to be unjust to the ostrich to say that in the bird's characteristic self-delusion he furnishes a symbol of Mayor Rolph at his best. Mayor Rolph the destroyer of property values, who fancies that his glad hand alleviates the taxpayer's agony, is of course a monumental fool; but what shall we say of Mayor Rolph of the Examiner's staff, who appointed a committee of one hundred comprising taxeaters and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, to conduct a campaign for another bond issue? Obviously this is Rolph the combination fool and knave. Something of a similar nature was done by the unctuous smoothbore Taylor when he was mayor. It will be remembered that the ancient poet appointed a committee to investigate the graft prosecutors, and that the committee was composed of Willie Denman, Billy Kent and Father Crowley—the same Father Crowley whose priestly prestige is employed as a deodorizer by the Sullivans, the Olders and the Cullinans. Caligula wished that mankind had but one neck for his knife, and Byron that all womankind had but one mouth for his kiss. It appears to be the idea of such men as Taylor and Rolph that all San Francisco is one hoodwinkable ass on whose susceptibilities they may play at their pleasure. Surely Mayor Rolph has no very high conception of the intelligence of this community. For it was no tour de force in audacity or impudence—the appointment of a lot of political heelers to a committee to act in a representative capacity in a matter of vital interest to the people who keep the municipal government alive. Mayor Rolph has no front of triple-plated brass. He is not distinguished for boldness. He has not the nerve of a Schmitz or a McCarthy. The coyness of him with respect to the police scandal, the detonating silence that marks his reluctance to incur the slightest responsibility in connection therewith, make it evident that he is a politician of more than mouse-like timidity. No, Mayor Rolph did not appoint that bunco committee in a spirit of defiance. He appointed it under a misapprehension as to the intelligence of the community. And when he appointed it he forfeited whatever claim he may have had to confidence in his sincerity. For Mayor Rolph very well knows that if the taxpayers of this city were in favor of putting another mortgage on their homes he would have no difficulty in rounding up a committee for his campaign of citizens on whom would devolve the burdens which he is striving to impose. It is conceivable that Mayor Rolph might have believed that the people who are paying him his salary, the people whose wishes ought to be consulted in matters involving the expenditure of public money, were in favor of issuing more bonds, but it is not to be supposed that he failed to see the light when he undertook to round up a committee of representative citizens to handle the campaign. Nor is it to be supposed that he took the committee seriously, or that he appointed it without a grin. The keenest of wits are betrayed at times into laughter at jokes that are on themselves. Novice in politics that he is, Mayor Rolph doesn't know that the fake committee is one of the oldest stratagems of the political boss. Ignorant of the political tradition of San Francisco, it never occurred to him that by appointing his committee he might remind some of us of that celebrated aggregation of sterling citizens known as "Buck's Business Men." And now for him to say by way of explanation that he vested the Mission Promotion Committee with the power of selection is to indulge of course in transparent flubdub. Everybody who knows anything of what is going on below the surface in local politics knows that the Mission Promotion Committee is but another name for Rolph's political campaign committee. It is dominated by his henchmen. And the interest of these men in the proposed bond issue is a political interest. They are for enlarging the Rolph machine, for increasing its power by increasing the number of men on the municipal payroll, and Rolph is fool enough to believe that in this way his political horizon is to be widened. The political graveyard is yawning for him.

Church and Auction Room

The fact that the Rev. Charles F. Aked deserted the auction room for the ministry, a fact announced in the columns of Town Talk last week, suggests some interesting thoughts. The first that occurs to the mind is that the step from auctioneering to pulpiteering is not such a long step as it may seem. The sort of pulpiteering affected by the Akeds is closely allied with the methods of the auction room. The auctioneer must attract attention or his occupation is gone. The Akeds must fill their pews or they are not accounted successful. Hence we find that the Reverend Doctor Aked advertises in the newspapers just as Auctioneer Aked must have advertised, using what is called "display type" to arrest the eye of the reader.

We find too that, like the auctioneer, the preacher of the Aked stripe permits his customers to fix the value of the religious goods which he offers for sale. A dogma which does not appeal to his congregation is knocked down at a paltry figure, put out of the way and forgotten. A religious nostrum which happens to please the congregation is boosted until it assumes a fictitious value grotesquely at variance with its actual worthlessness. This sort of preacher is as much the servant of his pewholders as the auctioneer is of his bidders. He dares not offend them, for that would hurt business, and the competition in religion is just as keen as the competition between auctioneers. In another respect too there is a close resemblance, but at this it is only necessary to hint by stating that sincerity is never supposed to be the strongest characteristic of the glib-tongued man who wields the hammer. No, Doctor Aked did not jump very far when he leaped from his auction stand into a pulpit. He was never so much the typical auctioneer as when he entered the ministry.

Newspaper Morals

Now comes a philosopher who tells us that morality like charity should begin at home. How absurd! If that principle obtained our morals would be utterly neglected; there would be nobody to cast the first stone. If, for instance, the newspapers were under the restraint of that principle they would be silent about wrongdoing and vice would be rampant and carefree. If morality had to begin at home our parochial dailies would be required to become intellectually honest, to have a somewhat clearer conscience than the crooked gambler or the corrupt policemen against whom they inveigh in fine frenzies for the benefit of the community. Intellectual dishonesty is one of the finest of the vices. More salutary mischief is done by the editor who has no respect for the truth, who scruples not at any kind of misrepresentation to gain his virtuous ends than by scores of drab, commonplace and unimaginative, professional criminals. Intellectual dishonesty is the means that justifies the end. Without intellectual dishonesty editors would lose half their battles. They would countenance the truth when it was prejudical to their interests. They would not deceive their readers however much their readers were in need of deception. By becoming decent they would also become dull. If intellectual honesty were a condition precedent to the waging of a crusade against vice, San Francisco would be deprived of the most aggressive of its moral agencies. The Examiner would become as colorless as the official organ of Congress. Intellectual dishonesty is the salient characteristic of all the Hearst newspapers. The suggestionizing of the public mind by deft prevarication or subtle innuendo or ingenious quip is what Mr. Hearst regards as the happiest achievement of twentieth century journalism. A masterpiece of intellectual dishonesty excites the admiration of Mr. Hearst far more than any other work of genius. This is so well understood among the young men of his staff that competition is keen among them, and we find them striving hard to approximate the artistry of his highest salaried performers, the experts who tantalize the President and sting the most notable of his pet aversions. It is because of this competition that occasionally we find instances of the most feeble wit in the Examiner; as, for example, when the other day some cub reporter writing of the registration records observed that "the outpouring of the voters indicates strongly that the people have decided to take their own streets and use them." This, of course, is pretty raw, but it bears intrinsic evidence of the essential boldness without which it is impossible to attain to the great heights of Hearstian journalism. The author of the pleasing conclusion is full of promise. It is clear that he is unhampered by the galling scruples that condemn prosaic journalists to a life of cloistered virtue. Even with small talents he may go far as a newspaper reformer. He has at least the facility and the daring for the vehement indignation that flames and burns at sight of the evildoing of his neighbors. But consider that if it were requisite that morality should begin at home society would be forever deprived of his services.

Vanishing Heroes

Goliath of Denver, otherwise known as "The Beast," has the feline gift of many lives. Slain repeatedly by David of Denver, otherwise known as Ben Lindsey, Goliath has come back in the form of woman, skirted and bedecked; and behold! the club is now a ballot, and David whining and alarmed at the prospect of losing his job is no longer fortified with faith in his public. Are we to witness the passing of another magazine-made hero? Perhaps, but it doesn't matter. If God had retired from business on the seventh day man would have made another divinity, so strong in him is the instinct of worship. All men, as Carlyle tells us, are born worshippers. They will worship something even though it be a "loud-blaring nothing." So it doesn't matter if little Ben Lindsey be thrown into the discard. We shall not want for objects of veneration. Storms of clapper-clawing adoration are not to cease. Heroes are made for us while we wait, and all are in the image of their creators. Our heroes are the handiwork of the intellectual midgets that write for the magazines. Is it any wonder that our heroes are nothing more than animated brummagem phenomena? These men that write for the magazines, muckrakers with the Puritan conscience and pockets full of formulas for uplifting mankind—what sort of persons are they? Cultivate the acquaintance of almost any one of them, and you will find that he is on a par with his hero. Lincoln Steffens, for instance, mentally and morally, is half-brother to Heney and Lindsey. All of the same litter, they have been nourished on the same principles, their attitude on all questions, in all their relations with men, is the result of the same congenital impulses. Men of this type have their appointed periods of waxing and waning; of maturity and apothcosis; of decline, degradation and disappearance. We always get to know our heroes after a while. Effulgent they briefly shine with prismatic radiance, dwindling gradually to the glimmer of a tallow dip, presently flickering to extinction. Such stuff they as dreams are made of. How quickly they pass away into oblivion! Some are lost in the obscurity of a job; others perish of the limelight. It requires no Advocatus-Diaboli pleadings to dethrone these ephemeral saints of magazinedom. They are borne down by the weight of their own phylacteries. Where, let us ask, are the saints of yesteryear? Has anybody heard of Joe Folk of late? Joe, it will be remembered, was coming along with thunder stride. He appears to have fallen by the wayside. He is quite as obscure as Dr. Pardee, commanding less attention than Gifford Pinchot or Featherbrain Garfield. We appear to be running short of heroes. Not long ago public life was notable for the conspicuous luxuriance of men of small parts ridiculously disproportionate to their crowns of honor, but celebrated for their self-righteous deeds of tongue and professions of transcendent virtue. Bored to death by them, the public must now be in a receptive mood for new objects of admiration and adoration. It is high time for the narrow-chested boys of the magazines to get busy. Let us have no hiatus in heroes. For awhile Ashurst of Arizona was full of promise, but he won't do now that it is known that he has been sending telegrams to his constituents at the expense of Uncle Sam. How true to form, the magazine hero! And Bryan, once thought to be enduring as brass, is at last giving signs of impermanence. How can a man thrive as an heroic Commoner when it is known of him that he has the tastes of a sybarite, and that a public trust is to him but a private snap by which he increases his drawing capacity on the lecture circuit? But we should worry! The country is full of the kind of material out of which civic heroes are fashioned. The only difficulty is to keep up the supply of pedestals.

The Pathology of War

Dr. David Starr Jordan, who was recently granted a year's leave of absence from Stanford University to restore universal and eternal peace in the world, has signalized the beginning of his labors and startled Europe with the announcement of a great discovery. "War," he told an English audience at the home of the Duchess of Marlborough, "is a form of sickness, which I hold should be treated in a sanitary sense by the removal of its causes." Heretofore the world has accepted General Sherman's more comprehensive but less scientific view of it without question, and the doctor's dictum piques curiosity, promotes speculation and provokes discussion. Those who know him best will believe that he refrained from discussing the pathology and therapeutics of the disorder for that very purpose and that after the other doctors have disagreed, have bombarded one another with opinions and theories until they are out of ammunition, have

consented to an armistice and have submitted the problem to him for decision, he will confound them all by prescribing a remedy at once so simple and so effective that they will stand aghast, marveling at their own stupidity and his perspicacity. It requires little imagination to visualize the scenes of the sickroom. "Old Doctor" Jordan, called into consultation, adjusts his glasses, glances at the tongue that the world is thrusting out at him, feels the pulse of China, takes the temperature of Mexico, studies the chart of the Balkans, and sapiently delivers himself of his diagnosis: "Gentlemen, they are sick." Then the eminent specialist takes his bag and his departure, leaving the patients to the care of the resident physicians, internes and nurses, while he seeks necessary rest and recuperation. With what eagerness and enthusiasm the other specialists will delve in the new field that has been opened to them by the sage of Palo Alto! They will burn the midnight oil to study the histories of their patients in the hope of discovering the causes of their disorders; they will deny themselves the light of day in order to keep them under constant observation, noting every change in their symptoms and watching the progress of the disease; they will apply every remedy, curative and palliative, that may suggest itself—all laboring feverishly and indefatigably, through pure love of humanity, to find the remedy that will immortalize the discoverer. The one attending poor old China, the sick man of the East, will propound the theory that the disorder is attributable to excessive vitality and abnormal energy after a long period of hibernation artificially induced by narcotics. He will differentiate between the case of China and that of Rip Van Winkle, which was responsible for the theory that protracted slumber must result in functional and organic deterioration amounting almost to decrepitude. Obviously all that is necessary in order to effect a cure is to impair the patient's activities and lower his vitality. Dismemberment and the administration of opiates is recommended. The specialist attending Turkey, Greece and the Balkan patients will discover a morbific fermentation that indicates a zymotic and probably infectious disease which will be known to science as turcophobia. He will announce that he has succeeded in isolating the bacilli, has prepared cultures and innoculated a guinea pig with almost startling results. In one hour it refused lettuce; in two it manifested intense excitement in the presence of a turkey gobbler, and in three it attacked a cat. All of which may lead him to hope that he may be able to prepare a serum that will prove both a preventive and a curative. The physician attending Mexico will gravely propound what will be known as the "corpuscular theory"—that the disease is due to an abnormal preponderance of red over white corpuscles in the circulatory system, and that its cause, strange as it may seem, is attributable to the language spoken by the patient. The startling discovery, he will explain, was made in this manner: A careful study of the Latin races showed that their tonsils were scarcely more than rudimentary, while in the Teutonic races they were abnormally developed. The cause could not be climatic, so must be lingual. The language that is rich in liquids must tend to retard the development and impair the functions of the tonsils which produce the white corpuscles, while the Teutonic tongue, thick with gutterals, stimulates and excites them. Both history and blood counts tend to confirm this theory. The treatment then suggests itself. All that is necessary is to compel Mexico to abstain from chili peppers, keep on a diet of sauerkraut and speak nothing but Hollandish. "When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" Why, Doctor Jordan, of course. At the next meeting at The Hague—no longer a tribunal but a clinic and dispensary—he will rise, smile upon the disputants patronizingly, and say: "Very good, gentlemen, very good. After months devoted to scientific research you have discovered what I knew long ago—that war is merely a manifestation of aggressive and destructive activity, due to various causes; but not one of you has been able to find the remedy. Here in this little vial, which I now hold in my hand, is the greatest discovery of the age, the deadly foe of all pernicious and perverted energy, the harbinger of universal and eternal peace. Gentlemen, permit me to present to you—the hookworm." And our own Doctor Jordan will return to us with new honors and the Nobel prize.

To One Beloved

By Herbert Trench

Not laurels were they lying at my feet!
Let hot boys hunt for the gold leaves of Fame.
Received at thy hands, once they had been sweet,
But not now. Less than silence is a name.

Fame! When thy thousand graces ask no praise—
When all that perfect soul shall disappear,
And leave no footprint of thy lovely ways,
Save in the desperate heart that held thee dear.

What's Fame to me, since thou wilt smile and pass?
For mean lives trumpets shall be blown;
Thou wilt go wandering through the gate of grass,
And thy place after thee be all unknown.

Perspective Impressions

Senator Works is impelled by a fellow feeling to rise in defense of lemons.

Everyone knows that borax cleans everything—but what cleaned "Borax"?

High-noon weddings are giving way to high-tide and high-pressure marriages.

Even in automobile accidents one perceives the working of the universal law of compensation. They reduce the supply of speed maniacs.

Where should a girl go for her cocktail—to a cafe or hotel? This is the burning question of the hour among local sociologists. Isn't it a question as to the quality of the booze and the skill of the mixologist?

State Forester Homans has devised a plan for the prevention of fires on Tamalpais. It is the simple plan of organizing a motorcycle brigade to patrol the mountain. Doubtless it will receive the approval of the Governor. Every plan that calls for more jobs is a good plan.

The manager of the San Francisco baseball team is conceded to be the greatest in the country—from the neck down.

Professor Tommy Reed of Berkeley would solve the social evil problem by "wiping out property rights in the redlight district." How simple! Almost as simple as Tommy himself.

A blundering policeman mistook a respectable woman for a streetwalker. A rare instance of what may become a common thing if the Redlight Abatement law goes into effect.

The Call is shocked at Billy Kent for pronouncing the Monroe Doctrine obsolete. The Call is reactionary. Everything is obsolete that was made before the Roosevelt era—even the Constitution.

If the girl who writes that she feels herself slipping will communicate with Fremont Older he will help her.—Bulletin.

"For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny."

The matches were played at Wimbledon, but McLoughlin won that cup in Golden Gate Park.

A Nevada county vineyardist says the grapevine is a parasite. And that Pomerene amendment is the pest that will kill it.

Dr. Dille is in favor of shutting impure men out of our homes. Presumably Dr. Dille purges himself of sin seven times a day.

A Chicago woman has been arrested for swimming in bloomers. Perhaps they were made of gauze.

The municipal incinerator which we started to build years ago has been completed, but it doesn't work. It's just slightly defective, like the municipal reservoir that won't hold water, and the auxiliary salt water system that leaks at the rate of several thousands of gallons a day. But never mind; we have a street railway with cars only ten years behind the times and the mayor is tickled to death about them.

Varied Types

CXXXVII—ALEXANDER PANTAGES

By Edward F. O'Day

The shut door of the inner office enclosed opportunity and Alexander Pantages. The outer office was jammed with aspiring vaudevillains. Some were affable and some were "up-stage;" some were fair women and some were pretty men; some were nervous and fluttery, while others were self-possessed and oh! how self-satisfied. All were waiting speech with Alexander Pantages and all trained their eyes with varying expressions of hope or determination upon that shut door behind which lay jobs and salaries and perhaps celebrity.

When the door opened and I passed into the sanctum I know those vaudevillains envied me. They did not know that I was entering, not for a contract, but merely for an interview.

"How did you get started in the theatrical business?" I demanded when Alexander Pantages whirled round from a busy man's desk and confronted me.

Pantages is a good looking man of swarthy mein and gray hair. He has an engaging smile. The smile began operations at once.

"I am still starting," he said.

C. L. Cole, Pantages' local representative, and "Bob" Drady, the local press agent, smiled at the pleasantry, so I saw no reason why I should not smile too. If the waiting vaudevillains outside could have seen our faces they'd have thought that a contract satisfactory to all concerned had just been signed.

"But where did you begin?" I continued.

"In Alaska," said Pantages.

"What took you to Alaska?" I queried.

Pantages settled back in his chair and gave me a leisurely explanation, no whit perturbed by the thought (if indeed he thought about it at all) that the outer office was jammed with "artists" waiting impatiently to see him.

"I was born in Greece," said Pantages, "and I left my native land for South America when I was nine years old. When I was twelve I came to San Francisco. I worked around San Francisco at one thing or another until 1897, and then I went to Alaska to find gold.

"I had a bad attack of gold fever, but I recovered soon after reaching Dawson City. I expected to pick up gold along the banks of the streams, and when I found I couldn't I was very disappointed. So I gave up gold-hunting and looked around for some other way to make my fortune.

"There is always some sort of theatre on the frontier, and Dawson had one. In San Francisco I had been door-keeper, property boy and assistant stage manager. So I went to work in that Dawson City theatre. I went to work for Mr. Cole."

Mr. Cole who now works for Pantages, nodded corroboration.

"Then I decided to start a theatre of my own. I had no money, but that made no difference. You don't need money to start a theatre on the frontier. At least I didn't. You see, you don't have to pay royalties for shows in British Columbia unless the shows have been registered in London. I produced everything that was making a hit in the States except 'Peter Pan.' I produced everything from comic opera to drama, changing the bill every week. And I made money. I was the only man in Dawson at the time who did make money.

"At the end of four years I could draw a certified check for five hundred thousand dollars. I used to make as much as $3,000 a day. Then I began investing. You know, every theatrical man

ALEXANDER PANTAGES

is a 'rube' when it comes to mining. I was no exception. I put a lot of my money into the ground. I put a lot more into Dawson buildings too. Then a reform wave struck the camp. When you reform the frontier it's no place for an amusement or sporting man. I lost nearly everything I had.

"At the end of five years I landed in Seattle with $10,000, all I had to show for my five years in Alaska. I blew $6,000 on the ponies and in other ways, trying to show that I was a good fellow. I suppose I proved it to my own satisfaction. Then I decided to do something with what was left.

"So I went into the theatrical business in Seattle with that $4,000. I opened a little vaudeville house. It had 218 seats and the price of admission was ten cents straight. I was manager, stage manager, booking agent and doorkeeper. It was quite a come-down from the times in Dawson when I cleaned up $3,000 a day. But that little theatre paid big. It was the foundation of the Pantages circuit and of my fortune. In a year and a half I had money in the bank. So I built a real vaudeville house in Seattle. Business continued to be good so I branched out."

Apparently Pantages had reached the end of his story. I thought he would beg to be excused so that he might give the waiting vaudevillains a hearing, so I hastily asked:

"What do you mean by branching out?"

"I began opening houses in other cities. First in Portland, then in Tacoma, Vancouver, Bellingham, Victoria and Spokane. They all did well. After that I started houses in Denver, Pueblo, St. Joseph, Sacramento, Calgary, Edmonton, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego."

"Are you going to stop branching out now?"

"Not quite," smiled Pantages, glancing at Cole and Drady who smiled too. "Next season I shall have houses in Detroit, Great Falls, Butte, Omaha, Kansas City and Winnipeg. You see, a theatrical man is like a racing man. The racing man begins with one horse, then he buys another, and after a while he has a stable. So with the theatrical man. And the racing man goes broke gradually without realizing it."

"Are you going broke?"

"Financially my circuit is the best in America," answered Pantages. "It's the only circuit that has no indebtedness."

"To what do you attribute your success?"

"To hard work and to the good men I have around me. Also to the fact that I supervise all bookings personally."

I thought of the vaudevillains waiting outside to be booked, but Pantages was in no hurry to bring the interview to a close.

"When a mistake is made, it is my mistake. When money is lost, it is lost because I make a mistake. All theatrical men make mistakes, but I prefer to make my own and when they are made I hold myself responsible, not a subordinate."

Then Alexander Pantages delved in the psychology of vaudeville prices.

"The future of light amusement in America," he said, "belongs to moving pictures and popular-priced vaudeville. The higher prices will be eliminated. The moving picture business has seen its best days, for there is a limit to feature films while there is no limit to vaudeville acts. And the popular-priced vaudeville houses can get the best acts because they can afford to pay the highest salaries. They give three performances a day, so they have more money coming into the box office than the places which charge higher prices. The prosperity of the vaudeville houses which charge ten, twenty and thirty cents is founded on the same principle as the prosperity of the five, ten and fifteen cent stores which go on making money while big dealers fail."

Of course this view of the situation is the view of one of the rulers of the "ten, twent' and thirt'" domain in America. I should not expect Martin Beck or Morris Meyerfeld to agree with Alexander Pantages. Judging from the prosperity of

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Comparative prices of leading local BONDS during past six months show that INVESTMENT SECURITIES are now selling at prices to yield higher returns than during recent years.

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INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

The People's Forum

For Public Decency

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Was it not Shelley who said: "The pile they raise will betray the grave which otherwise would be unknown?" So your criticism of the Alice Smith letters awakened my curiosity and I picked up a Bulletin in a hotel and waded through the slush. After reading I wondered why our City Fathers allowed such obscene trash to be printed, as in my days we were not allowed to know the habits of the unfortunates of our sex. My next wonder was why the ministers did not enter a protest. I came to the conclusion that they were too busy doing politics. I certainly agree with you that the letters are the fruits of a newspaper "space writer." How any sensible person can believe otherwise is a mystery to me. But it remained for a Catholic clergyman to warn us not to be carried away with the false sentiment and so-called letters from the underworld. His argument was logical: If for the love of fine clothes, ease or a disinclination to work a girl leaves the path of virtue, she is not going to admit it. If otherwise, and she wishes to reform, the story of Mary Magdalene is old and well known. The first safeguard must come from home education. She must be taught not to go to late suppers, automobiling or dance halls. The men visiting the homes must be made to understand that the ultimate goal is matrimony, and I think they will not disagree with the old-fashioned mothers when it comes to selecting their wives. The same clergyman referred to an article on the turkey trot and rag in one of the weeklies (Saturday Evening Post) and admonished his congregation to read it. The average girl will tell you there is no harm in the objectionable dance and it doesn't hurt her. I can only re-echo the reverend father's remark: If it did, would she be willing to admit it?

—A Subscriber.

An Irish Poet

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: In your issue of July 19 you published a sonnet about San Francisco written by M. E. O'Connor and asked for information about the author. Michael E. O'Connor was born in County Kerry, Ireland, and died in Misericordia Hospital, Sacramento, October 15, 1912. He was educated for the priesthood in Dublin, displaying intellectual powers of the highest kind; but a fall from a horse made him a cripple for life and debarred him from the clerical calling. He then came to San Francisco, his brother Cornelius being secretary to Archbishop Alemany. He worked as a court reporter, as a clerk in the Hibernia Bank and later as a reporter in a government office. He contributed prose and verse to the local press, especially to the Monitor, and James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston Pilot, was glad to accept his contributions. A severe critic of his own compositions he refused to allow an eastern publisher to bring out a volume of his poems, feeling that his best work was still to do. Physical suffering continuing over many years did not hamper his intellectual activities; he was a splendid scholar and a true Christian gentleman whose example was an inspiration to all who knew him.

Respectfully, —A Friend.

"The Mixture of a Lie"

By Veritas

It is the most familiar of sayings, and everyone recognizes its truth. The basis of imaginative art lies in it. The lofty rhyme is built upon it. So are all novels, dramas, and the witcheries of romance. Beauty could hardly exist without it, nor could the delight of scandal, gossip, biography, and epitaphs. Yet even Bacon, when he said that the mixture of a lie does ever add pleasure, can hardly have imagined the joy that it gave Clare Court.

All day long Clare Court had felt uneasy. Spring had set in with bitter wind and driving snow. The cold swept through the broken doors, and a slushy pool had gathered in the center of the yard, so deep that the various fish heads, banana skins, and relics of old boots were almost adrift. Even the floor of the "Bull and Bear" round the corner was so sloppy that the men who spent the day there agreed it was a disgrace to civilization. But it was not the weather only that diffused an air of uneasiness. Clare Court felt that it was being put upon. It was losing its golden opportunity. Others were taking its crown.

"We're being done, Mrs. Bundle, that's what it is! Done!" said Mrs. Draper, issuing like a stage apparition from the midst of the mingled smoke of cooking and washing that poured from her door.

"You're right, Mrs. Draper," cried a head from an opposite window. "Done is right! Heard about them in Tyler street? There's five bobs flyin' round in Tyler street, and us not getting so much as the smell of a penny!"

"Tyler street, indeed!" said Mrs. Bundle, emerging into daylight, with her young clinging to various parts of her dress and person. "What's Tyler street better than us, I'd like to know? Why don't they give their five bobs to them as keeps theirselves respectable? I'll Tyler street 'em!"

"There's twenty houses in Tyler street," cried Mrs. Draper, while the steam whirtled round her head, "and they do say not one but got a five bob last night, and all for doin'—what? Why, nowt!"

"Yus," said the head at the window, "just for nowt they's got it! Just for sayin' things, same as one man could say as easy as another! But our men ain't got no pluck, that's where it is."

"You're right, my dear, that's where it is," croaked red-eyed Mrs. Cripps, usually so silent. "It's my belief our men hasn't got so much as a gut between 'em."

"You just mind what you're sayin', or I'll wring your neck!" shouted her husband, who happened to come out at that moment, pulling on his coat, and then straightening the scarf round his throat, for he was something of a dandy. "Didn't I make 'alf a sovereign no more than six months ago, before the election, and all by me writing a letter? And didn't I give you four-and-six of it for yourself? Tell me that, and don't be talkin' about guts!"

"Don't 'ee be 'ard on her, Mr. Cripps!" said Mrs. Draper. "Don't 'ee be 'ard on her, there's a love! She do work cruel all night at the lace makin' for to keep you smart, same as you do always look. Let me see now—what was it you put in your letter? Mine wrote as he was 'alf clemmed. 'Alf clemmed! Him as never has his belly empty not once a month, bless his 'eart! And out comes the 'alf sovereign from the Gentleman, same as a penny in the slot."

"'Alf clemmed 's a common sort of thing, seems to me," said Mrs. Bundle, trying to shake herself free of her progeny, like a sow when she gets up. "Mine did smarter than what that was. Mine ups and writes as how his beloved wife (that's me!) was layin' in languish in the 'orspital with one leg off, and nobody to mind the precious children, and another coming. Now that was smart to think of me with a leg off, albeit all the rest was Gord's truth! So down comes 'alf a sovereign by very next post, and I gets five bob of it, through mine having a good 'eart."

"Yus, that's all right, my dear," said Mrs. Draper, keeping a watch on the red-eyed woman "all on us in this Court took our 'alf sovereigns, praise Gord. But what I want to know is how Mr. Cripps did his bit of writing?"

"Played the dyin' che-ild," said Mr. Cripps in melodramatic accent, cleaning his boots by scraping the edges on a convenient window sill. "The melting mill-hand and his dying che-ild—that's what I played. Then old Ginger lay me even 'alf crowns the Gentleman wouldn't swaller it. Not swaller it? Ever see a quart go down? Same with that dying che-ild. Wish I'd doubled and played two on 'em! Two dyin' children! Might

(Continued on Page 21.)

Golden State Champagne

Wins Another "Grand Prix" at Ghent, Belgium

We are just in receipt of advices from Francis Hope of the California Development Board, who is in charge of the California State Exhibit at the Exposition Universelle et Internationale, at Ghent, Belgium, that our GOLDEN STATE **Extra Dry Champagne was awarded the "Grand Prix"** by a jury consisting of thirty-three famous wine tasters (twenty-five of whom were French).

It will be remembered that in October, 1911, this exquisite wine also won the "Grand Prix" at the International Exposition at Turin, Italy.

This remarkable recognition received in Italy and Belgium ought to convince American connoisseurs (and California wine drinkers in particular) that GOLDEN STATE Extra Dry Champagne, which is served everywhere, IS NOT SURPASSED BY ANY FOREIGN BRAND AND SHOULD BE USED IN PREFERENCE BY EVERY LOYAL CALIFORNIAN.

ITALIAN-SWISS COLONY

Main Office, Battery and Greenwich Streets

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Poems About San Francisco

CIV—JOHN CHINAMAN

By Ralph Erwin Gibbs

(The Chinese vegetable peddler like the Chinese laundryman was considered a natural enemy by the gamin of San Francisco a few years ago. This hostility resulted from the Dennis Kearney agitation against the Chinese and was kept alive in later days by the less important campaign by Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, whose slogan was, "The Chinese must go." The poem given below recalls a condition with which San Franciscans were quite familiar before the fire, so the poem has the right of entrance to this series. Its author Ralph Erwin Gibbs was a University of California lad whose untimely death prevented the maturing of real poetical powers. His verses were published in a volume called "Songs of Content," which was brought out in 1903 by Paul Elder. Charles Mills Gayley contributed an introduction.)

John, John, Chinaman, the taunting gamins cry,
But he shuffles by
And his sole reply
Is a vengeful gleam in his beady eye;
The reason why?
"Boy heap lie,
And Chinaman he go jail."
So he ambles away,
And his baskets sway
With his legs keeping time to the yoke-pole's play,
Jog-trotting up hill and down dale.

John's weazened head is religiously shorn,
Save his cue
Which is bound in the knot that the ladies call Psyche,
'Neath a rusty slouch hat, that's battered and worn;
And his faded blouse is tattered and torn,
And patched in many a hue
Of denim that once was blue;
And manicure? "Nah," I fear he "no likee."
But "me likee" to sing
As the baskets swing,
And the clogs clap time to the pack-pole's spring,
A plaintive carol of old Peking,
That shrills in a painfully high key.

Now here's to you, John Chinaman!
And may you grow fat and rich!
You may be a heathen, but you're the man
That minds his own business and gets what he can,
Though the Christian give him the ditch:
Then here's to your health, John Chinaman,
Your wives and your wealth, John Chinaman,
Both blessings be yours, by and by!
And when you grow old,
With a sock full of gold,
May you sail to the land whose consecrate mould
Is the only good bed when you die!

Where the iris blows,
And the Yellow Stream flows,—
In a dozen silk coats and just repose
May you live! And when, tippling,
You lounge where the rippling
Of water, through willow-tip bending full low,
Makes lullaby slow,
May you tell yellow tales to wee, gaudy-clad kids,
With eyes like the depths of your tea-cup,—
And doze
Till the tea-garden orchestra squeak up!

Then here's to your health, John,
And though it's by stealth, John,
You smuggled you into this land of the free,
Ere your pig-tail's gray,
May you blithely away
To wear a red button with your ancestree.

The Spectator

"Stringing the Mayor"

"Are you a Knight of Columbus?"

It was the man who winds the Ferry clock that asked me the question.

"Because," said he, "if you are, perhaps you wouldn't mind putting Mayor Rolph right."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, it's like this," said the clockwinder; "somebody has been stringing the Mayor shamefully. If you ask him why he doesn't do this and why he doesn't do that, if he cares to take you into his confidence he'll tell you that it isn't expedient because he must please certain dignitaries of the Catholic Church. I'm not a Catholic, but I'm on to the old guff. Ever since I've been in politics politicians have been handing out that sort of stuff. That's the way A. P. A.s are made. You're wise to the professional Catholic, ain't you?"

I confessed that I was not.

The water front philosopher kindly enlightened me. "The professional Catholic," he said, "is a fellow that works Protestant office holders. He gives them the tip that he's close up to the Vatican, in daily communication with Rome through the Archbishop. Every Archbishop in the country but one is being used in this way without knowing it. The one exception is Ireland, who's a mighty good politician himself."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that Mayor Rolph is in the hands of professional Catholics?"

"I'm not making any charges," said the clockwinder. "But I'll say this: I don't believe any dignitary of the Church is aware that some small things that have been done have been done under the impression that he wanted them done."

"You don't make yourself clear," I remarked.

"I've got to wind the clock," said my garrulous friend. And, shouldering his key, he went up into the tower.

Muckraking Crist

From what I hear 'bout town Police Judge Crist is going to find the bench a rather uncomfortable seat. Wiley was unknown to the public when the feminine recallers picked him out as a candidate for Judge Weller's job, but since then interested persons have been able to get a line on him. Among the interested is a morning newspaper which has been quietly watching Judge Crist's official conduct, keeping strict but unostentatious tab on his handling of cases. The rumor is that Crist is in for a very thorough muckraking, the paper in question having satisfied itself that many of his official acts are open to

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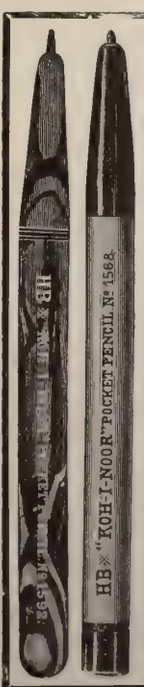

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criticism. The reports on Crist which the managing editor has received are said to show that quite a surprising number of cases have been dismissed in his court; also that defendants have been released on bail ridiculously low when the nature of the charges against them is considered It seems in fact that Crist has been making the mistakes which were alleged of Judge Weller by the militant women and ministers who forced his recall. Leniency to white slavers, the basis of the recall movement directed against Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, and the quality of mercy too unrestrained which he has extended to opium smokers are counts in the indictment which the newspaper is drawing up. So it looks as though Judge Crist is in for an unmerciful overhauling. It will be interesting to see how he faces the storm.

The Activity of Twain

Speaking of Judge Crist, it is worth mentioning that since he has been on the bench Twain Michelson has been one of the businest practitioners in the police courts, especially in the police court of Judge Crist. Nobody ever heard of Twain before the Weller recall movement. He was as much a stranger to the general public as Wiley Crist. If he had any law practice to speak of lawyers were not cognizant of the fact. But since his dear friend Wiley ascended the bench in the Hall of Justice Twain has become a very popular pleader. The unfortunates who find themselves face to face with justice have a penchant for retaining his services, under the delusion no doubt that a lawyer who is a friend of the judge can do more for them than a lawyer whose relations with the court are purely professional. Naturally this mistaken idea is one which no police court lawyer will go out of his way to remove. So Twain is waxing prosperous. The recall benefitted him almost as much as it advantaged Crist.

Los Angeles and Our Fair

Is the county of Los Angeles going to exhibit at our World's Fair? Are her oranges and flowers, her climate and her chemical purity to be exploited in San Francisco when San Francisco entertains the world in 1915? For that matter, are any of the southern counties going to exhibit? Or is the State of California going to stop at Tehachapi so far as the Panama-Pacific Exposition is concerned? I put the questions because they are being asked with considerable anxiety in and about the exposition building in Pine street. The directors are worried, but they have so far received no definite word from the South.

No Applications

The applications for space in the California Building have all come from counties this side of the Pass. The space which will be available in the building is over-applied for right now, to the extent of about twenty thousand feet I understand. The space is going to be assigned shortly, the time for applying having ended yesterday. But Los Angeles and her neighbor counties of the sunny southland made no sign. Is it possible that these counties are not going to participate in our World's Fair? That seems inconceivable. No advertising they can buy would benefit them as much as a good display at the Fair. And they can well afford to buy it, for those counties below the Pass are all in quite comfortable circumstances. What are they up to then? Anybody who can tell will confer a favor on the World's Fair directors, particularly on R. B. Hale who has charge of the California Building.

A Night of Culture

Last Saturday was a field night for al fresco poetry. The hierophants of culture went out under the moon (was there a moon?) and laid offerings on the altars of Apollo and Minerva. To the north and to the south of us brows were heightenetd. The Bohemians incinerated Care in their redwood grove de luxe on the Russian River, while the haut noblesse of California literature kindled Mary Austin's antedeluvian fire among the pines that sigh to the tide of Monterey Bay. It was a night of nights, and those of us who were privileged to stand in the shadow neither of the redwoods nor of the pines must now abate some tittle of our highbrowishness, must acknowledge that our culture remained in statu quo while the culture of the Bohemians and the Carmelites was lifted to a higher notch. Saturday night fixed California firmly on the artistic map, nailed us to Art with a two-man beetle. The accomplishment was both destructive and constructive. The men who pray to St. John Nepomuck, "the saint who never told," made bonfire of the accumulated Care of a twelvemonth. Figuratively speaking there is now no Care in Bohemia, though bar bills must still be paid, else they'll post you. The Carmel accomplishment was greater. The Carmelites didn't burn anything but fire. They didn't have to burn Care, for there is no Care in Carmel.

Carmel's Aristocrats

The aristocrats of Carmel culture have at last put on the learned sock. The proletariat whose leader is Perry Newberry having had its artistic splurge earlier in the month when Greer Harrihon's "Runnymede" was given, the upper classes whom George Sterling overlords, proceeded to souse themselves in dramaturgy Saturday night. The upper classes have organized the Western Drama Society with Sterling as president, Redfern Mason as vice-pretsident, Herbert Heron as secretary and such luminaries as Mary Austin, Jimmy Hopper, Vernon Kellogg, Jack London, Kenneth Turner and Clark Ashton Smith as ordinary members. It was their first appearance on any stage, and they made Mary Austin's three-act drama "Fire" a great success. The audience was large, the applause of volume and discrimination, and the receipts (if a mercenary note may be softly sounded) showed a net profit of two hundred large pieces of silver. It was natural that the newspaper accounts should give particular prominence to George Sterling, for although George had only only a small part (he played it splendidly), his is a name to conjure with in newspaperdom. Alas though that the Chronicle should call him Peter Sterling! From what I have heard, however, the highest acting honors went to Herbert Heron, a lesser poet, and his wife Opal. The occasion was further signalized by the appearance of Frank Powers as a dramatic critic. The commercial genius of Carmel "did the show" for the Examiner and his critique did not read like an advertising circular.

Who Stole the Rabbits?

George Sterling appeared in Mrs. Austin's play as Atla, a mighty hunter. George handles a gun as expertly as Byron handled a pistol, and previ-

A "GRAND PRIX" CHAMPAGNE

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ous to the performance he bagged a dozen cottontails which his hunters carried on the stage and laid at the foot of the altar. George meant those cottontails to serve a substantial purpose. He had invited several friends to gather at his beautiful bungalow and feast on grilled cottontail Sunday morning. But after being used as "props" the cottontails mysteriously disappeared. Grilled cottontails were enjoyed by somebody in Carmel, but not by George Sterling and his friends.

Lions in Bohemia

The lions are beginning their annual invasion of Bohemia. The grove play has become so famous that the lions come to see it (and to be lionized) from all parts of the world. Most of them will not arrive till the last minute, but already some are in our midst or are sojourning in the grove. Dr. William Younger came all the way from that dear Paris. General Leonard Wood blessed the luck which brought him to this neck of the woods at this particular time, for the general likes Bohemia. Gelett Burgess arrived quite early. Harrison Fisher came for the jinks, and Jules Guerin came for exposition business plus the Bohemian jinks. The list will be swelled by many names before another week passes. But it is doubtful whether any lion in Bohemia will receive as much lionizing as will be the portion of Lord Wodehouse, who will enjoy Rufus Steele's play as the guest of Judge Henshaw. The Bohemians, like lesser mortals, dearly love a lord.

That Evening Paper Rumor

The rumor that William Randolph Hearst intends starting an evening newspaper in this city will not down. Although Hearst has been in our midst and has given no sign, there are plenty of volunteers to announce his plans for him. These may or may not have access to facts unknown to the rest of us, but any way they asseverate that the new paper will soon be a fact accomplished. One circumstance gives color to this rumor. When Ernest Simpson left the Call to enter the Hearst service he was sent to take charge of the Hearst evening paper in Chicago. Later on he was sent on to New York where for a short time he was associated with Brisbane in the management of the Evening Journal. The last I heard, Simpson was back in Chicago and was expected to leave shortly for San Francisco. It really looks as though Hearst is acquainting him with various angles of the evening newspaper game with a view to making him managing editor of an evening paper in this city.

Is There a Field?

The big advertisers shiver with apprehension when they hear mention of a new evening paper here. It will mean the expenditure of more money for advertising, and our merchants hate to increase their advertising appropriations. But if Hearst starts a new evening paper they will have to do so. A good evening paper of large circulation is an excellent advertising medium, particularly for advertisements of bargains and special sales. When the evening meal is over, the dishes washed and the children put to bed, women like to sit down with the evening paper and plan their shopping campaign for the following morning. It is not surprising that Hearst should be eager to break into this field which is now divided between the Post and Bulletin. Reporters would welcome another Hearst paper here, for Hearst pays the best salaries and if he fancied star reporters employed by other papers the other editors would have to meet the terms proposed by Hearst or see their staffs crippled.

The Future of the Call

And what is going to happen to the Call? W. W. Chapin of Seattle took charge of it on certain terms the contract for which expires within the next two months. I am told that Chapin has no idea of trying to acquire the paper, but would be well satisfied to run it for John D. Spreckels on a salary basis. Another rumor is that Mr. Spreckels cabled to Charles W. Hornick in Europe, asking him to return as soon as his health would permit and take charge again. I'm afraid Chapin has not made good during the past year. In the feverish attempt to get business he has played hob with the advertising rates. He doesn't pay very good salaries, so his reportorial staff is an inferior one, the result being that the Call gets "scooped" right and left by newsgatherers on the Examiner and Chronicle who are more familiar with the city and its prominent men than the young men of the Call can hope to be for some time. It is said too that the Call's subscriptions have fallen off woefully.

A Changed Palace Bar

Travelers of the Cocktail Route—the Camino Real of San Francisco—are eagerly awaiting the confirmation of a rumor that it is to be extended one drink eastward to a hospice that has always been alluring but exclusive, one that has long maintained a dignified isolation, neither inviting nor turning away the ordinary wayfarer, but providing him with rest and refreshment so perfunctorily and so exorbitantly that he found no encouragement to return. The new sign post, it is reported, will point to the Palace Hotel bar. The story goes that the old policy of maintaining it for the convenience of sojourners under the roof is to be abandoned and that the price of refreshment is to be reduced from twenty-five to fifteen cents. To render it more accessible to the general public the barber shop is to be moved and a direct entrance from the main corridor will be provided, so that the weary traveler may reach it without being put to the necessity of following the circuitous path that winds through the court.

Oases for Lovely Women

The announced changes in the ground floor of the St. Francis include the passing of the tapestry room. But lest the lovely women who have been in the habit of drinking tea, cocktails or highballs in that famous apartment go into mourning at this announcement, I hasten to add that another oasis is to be provided for them at the Geary-street end of the caravansery. So the feminine thirst will still find assuagement to the strains of Herr Ferdinand Stark's fine orchestra. There is also to

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be a feminine oasis at the Palace. When the bar is enlarged, an additional dining-room will be provided and this will be given over in the afternoon to the dear sweet creatures who like to tip something liquid over their tongues of an afternoon.

On Publishing Sermons

In the days of old Sam Johnson no clergyman rested content until he had published a volume of sermons. Sermons formed one of the staples of polite reading, like essays and epistles. Young ladies were not allowed to read "Tristram Shandy," but their education was incomplete without some dignified dipping into the sermons of Mr. Yorick. Country parsons, too busy with their fox hunting to write sermons, carried a volume of Blair or Tillotson or Jeremy Taylor to the pulpit, and read a better homily than they could ever hope to compose. It's different nowadays. Sermons are infrequently published. Published sermons are still more infrequently read. Clergyman are engaged in so grim a struggle to fill their churches when they preach that they wisely omit the effort to make their pulpit discourses circulate in book form.

The Case of Dr. Voorsanger

Occasionally, however, a volume of sermons does appear in the book-shops. Occasionally a volume of sermons finds a good deal of popularity. That happens when the sermons are published, not to gratify pride of authorship or to testify to a family's respect and reverence for the abilities of a dead pulpiteer, but to satisfy a living demand. That was the case with the sermons of Dr. Jacob Voorsanger, the former pastor of Emanu-El in this city. Dr. Voorsanger was one of the greatest pulpit orators this city of no mean pulpit orators has known. He was also a scholar of unusual erudition and a citizen of ardent zeal for betterment. Into his sermons and addresses he breathed the fine spirit which inspired his life. His were sermons not forgotten with the passing of the Sabbath. Those who heard his winged words cherished them and longed to have them in permanent form. So there was a sound reason for the publication of "Sermons and Addresses" which comes from the press of the Bloch Publishing Company of New York.

It Is Ably Edited

This book is edited by Otto Irving Wise, one of our most prominent lawyers. Wise was a dear friend of the late rabbi, and he has done his difficult task lovingly, with discrimination. It required patience and application to read through the thousand or so sermons which Dr. Voorsanger left in manuscript form, and to determine which few of this great mass should be preserved in book form. The editorial capacity of Wise is justified by the result. There is variety in the book, and interest on every page. It is by no means a book for the religionist alone. The cultivated San Franciscan of whatever creed, or of none, will want to have the best thought of Dr. Voorsanger on his shelves. There is an introduction by Dr. Martin Meyer, who occupies Dr. Voorsanger's old pulpit of Emanu-El. Dr. Voorsanger lives again in Dr. Meyer's eloquent words.

Strenuous Jack

"Jack Spreckels," said a man about town the other day, "is one of our most strenuous young men. A few nights ago he broke his wrist while cranking his machine. He had it attended to at the Emergency Hospital. The following day he went for a long motor trip, and that night attended a party given in honor of "The Passing Show" company. The next morning he went to his own surgeon and had the wrist rebroken and reset. From the surgeon's he went to the dental chair, and that night he attended another party. A pretty strenuous clip to keep up, isn't it?"

Alice Smith at Stanford

Nowhere is the story of the prostitute Alice Smith more eagerly read than at Stanford University. The students of Stanford, it need not be pointed out, study this Bulletin muck purely for its sociological interest. Far be it from the disciples of Chancellor Jordan to approach this bagnio chronicle with prurient minds! When the Bulletins arrive on the campus they are quickly snapped up, and such is the demand that the price rises as high as twenty-five cents a copy. Down that way they call the voice from the underworld the "subterranean groan."

Concerning Western States Life

The examination of the Western States Life Insurance Company by the States of Utah, New Mexico and California has been completed. The report of the examiners shows that all the assets of the company were verified by an actual inspection of the securities and such appraisements as have been completed show that the investments are wisely made and in accordance with the laws of this State and of the other States in which it is engaged in business. All of the reserves required by law were checked and found correct. Death losses have been paid promptly. It is apparent that every protection is accorded the policy-holders and no beneficiary has been obliged to resort to litigation.

Gifts at Techau's

So great has been the popularity of the souvenir bottles of Halcyon Rose Perfume and Violet Brut Toiler Water made by the Hanson-Jenks Co. of New York and presented to the lady patrons of Techau Tavern, that the supply has been exhausted. The management has, however, placed a new order and in a short time the distribution of these delightful preparations will be resumed at the Tavern. In the meantime other attractive gifts will be presented to the ladies.

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By TANTALUS

First Debutante Entertainment

The first of the 1913 debutantes to be entertained formally is Elena Eyre, the pretty young daughter of the Perry Eyres, whose cousin Lee Girvin is giving her a dance at Menlo next week. The affair will not take place at the club, for a change, but at the new home of the Girvins that replaced the one destroyed by fire last year. It will be exclusively for the younger set who will enjoy next winter's gayeties with the guest of honor. Ruth Zeile who is with her cousins, the Hopkins at Menlo, and Helen Keeney who has spent most of the summer with her sister, Mrs. Talbot Walker, are of the 1913 set and will also be at the Girvin dance. The tango and the one-step will be the order of the evening. Elena Eyre has probably a larger family connection in San Francisco society than any girl of her set. She is a niece of Bobby and of the Ed Eyres, Miss Mary Eyre, Mrs. George Pinckard, and of Mrs. Percy Moore who is her mother's sister. The Eyre Pinckards, Girvins, Robin Haynes, Selbys and Macondrays are all cousins, so there is quite an array of relatives to welcome Elena who may be considered quite as lucky as Ruth Zeile with the Hopkins clan back of her.

Smart Set Dramatics

The debutantes are not to attract all of the limelight next winter. A lot of it will be diverted to Mrs. Mendell's dramatic club that promises interesting entertainments. Mrs. Mendell formed the club last spring, but there was time for only an informal meeting or two to discuss plans before people scattered for the summer and the club adjourned until September. With the return of Mrs. Mendall from the East meetings will be resumed and the active members may be discovered studying parts. The membership is a large one, but of these only a small circle will be the active contingent, talented matrons and belles who will produce drama and give musicales to audiences strictly limited to the members. Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt's well-known gift for comedy and the lovely voice of Mrs. Richard Bayne are two of the club's valuable assets in the way of talent. Mrs. George Kelham, who sings well, will also contribute to musical programs with Miss Genevieve King and Miss Olive Wheeler, who are among the younger members. Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor is secretary of the club. Mrs. Fred Sharon and Mrs. Max Sloss are among its most enthusiastic supporters.

Everybody's Roughing It

The very latest in the set is to "rought it." Leave country life as it is lived on the peninsula for a fortnight and go in for camping out, so to speak. Every one seems to be doing it. There is an irresistible fascination in the idea of wearing corduroy knickerbockers, broiling bacon over camp fires, and sleeping under the stars. The charm of contrast, very likely, to country club piazzas, lingerie gowns and parasols. There have been interesting discoveries of latent talents for cooking among maids and matrons who never see their own kitchens at home, and the enthusiasm they bring to their efforts is amazing. A servant or two may do the heavy work, but men of the party usually reserve the privilege of polishing pots and pans. Philip Paschel is said to be especially successful in the art. Up in Mendocino county Mrs. Oscar Cooper is "roughing it" and cooking on the Cooper ranch where servants are not to be had. In the wilds of the Feather River country Mrs. Norris Davis is "roughing it" with a party of friends. The Chauncey Boardmans have just returned from Kings River canyon with Dora Winn and Ethel McAllister, who wore sombreros and rode like girls of the Golden West. Up in Oregon the Frank Prestons and Mrs. Willard Drown are doing the simple life on a ranch, and a camping party that lived in primitive fashion under the pines in Hetch Hetchy for several weeks included Miss Marion Huntington, Madge Wilson and Mrs. Louis Beedy. The Livermores are planning a trip into Mendocino The Livermores are really pioneers in roughing it. Every year they leave their country place in Sonoma for an adventure in camping. Beth Livermore is one of the most accomplished horsewomen in society and no mountain trail is too difficult for her riding. It was on one of the Livermores' camping trips, by the way, that the Norman Livermores met their fate. Caroline Seely of Texas, a visitor in California, was the guest of one of the Livermore girls and in the romatic environment of primeval forests became engaged to the brother of her hostess

Calico Is De Rigueur

Those two charming daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone, the Misses Harriet and Marion, are giving jolly parties at their summer camp on the Russian River. As many as thirty guests are invited for the week-end, and although there are plenty of servants, the sisters attend to the cooking which is always worthy of a chef who sports the cordon bleu. When girls are invited to the camp they are given to understand that only calico dresses may be worn. No other costumes are countenanced, except on Sunday when the middie blouse is permissible. No matter how anxious a girl may be to make a hit with her best beau she has to conform to these rules of the simple life.

Mrs. Chanslor and Her Hats

Mrs. Joseph Anderson Chanslor and her hats arrived from Los Angeles a few days ago after a year's absence. Not the same hats that were with Mrs. Chanslor when last she dazzled San Francisco society with her millinery. But quite as wonderful as their predecessors. Mrs. Chanslor has been very much missed in the bridge set. Not only was she an excellent player and a delightful hostess, but she gave the most beautiful prizes ever given. Her crowning efforts were the stunning embroidered mandarin coats that half a dozen lucky matrons received on one memorable occasion. Neither, it may be added, has any

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woman ever worn such gorgeous plumage on her head as the hats of Mrs. Chanslor. They came from Paris, and were famous in the bridge set, that conscientiously studied and copied them. The Chanslors have been living in Los Angeles for a year while their Pacific avenue residence was leased.

Detained by Illness

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt have been detained in London by the illness of their little daughter who is, however, on the road to recovery. Meanwhile her small cousin Eleanor Spreckels has the measles in Paris, so the summer abroad for the younger generation has been rather discouraging. The Moffitts will return this month and Mrs. Spreckels will probably come with them. At present she is doing Paris with Mrs. Herman Oelrichs who was one of her girlhood chums. They have been entertained at several affairs by Mrs. A. P. Widener of Philadelphia who is one of the new queens of Newport, and the other day Mrs. Spreckels gave a dinner at the Ritz for the Frank Carolans, Mrs. Widener, Mrs. Oelrichs and half a dozen others of the American colony. Tessie Oelrichs, by the way, is planning a visit to California early next year, when it is to be hoped she will not drink tea through her veil, or by any other harmless caprice set a fashion for our faithfully observant parish set.

Laura Foster, Anti-Suffragist

When Laura Foster was a member of the art staff of the Bulletin she was regarded as one of the most promising of our illustrators. When she went to New York to join the San Francisco colony there were predictions that she would distinguish herself. She was soon doing page pictures for the big magazines. She also distinguished herself by falling in love, but her happy union with a prominent New York broker has not interfered with her artistic career. Just now she is distinguishing herself as the artist of anti-suffrage. The New York World Sunday Magazine recently featured her conception of "The Suffrage Woman," a drawing calculated to peeve the militants and give joy to those who believe that there is no place for woman in politics.

The Secretary's Sack Suit

When the Secretary of the Navy attended the reception given in honor of himself and Mrs. Daniels in a sack suit, the ceremonious women who had gathered at the St. Francis to do him honor were awfully shocked. Mayor Rolph and all our leading citizens wore the conventional afternoon attire, but Josephus appeared in a business suit and a soft hat. Men of the navy are sticklers for form, and the Secretary of the Navy usually recognizes their punctiliousness by dressing up to the minute. But Josephus is a model of democratic simplicity. The good ladies who sighed over his clothes would have gasped if they could have seen the wrinkled white duck suit he wore all through the Baltimore convention.

"Passing Show" Hosts

The beauties of the "Passing Show" were so everlastingly entertained in this city that they left here weary of sociability. No night passed on which an affair was not given for some of them, and the number of parties given for the whole company broke all records. One of the liveliest of these functions was that presided over by Joe Martin, the ice magnate. It was this affair which I erroneously credited to John Martin of Ross. The mistake was an easy one to slip into, for Joe Martin is a shrinking violet whose self-possession melts before publicity like a bit of ice under a vertical sun. Another successful party was given by Joe Fredericks who has a better singing voice than any man in the "Passing Show" company.

Russian Hill Plans

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding who always gives a whole-souled interest to anything she takes up is at present devoting her energies to plans for the beautifying of Russian Hill. At a meeting of the North Beach Promotion Association held recently in Wasington Square Hall she was introduced by Andrea Sbarboro and addressed a cosmopolitan audience from the neighborhood of North Beach. She wanted the indorsement of the association for elaborate plans drawn by Willis Polk and the late D. H. Burnham for the "artistic beautifying of Russian Hill." The plans call for a private expenditure of $25,000 and this sum is to be raised by subscription. There are a number of wealthy residents who will doubtless contribute generously. The Horatio Livermores have a spacious and picturesque mansion on the southern side. To the west the Norman Livermores have one of the most artistic places on the Hill. Between these the Gerberding house crowns the crest. Then there are the O. D. Baldwins, the John McGaws, Lorenzo Avenallis, Hiram Johnsons and others to take an active financial interest in Mrs. Gerberding's crusade. Most of the members of the North Beach Association live on the flats east of Russian Hill or on the slopes of Telegraph Hill, but the beautifying would of course be a scenic advantage for them.

Twenty-two Years Married

It has always seemed to me that it takes a certain courage to celebrate a silver wedding, or even a twentieth anniversity. Not the courage to endure matrimony to that point, but to acknowledge the years, if you are a youthful and spirited matron like Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase. It seems to old timers only the other day that Minnie Mizner was giving dances at the family home in Benicia or appearing in town for parties and balls where she was always a belle. Yet last week the Chases celebrated their twenty-second wedding anniversary; so it was a quarter of a century ago that Minnie Mizner was a belle. The celebration took place at Castle Crag where the Chases are spending the summer. It was a merry dinner at which the Charlie Clarks and the Dixwell Hewitts toasted host and hostess, who beamed over an enormous wedding cake surmounted by a candy bride and groom, very likely a replica of the cake of their wedding. The Chases were married in Benicia at a brilliant ceremony for which special trains brought guests from San Francisco. But as it happened, none of the dinner guests of last week who included Miss Ysabel Chase, had been present at the marriage.

Sympathy for Mrs. Darling

All her world, which is a big one, is sympathizing deeply with Mrs. Clara Darling in the

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W. A. SHEDD, Head Master

loss of her son a few weeks ago. Mrs. Darling, more than any other lady I can think of in the West, impresses one as the typical "femme du monde"—the result of her brilliant education and long continued activities in social life. Her many interests have broadened her sympathies and developed her natural sweet nature and love of the gaiety of life. One hears much of her kind deeds to the poor and sorrowful, but she adds sunshine to bright lives too and gives pleasure to those already having the blessings of youth and happiness. So that when an unhappiness comes to her there are many to hope it will be the last. It is a source of great comfort to her that her daughter, Mrs. Maud, is with her, having returned immediately from Europe when she learned of her mother's bereavement.

Hotel Del Monte Notes

Salmon fishing in the new launch has been the principal diversion of the guests at Del Monte, outside of golf, which always reigns supreme. The best catch of the week was 150 pounds of salmon, and one big shark almost landed. This was hooked by A. N. Rosenbaum and was brought up to the edge of the boat several times, but proved too large and unwieldy a body to handle. The Young Women's Christian Association Conference grounds, at Moss Beach on the Monterey Peninsula, are the scene of much activity these days. The buildings are rapidly nearing completion, and the dormitories, which will accommodate about 400 of the young ladies, are practically ready for occupancy. The Administration building will be ready for temporary use during the conference next month, but will not be entirely completed. This home for the Y. W. C. A. Conference was made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who is putting up the buildings, and the Pacific Improvement Company, which donated the land.

Pacific Grove Hotel Notes

Mrs. William Gray and Miss Frances Gray, wife and daughter of Wm. Gray, general freight agent of the C. B. & Q. at St. Louis, have taken apartments for the summer, and with Mrs. L. W. Davies and Misses Helen and Dorothy Davies are enjoying every minute of the time motoring, swimming and playing tennis. Mr. L. W. Davies is general superintendent of the Pacific Improvement Company's coal mines in Washington. Other out-of-state guests are Mrs. P. H. Portas of Chicago, J. F. Moyem and wife of Chicago, Mrs. W. O. Martin and auto party from Reno, the Misses L. S. and E. F. Briggs of Boston, W. H. Saxton of Cleveland, Miss R. T. Anderson of Toledo, Louise W. Brooks and C. C. Marble of New York, Miss Sarah Tabor of New Bedford,

Social Doings at Castle Crags

Friday morning the Misses Ysabel Chase, J. Campbell, K. Booth, Kinney, Havens, Messrs. Cuyler Lee, Smitten, Horace B. Chase Jr., and Wright rode on horseback to Castle Lake. The lake is situated in the heart of the mountains, ten miles from Castle Crags. Much of the time was spent fishing; later the fish were cooked on the edge of the lake in camping style. During the two rainy evenings at Castle Crags the social hostess provided amusement for the numerous guests. Wednesday evening there were huge logs burning in the open fireplaces on either end of the room. The first part of the evening was spent popping corn; later dancing was enjoyed. Thursday evening an old-fashioned spelling match was arranged. Captains were chosen and there were fifty on the floor. Among the best spellers were Mesdames Chapins, Comte and Cuyler. The first won the prize, a statuette of ivory.

Diversions at Casa del Rey

Some of the greatest swimmers in the world, headed by the great Duke Kahanamoku, have been at the Casa del Rey for the past three days. They came down to Santa Cruz to participate in the swimming and diving contests which took place Saturday and Sunday. After the swimming performance Saturday evening Walter Martin gave a supper in the casino. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, the Misses Kathleen and Phyllis de Young, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Dorothy Deane and Charles de Young. The following morning the entire party was up at 5 A. M., went salmon fishing and returned with one of the largest catches of the season.

Society at Witter

The sumer season is in full swing at Witter Springs and every day parties are arriving at the hotel, the majority making the trip by automobile. On Saturday there was an old-fashioned barbecue in the woods and in the evening there was a dance and card party, the prize winners of the various sports of the afternoon and evening being Mrs. H. K. Defendorf, Miss Edna Walker, C. M. Birkholm and R. J. McDonald. Judge J. M. Sewell is spending his vacation at Witter, and Mrs. J. H. Hough and her son Hewlett Hough have arrived there to spend the month of August. Mrs. Hough will be joined by Mr. Hough and his sister, Miss Hough next week. They will make the trip from their home in Stockton by automobile. Others who motored up during the week were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brown, F. D. Orr, A. Dowling, Murray White, Henry Eickhoff, H. M. Brown, Louis C. Brown, G. L. Thompson, G. L. Randolph and O. L. Coffman.

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The Vendome has many attractive features, and at this season of the year it is an ideal terminal for an automobile trip or for a week-end sojourn. First-class, with most reasonable rates.

"As a Man Thinks" a Talky Play

By Edward F. O'Day

"As a Man Thinks" is not closely reasoned enough to be a thesis play, but my! what a lot of discussion there is in it. It is not exactly a religious play, but how Thomas has loaded it down with sermonizing! Talk, talk, talk, till the audience wonders whether anything is ever going to happen. Most of the action consists in getting the characters onto the stage for long talks, or off the stage so that other characters may talk about them. Everybody is loquacious in "As a Man Thinks." It contains some of the longest speeches we've heard on the stage since Sothern and Marlowe played Shakespeare here. And on such subjects! The double standard of morals! This ancient theme is analyzed, defended and attacked with as much gusto as if the problem were a new one freshly formulated by Augustus Thomas. What's the matter with Thomas anyway? Has his enviable reputation as an after-dinner speaker gone to his head? Has talk assumed a position of paramountcy in his own little drama-world? It was not so when he wrote his early successes. Nor when he gave us "The Witching Hour." But in "As a Man Thinks" there is little else but talk. Interminable talk in the first act lays the foundation of the drama. This is one of those plays which started long before the lift of the first curtain, so there is a deal of incident to be explained. But when the play overcomes inertia and gets under way the windiness does not cease. Habits have been formed by that time; the characters are all inveterate conversationalists. And so they talk "As a Man Thinks" through four acts. Because the talk is meaty, it is not therefore dramatically excusable. Bright dialogue may be endured for its own crisp sake once in a great while; long speeches and discussions, however meaty, never! Thomas was so busy with his speeches that he left the action out. "As a Man Thinks" is a rivulet of drama meandering through a meadow of talk.

John Mason doesn't improve matters. Mason's is a swift habit of speech and his utterance is inclined to be thick at times. As far as I could observe, he made no effort to remedy this serious defect. In the congestion of words one lost entire speeches. Why does not Mason speak more slowly, enunciate more carefully? Vocal mannerisms are not nice when they prevent the audience from understanding what an actor is talking about. Perhaps I should have enjoyed Thomas' talk a bit more if I had heard distinctly that part of it assigned to John Mason.

Gossip of the Theatre

"Girl in the Vase" at Empress

"The Girl in the Vase," presented by Cecil de Mille, author of "Strongheart," will be the headline attraction for the coming week at the Empress. George M. George is the comedian, and he is surrounded by a company of ten, nearly all of whom are pretty girls. Lively dances and swinging solos and ensembles are numerous in the comedy. Second place on the new bill is filled by George Richards, star of Hoyt's famous "A Temperance Town." Richards and his little company will present "Easy Money," a tabloid of the old play, "Other People's Money." Lacey Sampson and Mabel Douglas will be seen in comedy of their own creation. An act booked for the children is provided by the Savoys and their acrobatic bull terriers. A peep behind the scenes will be afforded by Walter Daniels in "It Happened at Rehearsal." Golden and West are grotesque dancers. Two attractions will be added to the regular bill. The Essanceescope will show the latest views from the motion world.

Creatore at Mechanics' Fair

Creatore, the most sensational bandmaster in the world, is coming from the East with his Italian organization of fifty pieces for a special engagement at the Mechanics' Fair next fall. Such was the purport of a telegram received by the directors of the big fair from John Palmer Slocum. Creatore has a reputation of international scope. His range and versatility make him capable of pleasing all types of audiences.

"Mikado" and "Pinafore" at Tivoli

Manager Leahy of the Tivoli has decided to repeat Gilbert & Sullivan's famous operas next week. "Mikado" will be given Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday evenings and Sunday matinee. "Pinafore" on Thursday, Friday, Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee. The Gilbert & Sullivan revivals at the Tivoli are the talk of the town and justly so. The excellent singing company and chorus, the beautiful scenery and costumes, all go to make a success that would be hard to surpass. The repeating of "Mikado" and "Pinafore" will give the many patrons of the Tivoli who have been away for the summer, an opportunity to enjoy these operas.

Mason Again Next Week

John Mason will be seen again next week in Augustus Thomas' "As a Man Thinks" at the Cort. Big audiences have been attracted to the Cort all week and the second and final week of the engagement, which begins Sunday night, will see a continuance of the large attendance.

Bell Ringers at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have six new acts. The Bell Family, nine brothers and sisters from Mexico, will present a novelty musical offering. They are bell ringers and do Mexican songs and dances. Taylor Holmes, late star of "The Million" who has been released by Savage to play an engagement over the Orpheum circuit, will share headline honors. He will present a monologue rich in original humor. Angela Kerr supported by Frederick Montague, Carl Hartberg and Frank Phelps, will present a sketch entitled "Sentence Suspended." Miss Kerr played leading roles with Mansfield. An appealing act of vocal and instrumental music will be offered by Fred [illegible] as "The Singer and

JOHN MASON AND AUGUSTUS THOMAS

The Star and Author of "As a Man Thinks," now at the Cort Theatre.

the Violinist." Harry Divine and Belle Williams will drum their way into the good graces of the audience in their vehicle "The Traveling Salesman and the Female Drummer." A special feature will be the Rose Valerie Sextette who accomplish marvelous feats on the taut wire. Next week will be the last of Fred Watson and Rena Santos and Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret.

"Quo Vadis" Film at Columbia

Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery. This is quite true, but cannot always be appreciated by the public. The George Kleine production of the Cines photo-drama "Quo Vadis" achieved a remarkable success in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore and a dozen other cities and inspired a number of unscrupulous parties with the idea of launching a smaller production and banking on the public credulity to take advantage of the immense advertising Mr. Kleine's production has received. This is one of those unavoidable conditions that arise under our present social and legal status, and works as much harm to the public at large as it does to the producers who invest their fortunes in big enterprises. The real George Kleine production of "Quo Vadis" is presented with eight parts or reels that are divided into three acts, and is only played in the larger high-class theaters of the country, and never at prices less than fifty cents for orchestra seats and twenty-five for balconies. The real "Quo Vadis" will be the attraction at the Columbia for three weeks beginning Sunday, August 3, with matinees daily.

Cecil Cowles at Kohler and Chase's

The soloist for this Saturday's music matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall will be Miss Cecil Cowles, the accomplished pianist and composer. Miss Cowles has attracted attention as a composer and it will be in that capacity especially that she will appeal to her large audience this Saturday. She will play two of her own compositions entitled Persian Dance and Concert Waltz. The instrumental part of the program which will be presented through the medium of the Knabe player piano and the pipe organ, will again be of an exceedingly high character. The compositions represented on this occasion will include works by Chaminade, Brahms, German and Luigini.

Broadway Hit at Alcazar

"Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," which is to be given its first presentation in the West next week at the Alcazar, is heralded as "a play with a smash." Written by James Bernard Fagan, it had a long and profitable run last season in the Astor Theatre, New York, which was in no small part owing to the critics having unanimously pronounced it one of the most stirring plays ever presented on Broadway. In the Alcazar's cast will be Forrest Stanley, Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman, the entire stock company and about a score of extra people. As all the scenes are laid in the Balkans, picturesque staging is assured.

Emma Carus at Pantages

Emma Carus, one of the stars of Broadway, is topliner at Pantages next week. She is "Queen of Singing Comediennes." Her songs are written for her. A production to cause comment is a musical farce founded on "September Morn." Ed Armstrong has twelve girls for the act. Alfred Latell is an animal delineator. Hill, Cherry and Hill are comedians a-wheel. Burlesque grand opera will be presented by Nichols and the Croix Sisters. El Cota is a xylophonist. Lester Raymond has a juggling act.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett W. McEnerney have been motoring through the chateau country since their sojourn at the German "bad." They will make an extensive stay in London, where they have many congenial friends in the ultra-literary set.

Miss Eleanor King is spending the summer on the Riviera with friends. In the fall she will return to Paris to resume her vocal studies with Miss Bessie Bowie.

Dr. and Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere are enjoying a leisurely motoring tour of southern California. In the fall they plan to join Miss King in Paris, later doing the continent and the British Isles.

Among the automobile parties to register at the Hotel Vendome last week was that of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. Dutton. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Wrightsmor and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dunn were also among the San Francisco arrivals.

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs included: Jerome T. J. Bettman and wife, H. D. Verme, Mrs. Belle D. Church, C. D. Church, Mrs. James Low, M. C. Chapman, M. C. Chapman, Jr., Mrs. N. G. Tharsing, Mrs. John Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. M. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Karsin, Mr. Bernard and wife, Charles W. Hack, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. M. L. Block, Mrs. Leslie Miller, Albert K. Miller and nurse, Miss Nellie Miller, F. Tilman Jr., Fred H. Tilman, Ben Hugo Van der Linden, Mrs. Chester B. Hinsdell, Mrs. W. Grant Fitch, Mrs. E. T. B. Mills, Mrs. F. R. Roller, E. G. Vocke, John J. Mahony, Jeremiah Mahony, Mary Mahony, Nellie Mahony, Catherine Cuny, Margaret Cuny, Mrs. E. Adler, Miss Adler, Mrs. M. Moser, J. J. Scharback, Melvin A. Moser, R. C. Chambers and wife, R. C. Chambers Jr., Miss Constance Chambers, Frank Chambers, Mrs. C. J. Brand.

Mrs. Roy Pierce of New York who, before her marriage, was Miss Virginia Burroughs of the same city, was hostess at Hotel del Coronado at an attractive tea dance given in honor of Miss Grace Gibson, before her departure for San Francisco. G. Bliss Herrman, Gerald F. Herrmann and Dr. Frank Kinslow spent several days at Coronado. C. H. McKinstry, U. S. Army, is among the recent arrivals. J. H. Baxter of San Francisco is a visitor. Mrs. C. B. Young of San Francisco is a guest. Mrs. J. D. Spreckels of Coronado is leaving for the cure at Carlsbad, after which she will spend several months travelling. Mrs. Spreckels will be accompanied on her trip by Mrs. Francis Mead of San Diego.

Mrs. Alfred Meyerstein, formerly Bernice Smith Dugan, has returned to town after having spent several months in Nevada City.

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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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FIRST TIME IN THIS CITY
Commecing with
SUNDAY MATINEE AUGUST 3
Matinee every day at 2:30. Every night at 8:30
Direct from the Astor Theater, New York
George Kleine's present the Sublime Eight-Reel Photo-Drama
"QUO VADIS"
The Only Authorized Version
Seats 25c and 50c

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
SECOND AND LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
The Messrs. Shubert Present
JOHN MASON
(By arrangement with Charles Frohman)
In Augustus Thomas' Master-Drama
"AS A MAN THINKS"
Nights and Saturday Matinees, 50c to $2. $1.50 Wed. Mat.

Pantages Theatre
Market Street, Opposite Mason
WEEK COMMENCING AUGUST 3
Broadway's Brightest Star
EMMA CARUS
Queen of Singing Comediennes
A Musical Conception of
"SEPTEMBER MORN"
12 Dazzling Bathing Maids
Two Other Pantages Acts
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
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THE BELL FAMILY, Nine Brothers and Sisters in an artistic Musical Offering; TAYLOR HOLMES, Late Star of "The Million;" ROSE VALERIO SEXTETTE, "The Speed Fiends" on a Taut Wire; DIVINE & WILLIAMS, "The Traveling Salesman and the Female Drummer;" FRED HAMILL & CHARLEY ABBATE, "The Singer and the Violinist"; ANGELA KEIR & CO. in "Sentence Suspended;" FRED WATSON & RENA SANTOS; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES showing current events. Last Week, GUS EDWARDS' KID KABARET.
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

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A Morning Adventure

By Filson Young

I am not what is called an early riser. On the other hand, I sit up late at night. It seems to me just as human and meritorious a proceeding, although the copy-books give one no credit for it. It has always been a custom to sneer at the man who lies abed while the rest of the world is up and doing; but the merits of the man who remains up and doing while the rest of the world is snoring under blankets have never been sufficiently recognized. Such is the force of inherited prejudice, however, that I feel no pride in my nightly feat of sitting up reading or talking till the small hours, whereas, if by any chance I do get up fairly early in the morning, I am filled with an unwonted sense of virtue and heroism, and behave as if I accepted all the conventional superstitions—that a man who rises early has a sense of buoyancy and clarity of mind, and inspires in these early hours a store of energy lasting throughout a long day. The truth with me is exactly the contrary. If I sit up till two in the morning and rise at nine, I feel fit and well and have as much appetite for work as it is possible for me to have, and a zest for any kind of amusement that the day may bring which is, I am glad to say, unfailing. If, on the contrary, I go to bed at half-past ten and get up at six I spend the night in stark wakefulness, and go out into the world with a sense of heroism, it is true, but also with a slight sense of dissipation. I have a faint burning sensation in the eyes, feel strangely languid and drowsy, am incommoded by the sensation that I have swallowed and am carrying about with me a smouldering coal, have no appetite whatever for breakfast, and probably doze off into an uneasy slumber about 11 a. m. Mere early rising—getting up before other people, that is to say—seems to me an overrated virtue, chiefly esteemed as a means of getting the better of other people. We all know the proverbial breakfast of the early bird. Well, I do not want the fattest worm; I am more than content that someone else should have it; and a little bit of quite a lean one will do for me, provided that I am let alone to choose for myself what I think desirable, and to fix the standard by which I shall measure my own wisdom or folly.

All the same, as I say, I got up this morning and went out to taste the first breath of summer in London streets that were strangely unfamiliar. All the houses in my neighborhood were shut and shuttered as in the middle of August; the streets were almost empty except for a few pedestrians of an unfamiliar kind. A group of housebreakers were assembling to begin their dusty job of destruction; a chimney-sweep was wheeling a little hand-cart full of brushes and soot, with the legend "established 1851" painted on it; and this furnished me with some reflexions on the nature of pride, and on how, even in being a chimney-sweep for three score years and ten, there may be something more than labor and sorrow. Cats sat unashamed in the middle of roadways which at other hours are filled with the briming tide of wheeled traffic, and there were long unwonted vistas, such as the lion on Dickens and Jones' shop in Regent street seen in a perspective from Park Lane, a suggestion of blue hills filling the opening of Orchard street, and the spire of Harrow Church standing apparently at the end of Park street. There were no taxis nor motor-omnibuses running, but I found a hansom which took me at an agreeable trot along the empty streets. And the first discovery that I made was that London, at any rate in the West End, goes back to her more innocent ways in these early morning hours. Motor cars are almost entirely absent, hansom cab drivers, milkmen, dustmen and costermongers alone occupying the thoroughfares, and there is peace and silence, and a taste of the old thrill of a more sober, spacious, and dignified London.

My destination was Covent Garden, for I had never seen Covent Garden in the early morning; that being one of the many exciting and agreeable things which all Londoners are supposed to have done, and many pretend to have done, but few in fact have done. All the rest of the West End was deserted, but in the neighborhood of Garrick street my hansom was blocked by a line of carts bearing fruit and flowers and vegetables. Here I met a friend by appointment, and together we strolled for a little round a network of streets all of which were entirely filled with horse-drawn carriers' carts. Whoever else was asleep, there was plenty of life going on here, and as yet we were only on the outskirts. How the traffic changes from hour to hour in these narrow London thoroughfares! One hour of the day they will be traversed by heavy motor-vans, and those huge wagons that the railway companies scatter from their stations; at another hour there will be nothing but lines of carriages and motors and taxicabs, with shining lamps and varnish, and throngs of liveried servants; but now there was nothing but the smell of flowers and fruit, and brilliant splashes of color, and horses tossing their nosebags, and all the ancient business of collecting and distributing the fruits of the earth. One was continually being jostled by people bearing pine boxes which might contain any edible vegetable thing from cabbages to strawberries, from mushrooms to asparagus; the wilderness had blossomed like the rose, and the morning air smelled like a garden. All the porters and burden bearers were engaged on the same business, and knew and greeted each other; but we felt like idlers and strangers who had strayed into a foreign city where we did not know the language. As we drew nearer to the centre of this great commotion of flowers and fruit the throng became denser, and the menace of wooden boxes swiftly borne on broad shoulders became greater. I have said that the scene was curiously foreign; and so it was, but only perhaps because a Londoner is more familiar with such scenes in foreign places than in his own town. There were certainly two particularly English characteristics in the occasion. One was its silence. There was practically no shouting, and not much conversation, and as the commodities were all being carried by hand from the market to the waiting carts in the adjacent streets there was little sound of traffic other than of feet on the pavement. In any foreign town there would have been yelling and gesticulating, a carnival of sound as well as of movement. Even in Ireland or in Scotland, what I remember of such morning scenes is that they are accompanied by loud shouting. But here the swift streams of movement ran quietly, and those who greeted each other did not need to raise their voices. And the other notable thing was the extraordinary order and efficiency with which the whole business of transportation was carried out. Everything, even the purchase, seemed to have been settled long ago. It was as if people were carrying out, not a commercial transaction of the moment, but a law of nature as old as mankind. The organization was perfect; it was not an artificial or a disciplined organization, but a natural organization. In France or

(Continued on Page 22.)

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Professional operators in the stock market were so well pleased with the results of their bull campaign that they decided to have some more of it, and they made the market strong and active as they bid their favorites up throughout the greater part of the week in an effort to keep ahead of London and the Continent, whence came fairly large buying orders. Though it was not a busy week, it was a big improvement over last week. Investors still hold off and trading is too professional, but sentiment has improved to such a degree that Wall Street again talks about a bull pool in Steel common as if it were possible. Speculators deserve all the credit for the advance. Big banks and big interests did not want it. It is exasperating and positively simple for Wall Street to endorse the present administration at Washington by having a boom in stocks when the chief arguments against the tariff, the currency bill, Mr. Bryan's lectures and the Mexican policy are that they spell depression and possible ruin to our important industries and financial enterprises. Mexico seems drifting into another change of government, and all chance of the Huerta outfit getting recognition at Washington seems passed. Money remains high in all markets, and last week's local bank statement did not indicate any decided change for the better, though it was as good as could have been expected. The interior banks still need money and will be hard pressed when the crops begin to move freely. The favorable features at present are the crop reports, the remarkable activity of domestic trade under somewhat adverse conditions, increased railroad receipts from traffic and the expansion of our foreign trade. However, sentiment seems to be changing decidedly to the bull side, and we are inclined to the belief that our worst scare is over and the long decline is at an end; and while we look for setbacks of from two to three points in the standard issues the trend of the market will be higher.

Wheat—Trade in wheat continues in a very narrow range and is confined mostly to the local pit element who are swayed from day to day by the news at the moment. Receipts of wheat at all markets are very large, which would indicate that the crop is as large as some of the bears would have us believe, or else the farmer is satisfied with present prices—the lowest in years. However, receipts should be ignored as a market factor because they are able to fill sales made when wheat was higher, and all reports agree that farmers' sales will fall off, as the present price of wheat is not satisfactory to them. In time the big receipts will move to the seaboard, and big export clearances will then be the feature. It may be we will have to wait for this before the trade will properly regard the immense export business which has been and is being done every day. The export purchases will continue much longer than usual, owing to the unfavorable weather in Europe, which was referred to at length in Broomhall's cable. He says steadiness has been the prominent feature in the wheat markets, which was the direct result of the improved demand due to the unseasonable conditions in western and central Europe. Harvesting is now quite general throughout Europe, and therefore if rains continue the influence will be decidedly stronger as a market factor. He says it is generally conceded that there will continue a good demand for American wheat. Exporters say they can sell all the wheat they can buy, and some export bids are not accepted because they are not able to buy the wheat in the country to fill them. With these conditions we cannot help feeling that wheat is on a solid foundation and on all the tips is a safe purchase.

Corn—Was up and down last week and prices were ruled by the weather reports from day to day. In the early part of the week numerous messages telling of drouth in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and parts of Missouri and Nebraska kept the trade on the anxious seat. Later there were light general rains which eased the market off again, only to be followed by another advance at the close of the week on predictions of dry, hot weather the coming week. There has been considerable damage done to corn in Kansas by hot winds which rain cannot help, but on the whole the crop is in fair shape in the big producing states, and if we get good rains the price is high enough. It is a weather market and will continue so for the next thirty days.

Cotton—Lower markets were the rule the past week owing to the weakness in old crop months which was brought about by the failure of the trade to take up the cotton delivered on the July contracts, and because of the weather in the cotton region being more favorable for the growing crop. Receipts of old cotton continue freer, as compared with last year, and stocks in the interior remain comparatively large, and it is probable therefore that arrivals at the ports will continue liberal during the remainder of the season. Liverpool reported less demand for cotton and Manchester cables cloths dull and yarns hard to sell. More rain was had in the eastern part of the belt, especially in Georgia and Alabama, and good rains were had in Mississippi and the Carolinas. It is probable therefore, since rains have been more or less general east of the Mississippi during the past week, that the drouthy conditions reported last week have been fully relieved in the east Gulf and Atlantic states. In the Southwest but little rain has been had thus far this week, except in east and north Texas, but the Weather Bureau predicts showers generally next week. Some of the local crop experts are out with condition reports making the condition around 82, compared with the government estimate last year at this time of 76.5. Egyptian cotton prices are easier, as encouraging reports have been received as to the progress of the Egyptian crop. Affairs in China are unsettled, and there is not sufficient confidence for large orders for distant delivery to be given out. The situation in the Balkan states never seems to settle, and European merchants have been disappointed at the course of events. Remittances have been poor, and trade all around is considerably disorganized. All these conditions taken into consideration would indicate lower prices, and we believe that with new cotton arriving more freely in the near future prices will work to a lower level.

DECLINE IN SECURITIES.

By Phillip I. Manson, of Sutro & Co.

From an examination of a comparative list of prices during the past six months, as given below, it will be observed that there has been a decline of from 2 to 6 points in the high-grade bonds. Although this decline has been general, it is in no way due to a decrease in the intrinsic value of the securities, as the margin of earnings over interest charge has been maintained during that period, and in many instances has even increased, but is due solely to the unusual high money rates which prevailed.

(Continued on Page 22.)

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June 30, 1913

Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

"The Mixture of a Lie"

(Continued from Page 8.)

have brought it up to a quid! But twelve-and-six clear's not so bad."

"You never told me nothink about that extry 'alf crown," whimpered the red-eyed woman; 'and me with my fingers at the bone!"

"That 'alf crown," said her husband, drawing himself up, "was the reward of honest toil, same as for all enterprisin'."

"Well, it was a great time we had in them days, there's no question," sighed Mrs. Draper with comfortable regret, but anxious to divert the red-eyed woman's grievance. "And all through the Gentleman's havin' a Christian 'eart."

"Christian 'eart be hanged!" cried Mrs. Bundle, "Christianity had ought to give to them as deserves it! That's what I says! To them as deserves it! And what's it doing in Tyler street, I'd like to know? Why's them Christian five bobs flyin' around in Tyler street, and not one blessed penny, Christian nor anythink else, for the likes of we, as keeps ourselves to ourselves and lives respectable? That's what I want to know."

"It's a cryin' shame, it is!" said the head from the window, and, conscious of the strength of her position, she added: "And it's all along of our men not having the pluck of a sick monkey between them!"

"You wait and see, as my leader says," exclaimed Mr. Cripps gaily, having brought his appearance up to the level that the open street demanded of him. "Ta ta, girls! I'm off to look for a bit of work round the corner."

"Fine work you'll get at the 'Bull and Bear'," cried his red-eyed wife after him.

"Lay you evens for one on the jaw I make half a crown today," he answered, with a cheery wave of his hand.

"Done!" she cried, savagely. "You'll pay that, whichever on us wins," and she crawled back to her lace making.

So in Clare Court the hours of that chilly day wore on. The women continued their daily work, the men their daily occupations. But in the midst of all one felt an unaccustomed sense of restlessness and wrong astir, as when from the form-rooms of a great school the boys see others playing in the fields. Those five shillings pouring like the dew of heaven into Tyler street close by, and not a drop for Clare Court! It was injustice, it was robbery, an infamous loss! To think what could be done with five shillings! What drinks, what sport, what bread, drippings, clothes, boots, socks, soap and coal! To miss it when it came so close! It was a hideous, an incredible disaster! Was it possible that fortune should thus pass the deserving by?

It was not possible. Everything comes to those who wait. Hardly had the lamps begun to gleam in the purple haze of evening, when a jovial stranger swelled into the "Bull and Bear," called aloud for a pint of sherry wine, and looked around upon the indignant and melancholy forms that eyed him with mingled suspicion and expectancy.

"Say, boys," he said, holding up his glass, "any of you gentlemen want to turn a honest dollar?"

All sighed one sigh, all spat one spit, and rose together.

"'Cos if you do," said the stranger, "you've got to say so and it's yours, as easy as winking. You've only got to tell promiscuous what you was doing last election and how much you got for doing of it, and it's yours."

"Same as Tyler street?" asked Mr. Bundle, whose respectability usually made him spokesman.

"The very same," said the stranger, solemnly. "Gentlemen, I will be straight with you. I don't come here for my health, gentlemen. Half a crown per head of them I brings up to the scratch is what I receives for my labor—a moderate but satisfactory remuneration. But to each of you gentlemen it's a solid dollar, and I'm not going to begrudge it. Now, who speaks first?"

"I got ten bob for walking in the torchlight procession, governor," said Mr. Draper, at full gallop.

"That's a bloomin' lie, 'cos you was in quod, as any gentleman here can swear," cried Mr. Cripps, indignantly.

"Well," answered Mr. Draper, with spirit, "and who's sayin' it ain't a bloomin' lie? And what is it we're out for, excep' five-bob lies?"

"Keep your tempers, if you please, gentlemen," said the stranger. "Let's have no contradiction as to facts. Ten bob for the torchlight procession, you being in goal, makes a very good start. Next, please, gentlemen."

"Couldn't you make it seven-and-six, governor?" asked Mr. Cripps, persuasively. "A lie is a lie, you know, and I somehow stick at it for a pare dollar. But I'll tell a beauty for the extra; I will indeed."

"A dollar's my price, my man," said the stranger firmly. "Take it or leave it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Cripps, "I don't mind swearin' I took my six children in the barrow-show, and got a tanner a head."

"And you 'as never had no child to bless yerself with!" cried Mr. Bundle in righteous amazement.

"Now look at me, governor! How many kids would you like me to have put on them barrows? Give it a name, and it'll be true up to eleven, and three buried!"

"Say what you like, gentlemen," said the stranger. "Anything within reason I'll take. Any of you got any letters? Half a crown's my price."

"All of us has letters!" came the answer, and every hand went into its coat pocket.

"Here you are, governor," cried Mr. Bundle, first, as usual; "letter enclosing ten bob for poor wife's losing leg! He was a real gentleman, Heaven help him!"

All the letters were handed up, all the lies arranged and catalogued, the times allotted at which the stranger was to take each man to make his deposition at the office next day, shillings were distributed as earnest money, drinks passed merrily round; all hearts were relieved, and faces beamed with confidence and good-will restored. Only Mr. Bundle seemed hardly to share the general pride and joy.

"I feels a kind of twist about them lies," he said at last. "Supposin' it all comes out?"

"That's just the best of it," said the stranger; 'if they takes you into court, you swears you've been tellin' lies all along, and then you'll be tellin' the truth, and somebody'll give you somethink more for tellin' it."

"That's right, Bill," said Mr. Cripps encouragingly. "That's what's called unearned increment, that is."

So, when the shillings were all drunk, they were turned out from the "Bull and Bear" in the highest spirits, and with the sense of brightening prospects and wrong removed, Clare Court enjoyed a night of unsual good fellowship and hilarity. Even red-eyed Mrs. Cripps rejoiced as she wound and wound at the white threads of the lace.

"So that's what they tell me about the value of the vote," she said to herself. "But it's cruel hard on them as hasn't got none!"

Ocean Shore Railroad

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See Newspapers for Schedule

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U. P. R. R. 42 Powell St. Phone Sutter 2940. C. & N. W. Ry., 878 Market St. Phone Kearny 3735
OAKLAND: Broadway and Thirteenth St. Phone Oakland 162
Sixteenth Street Station. Phone Lakeside 1420

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California. No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM I. HARROLD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of William I. Harrold, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Reid & Dozier, No. 1103 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William I. Harrold, deceased.

R. FRANCIS HARROLD,
Administrator of the Estate of William I. Harrold, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 11, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 19th day of July, 1913.

REID & DOZIER, Attorneys for Administrator,
1103 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,965.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in her lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings, certain real property situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: All of lots Twenty-one (21) and Twenty-two (22) of Block One Hundred and Seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Park Addition to the town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him, as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described, and it is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 22d day of August, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall, on Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted. It is further ordered that a copy of this notice and order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks before said day, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, July 11, 1913.

F. H. DUNNE,
Judge of the Superior Court.

HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Attorneys for Petitioner, 612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49,614.

LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

"Mrs. Larkin," remarked the minister, "we wish you would let your daughter join the choir."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it!" replied Mrs. Larkin. "She has a sweet disposition, and I don't want her to become quarrelsome."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

the Orpheum here they cannot be much worried over the outlook for high-priced vaudeville.

But I was not there to argue, so I made no attempt to controvert Pantages' opinions. The thought of those vaudevillains outside with their patience at the breaking point obtruded once more. As I got up to leave an old friend of Alexander Pantages entered the sanctum and the two men immediately engaged in social conversation. I wondered as I went out whether the aspiring vaudevillains would get a hearing that day.

Financial

(Continued from Page 20.)

Bonds	Interest Paid.	Price. Jan. 1913	July 1913	Yield
Southern Pac. Branch	6%	126¼	122¼	4.50%
Southern Pac. Refunding	4%	93⅛	89	4.60%
Pacific Electric	5%	104	101¼	4.90%
Los Angeles Railway	5%	106	102	4.80%
Los Angeles Pac. of Cal.	5%	99	94	5.40%
Omnibus Cable	6%	103½	100	6.00%
Market St. 1st Cons.	5%	92½	90	6.25%
Sutro Valley	4%	93¼	89	5.50%
Cal. Gas & Electric Unify.	5%	96	93	5.60%
Pac. Gas & Elec General	5%	92¼	85	6.00%
Pacific Tel. & Tel.	5%	100	97	5.20%

The investor should, at this time, disregard the possibility of fluctuations in the price of high grade securities, but should be actuated solely in his investment by the knowledge that he can now obtain securities of the greatest merit, and devoid of all speculative features, at prices to yield much higher returns than have been obtainable during recent years.

A Morning Adventure

(Continued on Page 19.)

Germany or America, for example, there would have been policemen and officials at every corner; queues would have been formed, and the whole business carried on under the iron hand of authority. But here the order was natural and spontaneous, like that of people long used to seemly and efficient ways. Out of this great cornucopia a delicious plenty of color and light was flowing in immense volume, and in every direction, but, as I said, the organization was spontaneous; the flood had not to be kept in by dykes and groins and embankments; it ran in natural channels that Time and itself had worn, and ran without inconvenience or risk or confusion.

And now I am nearly falling asleep, having done little justice to my theme. For that you must blame this indulgence in the virtue of early rising, and the fact that when I should have been quietly asleep in my bed I was idling and dissipating among the flowers. The next time I go to Covent Garden I shall stay up all night; I shall then merely go to bed a little later than usual, and rise a little later—a much more orderly proceeding.

Letters

A MacGrath Romance

Harold MacGrath has returned to himself in "Parrot & Co." which is a very good book of its kind, provided you like the kind, and enough people do to provide his romances with a permanent place in the list of the six best-sellers. "Parrot & Co." was the descriptive title bestowed on a mysterious stranger in the far-east, a man who used the name Warrington which, it was currently believed, was not his own. He had still another title, "The man that never mentions home," and about the Straits Settlements where he had been for ten years, drifting from one occupation to another, making no friends but living a straight, wholesome, clean life throughout all the ups and downs of fortune, chiefly downs, it was known only that he was an American, had once been a gentleman, and for some reason had left his country for his country's good. His constant companion and only friend except his Eurasian servant, was a little native parakeet of belligerant disposition which had been trained to perform tricks. Warrington has just concluded a deal with an oil syndicate which netted him a hundred thousand dollars when he appears in the first chapter of the story, still in his ragged regimentals and about to take passage on the river steamer to convert his check into coin. Among the travelers is a wealthy and independent American heiress with only her elderly companion, and prone to give little heed to the minor conventions. Her attention is centered upon Warrington because of his striking resemblance to a man at home in a Kentucky town to whom she is tentatively engaged, but uncertain whether she really wishes to marry. The world's tour has been undertaken with a view to coming to a definite conclusion. Warrington is so evidently a gentleman and the resemblance is so striking that an intimacy of a sort springs up between the travelers whose routes coincide, and Elsa's independence of conventions brings about some misunderstandings with her fellow passengers which eventually have a humorous denouement, but the puzzling resemblance is unexplained until a few trifling hints are pieced together. There were twin brothers equally well endowed but with different gifts. One was the mother's darling and the moral weakling, the poetic dreamer and scholar. The other, active in

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disposition, Galahad in temperament, was merely tolerated beside the favorite. Arthur Ellison held an office position in the same company with which his brother was employed in the constructive work, and Arthur had neither the strength to resist temptation nor the manliness to pay the price of his pleasure. He gambled, lost heavily, embezzled several thousand dollars from his employer, and let his brother shoulder the blame. To shield the family name for the sake of the favorite the shortage was made good, but the widow and her son left New York and settled in Kentucky, severing all ties and destroying every memorial of Paul whose name was never again mentioned. Meanwhile he had lost himself in the Far East, where he had taken up any and every kind of work, keeping himself aloof from his kind until now, having at last gathered a small fortune into his hands, he wished to return and make good the shortage, supposing that all this while he had been within the clutches of the law. Where there is a romance, nine times out of ten it "comes out right," and Harold MacGrath is a master hand at untangling love knots, but this time he has given us more than a baffling romance. His descriptions of the Straits Settlements and the life on ship-board where so many of the situations develop, are really worth while, and the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, have thought well enough of the story to put it into the hands of two illustrators, A. Castaigne and Arthur William Brown.

A Romance in a Garden

Some years ago when the Countess Von Arnim set the fashion for garden books, Mary E. Stone Bassett gave us "Judith's Garden," which was brought out by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, with colored illustrations, and a decorative title page and margins by John Goss. Now we have a companion volume, "A Midsummer Wooing," by the same author, in which the same garden is the setting and the same characters, with a few incidental additions, play their parts. "A Midsummer Wooing" continues the story from the end of "Judith's Garden," and later readers have but to turn back to pick up the thread of the references. The garden which was formerly only rented, now is a real possession, with some additions of acreage as well as of foliage, and its proprietress can be identified from the other gardeners of the period as the one who spent her clothing allowance on plants and seeds. In that respect she has not changed, and luckily for her, there is that susceptible and wealthy old aunt to supply deficiencies. Household cares rest not at all on her shoulders. The fascinations of gardening are a secret book to any one but a gardener. The midsummer wooing which is carried on in and about the garden is that of a neighbor of whimsical nature whose life is devoted to a father with eccentricities that stop very little on the hither side of madness. Any one who likes just this kind of a book will be enthusiastic in praise of "A Midsummer Wooing." Those who know flowers only as they are delivered in long paste board boxes bearing a florist's label will see nothing in it, for there is about two per cent of love making to ninety-eight of gardening.

Press Day

"Let me print a kiss upon your lips?"
She nodded her sweet permission.
We start to press, and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.

"But one edition is not enough,"
She said, with a charming pout;
So again in the press the forms we placed,
And we got several extras out.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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ANNOUNCEMENT

To Men and Women Who Have Suffered a Loss of the Hair, or Those Whose Hair is Falling Out, or Showing Evidences of Other Unhealthiness

AFTER twelve years of unending research in my own and greater laboratories I have discovered a means of eradicating the various species of bacteria that, as is known to all bacteriologists and pathologists, are the cause of all diseases of the human hair, causing thinning and falling hair, brittle hair and the various stages of baldness. The fact that baldness and other hair troubles are caused by bacteria that thrive and multiply in the roots, follicles and interior of the hair, is not a new theory but one that has been scientifically proven and accepted for many years, much to the discredit of the manufacturers of the many nostrums which have been sold the credulous public as "infallible hair tonics."

My discovery is, first: A method of submitting these bacteria to culture, something that has heretofore baffled science, and, second: A treatment that kills the microbe spore, leaving the hair roots healthy and strong and prepared to supply the head with a perfect growth of healthy hair. This treatment, which I have developed at the cost of twelve years and almost the entire of my private fortune, I wish now to present the world, with the knowledge that it will forever banish all fear of baldness as fast as men and women can take advantage of it.

UNFORTUNATELY I am not able to restore lost hair where the hair roots already have been absolutely killed. But this condition is not often found in the human head. It takes many years and a somewhat violent infection for bacteria to completely kill the roots. Usually, in cases of advanced baldness, there is sufficient life left in the roots to make the treatment successful in restoring, at the very least, a moderately thick covering of hair. Where baldness is only partial, not yet affecting the entire scalp, I can safely promise a complete new growth. The treatment is not inconvenient, and takes from but three to six weeks to effect a cure and start the new growth of healthy hair. My fees will be just as reasonable as the cost of the individual treatments will permit.

I shall be glad to fully explain and demonstrate the action of the bacteria on the hair, and the method of eradication to all who will visit my laboratories. I will be pleased to make especial laboratory appointments when they are desired, especially for ladies. I can promise a true diagnosis of any hair trouble that may be presented, and a conservative statement of just what should be done to remove it. I shall be pleased, also, to answer correspondence from other cities, pending the establishment of branch laboratories.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Our Great Big Bully

The. Hon. William Randolph Hearst, fresh from defeat in New York where he attempted to stay the extension of the subway system in defiance of an overwhelming public sentiment is now in San Francisco personally conducting the campaign for a big bond issue. And he is conducting it in true Hearstian fashion—abusing everybody who dissents from his views. A great bully is Hearst, intolerant of opposition, and not at all squeamish about means of overcoming it. A very sensitive soul, when peeved in the slightest degree he flares up like a turkey-cock, runs amuck, swaggers, vituperates and makes terrifying faces. What he is doing in San Francisco today he was doing some months ago in New York, but there he stormed and blustered in vain. Municipal ownership is Hearst's hobby, and he is especially strong for it in San Francisco for reasons not hard to conjecture. And with the characteristic querulousness, the facility of temper of the "only" child that he is he will have his own way to the minutest tittle if he has to fight tooth and nail for it with nobody by his side but E. P. E. Troy and the sole survivor of the carmen's union. What cares he—the spoiled darling of fortune—for you or any other small or large taxpayer? There is but one desideratum—that the Examiner win its fight. As to the Chamber of Commerce which he has pronounced a body of grafters, and the Taxpayers' League which he has reviled and derided, we need waste no sympathy on them. Some months ago when the people of this city went to the polls and very emphatically refused to assent to certain proposals for the incurring of more debts Hearst got mad clean through, and the Examiner asked at the top of its voice, "What's the matter with San Francisco? Is it going backward?" The great newspaper bully has suggested an answer to the first question by his vicious attack on the Chamber of Commerce. Mainly the matter with San Francisco is that the men who have it in their power to advance the interests of the city—the men who compose the Chamber of Commerce—encourage the kind of journalism that is conducted by William R. Hearst. If these men had the self-respect to resent the brutality of William R. Hearst, if they had the civic pride to take it upon themselves to free this city from newspaper tyranny, there would be nothing much the matter with San Francisco. The best evidence of the fact that the Chamber of Commerce is mainly the matter with San Francisco is that the Examiner abuses it like a pickpocket. Surely the inference is imperative that the Chamber of Commerce is no better than the Examiner represents it to be, since if it could do any better than "exhaust its deadly energy in resolutions" Hearst would be the last man in America to incur its displeasure. For notwithstanding all his money and all his newspapers, touch but his pocket nerve and he is as mild a mannered man as ever assuaged himself with an ice-cream soda.

Blaming It on the Banker

Once more we are told that the bankers are in a conspiracy to discredit our politicians and cultivate a public opinion in opposition to the beneficent plans of our statesmen. The price of certain government securities having fallen the Secretary of the Treasury would have us believe that they have been deliberately depressed to embarrass the Administration which is intent on reforming our currency laws. The Secretary of the Treasury thus supplies himself with a pretext for artificially improving an unpleasant situation. But we shall not hear of any bad bankers complaining of anything that may be done by the Government to animate a languishing market. From time immemorial the banker or money-lender has been a very unpopular person, and in all ages self-seeking, unscrupulous politicians have availed themselves of his unpopularity to shield themselves from deserved censure. But the banker has always been the forerunner of great enterprises, and it has never been his practice to depreciate securities or to do anything with a view to impoverishing himself. He is never so happy as when the profits of all kinds of business are large. His money is always ready to go into anything which promises high profits, and whenever profits are high the Stock Exchange becomes animated and there is a market for all kinds of securities. This market has been somewhat contracted of late, and we do not believe that our bankers are to blame; nor do we think the Secretary of the Treasury is laboring under the delusion that bankers are in anywise responsible for the reduction of the country's loan fund or for the depreciation of security values. On the contrary we are inclined to the opinion that the Secretary of the Treasury is well aware that we are now experiencing the consequences of the sinister statesmanship by which politicians have striven to vindicate their devotion to the interest of the masses.

The Presumably Good

It is one of the paradoxes of life that the uppermost impulses are the obscurest, and hence the general astonishment when a Marshall Black swindles his friends or an H. P. Platt embezzles the money of his employers. It is taken for granted that they are good men gone wrong. The newspapers describe them as men of irreproachable character, pillars of the church. The truth of course is that they are merely rascals whose uppermost impulses long concealed have come to light. It is a grave mistake to assume that the man who goes to church regularly is of the salt of the earth that seasons humankind; especially so in this day and generation when to be religious so often means to be illiberal; when men go to church not because they are conscious of loving or fearing or worshipping God, but because they wish to attest their determination to make of this sublunary sphere a world where the spirit shall be always willing and the flesh never inclined to falter. Going to church, to the church that is presided over by a narrow-minded pulpiteer whose religion is an ignoble egotism and who has no sense of a higher and completer decalogue than the purely prohibitory one of Sinai, has come to signify a passion for keeping up appearances, a sort of self-vindication. We are not charging church-goers with hyprocrisy. We are well aware that there are many sincere Christians in all churches. Our point is that it should cause no astonishment that most of the recent big embezzlements and defalcations were the handiwork of men commonly known as pillars of the church. There are several reasons why it should not cause astonishment. One reason is that our strongest motives are the most elusive, as is evidenced by the moralist who proves himself a libertine, by the champion of universal philanthropy who gives a touch of hell to his home, and by the criminal who risks his life to save another's. Another reason is that the atmosphere of many churches has become more inviting to men desirous of appearing better than they are than to men conscious of loving and worshipping God as a source and centre of all good. The fashionable pulpiteer of the day concedes it to be his duty to censure others rather than to turn his eyes inward upon himself. Impatient of the habits and diversions of his neighbors, inordinately contented with himself, he will neither forbear for Christ's sake nor trust God to bring good out of evil; and it is but natural that the men whom he attracts by his sentiments should be self-righteous overmuch.

The Mad World.

What's the matter with the world? Are we drifting to the demnition bow-wows? Are all our moral philosophies in vain? Is the feminine movement futile? One can hardly read a newspaper nowadays without concluding that God is no longer in His heaven. The lamentations of the pure in heart, the dreadful and doleful complainings of the eternally vigilant on the watch towers of virtue are enough to fill the man in the street with direst apprehensions. Portentous beyond expression are the signs of the times—the popularity of the tango, the growing width of the slit, the abandonment of undergarments, the feminine thirst for cocktails in public places, not to mention the persistence of graft everywhere and the daily discovery of new sins which must be abated lest Chaos shiver and sneeze once more, as the Arabs say. Listen to the voices of the uplifters, give ear to the clatter of the phantasms of reform as they ride like mad hither and thither, and does it not seem as though this planet were a plague spot whereon we were writhing in agony under a world-spreading upas tree while absorbing its poisonous exudations? Some of us there are, callous folk, shamefully devoid of altruism, who take no heed of the pranks of Belial's elect, but who are optimistic nevertheless, and rest assured that things are not so bad as they seem. Ours is the unpardonable gospel of laissez faire. According to the popular conception we do no good in the world. We have no word of encouragement for the benign busybodies who are intolerant of the slit skirt and the undraped chest. Never do we speculate as to the significance of fashion-born immodesty. The vulgar dance we can view without a qualm of any kind. These things are but the manifestations of public taste, and public taste changes. It is subject to reactions. The taste of today is the taste of an over-refined world that has too long regarded the Greatest-Happiness principle as the polar star of mankind in the journey through life. The ideals of materialism have been too long confounded with the spiritual ideals. The idea has been too long prevalent that the mortal part of man is what is most in need of succor, and that all his needs are to be provided on a scientific basis. And so instead of becoming more comfortable he has become more disquieted, and his tribulations have kept pace with his temptations. Nothing is quite so obvious as the uniform failure of all works of purification.

Fiction by Formula

Matthew White has been visiting England in search of manuscripts, and reports that out of hundreds which he read only half a dozen were suitable for publication in America. This, he explains, is due to a difference between the taste of the two countries. American readers of fiction, he says, crave the element of surprise, whereas English readers want to know at the outset how the story will end. Moreover Americans demand that woman be placed on a pedestal, but in English novels she generally gets the worst of it. Mr. White is not at all singular in his views. Almost every American publisher has a formula for fiction, and consequently American novels are mechanical rather than imaginative. Working in a circumscribed area the American novelist constructs each character according to pattern, and the portrait gallery of American fiction is crowded with profiles and silhouettes that give the impression that they are all of the same family tree. There is no distinction in American fiction because there is no individuality. And hence American readers of fiction are turning more and more to the supply from foreign workshops. American publishers sell their books by booming them as brands of soap and canned goods are boomed, but when a book like "The Song of Songs" is translated into English it sells like hot cakes without any advertising, and nobody complains that the heroine got the worst of it. Joseph Conrad's books sell in this country, and Conrad knows nothing of formulas; knows only how to achieve the highest effects of poetic realism and to tell a story like a true artist. There are several Englishmen for whose novels there is constant demand in this country, but for the American novel there is no demand in England. As there are enough mediocrites in England to gratify the taste of the uncultured, there is no need of importing trash. One of our most successful novelists is Winston Churchill, the Progressive, who sits at the feet of half-baked philosophers, swallows their prunes and prisms and expounds them in novels with a purpose. His latest novel, "The Inside of the Cup," was amiably reviewed a few weeks ago in the London Nation. The criticism is one that may be applied to the average American novel. "The characters," says the reviewer, "seem like puppets taken from one of those neat, delightful white-wood boxes supplied by a department store. They emerge from the box in neat succession and stand (all but one, and he is meant to wobble) very steadily in their appointed places—for we cannot help thinking that the box must also have contained, tidily folded on the top, the most efficient and unalterable of synopses." The London critic credits Mr. Churchill with great earnestness in the handling of his problem, but asks: "What do we remember when the dolls are laid to rest?" There is, of course, nothing to remember. The novel is a tract, nothing more, but it is the sort of thing that gives Mr. Churchill the reputation among crossroads' politicians of being a hell of a literary man, and gains for him their sober attention when he pours out his views on the shortcomings of God's poor world. He is the typical American novelist to whom formula is the source of inspiration.

Profession and Performance

President Wilson would have us believe that it is his policy to recognize merit in the public service. By word of mouth he is strong for efficiency not only in private business, which he is in favor of investigating and indicting for inefficiency, but in public business as well. Unfortunately the professions of the Administration are not to be easily squared with its performances. The Fisk case showed us that no matter how well a postoffice may be conducted its efficient chief may be asked to resign in deference to the principle that to the victor belong the spoils. Some time ago it was reported that the merit system in the diplomatic service was not to be permitted to keep hungry Democrats away from the trough, but quickly from the White House came emphatic and vehement denial. The President, we were told, had no intention of undoing the good work of his immediate predecessors in building up an efficient service. We were assured that he realized the importance of having the nation represented abroad by trained men. And the assurance was received with applause. It was at once heartening and gratifying to learn that it was the aim of the Administration to maintain the standards that had been established with a view to bringing the diplomatic service up to the level of its best traditions. But what a difference between professions and performances! The other day came the news of the displacing of Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., as Minister to Quito by Mr. Charles S. Hartman of Bozeman, Mont. Mr. Schuyler is a young man of good education and uncommon ability, who took to the diplomatic service under the inducements offered to such men in the three administrations preceding President Wilson's. He has been connected with the embassies at St. Petersburg, Tokio and Mexico, and the legation at Bangkok, and he has served as secretary of legation and consul general in Servia and Rumania. He is the type of man most needed in the diplomatic service. His successor is a worn-out political hack who has done nothing through the years but toot a horn on the Bryan bandwagon. Thus are we able to estimate the amount of confidence that may be put in the promises of the former professor of Princeton.

Hygienic Fallacies

What have long been considered elementary principles of hygiene are being slowly repudiated by science. Some of our most cherished beliefs in matters of health have recently been pronounced superstitions. For many years it has been supposed that it was very important to supply the sick with plenty of fresh air. Now we are told that the agitation of the air renders it sufficiently invigorating to the patient. According to the dictum of Sir Almroth Wright, no mean authority, the notion that prevention is better than cure is as absurd as any of those familiar fallacies that Jeremy Bentham took the pains to refute more than a century ago. "We should wait till we are infected," says Wright, "and then take steps to kill the microbes!" This may strike the man in the street as a bit of advice conceived in the interest of the medical profession, but it is hardly to be gainsaid that if men spent less time worrying about diseases that never attack them they would be better fortified against the ailments that keep the doctors busy. The average man suffers more from the ills he never has than from those his flesh is heir to. And the precautions we take

against disease are in no small degree the cause of many of our ailments. Physical exercise, for instance, to which men have recourse to keep them in health, is what breaks them down and renders them susceptible to all sorts of ills. A Turkish potentate was laughed at when he asked while watching a cricket match, "What induces those infidels to run to and fro when they might sit still?" But now comes Sir Almroth with the assertion that "there is no evidence that the man who does not take physical exercise is more liable to disease than the man who does." He might have added that the man who does take exercise is more likely to have his bones broken or to develop certain organic diseases than the man who prefers reading to running. Sir Almroth, by the way, is the scientist who called attention some years ago to the evil of excessive bathing. There was a time when bathing figured as a semi-religious act. That was in ancient times when the Hebrew law-makers had to summon all the terrors of divine and human vengeance to teach the rudiments of cleanliness. Since then the bath has been regarded as a visible sign of the spread of civilization. If we are to believe Sir Almroth it is a disease of civilization. Too much washing destroys the protective skin which is all round our bodies like the tiles of a house. When one has a horny hand no microbes can get near the skin, but by a great deal of washing we make it easy for them. Thus is the orthodoxy of hygiene going the way of all other kinds of doxies.

Summer Reading

"It is suitable for light summer reading." The sentence is to be found in the reviews of most of the books published at this season of the year. A most unfortunate phrase it is, and deleterious withal. The false implication behind it is that during the winter months readers are engaged in the mastery of extremely serious books, scientific works, histories, memoirs, books of philosophy, the classics, and that the general mind, needing relaxation in the vacation period, turns to the ephemeral romances of writers whose only serious purpose is to amuse. Undoubtedly there are readers who require a certain amount of intellectual dissipation. Their burdened minds must rest from time to time, else they would be overtaxed. Such readers might be forgiven for an occasional debauch in light summer fiction. But these are the readers who never think of turning for diversion to the fluffy novels associated with summer resort porches and hammocks. They find the rest they need in books of solid merit, the novels of classic worth, the great essays and the like. Their intellects are out of tune with the innocuous romances that yield no stimulation and demand no thought. The light summer fiction is on a plane to which they seldom think of descending. It will be found, on the other hand, that the readers to whom books suitable for light summer reading make their appeal are those whose winter reading is light too. In other words they read trash all the year round. The reviewers do these people a positive injury when they call to their attention the frothy novels stacked on the center table at the bookseller's or displayed at the hotel newsstand. It would be of great advantage to these careless consumers of books to have their mental curiosity excited during the summer by works of actual intellectual value. That summer vacation is not misspent during which a classic like Lecky's "European Morals" or Buckle's "History of Civilization" is read in whole or in part. The body will be none the less rested because the mind is kept active. Too bad therefore that the reviewers continue to suggestionize vacationists in this matter. As long as the tired business man is reminded of his more or less imaginary fatigue he will slight good drama in favor of musical comedy and vaudeville; and as long as readers are told that the summer vacation is a time for light reading they will not muster up sufficient initiative to break away from Barr McCutcheon and Harold McGrath.

The Shepherdess

By Alice Meynell

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Perspective Impressions

If Rudolph Spreckels isn't a welcher, at least he gives a very good imitation of one.

The W. C. T. U. will probably point out that if the growing of hops were forbidden by law there would have been no lives lost at Wheatland.

Former Mayor Taylor is for the bond issue. But that isn't the only argument against municipal ownership.

General Diaz hopes to be with us in 1915. We hope so too, General, but life is "powerful uncertian" down your way.

"I intend to answer all their weak arguments," said Mayor Rolph speaking of the Chamber of Commerce. Their strong arguments are to be ignored?

Governor Johnson has twenty new jobs to distribute, but with at least twenty candidates for each job the knockers will make more noise than the boosters.

Hetch-Hetchy approved.—The Call.
What, again?

E. P. E. Troy is for the bond issue because once upon a time Pat Calhoun slapped his face. But Hearst has a more cogent reason, and he won't give it away.

City Engineer O'Shaughnessy figures that the Twin Peaks tunnel will cost $4,000,000. To get an idea of the actual cost of any piece of public work the estimated cost must be multiplied by three.

"San Francisco needs additional transportation facilities badly," says a writer in the Bulletin, and he adds "The only way by which they can be secured is through the city itself building the roads." Presumably, then, the United Railroads doesn't want to build any more roads and no private capital is to be induced to invest in the traction business in San Francisco. Have our demagogues really brought us to this sad plight, or is the Bulletin only lying?

It's the caseless lawyer who thinks the law and his profession should be reformed.

Giving advice is the surest way of gaining the reputation of being a bore.

The affair at Wheatland reminded General Diaz of home.

In time the I. W. W. may make it desirable for Mexico to intervene.

A poetess thinks she has the rabies, but maybe it's only the divine afflatus.

"Our government is now on a stable basis," says General Felix Diaz. Yes, with the hostlers in deadly fear of the horses' hoofs.

Now that we know how thrifty and frugal Bryan is may we not be justified in suspecting that if champagne were cheaper than the unfermented juice he might make a better impression as a host.

Varied Types

CXXXVIII—FRANK SHORT

By Edward F. O'Day

"What do you think of the National Administration?"

That's not a question one asks indiscriminately unless one has an infinite capacity for being bored. But there are a few people one likes to hear on a large topic like that. Frank Short of Fresno, for instance. Frank Short is that rarity, a man who thinks. His intellectuals are always in good working order. One of our most distinguished attorneys, he is also a keen observer of politics, and the habit of analysis which his profession presupposes makes him a delightful talker when he is induced to unbosom himself.

Frank Short's eyes twinkle on slight provocation. My question was sufficient to make them flash the signal which proclaims a sense of humor.

"As a Republican forced to vote for Wilson," answered Short, "I naturally wish the Administration well. I think it is generally actuated by high motives. But in the main it labors under the disadvantage of being highly theoretical without much practical experience."

"How about the tariff?"

"The revision of the tariff is a surgical operation. We may feel better some years hence, but as in the case of any other surgical operation, we may expect to stay in the hospital, in an industrial sense, for a while. I think the Administration is proceeding too literally. All important legislation is experimental, and a radical revision of the tariff and of the financial system should not be undertaken at the same time. The theorist always assumes that all new legislation will result in improvement, but usually it doesn't turn out that way. One important experiment at a time is sufficient."

"How will tariff revision affect California?"

"The new tariff bill will be more injurious to California than to most of the States. Many of our manufacturing industries are on a basis where a reduced tariff will probably be sufficient protection. But in handling our fruit products we are at a great disadvantage as to wages and freight rates. Some of our industries are going to be seriously crippled if the tariff bill goes through as now proposed."

"What about the Mexican situation?"

"Perhaps the attitude of the Administration in avoiding any positive action is the best one. The international policing business has been a good deal overworked. We have problems and troubles enough of our own without absorbing any chronic revolutions."

"What of conservation?"

"Conservation in the extreme sense advocated by Pinchot and Roosevelt no longer exists. That is to say, political conservation and the taking over of local government by Washington bureaus. No doubt the good features of conservation will remain to prevent the unnecessary destruction of forests and other valuable resources. But the conservation that professed to prevent the exhaustion of our timber supply, our coal, oil and other resources by putting prohibitive restrictions on the development of electric power and limiting the appropriation and beneficial use of water, is rapidly disappearing. We are hearing about the last of it."

"What about our State Administration?"

"Our State Administration is bound to become reactionary before long."

"Why so?"

"Because there cannot be much more in the way of progressive legislation. Pretty near everything and everybody has been regulated and made good by some statute or other. It will take us several years to read up before we can appreciate how many good laws and other laws have been passed in the last couple of years. Even the district attorneys of the State probably haven't read one-fourth of the new criminal statutes. On the moral end of it the prevailing idea seems to

FRANK H. SHORT

be that the fathers and mothers and schools and even the churches haven't much to do with it. It is now apparently up to the local purity committee and the constables and the police to look after the rising generation. Mostly we may look complacently on the passage of laws fool or otherwise. If they are fool laws they usually don't do much harm. But legislation upon some of the subjects recently undertaken, and their free discussion in the press, are very serious matters and tend, I firmly believe, to moral degradation and to great injury to society and individuals. While there is a good deal of tendency to treat this class of legislation as a joke, except among those who take it seriously, I think a good deal of it represents the last stages of political decay. While undoubtedly the State legislatures of recent years have done some wholesome things and a good many popular things, I think the extreme and absurd legislation will do infinite harm and has greatly weakened the party in control in the estimation of the public. There was a demand for the public control of public utilities and public service, but that there is any demand for the recent extreme interference with private matters and the conduct of purely private business and the ultra blue law legislation I think is a serious mistake. There is plenty of evidence of a tendency in the other direction which I trust will go far enough to leave in force some very efficient and good legislation but which will sweep away about three-fourths of the meddlesome and foolish boards, commissions and officials that. if allowed to continue, will eat up a lot of substance and do nobody any good now or hereafter."

"Can Governor Johnson be re-elected?"

"Governor Johnson has a strong following, and has shown good judgment in not approving a great deal of the extreme legislation that was passed. But he was elected governor by a majority of only about 23,000, whereas the average Republican majority is in the neighborhood of 70,000. As a vice-presidential candidate he carried the State by 174 votes. So I think it is not improbable that the next governor will be the nominee of either the real Republican or the real Democratic party."

"Can the Republicans 'come back' next time?"

"Well, the Progressive party as a national organization is obviously disintegrating. The voters are going to return either to the Republican or the Democratic party, and as California is naturally benefited by Republican policies and is very clearly a Republican State in national sentiment, it will undoubtedly return to the Republican party at the next election if properly organized and united; in any event by the time of the next national election."

CITY'S BEAUTY

Fair, oh, fair are the hills uncrowned,
  Only wreathed and garlanded
  With the soft clouds overhead,
With the waving streams of rain;
Fair in golden sunlight drowned,
  Bathed and buried in the bright
  Warm luxuriance of light,—
Fair the hills without a stain.

Fairer far the hills should stand
  Crowned with a city's halls,
  With the glimmer of white walls,
With the climbing grace of towers;
Fair with great fronts tall and grand,
  Stately streets that meet the sky,
  Lovely roof-lines, low and high,—
Fairer for the days and hours.

Woman's beauty fades and flies,
  In the passing of the years,
  With the falling of the tears,
With the lines of toil and stress;
City's beauty never dies,—
  Never while her people know
How to love and honor so
Her immortal loveliness.

"They say Cogg is an automobile fiend."

"So he is. Sleeps in his goggles and has gasoline sprinkled on his pillow."

Established 1858 SUTRO & COMPANY Investment Brokers
410 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Comparative prices of leading local BONDS during past six months show that INVESTMENT SECURITIES are now selling at prices to yield higher returns than during recent years.

BONDS	—Price— Jan., 1913	July, 1913	Yield
Pac. Tel. & Tel. 5%.....100		97	5¼
Cal. Gas & El. Unify, 5%.. 96		93	5½
Spring Valley 4%..... 93		89	5⅜
L. A. Pac. of Cal. 5%.....100		95	5⅜
Market St. First Cons. 5%. 92½		89½	6¼
Pac. Gas & El. 5%..... 90		85	6

Write for special circular, descriptive of high-grade investments, yielding SIX (6%) PER CENT

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Voices From the Underworld

Overheard by a Wandering but Reliable and Experienced Dictagraph.

Scene: Office of the Brothel Bulletin, a family journal sterilized daily by a committee of fastidious ladies.

Time. After the last edition.

Dramatis personae: Chemically Pure Older; Uriah Heep Crothers.

Older (rubbing his hands)—Well how did they go today?

Crothers (raising his eyes to heaven)—We brought the message home to many tender hearts today. Many extra copies were sold at the Girls' High School, and we got ten new subscribers at Madame Bovary's seminary for young ladies.

Older—Good! We are solving the problem in fine style.

Crothers—But don't you think the letters were a little tame today?

Older—Did you find them so?

Crothers—Yes. They had no effect on my emotions at all. You must give us plenty of hot stuff, more talk about the inner life of the prostitute and more of the argot of the bagnio. That's what the young folk like.

Older—I'll speak to Barry about it.

Crothers—I wish you would. Tell him to ring the changes on sexual depravity and the unspeakable vices. That's one way of solving the problem.

Older—You think so?

Crothers—Yes. My idea is that we should make married women and young girls curious about the erotic subtleties of romantic passion, educate them to be all-satisfying and thus render the outcast female a negligible quantity in the scheme of things.

Older—I never thought of that.

Crothers—And besides we must not lose sight of our friends the ministers.

Older—What about the ministers?

Crothers—I mean the ones that write us endorsing our publicity scheme every time we ask them for a letter.

Older—Well, what about them?

Crothers—They'll lose interest in the whole business unless we make it nasty enough for them.

Older—That's true. I never thought of that. How those fellows do revel in filth! It seems to give them ecstasies to get their ears to an underworld keyhole. But I'm afraid the letters of some of them stamp them as perverts. I think it would be better for us to have all our correspondence written in the office.

Crothers—I don't agree with you. The clergy impart an air of respectability to the paper.

Older—But we don't need their air of respectability while the postal inspectors stand in with us. Besides we have the lady censors.

Crothers—Well, perhaps you know better than I do; yet I rather like the idea of an occasional letter from a clergyman.

Older—But most of those lantern-jawed guys are such damphools. Take that fellow Whittaker of Los Gatos who talks about equalizing the moral standards of men and women. What does he mean—making women more masculine or converting men into prostitutes?

Crothers—I thought he wrote a pretty good letter. He said it was a good thing to discuss the social evil publicly—that it might lead to the solution of the problem. Now that's our position precisely. By the way, have you any more letters too tough for publication—real juicy ones?

Older—Yes, here's a whole stack of them.

Crothers—Ah, fine! I like to read 'em. Perhaps we might liven the page up with a few of them. I tell you Older, we must guard against being too deferential to the proprieties. Remember, the main thing is to sell the paper.

The People's Forum

A Lutheran Wants to Know.

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Who is the man that winds the ferry clock, and how often does he wind it? And what is the meaning of his "veiled allusions" to Mayor Rolph and certain professional Catholics? Isn't Mayor Rolph himself a convert to Catholicism? I read in the papers the other day that he "passed up" the Secretary of War in order to have his picture taken with a group of little children from a Catholic institution, and I am told that at a Catholic function not long ago he publicly kissed the hand of a distinguished Catholic dignitary. Seems to me the Mayor is a kind of professional Catholic himself.

Yours truly,

—A Lutheran.

[If Mayor Rolph has become a convert to Catholicism the matter has been kept a secret.—Editor Town Talk.]

The Awful "Movies"

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I've been thinking what a funny world this is. We spend all our time trying to make the world better by crusading against the things that don't matter and all the while we are letting alone the things that cause enormous mischief. Take the motion pictures for example. They are censored by ladies, I understand, just like the voice from the underworld, and they are mostly about battle, murder and sudden death. It is generally admitted that the great desideratum is the softening and refining of feelings. But have you noticed the craze among little boys for Indian suits and cowboy suits and the weapons and paraphernalia of war. Have you noticed that children are much interested in policemen, and that they play at burglar games, and have you heard that little tots have inflicted injuries on one another with swords? Perhaps you have, but perhaps it has not occurred to you that the motion pictures are responsible for these phenomena. The motion pictures are more productive of evil than all the things we are trying to reform put together.

—A Mother.

More of the Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I'm wondering if there are any more counties to be heard from on the subject of the Irish drama? I have been patiently waiting for the several polemics to have their say, hoping that they might say something worthy of discussion. But so far they have added nothing to what has already been said by Hibernicus. Nevertheless as the topic is a live one perhaps you will have no objection to allowing me a little more space, merely for the purpose of giving a little emphasis to what I have already said regarding the disposition of the Irish to disagree. Whatever may be thought by the Irish in this country of the Irish dramatists it is certain there are two distinctive viewpoints in Ireland with reference to the Irish drama, and that from one viewpoint the plays of the Abby Theatre are mirrors of the life of Ireland. One does not have to go outside of Ireland to find praise of the Irish dramatists. The Belfast News Letter and the Northern Whig—to mention only two Irish journals—have published columns of laudation. I fancy that to flash these papers on Irishmen of a certain viewpoint would be like shaking a red rag in front of a bull, but to admit this to be so is to concede what I have said. Of course there is a good deal of adverse criticism in Ireland of the Irish dramatists. One of their severest critics is St. John G. Ervine, who himself turned dramatist after telling the Yeats group of playwrights what he thought of them. Ervine is a descendant of Irish patriots. He has lived all his life in Ireland. His criticism of the playwrights is not that that they have gone outside of Ireland for their types, not that they have given rein to a morbid imagination, but that they have not been able to shake off the dominant feeling of Ireland—the feeling of resentment against England. He accuses them of "an appalling narrowness of vision," and unlike Hibernicus who denies they are realists, who says they have imagined things that never happened and that could never have happened, Ervine says they are realists, but only in the sense that they have stuck so tenaciously to facts. "They are not realists," he says, "in the sense that Ibsen was a realist. They are realists in the sense that Guinness's stout is real." I suspect that Ervine, though an Irishman, agrees with George Meredith. You may remember that in "Diana of the Crossways" Meredith says, "The burlesque Irishman can't be caricatured. Nature strained herself in a fit of absurdity to produce him and all that art can do is to copy."

Yours truly,

—L. R. F.

CLIFF HOUSE

SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST FAMOUS RESORT

Unsurpassed Cuisine
(a la carte service)
Dancing in Ball Room Every Evening
Private Banquet and Dining Rooms
Friday Fish Dinner
(table d'hote)

Vocal and Instrumental Entertainment

The City On Mallington

By Lord Dunsany

Besides the old shepherd at Langside, whose habits render him untrustworthy, I am probably the only person that has ever seen the city on Mallington Moor.

I had decided one year to do no London season; partly because of the ugliness of the things in the shops, partly because of the unresisted invasion of German bands, partly perhaps because some pet parrots in the oblong where I lived had learned to imitate cab whistles; but chiefly because of late there had seized me in London a quite unreasonable longing for large woods and waste spaces, while the very thought of little valleys underneath copses full of bracken and foxgloves was a torment to me; and every summer in London the longing grew worse till the thing was becoming intolerable. So I took a stick and a knapsack and began walking northwards, starting at Tetherington and sleeping at inns, where one could get real salt, and the waiter spoke English, and where one had a name instead of a number; and though the table cloth might be dirty the windows opened so that the air was clean; where one had the excellent company of farmers and men of the world who could not be thoroughly vulgar, because they had not the money to be so even if they had wished it. At first the novelty was delightful, and then one day in a queer old inn up Uthering way, beyond Lingwold, I heard for the first time the rumor of the city said to be on Mallington Moor. They spoke of it quite casually over their glasses of beer, two farmers at the inn. "They say the queer folk be at Mallington with their city," one farmer said. "Traveling they seem to be," said the other. And more came in then and the rumor spread. And then, such are the contradictions of our little likes and dislikes and all the whims that drive us, that I, who had come so far to avoid cities, had a great longing all of a sudden for throngs again and the great hives of Man, and then and there determined on that bright Sunday morning to come to Mallington and there search for the city that rumor spoke of so strangely.

Mallington Moor, from all that they said of it, was hardly a likely place to find a thing by searching. It was a huge high moor, very bleak and desolate and altogether trackless. It seemed a lonely place from what they said. The Normans when they came had called it Mal Lieu, and afterwards Mallintown, and so it changed to Mallington. Though what a town can ever have had to do with a place so utterly desolate I do not know. And before that some say that the Saxons called it Baplas, which I believe to be a corruption of Bad Place.

And beyond the mere rumor of a beautiful city all of white marble and with a foreign look up on Mallington Moor, beyond this I could not get. None of them had seen it himself, "only heard of it like," and my questions, rather than stimulating conversation, would always stop it abruptly. I was no more fortunate on the road to Mallington until the Tuesday, when I was quite near it; I had been walking two days from the inn where I had heard the rumor, and could see the great hill steep as a headland on which Mallington lay, standing up on the skyline; the hill was covered with grass where anything grew at all, but Mallington Moor is all heather; it is just marked moor on the map; nobody goes there, and they do not trouble to name it. It was there where the gaunt hill first came into sight, by the roadside as I inquired for the marble city of some laborers by the way, that I was directed, partly, I think, in derision, to the old shepherd of Langside. It appeared that he, following sometimes sheep that had strayed, and wandering far from Langside, came sometimes up to the edge of Mallington Moor, and that he would come back from these excursions and shout through the villages, raving of a city of white marble and gold-tipped minarets. And hearing me asking questions of this city they had laughed and directed me to the shepherd of Langside. One well-meant warning they gave me as I went—the old man was not to be depended on.

And late that evening I saw the thatches of Langside sheltering under the edge of that huge hil that Atlas-like held up those miles of moor to the great winds and heaven.

They knew less of the city in Langside than elsewhere, but they knew the whereabouts of the man I wanted, though they seemed a little ashamed of him. There was an inn in Langside that gave me shelter, whence in the morning, equipped with purchases, I set out to find their shepherd. And there he was on the edge of Mallington Moor standing motionless, gazing stupidly at his sheep; his hands trembled continually and his eyes had a blear look; but he was quite sober, wherein all Langside had wronged him.

And then and there I asked him of the city, and he said he had never heard tell of any such place. And I said "Come, come, you must pull yourself together." And he looked angrily at me; but when he saw me draw from amongst my purchases a full bottle of whiskey and a big glass he became more friendly. As I poured out the whiskey I asked him again about the marble city on Mallington Moor, but he seemed quite honestly to know nothing about it. The amount of whiskey he drank was quite incredible, but I seldom express surprise, and once more I asked him the way to the wonderful city. His hand was steadier now and his eyes more intelligent, and he said that he had heard something of some such city, but his memory was evidently blurred, and he was still unable to give me useful directions. I consequently gave him another tumbler, which he drank off like the first without any water, and almost at once he was a different man. The trembling in his hands stopped altogether, his eye became as quick as a younger man's, he answered my questions readily and frankly and, what was more important to me still, his old memory became alert and clear for even minutest details. His gratitude to myself I need not mention, for I make no pretense that I bought the bottle of whiskey that the old shepherd enjoyed so much without at least some thought of my own advantage. Yet it was pleasant to reflect that it was due to me that he had pulled himself together and steadied his shaking hand and cleared his mind, recovered his memory and his self-respect. He spoke to me quite clearly, no longer slurring his words; he had seen the city first one moonlight night when he was lost in the mist on the big moor; he had wandered far in the mist, and when it lifted he saw the city by moonlight. He had no food, but luckily had his flask. There never was such a city, not even in books. Travelers talked sometimes of Venice seen from the sea; there might be such a place or there might not, but whether or no it was nothing to the city on Mallington Moor. Men who read books had talked to him in his time, hundreds of books, but they never could tell of any city like this. Why, the place was all of marble; roads, walls and palaces; all pure white marble, and the tops of the tall thin spires were entirely of gold, and they were queer folk in the city even for foreigners. And there were camels; but I cut him short, for I thought I could judge for myself, if there was such a place, and, if not, I was wasting my time, as well as a pint of good whiskey. So I got him to speak of the way, and after more circumlocution than I needed and more talk of the city, he pointed to a tiny track on the black earth just beside us, a little twisty way you could hardly see.

I have said the moor was trackless; untrodden of man or dog it certainly was, and seemed to have less to do with the ways of man than any waste I have seen, but the track the old shepherd showed me, if track it was, was no more than the track of a hare—an elf-path the old man called it; heaven knows what he meant.

And then before I left him he insisted on giving me his flask with the queer, strong rum it contained. Whiskey brings out in some men melancholy, in some rejoicing; with him it was clearly generosity, and he insisted until I took his rum, though I did not mean to drink it. It was lonely up there, he said, and bitter cold and the city hard to find, being set in a hollow, and I should need the rum, and he had never seen the marble except on days when he had had his flask; he seemed to regard that rusted iron flask as a sort of mascot, and in the end I took it.

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CV—AT THE STEVENSON FOUNTIAN

By John Northern Hilliard

(John Northern Hilliard, the author of the following poem, is a member of the literary colony at Carmel and belongs to the Western Drama Society of which George Sterling is president. There are several poems celebrating the Stevenson Fountain in Portsmouth Square. Wallace Irwin wrote one, and W. O. McGeehan another. The following was published in Sunset, November, 1912.)

He was a princely vagabond,
A restless rover from his birth,
An alien lodger for the night
In this old wayside inn of earth.
A simple-hearted wayfarer,
With spring and summer in his breast,
A comrade of the roving foot,
And fevered of the great unrest,
Who now hath fared on trails beyond
The range marked by the cobalt rim
Of sordid things—beyond the pale
Of horizons forever dim—
A nomad, safe at last within
The world-old harbor gates of time,
The master, whose blithe feet once strayed
Among the hills of prose and rhyme.
To think that once upon a time,
In ragged luck, he passed this way,
That his eyes, too, once followed far
The scudding sails across the Bay;
That he, too, saw the plume of smoke
That marks the outbound steamer's trail,
That he, too, heard the winches creak,
And saw the cargoes, bale on bale,
Fed to the yawning maws of ships—
The coursers of the seven seas,
That strain, like hounds, upon the leash,
Impatient to be down the breeze.
This ground whereon the fountain plays
Shall sacred be against the years,
Shall hallowed be—since he has passed
To the Valhalla of his peers.
And here shall be nor East nor West;
For all the trails shall blend as one,
And men shall come from all the world
And drink to Louis Stevenson.

The Spectator

A Newspaper Coup d'Etat

Two separate newspaper rumors, one dealing with the future of the Call, the other with Hearst's plans for an evening paper, were joined together this week to make a plausible story that was a sensation in all our local rooms. The story deals with the retirement of the Call from the field of morning journalism and its reappearance as an evening competitor of the Bulletin and the Post. Not the least remarkable part of the story is the part which William Randolph Hearst and M. H. De Young, the proprietors of the Call's morning rivals, are credited with playing in the execution of the coup d'etat. The circulation of the rumor was extremely limited, and when the Post made mention of it, treating it flippantly as unworthy serious consideration, the desire of the parties concerned for secrecy in the deal seemed to be made manifest by the withdrawal of the article from subsequent editions. But the rumors persist, and a shrewd guesser would say that they are not entirely without substance.

Introducing Mr. Kellogg

The journalistic coup, so runs the story, was made possible when John D. Spreckels, William Randolph Hearst and M. H. De Young were brought together by Frederick William Kellogg of Pasadena, a newspaperman who is son-in-law of E. W. Scripps, the millionaire head of the Scripps-McRae syndicate. Kellogg is given credit for the outline of the plan which was something like this: The Call has been a great money-loser for John D. Spreckels. It does not hold its own against the Examiner and the Chronicle. Why not withdraw it from an unprofitable competition and give it a new start in a field where it may hope to take the lead? As the withdrawal of the Call from the morning game will mean greatly increased profits for the Examiner and Chronicle which will then divide the business, let Hearst and De Young pay a proper price to Spreckels for taking the Call out of their way Of course the Call must be assured of virtual premiership in the evening department of local journalism. Hearst can help there. Why not give the Call the Hearst evening news service and the great Hearst special features which make the Journal the most widely read evening paper in New York? That seems to be about what Kellogg proposed to the three publishers, and the suggestion met with approval:

Has It Been Sold?

The option which W. W. Chapin holds on the Call will expire shortly. When he steps down Frederick William Kellogg will take charge of the paper and commence the execution of the big plan. In fact Kellogg is on the job already, and it may be taken as the first effect of his policy that the first edition of the Call which reached the street before midnight and the last edition at six in the morning have been discontinued while the size of the paper has been reduced. The question is, has Kellogg bought the Call from John D. Spreckels? I am inclined to think that he has not. Putting two and two together I should say that John D. Spreckels will retain an interest in the paper and that Kellogg will acquire a part ownership. I imagine too that De Young and Hearst will be given an opportunity to share in its financial prosperity.

War on the Bulletin

Something more than financial consideration induced the proprietors of the three morning papers to get together in this revolutionary project. They are training their heavy artillery on the Bulletin. R. A. Crothers is the game they are hunting. An Evening Call fortified by the Hearst feature writers and artists will give the Bulletin a hot battle; in the opinion of the men in the scheme will reduce the Bulletin to a position of small importance. That they regard this as a consummation devoutly to be wished is an easy guess. It goes without saying that the Evening Call will work great injury to the Bulletin while not greatly affecting the Post. The Evening Call will be conducted, I imagine, on sensational lines like the Hearst evening papers. It will therefore cut the ground from under the Bulletin which is edited from the yellow viewpoint, while the Post will continue to appeal to conservative newspaper readers. Meanwhile Kellogg will have the beginnings of an evening paper organization at hand if he desires to take advantage of them. Ernest Simpson knows the local field and has just been given a pretty thorough grounding in Hearst evening paper methods. Fred Bunch, the former city editor of the Post, went to the Examiner recently. J. B. Pinkham, the former business manager of the Post, is now on the Examiner. Granting that Kellogg is going to run an evening paper on the lines of the Hearst evening papers these men should be valuable to him.

Who Kellogg Is

I met Will Kellogg, as his friends call him, the other day, and found him a quiet man with-

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out frills. A man, I should say, who knows what he wants and usually gets it. For a long time he was one of the highest-salaried men in the Scripps-McRae service. He proved his ability as editor of the Scripps Detroit "News" and as manager of the Scripps-McRae League. Quitting that service in 1899 he went into newspapering on his own account and accumulated a fortune. He controls the St. Paul "News," the Minneapolis "News" and the Omaha "News" and holds a minority interest in other big papers. He likes California and has made his home at Pasadena for quite a while. I look for an interesting announcement from him within a short time, an announcement which will bear out the current rumors pretty substantially.

Before and After Accusation

A few years ago when certain Commonwealth Club reformers were proposing amendments to the penal code that it might be somewhat more difficult not only for a guilty man to escape, but for an innocent one to be acquitted, I observed that a few indictments might cause a change in their views. That I was not mistaken appears to be evident from the conduct of Mr. Sidney V. Smith, who is now under indictment. Mr. Smith was one of the reformers of the Commonwealth Club who were in favor of making the code more stringent. That was at a time when an unscrupulous cabal was pursuing several prominent citizens with vindictive fury. With the machinery of justice in their hands, two judges at their beck and call, the cabal made use of every contemptible trick, stratagem and device that they could conceive, every weapon that they could get hold of, in their efforts to put the objects of their hatred behind prison bars. Then it was that Sidney V. Smith, seeing the accused men fighting desperately to save themselves, stood up in the Commonwealth Club and complained of the technicalities of the law, thus giving the desired color to the artfully disseminated sentiment that justice was being perverted not by the prosecution but by the accused. Mr. Smith lately having had a taste of the very same medicine administered to others in other days has probably changed his mind about the code.

The Way for Swift Trials

The Commonwealth Club, proud of its contributions to the knowledge and virtue of the community, preserves them between pamphlet covers. One of the club pamphlets published in December, 1908, members of the legal profession are now reading with deep interest. In this pamphlet are printed certain papers read by a professor McMurray and Mr. Sidney Smith and also the findings deduced from their exposition of the imperfections of the code, all of which I learn from the pamphlet were approved by Mr. Francis J. Heney. Mr. Smith it appears characterized our criminal trials as indecent farces. He was in favor of giving such nice, fair and unbiased judges as Dunne and Lawlor more power. He complained that our system wasn't as good as the English system, which "moves swiftly." He was very strong for expedition, very much opposed to dilatory tactics; pronounced it a waste of time to permit the challenge of grand jurors. According to the Smith-McMurray findings "The only point to be decided in criminal cases is the guilt or innocence of the accused." And, "If an innocent man has been wrongfully accused the most expeditious and only effective way for him to get vindication is to go to trial on the merits of the case." Furthermore there should be no such thing as separate trials for men jointly indicted.

His Comic and Pathetic Plight

In the light of the foregoing sentiments Sidney Smith's efforts to induce the Federal Department of Justice to let him off without a trial would be very amusing were it not for the seriousness of the situation. I can no more laugh at a man under indictment than I can sympathize with clamor for increasing the severity of the criminal code. Sidney Smith was indicted for a crime charged against the Western Fuel Company of which he is a director, and he says he is innocent and he doesn't want a jury to decide "the only point." Though innocent he doesn't believe any more that "the most expeditious and only effective way for him to get vindication is to go to trial on the merits of the case." He is willing to waive that only effective way. Mr. Smith does not wish the cases to be taken up jointly. It has occurred to him that an innocent man might be dragged down by the guilty, which is quite true, and therefore he would like to have his co-defendants tried first. Of course with the shoe on the other foot Sidney Smith presents a somewhat comic figure, but after all he should be grateful, for wisdom has come to him out of an abundance of experience. He realizes now what a terrible thing it is for an innocent man to be accused of crime. He realizes, too, what an awful thing is the grand jury system; what a despotic power is put into the hands of a district attorney; how important it is that a defendant should be permitted to challenge grand jurors; nay, how unfortunate that a man cannot have some redress against grand jurors, since as sometimes happens great infamies are perpetrated by them.

Cruelty of the Prosecution

All the Western Fuel men have experienced just a tiny little bit of the cruelty that was inflicted on the men who were being hounded by the Spreckels gang in the days when the Commonwealth Club began reforming the code. They have been prosecuted out of court, and they have had to sit silent while sentiment was being manufactured against them. I don't pretend to know anything of the merits of the case; only that a discharged employe full of bitterness and hate is the chief witness for the prosecution; but I do know that the officers of the Government have been very eager to try the case in the newspapers, and consequently I am of the opinion that they haven't a very strong case.

Bohemian Luxury

The luxury of the Bohemian encampment in the Russian River grove is greater this year than ever before. The millionaires of the club have engaged in a competition of extravagance, and one would be inclined to say offhand that the limit had been reached were is not that the gilded Bohemians seem to be of illimitable sybaritic resources. There is no serious meaning attached to the phrase "back to nature" among these epicureans. The primeval forest has no charms for them unless its primitiveness be hidden beneath the Persian apparatus of artificial creature comforts. One of the most elaborately furnished camps is

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that of the "Lost Angels," most of whom are Los Angeles millionaires. Another of similar luxury is the "Star and Garter" camp. Both have a number of private servants including valets. Both have private bath tubs, water heaters and porcelain wash bowls. Both have private grills so that the campers may lunch or dine in seclusion when the fancy seizes them. The furniture of these camps is the best that money can buy; even the poker tables would pass muster at the clubhouse in town.

Those Noisy Servants

One might suppose that sojourners in a glorious camp like Bohemian Grove would be glad to have a carpet of fragrant pine needles under their feet. But not the "Lost Souls!" The floor of their camp was covered with an expensive carpet of heavy pile. Recently some of the "Lost Souls" complained that the servants disturbed their rest by the noise they made in walking to and fro over this carpet in the discharge of early morning duties. A consultation was held. The rest of the "Lost Souls" must not be disturbed! So the carpet was taken up and relaid over a cushion of felt padding four inches thick! The tread of the servants was thus rendered noiseless.

The Trail De Luxe

Walking is the fad of the Bohemians this year. The grove is surrounded by a fence ten and one-half miles long, and all the area of the lordly domain thus enclosed has been criss-crossed with trails of easy grades. There are fifteen miles of trails in Bohemia, and it is considered quite the thing to walk over part of them in the morning. Even the most apoplectic need not be afraid of these trails, for the ground has been carefully cleared and everywhere there are log seats within easy distances, so that the slightest feeling of fatigue may be humored. This trail-walking de luxe is regarded as a bracing exercise after a "wet night."

Unsatisfactory Food

I hear that some of the Bohemians have been making a curious complaint about the food in camp. A French chef is in charge, so the kicks are not on the score of the food being poor. Quite the contrary. Some of the Bohemians who regard the right to kick as a precious privilege, complain that the food is too good! They point out that in order to get the greatest amount of good out of their stay in camp they must refrain from overeating. But how resist the temptation to overeat when the chef serves three hot entrees at luncheon and exhausts his ingenuity in the preparation of innumerable courses for dinner? Such a kick may sound incredible to those outside Bohemia, but your Bohemian is apt to be a queer fish. Sense of humor is not always his strongest point.

The Moving Pictures

The grove play is not to be repeated for the benefit of lovely woman this year. But the womenfolk will be able to get a very good idea of the play just the same. The moving picture man has been allowed to enter the grove. Films were made at the final dress rehearsal, and will be shown in San Francisco when the annual concert is given. Grove scenes have also been registered by the movie man, but these will not be shown outside the club.

Anonyma on the Street

The streetwalker, conspicuously absent from our thoroughfares during a number of years, is once more making her appearance. Anonyma stalks abroad these nights in all her panoply of gaudy gown and heightened complexion. She is as expert in her arts of furtive wink and knowing smile and arch beckoning as though she had practiced them through uninterrupted years. Now why is Anonyma on the streets? What changed conditions account for her emergence? First of all, the passage of the Redlight Abatement Law. The harlot has been deserting the segregated district for a private apartment, and for the harlot who plies her miserable trade clandestinely the street is the only marketplace. I fancy there is another explanation. Some of these streetwalkers may be tyros in the business, unfortunate girls who have studied the story of Alice Smith and learnt of her how to make "easy money."

The Rare White Slaver

A student in Fremont Older's correspondence school of pornography might suppose that no woman enters the harlot's house of her own accord; that the "priestesses of humanity" are the subjugated victims of white slavers who have thrust them into the life of shame against their will. If one point has been brought out more strongly than all others in the Bulletin's bagnio serial, it is precisely this. And yet all the information available shows that the prostitute over whom Fremont Older weeps is not the victim of some masculine brute, but the victim of her own immoderate desires. The Municipal Clinic has a card index record of many of the women who report there for examination. I have examined one hundred of these cards, and in not a single instance did I find that a woman went into prostitution through the machinations of a white slaver. Further than that, I am told by the authorities of the Clinic that they found only one such case in twenty-seven hundred. The white slaver exists, but he is an exceedingly rare bird. Supposing that at least some of the letters which are published in the Bulletin come from women of the bagnios, it must be concluded that those who say they were forced into the life by brutes of whom they stood in fear are simply lying.

The Lure of the Red Light

The sordid histories card-indexed at the Municipal Clinic were noted down from statements freely made. In the great majority of the cases I examined the women said that they became prostitutes because of the "easy money." Many of them frankly confessed that they were not content to work hard at respectable avocations when the demi-monde offered high wages and costly clothes. A great number stated that they ceased to be chaste out of libidinous inclination and attached no blame to the men who shared their first fall from virtue. These are not pretty facts, but facts they are, and it is necessary to call attention to them lest men and women of easy sympathies wax sentimental over Alice Smith in her variety. It may be set down for verity that Alice knows what she is doing when she enters where the red light shines. She is to be pitied of course; but there is no call for maudlin tears.

Del Valle of California

The Eastern newspapers describe R. F. Del Valle, the special commissioner to Mexico, as a California legislator who has remained faithful to Bryan through the years. R. F. Del Valle was conspicuous in the politics of this State long before Bryan was ever heard of beyond the borders

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of Nebraska. He was a conspicuous figure in the national conventions of his party before Bryan dreamt of free silver. Of all the Californians thus far honored by the Administration Del Valle is by far the ablest and by far the most deserving of recognition. Del Valle is one of the few survivors of the group of brilliant Democrats who made political history in the days when Steve White was the ideal of his party. He is a lawyer by profession and he might have stood in the foremost rank of the profession had he not been reared in the atmosphere peculiar to California in the days before the Gringo came and long years thereafter. Del Valle is a typical Californian Spaniard, a gentleman more inclined to leisure than to the heat and dust of the work-a-day world. He never perspired at anything except politics, and in politics he commanded the respect even of his opponents. Years ago he was nominated for lieutenant-governor when E. B. Pond headed the ticket. He presided over the convention that nominated Jim Budd, but gained nothing through the success of the ticket probably for the reason that he preferred Barney Murphy to Budd for the party candidate. Of late years Del Valle lived in comparative obscurity. His money gone, his friends too, he struggled along till quite recently when a windfall put him on his feet. He was one of the electors on the Wilson ticket, a circumstance, his friends hope, which may gain for him the ambassadorship to Mexico to succeed the talkative and undiplomatic Henry Lane Wilson who has wisely resigned.

Thought It Was Bud

Harrison Fisher, illustrator and proprietor of the Fisher Girl, was introduced to Douglas Tilden, the deaf and dumb sculptor, at Bohemian Grove a few days ago. By means of pad and pencil the two artists entered into an animated conversation. Fisher told Tilden how much he admired Tilden's work; and Tilden told Fisher that he had followed Fisher's career with the liveliest interest. Compliments were exchanged as fast as they could be committed to paper, and Fisher who had symptoms of writer's cramp, was glad when Tilden gave signs of bringing the interview to a close. They were about to part when Tilden seized the pad, scribbled a final message and handed the slip of paper to Fisher. This is what Harrison Fisher read: "How did you ever come to think of Mutt and Jeff?"

Viva Mexico!

Harrison Fisher tells how he lost one of the best models that ever posed for him. She was a young and very beautiful girl who went to New York from a small town. She was not sophisticated and the dangers of the metropolis frightened her. The associations of the studio set brought her one or two disagreeable experiences, but there was nothing in her demeanor to tell Harrison Fisher that she was compromising with her home town ideals. One day she came to Fisher's studio in a state of great excitement and indignation. Fisher asked what was the trouble.

"Mr. Fisher," she cried almost hysterically, "I have been insulted. A man I met, a man I thought was a gentleman, has made an insulting proposal to me. Oh, it is terrible. I did not know there was such wickedness in the world!"

"Tell me all about it," said Fisher sympathetically.

The beautiful young model explained tearfully that an American engineer with interests in Mexico had offered to take her there as his mistress. Fisher did his best to console her, pointing out that the most virtuous girl might be exposed to such an insult and advising her to forget all about it as quickly as possible. She dried her eyes and posed. Her composure was quite restored when she left, promising to come and pose again a few days later. On the day named she did not come, so Fisher phoned to her boarding house to remind her that her services were needed. The landlady answered the telephone. Fisher asked for Miss Soandso.

"Miss Soandso is not here," said the landlady; "she left for Mexico two days ago."

The Seeds Explained

It need not be prefaced for the San Franciscan who knows his Chinatown that either beans or seeds are used as counters in the favorite gambling game of fantan. So it happened that when Lou Get was arrested for playing fantan part of the evidence against him when he appeared before Police Judge Crist was a dish full of dry seeds. Lou Get was defended by Tom O'Connor who did his best to explain that Lou had not been engaged in a gambling game.

"But how do you explain the seeds?" demanded Assistant District Attorney Morris Oppenheim.

"That is very simple," replied O'Connor. "My client is a constituent of Julius Kahn."

The Aitch Was Silent

Major Charley Stanton has many distinctions. He is depot quartermaster here, one of the most popular army officers in California and the fastest talker in San Francisco. In addition to these and many other distinctions, Major Stanton has a subordinate in his department named Glassburner. Glassburner talks broken English with a German accent not often heard this side of the footlights. Some few days ago Major Stanton had occasion to administer the oath to twenty workmen engaged for government business. When the men had sworn to their signatures Major Stanton filed the documents. Next day Glassburner came to the major's office.

"If you blease, Major Stanton," he said, "I vant dem oats."

"What oats, Glassburner, what oats?" asked Major Stanton.

"Dem oats you have," explained Glassburner.

"Oats for horses?" asked the major.

"No," answered the German, "not oats vot horses take; oats vot men take."

Then Major Stanton understood.

A Shrewd Bargain

This is the tale of two dog fanciers who are also enthusiastic fight fans. One of them is Harry Hastings of San Mateo, dashing polo player, connoisseur of wire-haired fox terriers and about as keen a devotee of ring sports as we have in these parts. The name of the other I shall not divulge. Suppose we call him Mr. A. Well, Mr. A. invited Harry Hastings to the Fourth of July scrap between Willie Ritchie and Joe Rivers. They occupied ring-side seats, or in the parlance

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Chinese Maids
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of fistiana, had "their chins on the resin." Harry Hastings wanted to pay for his own seat, but Mr. A. grandly dismissed the suggestion. The sequel to this incident came the other day. Both, I said, are great dog fanciers. Mr. A. fancied a wire-haired fox terrier that Harry Hastings had for sale. The price? Fifty dollars. Mr. A. bought the dog. But he deducted from the purchase price twenty dollars, the price of a ring-side seat at the Ritchie-Rivers fight. "And the worst of it was," said Harry Hastings when he told the story as a prime joke on himself, "that those tickets for the fight were passes. I know a fight 'comp' when I see it because the corner is always cut off."

The Strike That Failed

Every Sunday an elaborate luncheon is served to the prospective buyers who visit Solano Irrigated Farms. The visitors are numerous, so quite a few cooks and waiters are employed. Recently it was learned in San Francisco union circles that the cooks and waiters were non-union men, so a walking delegate was despatched to Solano Irrigated Farms to unionize them. Before he had a chance to start his propaganda of the closed shop Superintendent Dubois of the A. J. Rich and Co. forces discovered his purpose and had him thrown off the company's property. Nothing dismayed, the campaigner reported back to headquarters, the crusade was continued by more inconspicuous methods, and the following Sunday just before an unusually large crowd was subordinating thoughts of farm land to thoughts of luncheon all the cooks and waiters went on strike. They regarded the outcome as "a cinch." But they had to do with a resourceful man. Rich telephoned over to Suisun where the company has its office staff, and in a few minutes several motors brought stenographers, book-keepers and telephone girls out to the Farms. The young women prepared and served the luncheon, and it was great! Next Sunday a new corps of cooks and waiters went to work.

The Centre of Attraction

Frank L. Mulgrew, newspaper reporter and Bohemian clubman, was sauntering down Stockton street a few nights ago and paused to listen to a fiery speaker who was settling the problems of the universe for the cranks who congregate in the so-called "open forum." Glancing about him Mulgrew received a polite bow from Carl, the captain of the dining room at the Bohemian club. Letting his eyes rove in another direction he was respectfully saluted by the club's chef. Both were listening eagerly to the speaker. As he moved away Mulgrew ran into his favorite club waiter who was also hanging on the orator's inspired utterances. His curiosity excited Mulgrew approached Carl and asked how it happened that so many employes of the Bohemian Club were present. Carl pointed to the orator with evident pride. "Why, he's one of our dishwashers," he explained.

Japanese Miracle-Workers

"So long as the Japanese in this country came into competition with labor only," says Judge George H. Cabaniss, "we felt nothing but resentment, but now that they have begun to work miracles we may well be alarmed. Out in the Japanese Ghetto of the Western Addition is a window bearing this sign:

JAPANESE TAILOR.
Dyed—Cleaned—Repaired.

And a block away is another:

Ladies' half-souling.....50c
Gents' half-souling.....75c
Ladies' healing.....25c
Gents' healing.....35c

Prejudice Rampant

The daily papers recently devoted considerable space to the elopement of a "prominent club man"—he was a solicitor for a suit club—with a "society favorite"—she attended Saturday night dances in Fillmore street—the daughter of a "well-known capitalist"—he has a second-hand clothing store in Third street—and suggested that parental forgiveness would be granted. But it wasn't.

"What is your father-in-law's objection to you?" asked an acquaintance of the groom.

"Oh, he says I'm a dirty drunken bum," complained the benedick. "He doesn't seem to be able to understand that every man has his little weakness."

Fawncy!

An English tourist with two chow dogs boarded the Persia at Hongkong on her last voyage and was leading his pets to his stateroom when the steward stopped him.

"You'll have to leave those dogs with the butcher," he informed the traveler. "That's the rule of the company."

"My word!" exclaimed the astonished tourist. "But I don't want them served at the table, don't you know!"

Broke But Orthodox

A traveling salesman named Cohen had an unusual run of bad luck at Jack Wolfe's club a few nights ago and in two hours dropped something over $500. He was just leaving in disgust when a servant brought in a big boiled ham on a platter.

"Better stay and have some ham," suggested Jack genially.

"Say!" demanded the loser indignantly. "Did you ever know a feller named Cohen as could eat $500 worth of ham?"

Would Emulate Cohan

J. J. Rosenthal, the manager-to-be of Gilbert Anderson's Gaiety Theatre in O'Farrell street, is receiving many letters from persons eager to help him in his work of uplift. One comes from a youth named McCarthy living in Scranton, Pa., and reads thus:

"Seeing where you are in the field for material for your new theatre in 'Frisco, I am writing you feeling confident I have the goods—a new three-act melodrama comedy, similar to 'Officer 666,' but with more thrills. It is entitled 'The Little Doctor.'

"I am desirous of becoming to 'Frisco what George M. Cohan is to New York. I have written songs, plays and musical comedies. All I need is a good manager to back me up or to support those productions."

The Red, Red Roue and Alice Smith

I admit I'm pornographic,
That I delve into a traffic
Not usually mentioned
Where the converse is polite;
That I dote on deeds erotic,
And that viciousness exotic
Is most warranted of all things
To give me keen delight.
I confess that acts of lewdness
When described in all their nudeness
Are vastly titillating
To my rather sluggish flesh;
For unmitigated prurience
I avow a keen esurience;
The dirtiest of anecdotes
Don't disgust me, they refresh.
If I have a prime vagary
It's for muckers literary
Whose choicest lucubrations
Are excluded from the mails;
There doesn't live a harlot
Of life so deeply scarlet
That I wouldn't hear with pleasure
As her sinning she unveils.
For yarns of married treachery
And tales of merry lechery
My penchant is notorious
All up and down the State;
But while a maiden's purity
Is without the least security
When my pals and I foregather
For a lickerish debate;
Though I deal in deadly slander,
I must say in blushing candor
There are limits to the rottenness
That I will dally with;
I am foul, there's no denying,
But I say it without lying—
I can't stand for the Bulletin
When it voices Alice Smith.

Favorite Dishes at Techau's

Techau Tavern has served every Thursday for a long time either individual chicken pie or fricasee, but a change was recently made and a half chicken saute sec was served to such general satisfaction of patrons that it has been determined to serve it every Thursday instead of the former dish. On Saturdays, either creamed breast of chicken or shredded chicken a la King will be served as has been the custom on this day. A new perfumery, Le Lilas, made by V. Rigaud of Paris will soon arrive and will be presented to lady patrons.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Clarence Mackays

Something has gone wrong in the Clarence Mackay household, and the friends of the Mackays hereabouts are bubbling over with curiosity. Mrs. Mackay has marooned herself in the depths of Maine, and Clarence Mackay is off to Europe with the children. Rather a strange state of affairs. Mrs. Mackay has a taste for literature, and she has done some writing, but nobody supposes that she has gone to Maine for local color. Nor is it supposed that she has suddenly developed a taste for seclusion. Mrs. Mackay has always been fond of the high lights of Newport. As Kitty Duer she was not much of a splurger, but after her marriage in the nineties she set a pace in extravagance that astonished even the plutocrats of Newport. Her father-in-law, John W. Mackay, who was far from close-fisted, is said to have called a halt. After his death she bought a home at Westbury, and it was reported that she spent about three million dollars on it. She had a great passion for rare jewels, and in her collection was a sapphire that cost $150,000 and an emerald that once belonged to Catherine of Russia. For a time Mrs. Mackay was known as the Bowery Duchess, but of late she has been more devoted to her children than to the social whirl, which makes it all the more surprising that she should submit to their being taken from her. But of course there may be a very simple explanation and no reason at all for the inference that clouds have gathered on the once serene horizon.

Announcement

The latest craze at Newport, and among the leading society people throughout the United States, an innovation, both unusual and entertaining, is afforded through the Motion Picture.

No affair is now complete without this interesting form of amusement. Besides amusing your guests, it allows you to perpetuate any affair which you may give, and same can be exhibited at any time desired.

Realizing this, the PROGRESSIVE FILM COMPANY of AMERICA desires to announce that they are perfectly equipped to take moving pictures of social events of any kind.

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Paynes Go to Work

It's startling but true. Two of the three Payne boys have gone to work. Herbert relinquished an elegant leisure to wrestle with Blackstone and the codes. He says he hopes to be as great a lawyer as Garrett McEnerney some day, a very commendable ambition. Arthur has gone into the moving picture business. His operators were seen hovering around the Palace for two or three days trying to get a film of General Felix Diaz and his retinue, but the General managed to elude them. He doesn't like photographers of any sort. In connection with his moving picture operations Arthur Payne has acquired a theatre in Sutter above Fillmore that was once the property of Abe Ruef. He says he's making it go. Meanwhile Clare Payne still makes pleasure his serious purpose in life.

The Burke Holladays to Build

The Burke Holladays are at last to build a mansion on the crest of Holladay's hill, where for over fifty years the old-fashioned white farm house has been the family home. Mrs. Holladay has always wanted to replace the old house with a modern residence, but after all, the old place remains and the new house will be set nearer Laguna street in Lafayette Square. The property is probably the highest valued residence land in San Francisco. Mrs. Burke Holladay's brother, H. E. Huntington, once offered $400,000 for it, and A. B. Spreckels repeated the offer before he bought the present site of his new mansion across the street on Washington street hill. But the Holladays held on to it, as much for sentiment as price. The Holladays have been spending the summer abroad, but will return in September. They lived on the other side for a number of years and Mrs. Holladay who has the taste of a connoisseur gathered a rare collection of art treasures to be installed in the new home. With Miss Mollie Phelan who recently purchased the Dunphy property adjoining the Irwins, rebuilding and furnishing the spacious house and the Spreckels house completed there will soon be a neighborhood of palaces about Lafayette Square.

Not to Consolidate

To the great delight of many of the members and the disappointment of others the Francisca Club voted at a special meeting the other day not to consolidate with the Town and Country. It was a spirited meeting that drew maids and matrons from Burlingame, Menlo, Del Monte and as far away as Santa Barbara to town to cast their vote. For months the plan has been under consideration and the Town and Country, like Barkis, was "willin'" There would have been the possible advantage of a new and commodious clubhouse instead of the upper floors over shops that the two clubs now occupy. But even this failed to persuade the majority at the Francisca and the plan is abandoned. The few conservatives at the Town and Country who dreaded the introduction of cigarettes and cocktails, tabooed there now, but perfectly permissible at the Francisca, are breathing sighs of relief. Meanwhile the idea of a third and still more exclusive women's club is still discussed at Burlingame.

He Introduced Real Country Life

Down at Menlo the Country Club set is concerned over the illness of Beach Thompson. He underwent an operation at the Peninsula hospital in Palo Alto last week and there is yet no assurance of his recovery. Beach Thompson, they say at Menlo, has done more to promote "country life" on the peninsula than any one except bossibly Charlie Clark who promotes polo at San Mateo, and Frank Carolan who introduced paper chasing at Burlingame. Thompson used to be master of the hounds at Meadowbrook before he came to California, and he brought the Eastern enthusiasm for sports and country life as it is lived in the environs of Manhattan. For a while the Thompsons lived at San Mateo and afterward went to Menlo where "country life" was then a dull and rural existence with only a primitive sort of club that no one paid very much attention to. It was due to the inspiration of Beach Thompson that the Menlo crowd began to take an interest in modern enlightened country life; and it was principally through his efforts while he was the president, that the new Menlo club was planned and built, where nowadays the set gathers for morning gossip and golf and Saturday night dances. With all his zeal for country life Thompson is one of the keenest financiers in the State and has amassed a fortune in the past few years. He is also one of the best liked men on the peninsula and there is general regret for his illness. Mrs. Thompson, by the way, was a California girl, Miss Veeder whose brother Howard Veeder is a popular member of the University Club.

Realism in Homes

The Templeton Crockers are due home this month and work on the new place at Uplands will be rushed. They will sail from the other side in a week or two and after a brief visit with the Malcolm Whitmans on Long Island will board the "Mishawaka" for California. They have had a busy summer getting points on Italian palaces and gathering suitable tapestries and furnishings for their San Mateo mansion. The particular palace Mrs. Crocker desired to reproduce contributed a number of carvings for its copy in America. There is a new realism in home building it seems. The Carolans planned a French chateau at Burlingame, and will have an entire room of a real French chateau taken to pieces, shipped to California and set up in their abode. The Italian palace of the Floods that is nearly completed out on Broadway has real Italian carvings from real Italian palaces waiting to be installed. We are departing from the crude American imitations of other days.

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A Golden Wedding

The Walter E. Deans are to celebrate their golden wedding in September and the affair will be a memorable one. There will be a dinner and reception at the Fairmont where the friends of fifty years will gather to congratulate them and remark in amazement as they did last week, "I had no idea the Deans had been married fifty years." The actual anniversary occurred last week and was marked by a dinner at Tahoe Tavern where the family is spending the sumer. On their return the fitting celebration will be planned. Mrs. Dean has been famed for her entertainments since the days she gave soirees at the old Palace Hotel, and will preside with the same grace that characterized her years ago. I recall that it was Mrs. Dean who first in San Francisco used American Beauty roses in profusion for a gorgeous reception she gave in the red parlors of the Palace. Miss Helen Dean and the young Walter Deans were at the party last week and will receive with their parents at the Fairmont. Young Mrs. Dean was Emelie Hager, the older sister of Alice, and of Mrs. Lansing Kellogg. Walter Dean was a great catch and Emelie Hager was the belle of her set when they were married in the nineties. Their children were at Tahoe to congratulate their grand-parents last week.

Another California Actor

Mrs. Catherine Ivancovich returned the other day from the East where she paid a visit to her son John Ivancovich, who, it will be remembered, distinguished himself in the first production of the Santa Clara passion play. It is not generally known that some time ago he entered the theatrical profession. He has made great progress as an actor, and is now at the head of his own stock company in Schenectady, New York, where he produces all the latest plays "released for stock." It is confidently predicted that before long California will greet him as one of the big stars of the stage.

AS A MAN THINKS of his home he ought also to think of the glad surprise a box of "Varied Sweets" would give to every member of the family. It's a dainty, toothsome, tasty gift—a package containing a selected assortment of the most delicious candies ever made. Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

(Advertisement)

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Summer Rates
Write for Booklet
JOHN J. HERNAN, Manager, Coronado, California
H. F. Norcross, Agent, 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Del Monte Notes

The past week at Del Monte has been the busiest and liveliest since the Fourth of July, and on Friday and Saturday nights there was not a vacant room. The Rodeo at Salinas attracted the smart set of San Francisco and Burlingame. They motored down, taking in the show in the afternoon and coming over to Del Monte in the evening. There were many smart dinner parties, both at the Hotel and Pebble Beach Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Emery Winship entertained a party of twenty at Pebble Beach Saturday night. Another dinner party given there Saturday evening was that of Mr. W. W. Carson to a party of eight. Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hobart also entertained a party of eight, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne a party of five. The polo tournament at Del Monte, August 29 to September 3, promises a big week at Del Monte. Much interest is being shown and the management reports heavy bookings of rooms. The teams have been drawn and they are as follows: San Mateo Juniors, F. B. Elkins, C. De Guigne Jr., R. Y. Hayne, H. H. Hastings (captain), H. Howard Jr. Presidio team, John F. Wall, C. K. Rheinhardt, C. M. Haverkamp, J. M. Wainwright, W. R. Pick and U. B. Briscoe.

Social Doing at Castle Crags

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. James Campbell ,the Misses Morgan, Ysabel Chase, Jean Campbell and Messrs. George Campbell and H. Chase Jr. motored to the McCloud Country Club Wednesday. Mrs. C. K. McIntosh, Miss Aileen McIntosh and Master G. McIntosh of Woodside were among the numerous arrivals Sunday. Mrs. W. B. Weir, Mr. W. Whittier and Miss Fildman, prominent San Franciscans, arrived this week. Messrs. Milton Bremer and M. E. Rumzwell of San Francisco are spending their second summer. Mrs. J. C. Block and Mrs. Stanley Walton are spending the month of August. Mr. W. Lacy Waters, a millionaire fruit grower of Santa Barbara, is summering. Miss L. Cooper, a society girl of Sacramento, is registered. Mr. and Mrs. Willard Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Miss Grace Griffith of Oakland are enjoying themselves. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hatton of Whittier motored to Castle Crags Thursday. Miss Winifred Kelly and Miss Claire Haelke of Oakland have joined friends.

Auto Banquet at Tait's

Probably one of the most auspicious moments in American automobile history occurred last week during the visit of Indiana's transcontinental automobile tourists to San Francisco. At that time Elmer Haynes, father of the American automobile industry, outlined the plans for the proposed transcontinental highway, and foretold the possibilities of this great national thoroughfare which will link the waters of the Atlantic with the shores of the Pacific. The members of the San Francisco Motor Car Dealers' Association dispensed true San Francisco hospitality to the visiting tourists by being host at a theatre party and afterwards at a banquet at that cafe known 'round the word—Tait-Zinkands. Within the confines of this gorgeously decorated dining hall was a fitting place to banquet these Eastern visitors and the earnest appreciation which this body showed of the cuisine, service, decorations and music at Tait's is high praise for the cafe management in particular and for San Franciscan hospitality in general.

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August is the loveliest month of the year, and

CASTLE CRAGS

Is the prettiest spot in all the Upper Sacramento Valley for an outing. No pretense to style, a JUST AS YOU PLEASE PLACE.

GO NOW, and before you leave, engage your rooms for next June, July or August, as we will soon have the place booked for June, 1914.

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MORGAN ROSS, Manager

The Vendome has many attractive features, and at this season of the year it is an ideal terminal for an automobile trip or for a week-end sojourn. First-class, with most reason

Gossip of the Theatre

A Rattling Good Play

There is bound to be more trouble in the trouble-surfeited Balkans any time an adventurous young American with good looks, breezy manner and a brave heart takes it into his head to drop down to hat war-clouded section of Europe. Hawthorne of the U. S. A. is the latest of these intrepid chaps to penetrate the zone of perpetual scrapping, and his adventures are so stirring that it is no wonder James Bernard Fagan wrote a play about them, or that the sterling Alcazar players picked it out for presentation this week. Fagan did a good job when he wrote "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." and it will surprise nobody to learn that the always reliable actors and actresses at dear Fred Butler's word is as the law of the Medes and Persians have added it to their long list of glittering successes. Bonravia is a very tiny little principality that it yields pretty excitement, even to a man who has just pocketed a fortune from the Casino at Monte Carlo. It was inevitable, considering Hawthorne's handsome exterior, that the excitement should center on a romantic passion. Any time Bonravia becomes a princess, Balkan or otherwise, the pleasurable emotion is sure to be stirred by Forrest Stanley as the irrepressible Hawthorne has himself satisfactorily impressed upon Howard Hickman wears the purple this week, and bars himself as regally as any Balkan king is allowed to do in the presence of a democratic audience. The play goes with a zip and a bang from first to last curtain for Butler has keyed his players way up and they are dependable troupers who sail into their parts with all the zest of real people doing real things. "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." is going to be a valuable addition to Alcazar repertoire. It won't surprise anybody to hear demands for its revival within a short time.

—The First Nighter

"Rose of the Rancho" at Alcazar

Mission life in early California is graphically depicted in "The Rose of the Rancho" which is to be revived in response to popular request next week at the Alcazar, with Bessie Barriscale, Forrest Stanley, Howrd Hickman and an augmented support. Constructed by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully, two native sons of this State, the play treats of the stirring period when land hungry Americans were dispossessing the Spaniards who had held the soil for centuries—when Spanish pride, resentment, passion and inertia were pitted against business shrewdness and activity. Among the places shown are the garden of the Mission San Juan Bautista—a glorious stage picture—and the patio and roof of a ranch house which for generations of women defend against "Gringo" invaders.

"Temple of Music" at Pantages

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MILTON POLLOCK AND HIS COMPANY
In George Ade's New Comedy Playlet "Speaking to Father" Next Week at the Orpheum.

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Special Summer Rates
Full information on request
James H. Doolittle, Manager
San Mateo, - - - - California

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Opposite Orpheum

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Situated in the midst of a semi-tropical park. **THE VENDOME, SAN JOSE** MORGAN ROSS, Manager

The Vendome has many attractive features, and at this season of the year it is an ideal terminal for an automobile trip or for a week-end sojourn. First-class, with most reasonable rates.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Rattling Good Play

There is bound to be more trouble in the trouble-surfeited Balkans any time an adventurous young American with good looks, breezy manner and a tender heart takes it into his head to drop down to that war-clouded section of Europe. Hawthorne of the U. S. A. is the latest of these interesting chaps to penetrate the zone of perpetual scrapping, and his adventures are so stirring that it is no wonder James Bernard Fagan wrote a play about them, or that the sterling Alcazar players picked it out for presentation this week. Fagan did a good job when he wrote "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." and it will surprise nobody to learn that the always reliable actors and actresses to whom Fred Butler's word is as the law of the Medes and Persians have added it to their long list of glittering successes. Borrovina is such a stormy little principality that it yields plenty of excitement, even to a man who has just plucked a fortune from the Casino at Monte Carlo. It was inevitable, considering Hawthorne's handsome exterior, that the excitement should hinge on a romantic passion. Any time Bessie Barriscale becomes a princess, Balkan or otherwise, the pleasurable emotion is sure to be stirred; and Forrest Stanley as the irrepressible Hawthorne shows himself satisfactorily impressionable. Howard Hickman wears the purple this week, and bears himself as regally as any Balkan king is allowed to do in the presence of a democratic American. The play goes with a zip and a bang from first to last curtain, for Butler has keyed his players way up and they are dependable mummers who sail into their parts with all the joy of real people doing real things. "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." is going to be a valuable play in the Alcazar repertoire. It won't surprise anybody to hear demands for its revival within a short time.

—The First Nighter.

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week in George Ade's new playlet "Speaking to Father" which is said to contain some of the funniest lines ever written and to convulse the audiences with laughter. Mr. Pollock, a comedian of exceptional ability, has secured several clever people to support him. Will Rogers, "The Oklahoma Cowboy," will give an exhibition of his wonderful skill with the lariat. In a recent roping contest in Texas in which all the lariat champions were engaged, he roped and tied a steer in record-breaking time. Walter S. "Rube" Dickinson will introduce his original character creation "The ex-Justice of the Peace" which is one of the biggest laughs in vaudeville. Rameses who will present his Egyptian Temple of Magic has just returned from a tour of the world, during which he acquired a number of new tricks. A clever young woman who chooses to be known simply as Phina will, with the assistance of a trio of clever boys and girls, sing, dance and make merry. Next week will be the last of Divine and Williams, Fred Hamill and Charley Abbate and the Bell Family in their artistic musical offering.

Orpheum Notes

Blanche Walsh, the famous emotional actress upon whose shoulders the mantle of the late Fanny Davenport has fallen, will shortly appear at the Orpheum in an intensely dramatic incident entitled "The Countess Nadine" which was written for her by Joseph A. Golden, and is said to afford her splendid opportunity for the display of that style of acting she has made so popular in the Sardou plays. Among the novelties booked by Martin Beck for the Orpheum circuit for the coming season are Fritzi Scheff, the celebrated prima donna; Mlle. Dazie in Sir James Mathew Barrie's one-act fantasy "Pantaloon;" Lulu Glaser, assisted by Tom Richards in the playlet with music "First Love;" Katherine Kidder in an adaptation of her famous role "Madame San Gene" called "The Washerwoman Duchess;" Henry Woodruff and Company in "A Regular Business Man," a comedy by John Stokes, and Andrew Mack in a musical monologue satire "The Ship's Concert."

"LES MISERABLES"
Scene from the Great Photo-Drama of Victor Hugo's Literary Masterpiece which will be shown at the Cort Theatre for a single week beginning Sunday matinee, August 10.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischel, Miss Inez Pischel, Miss Sepha Pischel and Miss Jessie Boyd motored to Santa Cruz and are at Casa del Rey. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Porter are spending their honeymoon at Casa del Rey. Mrs. Porter was Miss Rosette Cantel of Petaluma. The young couple will make their home in San Francisco where Mr. Porter is a broker. Mrs. J. V. Coleman and her young son are at Casa del Rey for the season. Dr. J. Soyeda of Tokio is at Casa del Rey accompanied by Mr. Tadao Kamiya. Dr. Soyeda was sent here by his government to investigate the alien land bill. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. McNutt are honeymooning at Casa del Rey and are being entertained extensively by their many friends in town. Both are very popular in Oakland society circles and are also very well known in Santa Cruz.

The trip to Witter Springs by automobile is one of the most delightful in the State and that this is fully appreciated is attested by the crowds that have motored up there during the month. Mrs. William Hart Wood and her niece, Miss Marie Lindsley are among those who made the trip last week. A number of dinner parties have been given by guests at the hotel, one of the most enjoyable being that at which Mrs. H. B. Rogers presided. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rodman, Mrs. J. S. Wornall, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. W. F. Morris, Mrs. H. K. Defendorf, Miss Ursula Dangan and Dr. Knott. Mrs. J. H. Hough of Stockton who is spending a month at Witter invited several friends to accompany her to Laurel Dell by launch where the party spent the day in fishing. Mrs. Hough made the largest catch of the day.

The visit of our new Secretary of War, the constant attractions at the War School of Instruction, the perfect weather, the never tiring delights of the seventeen-mile drive and the scenic boulevards, the remarkable number of visitors with their own autos, the fine fishing and boating, and the best surf bathing for years, have kept the pleasure seekers working overtime at Pacific Grove. Dan Miller, chief deputy Sheriff of Los Angeles, who received much notoriety as one of the sleuths in the dynamiting cases, is out for salmon every morning. He is accompanied by his wife and the Misses Emily Suphens of Los Angeles and Emily Silva of Sacramento. Mrs. C. L. Gillis, wife of our State Librarian, accompanied by her daughters, Miss Gillis and Miss Emily,

(Continued on Page 22.)

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AMUSEMENTS

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Monday Evening, August 11, and Throughout the Week
BESSIE BARRISCALE FORREST STANLEY
Howard Hickman and the Alcazar Company in an elaborate Revival of
"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"
David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully's Great Play of California Life During the Days of the Missions.
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
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Pantages Theatre
Market Street, Opposite Mason
WEEK COMMENCING AUGUST 10
Willard's Entrancing Spectacle
"TEMPLE OF MUSIC"
Pretty Girls, Dazzling Effects
CHAS. KENNA
The Street Fakir
Vaudeville's Only Tango Dancers
ALLISTON and TRUCCO
Five Other Big Features
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW
MILTON POLLOCK and COMPANY in George Ade's New Comedy Playlet "Speaking to Father;" WILL ROGERS, "The Oklahoma Cowboy;" WALTER S. "RUBE" DICKINSON, in His Original Character Creation "The ex-Justice of the Peace;" RAMESES, in His Egyptian Temple of Magic; PHINA and COMPANY in a Classy Singing and Dancing Act; DIVINE and WILLIAMS; FRED HAMILL and CHARLEY ABBATE; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES Showing Current Events. Last Week—THE BELL FAMILY in Their Artistic Musical Offering.
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"PINAFORE"
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"THE MIKADO"
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Elaborate Revival of
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Splendid Production, Superb Cast, Beautiful Music, Tivoli Orchestra
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Last Time Saturday Night
JOHN MASON in "AS A MAN THINKS"
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One week Only—Matinees Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday
The Great French Feature Film of Victor Hugo's Masterpiece
"LES MISERABLES"
Most Fascinating Motion Picture Ever Taken
Nine Reels, Orchestral Musical Accompaniment
Prices 25c and 50c
Sunday, August 17—"Bought and Paid For"

Empress Theatre
Direction SULLIVAN & CONSIDINE
SID GRAUMAN, Manager
Week commencing Sunday, August 10, 1913
(7) LOSANO TROUPE (7)
BAYONE WHIPPLE, WALTER HOUSTON and CO.
MATT KEEFE
MITCHELL & LIGHTNER
BETH STONE and HINES and FENTON
HARRY ANTRIM
"The Odd Fellow"
A. W. SCOTT
Character Change Artist
Refined Vaudeville 8—Big S. & C. Acts Weekly—8

The Purple Feather

By Arthur Hobart

The episode properly begins at a quarter to five on a Sunday in July. At that time a young man was loitering in the vicinity of Down Street Tube Station. He was, of course, waiting for a girl.

How he originally made her acquaintance does not matter, but it may be mentioned that he had only seen her once, and then by gas light. From the eager way he watched the lift gates it was evident that he wanted to see her again. He had taken up a position against some railings just outside the exit. When the gates were in darkness he was all alert; but when a light appeared he became rigidly negligent, and remained so until the passengers brought up by the lift had passed him.

Other people were waiting too, several young men among the number. All were in their Sunday best, but this young man was rather different from the others. His coat was not so long, his walking stick not quite so elastic, and the color of his straw hatband was black, in spite of the prevailing fashion of green or brown. It was conceivable that he wore the same clothes during the week. However, we will call him Percy.

By five o'clock Percy had suffered several disappointments, and was in despair.

She was not coming. He pondered over the peculiar and brutal joy taken by girls in the breaking of their promise. "Why was it that they would always say 'yes' when asked to agree to a meeting? Simply because it gave them a subsequent opportunity of a change of mind." Percy grew bitter as the fourth girl in a little hat and a blue serge costume passed him. But each time his hopes were falsely raised he consoled himself with the reflection that they were none of them comparable in appearance to the girl for whom he was waiting. She really was pretty, as he remembered her, and he remembered her the better for her delay in coming.

Then, too, there was something distinctive about her.

One cannot very well ask a person all about themselves the first time one meets them, but Percy felt that she might be anything. Yes, it was that—that ineffable air of distinction which sometimes goes with extreme simplicity of toilet—that had first intrigued his interest. True, they had only exchanged a few words, standing for a moment beneath a lamp, but in that short time he had examined her carefully, and found much to appeal to his taste and curiosity. For though Percy was an inveterate adventurer, he had implicit confidence in his powers of discrimination. The idea of a second meeting was his, but she had made arrangements for it, telling him that the first day she would be free was Sunday, and that on that day she would like to drink tea at the Kiosk in the Park.

As the time went by and she still did not come, Percy became rather fretful; and only his conviction that "she was worth it" induced him to alter his original intention of not waiting after five o'clock. A tube station was not, in his opnion, the ideal place for a tryst.

When, at five minutes past five, his patience was rewarded, he did not at once realize his good fortune.

For the twentieth time the light of the lift appeared, the gates opened, and a knot of people came hurrying forth. Predominant among them—they were for the most part dressed in grays, and whites, and blacks—was a lady all in purple, even to a feather of immense size flaunting from her hat. It was this feather which first attracted Percy's notice and brought a good-natured smile to his face. He instinctively looked about for a gentleman in "pearlies." Meanwhile the girl, too, looked around her, till, seeing Percy, she came, with a certain diffidence, towards him.

"Well, I didn't think you'd be here. I am late, I am."

"Not at all," murmured Percy, taking the hand held out to him.

Together they crossed the street, and went through a little iron gate into the Park. I had almost said "plunged." There was certainly something reminiscent of a rabbit, startled back to covert, about Percy's manner of leaving the high road.

"It's nice out now," said Anne, breaking a long silence.

Percy did not hear her; his faculties were too concentrated. "Could such a change be possible in a person? There was no fascinating mystery about this, no prospect of a glimpse at the beginnings of a great stage career—nor even of a tale of woe. Where was the simple charm, the subtle distinction, that had attracted him? Gone," he supposed, "smothered by that dreadful dress. And the brown hair that had curled so coyly beneath the little hat? Now—merciful powers!—it was frizzed."

He started back quickly, lifting his hand to his eye.

"I'm sorry," she said, putting her hand up to her hat, "it is a big one, isn't it? I'll walk on your other side."

They were walking by the Serpentine. Percy maneuvered her on to the grass so that they were as far as possible from the paths on either side He was suffering a good deal from that physical heat which usually accompanies acute mental discomfort.

"You are hot, you are," said Anne, as he wiped his forehead.

"Very warm," Percy admitted.

"Never mind, it'll be nice and cool having tea under the trees," she consoled him.

Before them, just across the road, was the Kiosk, with tea tables dotted all around it; most of these tables were occupied. Percy came to a standstill.. Thus far he had come because he could not well help himself. A gentleman does not run from a lady—at any rate, not across an open space. But he felt he had set himself too big a task.

"I think all the tables are taken," he said.

"No, look; there are some people leaving theirs." Anne pointed to a central table.

"You wait here. I'll go and see if I can get one," said he, seizing upon any excuse to put off the moment when they must appear together in the full grare of the public eye.

Nothing gratified Percy more than to be stared at on account of the interesting beauty of a companion; no torture was more exquisite to him than the same stare directed upon an obvious defect in his taste, as, for example, the purple feather.

"His taste! How could he help the wretched girl's appearance. How could he possibly have foreseen that this would be her idea of making herself smart, of doing him credit?"

He reached the outermost table and stood near it, scanning all the rest. For the most part, the people there did not cause him serious uneasiness; they were not of that kind, and, besides, seemed well occupied with perambulators, children, husbands, lovers. But there were also a few groups of a more disturbing character; men with top hats, and women with horrible lorgnettes. As far as he could see, there was no one there whom he actually knew by sight, and who might know his friends. The table which Anne had chosen was more or less in the middle of these superior people.

Percy looked at the table—it was the only one vacant—and looked at the way to it, winding in and out of other tables; and he thought of the eyes that would be upon them as they took that way. Then he looked at the Kiosk, and reflected that it was a fair size, and if put in a direct line between Anne and himself, would provide cover for a decent distance. Lastly, he looked at Anne, and as he looked, a slight breeze swayed the purple feather.

(Continued on Page 23.)

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G. & M. Bathing Suit
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Sentiment improved very much last week and most of the professionals took the bull side of the market, but the public did little or nothing in a speculative way and investment buying was light ,though wisely directed to the better class of stocks. Some improvement also took place in the bond market and traders watched this trading closely. If bonds grow more active on slight advances it will give tone to the stock market. All that can be said about the tariff, the currency bill and the personal qualities of the President's Cabinet has been said, and Wall street is either resigned or has learned to like them better. Stocks are no longer sold "ex-Wilson" or "ex-Bryan." All has been discounted. Even the Mexican situation is causing no anxiety, though a few people who have money tied up south of the Rio Grande are demanding recognition of Huerta or armed intervention as may best suit their personal interests. Confidence in the ability of the Federal government to deal with Mexico is growing and traders hear with amusement the dire predictions of disaster and death that threaten all foreigners in that country. Congress is making good progress with the tariff and the Senate shows no disposition to prolong the debate uselessly. If the wool and sugar schedules go through both houses the rest will follow, and it is likely that the bill will pass substantially as it stands. Businessmen throughout the country will welcome its final disposition because they will then have a basis upon which to trade. No such haste is needed in the currency bill, though the need for reform is urgent. The banks have now had time to study the bill and are giving the Administration the benefit of their views. Domestic trade has slackened, but not more than is usual in the mid-summer season. This has enabled interior banks to send money to New York and the New York money market is a little easier in consequence. The demand for money to meet the needs of railroads and other large corporations is as urgent as ever. There was some selling of stocks late in the week due to the numerous crop scares from the corn belt, but business was on a small scale and the close of the week showed only a small reaction from best prices.

Wheat—Was easy early in the week, but the continued strength in coarse grains kept the market steady and brought about a rally at the close of the week which showed an advance of about three cents from the low price. Easy cables and better foreign news, together with continued very large receipts were the weakening features early in the week. The weather in the Northwest was very favorable for spring wheat, and it is now getting popular to raise the esimates for the Northwest wheat crop. The popular estimate now is for a crop of 750,000,000 winter and spring wheat combined. In many places in the Southwest corn and wheat are selling at the same price; in fact in some places corn is selling higher than wheat. If continued this will certainly influence farmers to hold on to their wheat and it will be fed in place of corn. Notwithstanding the big crop we feel that wheat under 90 cents is cheap and is well worth the money in comparison with other grains and in the long run the money will be made on the bull side.

Corn—Furnished a sensation the past week. Crop damage was the bull influence, and as the December option is the new crop, it naturally is affected most by the weather conditions. Rainfall is now the most important factor in corn, and the outcome of the crop and the price for it will be determined by the August rainfall. The weather over the entire corn belt is hot and dry, with no indications of relief. Every day millions of bushels of corn are being lost. The crop is at the critical stage West and Southwest, and the corn States east of the Mississippi are causing much apprehension. Some of the crop experts' reports are showing sensational losses in corn prospects. Kansas shows a drop of 50 per cent since July 1; Oklahoma lost 40 points; Nebraska about 25 points; and Missouri 20 points; while Indiana and Illinois are both losing ground. The crop now looks like 2,650,000,000, and with the short crop of hay and oats this year will mean high prices. On the last short crop corn sold up in the 80's and it looks as if this price will be repeated on this crop.

Cotton—The future price of cotton now centers itself upon the size and condition of the present crop. Indications at this time, considering acreage and condition are that we are about to gather our second largest cotton crop. In 1911 on an acreage of slightly more than 36,000,000 we raised over 16,000,000 bales; in 1912 on an acreage of more than 34,000,000 we raised more than 14,000,000 bales. This year, on an estimated Government acreage of over 35,000,000 present conditions would point to a crop of more than 15,000,000 bales. True the present crop is not in as good condition as it was at this time two years ago, but there is very little to choose between present conditions and those of a year ago. Natural conditions nearly always tend toward improvement and experience teaches us that it is not generally safe to speculate on calamities, so, granting that normal conditions prevail from this time forward it would seem reasonable to expect a production of something over 15,000,000 bales. The next argument of interest is, what would a crop of that proportion be worth? This matter is decided, as a rule, between the beginning of picking time and Christmas. In 1911 we struck bottom the middle of December; last year it was the middle of October. In 1911, following two seasons of small crops and with many holes to fill up, the demand for cotton was not so great as to prevent it selling under nine cents. In 1912 with a crop of more than 14,000,000 bales October cotton sold at 10 cents. This year following the two largest crops in history and with every present indication of this crop being the second largest it does not seem reasonable that prices will fail to go lower than they did a year ago. Last year prices started on their downward course July 29. This year apprehensions of danger from drouth have thus far prevented any serious decline, but when this fear has been removed, as it must soon be, as all precedent is more in favor of improvement than toward destruction, we may expect a steady decline to a level lower than was reached last October. Even granting that the present crop would not be larger than last year's, prices should go as low or lower than they did then with our three record crops coming in a row, but it is not consistent at this time with the big increase in acreage to expect this year's crop to fall to the 14,000,000 bale level. Cotton should be sold at present prices or on any advance that might come as a result of crop scares, as such advances would not hold long. It is not customary to offer the farmer a high market on which to sell his cotton during the months of September, October and November, when his gatherings are largest and he must sell to meet his obligations.

I say, waiter, isn't there some soup on this bill of fare?"

"Not now, sir. There was, but I wiped it off."

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June 30, 1913

Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

The City on Mallington

(Continued from Page 8.)

I followed that odd, faint track on the black earth under the heather till I came to the big gray stone beyond the horizon, where the track divides into two, and I took the one to the left, as the old man told me. I knew by another stone that I saw far off that I had not lost my way, nor the old man lied.

And just as I hoped to see the city's ramparts before the gloaming fell on that desolate place, I suddenly saw a long high wall of whiteness with pinnacles here and there thrown up above it, floating towards me silent and grim as a secret, and knew it for that evil thing the mist. The sun, though low, was shining on every sprig of heather; the green and scarlet mosses were shining with it too; it seemed incredible that in three minutes' time all those colors would be gone and nothing left all round but a gray darkness. I gave up hope of finding the city that day, a broader path than mine could have been quite easily lost. I hastily chose for my bed a thick patch of heather, wrapped myself in a waterproof cloak, and lay down and made myself comfortable. And then the mist came. It came like the careful pulling of lace curtains, then like the drawing of gray blinds; it shut out the horizon to the north, then to the east and west; it turned the whole sky white and hid the moor; it came down on it like a metropolis, only utterly silent, silent and white as tombstones.

And then I was glad of that strange, strong rum, or whatever it was in the flask that the shepherd gave me, for I did not think that the mist would clear till night, and I feared the night would be cold. So I nearly emptied the flask; and, sooner than I expected, I fell asleep, for the first night out as a rule one does not sleep at once, but is kept awake some while by the little winds and the unfamiliar sound of the things that wander at night, and that cry to one another far off with their queer, faint voices; one misses them afterwards when one gets to houses again. But I heard none of these sounds in the mist that evening.

And then I woke and found that the mist was gone and the sun was just disappearing under the moor, and I knew that I had not slept for as long as I thought, and I decided to go on while I could, for I thought that I was not very far from the city.

I went on and on along the twisty track; bits of the mist came down and filled the hollows, but lifted again at once, so that I saw my way. The twilight faded as I went, a star appeared and I was able to see the track no longer. I could go no further that night, yet before I lay down to sleep I decided to go and look over the edge of a wide depression in the moor that I saw a little way off. So I left the track and walked a few hundred yards and when I got to the edge the hollow was full of mist all white underneath me. Another star appeared and a cold wind arose, and with the wind the mist flapped away like a curtain. And there was the city.

Nothing the shepherd had said was the least untrue or even exaggerated. The poor old man had told the simple truth; there is not a city like it in the world. What he had called thin spires were minarets, but the little domes on the top were clearly pure gold, as he said. There were the marble terraces he described, and the pure white palaces covered with carving, and hundreds of minarets. The city was obviously of the East, and yet where there should have been crescents on the domes of the minarets there were golden suns with rays, and wherever one looked one saw things that obscured the city's origin. I walked down to it, and passing through a wicket gate of gold in a low wall of white marble, I entered the city. The heather went right up to the city's edge and beat against the marble wall whenever the wind blew it. Lights began to twinkle from high windows of blue glass as I walked up the white street, beautiful copper lanterns were lit up and let down from balconies by silver chains, from doors afar came the sound of voices singing, and then I saw the men. Their faces were rather gray than black, and they wore beautiful robes of colored silk with hems embroidered with gold and some with copper, and sometimes pacing down the marble ways with golden baskets hung on each side of them I saw the camels of which the old shepherd spoke.

The people had kindly faces, but, though they were evidently friendly to strangers, I could not speak with them, being ignorant of their language, nor were the sounds of the syllables they used like any language I had ever heard; they sounded more like grouse. When I tried to ask them by signs whence they had come with their city they would only point to the moon, which was bright and full and was shining fiercely on those marble ways till the city danced in light. And now there began appearing one by one, slipping softly out through windows, men with stringed instruments in the balconies. They were strange instruments with huge bulbs of wood, and they played softly on them and very beautifully, and their queer voices softly sang to the music weird dirges of the griefs of their native land, wherever that may be. And far off in the heart of the city others were singing too; the sound of it came to me wherever I roamed, not loud enough to disturb my thoughts, but gently turning the mind to pleasant things. Slender carved arches of marble, as delicate almost as lace, crossed and recrossed the ways wherever I went. There was none of that hurry of which foolish cities boast, nothing ugly or sordid so far as I could see. I saw that it was a city of beauty and song. I wondered how they had traveled with all that marble, how they had laid it down on Mallington Moor, whence they had come, and what their resources were, and determined to investigate closely next morning; for the old shepherd had not troubled his head to think how the city came; he had only noted that the city was there (and of course no one believed him, though that is partly his fault for his dissolute ways). But at night one can see little, and I had walked all day, so I determined to find a place to rest in, and just as I was wondering whether to ask for shelter of those silk-robed men by signs, or whether to sleep outside the walls and enter again in the morning, I came to a great archway in one of the marble houses with two black curtains, embroidered below with gold, hanging across it. Over the archway were carved apparently in many tongues the words "Here strangers rest." In Greek, Latin and Spanish the sentence was repeated, and there was writing also in the language that you see on the walls of the great temples of Egypt and Arabic and what I took to be early Assyrian and one or two languages I had never seen. I entered through the curtains and found a tesselated marble court with golden braziers burning sleep incense swinging by chains from the roof; all round the walls were comfortable mattresses lying upon the floor covered with cloths and silks. It must have been ten o'clock and I was tired. Outside the music still softly filled the streets; a man had set a lantern down on the marble way, five or six sat down round him and he was sonorously telling them a story. Inside there were some already asleep on the beds; in the middle of the wide court under the braziers a woman dressed in blue was singing very gently; she did not move, but sang on and on; I never heard a song that was so soothing. I lay down on one of the mattresses by the wall, which was all inlaid with mosaics, and pulled over me some of the cloths with their beautiful alien work, and almost immediately my thoughts seemed part of the song that the woman was singing in the midst of the court under the golden braziers that hung from the high roof, and the song turned them to dreams and so I fell asleep.

A small wind having arisen, I was awakened by a sprig of heather that beat continually against my face. It was morning on Mallington Moor, and the city was quite gone.

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OAKLAND: Broadway and Thirteenth St. Phone Oakland 162
Sixteenth Street Station. Phone Lakeside 1420

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM I. HARROLD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of William I. Harrold, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Reid & Dozier, No. 1103 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William I. Harrold, deceased.

R. FRANCIS HARROLD,
Administrator of the Estate of William I. Harrold, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 11, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 19th day of July, 1913.

REID & DOZIER, Attorneys for Administrator,
1103 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,965.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in her lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings, certain real property situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: All of lots Twenty-one (21) and Twenty-two (22) of Block One Hundred and Seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Park Addition to the town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him, as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described, and it is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 22d day of August, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall, on Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted. It is further ordered that a copy of this notice and order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks before said day, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, July 11, 1913.

F. H. DUNNE,
Judge of the Superior Court.

HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Attorneys for Petitioner,
612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49,614.

LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

"Why, old man, I didn't know that she positively refused you."

"It amounted to the same thing. She said she was willing to wait until I could support her."

Letters

Winter's "Tyrone Power"

William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, has projected a series of biographies unique in its way, since he proposes to deal with the representative members of the theatrical profession while they are yet alive, and to blend with the facts of their careers comments and criticisms concerning their work and the plays in which they appear. The first of the series is "Tyrone Power," grandson and namesake of an earlier player of eminence. Mr. Power appears to have suffered more than the usual degree of parental and family opposition, in fact, to have been treated with an undue amount of severity and indignity, but after all, discouragement is perhaps the best of fitness for any course. It is quite true that many who have not a single attribute which will make for success in any chosen direction may yet be gifted with a form of perverse obstinacy which will blind them to obvious facts, but it is equally true that the most gifted, lacking perseverence, will fail. Genuis is hard work along congenial lines. If Tyrone Power had not had in him the stuff of an actor, all the adulation and assistance that could have been given him would not have availed, nor would he have found place and recognition for himself. The experience of the young lad who was turned over to an orange planter in Florida, severed from friends and country, and abandoned to his fate because he had expressed an inclination for the stage leaves one to wonder somewhat about the sense of parental responsibility, and it certainly was the best possible method of determining a lad of spirit not to do what his relatives demanded whether he succeeded in his own designs or otherwise. Apart from the interest in the career of an actor, a life which is always assumed to be more or less romantic, and the comments of the author on the plays themselves as well as the portrayals of character by the subject of the biography, Mr. Power's career is another encouraging example of the success of a youth who, starting with nothing, has achieved a creditable success by his own unaided efforts. The large number of fine portraits and the excellent chronological appendix make this initial volume a good index of the series of which it is the first. Moffatt, Yard & Co. are the publishers.

More Wallingford Stories

George Randolph Chester has gathered a sheaf of his later stories concerning that interesting left-hand promoter, J. Rufus Wallingford, into a volume entitled "Wallingford in His Prime." The tales are of course only variations of the original theme, for, from the time that J. Rufus began his exploits, a youngster scarcely out of his teens, he has not changed in any particular save that through experience he has gained wider opportunities. It is easy to condemn the hero of these exploits and to moralize on his shiftiness and crookedness, but the fact remains that for at least a generation past he is the type that has been held up for the emulation of smart Young America, the man who succeeds, and all success is measured in the unit of dollars. "Get money—honestly if you can, but get it." Every other sort of success is purchaseable, for even if a man should not know the alphabet itself he can yet endow colleges and establish chairs in universities, and so come to have his name connected with learning. It is also a truth, none the less true because it is not beautiful, that the majority of the victims of this clever grafter have simply been beaten at their own game. They were intent on dishonest gains and so convinced of their own cleverness that they fell the more readily into the hands of the chief of swindlers. Once more, Wallingford never transgressed the letter of the law. Apparently he had no conscience, so matters of morals did not cause him any qualms. Measured and weighed by legal standards he was a model citizen, and over and above all, he possessed that great virtue which, in this sentimental era, appears to be sufficient to blot out the record of the worst of crimes and will bring preachers and philanthropists into court to influence judges and juries in favor of their proteges—he was good to his family. Blackie Daw is associated with Wallingford in this series of adventures—indeed one cannot imagine one without the other, the same good-natured, inconsequent and clever scamp. Blackie, but for his real cleverness, is almost a type of the college "student" which the public is turning out in quantity and at such heavy expense every year. J. Rufus Wallingford enjoys the distinction of figuring as the principal in more stories than any other character yet conceived. This is the third book of his adventures in financiering, there are tales enough extant to fill at least two more volumes and still they come—and the reading world is not tired of them yet. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The average small boy hasn't much use for a thing that won't make a noise.

Many a man's head is overruled either by his heart or his stomach.

The reason there is plenty of room at the top is because most of the people who get there fall off.

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IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from Page 18.)

have taken up their old quarters for their usual long stay.

The Hotel Vendome is caring for many San Francisco people who make the trip for the purpose of visiting the Mount Hamilton Observatory. Among those registering for that purpose recently were Mr. and Mrs. H. Franklin, Miss R. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Springer and Mr. F. Thorner. The many friends of Mrs. Louis F. Haber of San Francisco will be pleased to know of her return to the Hotel Vendome at San Jose. E. W. Runyon, president of the Mt. Tamalpais Railway Company, accompanied by a party of San Francisco and Oakland friends, registered at the Vendome last week.

Mrs. Josiah Howell is again one of San Francisco's prettiest young matrons. For a few years she took on a plump and settled look, but now she looks even more attractive than when she was the ingenuous Miss Dutton. In a certain "old pink" hat faced with blue the color of her temperamental eyes, she looks quite irresistible. She has just returned from a trip up north en motor.

Mrs. John J. Barrett and her little daughters have returned to town after a visit in Los Angeles to Mrs. Barrett's mother, Mrs. Mary Hayes. During their absence their beautiful new home in Jackson street was made ready for their occupancy. The furnishings and decorating are a tribute to Mrs. Barrett's artistic taste—"therein is nothing to offend the eye, nothing out of harmony."

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant motored to Del Monte last Saturday. In their party were Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Wright and A. L. Balfour. Another motor party taking in the Rodeo on the way to Del Monte was that of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Miss Coleman, Robt. L. Coleman Jr., Miss Murray, Louise Winslow and H. P. Simpkins. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Charles de Young and Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin were at Del Monte for several days. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo motored down spending Saturday and Sunday at Del Monte. They had as their guest Miss Hayward of London.

Robert Lee Bettner of Riverside, well known among the Burlingame polo players, motored to Hotel del Coronado accompanied by Mrs. Buttner and Miss Dolly. They will spend the remainder of the summer at this resort. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan spent the week-end at Coronado and contemplate a visit to San Francisco in the near future. Mrs. Jas. M. McDonald and Miss Adeline Elliott of San Francisco are registered at Coronado. Registered from San Francisco are Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Scollin, H. H. Young, F. V. Wile, Mr. and Mrs. M. Goldsmith, A. E. Field, Mrs. Robert Green.

Before the tan of summer vacation has given way to the return of pink and white liveliness for winter gaieties the merry maidens are weighing the possibilities of the season's dancing. Those of the elect in the junior assemblies see nothing ahead to mar their joyousness. There will be the usual scanning of the lists for Mrs. Bowie Detrick's affairs. They will be select, and their success is a foregone conclusion.

Among the San Franciscans to attend the weekly dinner of the Fruitmen's Association at the Vendome on Monday evening were Messrs. G. H. Bradt, J. H. Hunt and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bitting. Mr. Paul H. Fretz, wife and three children of Mare Island have registered. Among the motorists this week was John M. Keith and party of friends. Messrs. J. W. Warner, G. W. Dearborn and F. de Ojeda were among the business men of San Francisco to register.

The Purple Feather

(Continued from Page 19.)

Meanwhile Anne waited in the road, with the quiet patience of one used to waiting for her pleasures. Afternoon tea was an unusual joy to her, for on five days in the week she could not leave the shop till eight. It was a good tea, too, at the Kiosk; bread, butter, jam, lettuce, sweet cakes. She felt slightly adventurous and slightly in the wrong at going out with anyone she knew so little. But he seemed a nice boy, such a superior sort of boy, and had been most persuasive in asking her to come. Possibly after tea he would take her upon the Serpentine; she delighted in steering a boat. For a while she turned round and watched the craft upon the sheet of water.

In time she realized what had happened, and made her way slowly to the nearest bus. She would have liked her tea before going back to Brixton, but it was expensive at the Kiosk, and the purple feather had cost her such a lot of money.

"Why did you break off your engagement?"

"Oh, it was all Tom's fault. He got so he'd rather sit at home and hold my hand than take me to the theatre."

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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A Million Dollar Election

The next general State election in November, 1914, will cost the people of California $1,000,000 or more. So runs the announcement of Secretary of State Jordan, a gentleman much given to facts and figures and distinguished for accuracy. State elections in the near past cost less than half this sum, but we are a progressive people, pressing on with heedless impetuosity, passionate not only for self-government but lots of it. We are to vote next year on twenty-two Constitutional amendments and fifteen other propositions, all conceived, designed and contrived by the brainiest and best statesmen ever grouped at one time on the banks of the Sacramento river, and all calculated to make us proud of the giant strides we have taken along the tortuous road to the millenium. It takes money to do these things; the longer the ballot the longer the count, and simplification of clerical work is to be obtained by multiplication of precincts. Incorrigible reactionaries will complain of the cost of idiosyncratic frills, but it is our inalienable right to rob our own pockets, and if we hold elections often enough the right to live will soon be quarreling with civic virtue for precedence. Before long perhaps we may issue bonds to defray the cost of elections, for while the eternal case of Palliation vs. Panacea is before the tribunal of the people we must go to the polls to get rid of the veils that intercept our vision, bracing ourselves the while with the forlorn hope that at some distant day we may see just beyond our noses. Speaking of bonds reminds us that even though we vote against increasing the bonded debt and fail to spite the United Railroads we shall not be secure against the proposed enormity. With Mayor Rolph on the job ready to do the bidding of Mr. Hearst we shall be summoned to the polls again and again as in the case of the Geary street proposal, and perhaps in time we shall be cozened into assent. But at any rate there are more bond and other kind of elections in sight. The initiative and referendum ensures us many a day at the polls, and we must bind future generations to abide by the consequences of our folly. But who would be denied the ineffable pleasure of self-government on the Swiss plan?

How the Mayor Blundered

It appears that Harbor Commissioner Thomas S. Williams who was appointed by Mayor Rolph to his bond-boosting committee is not in sympathy with the propaganda for increasing the municipal debt. The Mayor's blunder is easy of explication, but as it is a matter of some significance it should not go unpondered. The Mayor, it appears, did not consult Mr. Williams as to his sentiments regarding the proposed bond issue. He assumed, good easy man, that Mr. Williams was in sympathy with the movement. Now why this assumption? The answer is that Mr. Williams is a taxeater. Thus we have the mechanism of the Mayor's mind exposed to view. It is clear that Mayor Rolph reasons that everybody who is part of the big political machine, in the management of which his friends the Sullivans and the Dwyers take a prominent hand, is in favor of increasing the payroll. The Mayor is logical but not discreet. However, his blunder is pardonable since Mr. Williams is not only a taxeater but also the political confrere of Mr. Dwyer long identified with the little group of higher-up politicians who divide their attention between both the State and municipal troughs. But this intractable Williams is also a large taxpayer, a circumstance that the Mayor overlooked in selecting his committee, or rather in accepting the names handed in by his parasites. As large taxpayers are rarely taxeaters, there is this to be said of Mission Jim's blunder—that it was no worse than that of the other Jim from the Mission who hefted the sacks instead of counting the coin.

Fusion Leads to Confusion

A few months ago Norman Hapgood, muckraker, reformer and spasmodic idealist, fruitful in answers to all the problems of existence became the head and front of a movement to wrest control of municipal government in New York from wicked and deceitful Tammany. As chairman of the fusion committee he announced that the campaign would be conducted in deadly earnest. Which was to be expected, as Mr. Hapgood has always been opposed to humorous campaigns. He is for muckraking Tammany without a laugh, with the motto inscribed on his banner "pure politics for pale people and no jesting with the enemy." Mr. Hapgood, be it known, is a very solemn person. He never emits a gleam of humor. It is said of him that quips annoy him and cause his ideas to skid just when he is on the point of exposing something or somebody. The original muckraker, he started his career at the age of five when he muckraked the boys of his neighborhood for cheating at marbles, and he has never been known to laugh. But he is the source of much laughter. Even now the broad grin that wreathes the face of New York is attributed to him. The fusion committee having nominated Mr. Mitchel for Mayor the fusion press has unfused, but that is not the only reason why the town is laughing. The committee has nominated Borough President McAneny, the successful champion of subway extension which was fought by Hearst with Mitchel for his lieutenant. So the question now is, How consistently to celebrate both Mitchel and McAneny?

A Bit of Shystering

During the Diggs trial Judge Van Fleet made a ruling which was regarded as fatal to the defense. Thereupon Special Prosecutor Matt. I. Sullivan expressed himself for publication in these words: "After that statement I do not see how it is possible to escape a conviction. That knocks out the whole defense. The jury must look to the judge for its interpretation of the law." We wonder if ever the time will come in this country when shyster practice of this sort will entail the contempt and reprobation that it deserves. It is generally supposed that among the American people there is at once a strong feeling against injustice of every kind and an ardent love of fair play. Now it would seem that there is something wrong with laws, institutions and conditions when a man, however low he may have fallen, is compelled to suffer prosecution at the hands of an attorney so insensible to the decencies of his profession as to resort to underhand tactics of any kind to procure a conviction. At best the business of a public prosecutor is not inviting to men of soft and refined feelings, but it may be so conducted as to leave no stings of conscience, as to cause no qualms to disturb the serenity of existence. All that is required of a public prosecutor is that he deal fairly and honestly with men accused of crime. Not a hard thing to do. On the contrary it would seem to require a mighty callous heart, a somewhat impoverished soul to do otherwise. Yet it was precisely otherwise that Matt. I. Sullivan acted when he went into the public press with a statement which in all probability reached the eyes of the jury to the effect that in view of the ruling of the court be could not see how it was possible for the defendant to escape conviction. Thus did Mr. Sullivan, special representative of the Department of Justice, an officer of the court, employ the prestige of his office to the disadvantage of the man on trial for his liberty, a man already handicapped by a public sentiment inflamed by press and politicians. We are not

appealing for sympathy for this particular defendant. We are thinking of all defendants and all prosecuting officers, and we are fervently hoping that Bench and Bar may some day make the shystering of a Sullivan impossible in all American courts of justice.

The White Slave Law

If as the editor of the St. Louis Mirror says the Mann or white slave law is "a springe to catch woodcocks" then perhaps it may be quite appropriately invoked for the punishment of a Diggs or a Caminetti. It would be hard to do injustice to either of those young men. Nevertheless the Mann law, as we have hitherto taken occasion to point out, is not a law that any man should be proud of having fathered. Enacted for the purpose of breaking up the so-called white slave traffic it has been employed chiefly in the interest of blackmailers, revengeful and degraded women and demagogues. The fact is that the white-slave traffic is mainly an invention of yellow journalists and that the law was made not so much to discourage vice and punish rascals as to parade the virtuous intentions of demagogues in Congress. And now as the New York Sun says, "The sensible part of the public must be sick and tired of the white slave agitation and bombination," adding that amateur statisticians were guilty of such exaggeration as to the immoral traffic that fanatics "were on the way to show that white slavery was the permanent normal condition of American girls and women." In time common sense will assert itself and the loose verbiage of the law will be reformed with a view to precision and clearness of intention. In time also the American people will recover their sense of humor, and then they will realize how horribly repugnant to their better feelings is the contemptible pharisaism of that tribe of statesmen that numbers Minority Leader Mann among its shining lights.

An Editor's Clumsy Argument

"It would be perhaps extravagant," says the Bulletin, "to expect the Chronicle to consider such a cold, uninteresting fact in its effort to delude the people into a belief that every attempt in the nature of public ownership or management is a dismal failure." What the Bulletin would have us consider by way of proof that municipal ownership of public utilities is not bound to be a failure is the success of the National Government in some of its undertakings. Thus we find the Bulletin in the very same breath in which it imputes dishonesty to the Chronicle convicting itself not only of disingenuity but of what is worse—fat-witted fatuity. For even the average reader of the Bulletin cannot be quite so dull as not to understand the difference between municipal government and national government. What is to be inferred from this clumsy attempt at deception? It seems to argue either that the editor of the Bulletin places a very low estimate on the intelligence of his readers or that he hasn't the skill to be plausible in his dishonesty. The proofs that he offers of the competency of the National Government serve to accentuate the reason why public ownership should not be adopted by municipalities. For example he points to "the wonderful achievement at Panama" as evidence that the Government is able to do big things. The wonderful achievement at Panama, as everybody knows, is the triumph of a system which politics has never seriously impaired. The men who built the canal and the men who established the sanitary conditions that made possible the building of the canal are men who were educated by the Government for the army. They are not part of the ever-changing political system of the country. They belong to a permanent organization of which they are proud and to the brilliant traditions of which it is to their interest and glory to contribute. Is there anything comparable to this organization and system in connection with any city government? The truth respecting the general management of the affairs of the Nation is that insofar as it depends on professional politicians it is not much better than the management of the affairs of the average American city. The extravagance of it is notorious. The pork barrel is a national disgrace. It was but a year or so ago that we learned on the authority of a veteran Senator that hundreds of millions of dollars could be lopped off the annual cost of the government without impairing its efficiency. Every editor now advocating municipal ownership is well aware of these facts and that is why it is hard to believe that there is a scintilla of sincerity in the whole crew.

Facing Both-Ways Hiram

Now that Governor Johnson has volunteered to lend a hand in the bond-boosting campaign, with all due deference we venture to inquire whether he thinks it worth while to reconcile his position on this question with his attitude toward the proposal to give San Francisco control of her harbor front? We are aware that the reconciliation is quite feasible, but we doubt that the Governor with all his footlight candor would care to make it in public. It will be remembered that when the harbor transfer proposal was being agitated the Governor took occasion in a public address to give expression to that "San Francisco-be-damned" sentiment with which he has won many rounds of applause in Los Angeles and neighboring towns. On that particular occasion he thrilled his henchmen right here in San Francisco, causing many of them to exclaim "Isn't he a corker!" "The management of the harbor" he said, "will be retained by the State." Loud and prolonged applause. "Do you want to know why?" he asked. "Because the people of San Francisco aren't competent to manage the harbor front." What a bold smash that was! And he came all the way from Sacramento to deliver the punch right in our very midriff. Oh, it was a glorious display of backbone! Every taxeater on the water front shouted with joy, and our little three by four Governor strutted off the platform with the air of a peacock passing a mirror. But here he is again, the chip on his shoulder as usual; but this time he has confidence in the business ability of the people of San Francisco. They may not be able to manage their harbor, a gigantic and complex task that calls for the abnormally convoluted brains of a joedwyer, but the management of a street railroad system—why, that's easy; that's within the capacity of a Rolph or any old mayor that we may choose to elect. Now as to the reconciliation of two apparently antithetical positions, in this instance that's easy, too. The Governor is above all things for the taxeater, and when he cannot help his own machine directly he will help the Rolph machine which is operated by men who have their fingers in two pies—the Governor's as well as the Mayor's. The psychology of our politics is not a hard study.

A Sincere Editor

Some good souls have said that there is something in everybody which will repay investigation if it can be got at. Unfortunately for many men their inner selves are impenetrable and they go through life misunderstood. This may be the case with the editor of the Bulletin who waxed indignant the other day when he thought that his sincerity had been challenged by Chester Rowell, a man after his own heart, as much like him in many respects as it is possible for two men to be. Now, however misunderstood the editor of the Bulletin may be among men, he is confident that he understands himself, and he assures us that above all things he is sincere. He is capable of that very remarkable achievement of determining just what motives are prompting him in the role of reformer. Great men have failed after the most careful self-examination to answer the question as to their motives—how far they have been sordid and egoistic and how far they have been noble and disinterested. They have frankly confessed themselves unable to tell how far the wish for personal aggrandizement had gone along with the wish to establish the truth and do good; how far the one predominated over the other. But the editor of the Bulletin experiences no such difficulty. His policy, he tells us, his policy of parading purple-lipped harlots through the columns of the Bulletin, disseminating the hysterical vaporings of burnt-out slatterns, putting in touch with innocence creatures of foul speech and fouler manners, may be a mistaken policy, but it is a sincere one. For himself he claims title to the first of the virtues—sincerity—the trait of a true and noble manhood. How greatly is he misunderstood!

To What End?

The editor of the Bulletin calls for intelligent sympathy with his honest purpose. Would it not be well for him to appeal to intelligent sympathy by pointing out the things he hopes to accomplish and explaining how such things are likely to be accomplished? We do not mind confessing that we regard the Bulletin's exploitation of the underworld as the meanest sham ever foisted on an easy-going public. There are extremes

at which vulgarity and cant ought to halt, but it seems to us that the Bulletin is scraping the bottom of abysmal hyprocrisy. The editor of the Bulletin and his running mates of the degenerate pulpit have bellowed many sickening platitudes and sniffled many nauseous columns of sanctimonious sentimentality in support of the policy of converting the Bulletin into a sewer for the benefit of humanity, but we have seen nothing in the way of a dissertation on the general or specific results to be accomplished. At best it appears to be nothing more than a case of expecting things to be done merely by wishing them done; in other words of putting the will for the deed. We are told that the women of the undeworld are given a hearing and that it is a noble thing to vouchsafe them this hearing that they may be understood and become the objects of a purifying sympathy. We remember that something similar was done for the convicts in San Quentin, and that while it was being done the Bulletin kept its advertisers advised daily as to the increase of its circulation, and that when the gauzy scheme of prostituting a newspaper to the purpose of the cash-drawer palled on the public, the paragon of sincerity turned its attention to other matters. The Bulletin appears to have lost interest in convicts; perhaps because its docile affections have been alienated by the denizens of the underworld. Now from day to day we are told of suffering wantons redeemed by sympathetic philanthropists, but surely if this is the argument by which the Bulletin would justify the publication of pages of bawdy chatter teeming with the smut of the gutter, it may be set down as a piece of desperate special pleading, the work of counsel at their wits' end for matter of defense. Admitting that a few fallen women have been reclaimed, what then? Fallen women have it within their own power to reclaim themselves. The vast majority of them do not find the life so repugnant that they would prefer to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. They are where they are because of their instincts and their innate depravity. This is not a matter of conjecture. It is a fact established by scientific investigation. But admitting it to be a good thing to stir sympathy for the fallen, which it is, should it be stirred by the Bulletin's methods? Is it well to familiarize girls of all ages with scenes that would disgust a sailor fresh from the bilge? Are obscene tales of unclean promiscuity to be made acceptable to innocence by the sniveling pretext of beneficent teachings and pious purpose? The Bulletin has published letters not to be read without a blush and a sensation of sickness. It has brought its readers into contact with women foul and gross as nature at her grossest. And to what end? Does the editor of the Bulletin believe he is solving the social evil problem? Does he believe he is doing good to young girls at an age when they are "wax to receive and marble to retain" by teaching them that they are sisters to the wanton and that vice in all its ugliness is a subject with which they may familiarize themselves without sacrifice of any of the tender and sweet qualities that ornament pure womanhood? Perhaps the editor of the Bulletin may be able to convince us that he is sincere, but to do so he must do something more than drool maudlin bathos about the sorrows and sufferings of the priestesses of humanity.

An Illuminating Bit of Repartee

Score a signal triumph for School Director Sallie Jones. Miss Jones is a woman of superior wit and a goodly share of common sense, attributes somewhat rare though not to be despised in public life. At a meeting of the School Board the other day it was proposed by the breeched and bearded members thereof to create a class in clay modeling at the Monroe school. Miss Jones objected, saying she didn't think the principal could attend to such a class. Thereupon director (sometime Colonel) Power: "I don't think the principal of a grammar school should be criticised as to her ability by the principal of a primary school." Miss Jones explained that she spoke not as a principal but as a school director. Director Power observed that he spoke as he felt. "I wonder," said Miss Jones, "if a letter carrier is fitted to sit on this board." Even for more than the purpose of the retort courteous Miss Jones was justified in wondering. Assuredly if Director Power is of the opinion that because Miss Jones was formerly a primary school principal she is incompetent to deal as a school director with grammar school affairs then he himself is probably uncertain as to whether a former letter carrier is competent to deal with school affairs at all. But it is not merely for her facility in repartee that we wish to pay the tribute of our esteem to Miss Sallie Jones. We are glad to know that she has the common sense to protect the children of the Monroe school from the visitations of a clay modeler. When Miss Jones said that she didn't think the principal of the school would have the time to attend to a new class the probability is she had no thought of questioning the principal's professional ability. Doubtless what she had in mind was the principal's capacity. Nowadays the three r's are given scant attention in the public schools owing to the hungry attentions given to the three f's—fads, fancies and fol-de-rols. This is the day of special teachers. There is a special teacher for this, that and the other thing—all because of pulls and pliant directors. The course of study has been accommodated not to the wants of the pupils, but to the needs of persons in need of easy jobs. This may or may not be the case with respect to the person slated for the job of teaching clay modeling, but there is no more reason for teaching clay modeling in the public schools than there is for teaching any of the other fads and fancies. Why teach clay modeling to a child who has no taste for it? Why teach a child anything in which there can be no proficiency, of which even the rudiments cannot be acquired, without temperament? If Director Sallie Jones perceives that the essentials are being neglected for the benefit of teachers of non-essentials she will have our earnest co-operation in any effort she may make to reform a system that has been afflicted with wrong tendencies for many years. Aside from the neglect of essentials suffered by children who may never hope to derive any benefit from a smattering of what are known as accomplishments there is this objection to public school instruction in the fine arts—that a wrong beginning on the part of children who may be temperamentally inclined to them may result in lasting injury, and it is not to be gainsaid that the average school director is not qualified to judge of the competency of the average applicant for the position of instructor in any of the fine arts.

Perspective Impressions

Is Governor Johnson in favor of another bond issue to raise money to repair the State highway?

Query: Will Mayor Rolph be remembered as the man who led his city into bondage?

As an in-and-outer Sylvia Pankhurst threatens the laurels of the esteemed Mr. Finnigan.

The drinking which was formerly done between two and six in the morning will now be done at other hours.

If a man cannot be great in anything else he can enter politics and thus be in a fair way to become a great scoundrel.

When we amuse ourselves with vice we are less sinful than when we quarrel about virtue.

Will anybody ask Dr. Aked to conduct the auction of seats for the next charity show?

The X-ray skirt is probably a cure for men who have a far-away look in their eyes.

If Governor Sulzer was in Hiram's place he'd be for the bond issue, too.

The story of the reclamation of Sam Leake by Christian Science is worth while. This is a case of Christian Science indirectly reclaiming the Bulletin.

"As Mr. Hearst said in 1909"—The Examiner. Why not tell it to the marines?

The postal authorities have banished September Morn from the mails. No modest maiden for them when there's an Alice Smith running wild.

If Secretary Bryan has more sense than his worshipers he'll pray to be delivered from those friends in Texas who are raising a fund to keep him on the job.

If the Puritans could get all their ideals into the penal code law and order would be more to be dreaded than anarchy. And the outlook is such that the backfiring of Puritanism ought not to be much longer delayed.

Varied Types

CXXXIX—JAMES W. COFFROTH

By Edward F. O'Day

"Do you remember," asked Jimmy Coffroth, "Lord Macaulay's description of Viscount Halifax?"

I let him infer from the slight motion of my head that I knew the passage intimately. As a matter of fact I didn't remember it at all.

"I see you are familiar with it," continued Coffroth, "so I need only remind you of the point which Macaulay brings out."

I blush now for my deceit, but I did not blush then. The truth is, I was too busy trying to follow the nimble movements of Jimmy Coffroth's mind. What Viscount Halifax had to do with the general subject of morals and moralists which we were discussing I could not guess offhand. But that is part of the charm of Jimmy Coffroth's conversation. He reaches out every once in a while and plucks a vivid illustration or an apt quotation from the most unexpected hiding place. An omnivorous reader, especially of history, Coffroth keeps the past at his finger-ends and has a habit of using it in the interpretation of the present. What Napoleon said at Borodino or what King James forgot to do at Boyne Water become very important matters to Coffroth when they shed light on a current happening. The study of the Duke of Marlborough's picture in the National Portrait Gallery of London gave Coffroth the key to the character of a man in San Francisco. Such things happen only to those who have minds of inexhaustible energy. That's the kind of mind Coffroth has. Your mind has to be quick when it is in contact with his. And so, as I say, while I told a silent lie about Macaulay I wondered how he was going to bring Viscount Halifax in.

"You recall of course," Coffroth went on, "that Lord Macaulay in his history of England classes Halifax with those politicians whom both Whigs and Tories contemptuously dubbed 'Trimmers.' Macaulay says, as you doubtless remember, that Halifax was a Trimmer by the constitution both of his head and of his heart; that such a man could not long be constant to any kind of political allies, and that his place was between the hostile divisions of the community.

"I always think of that little character sketch when I meet a politician. Every politician I know is a Viscount Halifax, a Trimmer. And this refers particularly to politicians of the reform variety."

Coffroth ought to know. At the age of seven he was a page in the legislature. When still a young boy he was made the secretary of the Superior Court in San Francisco. As a fight promoter he has mingled with reformers and performers at every session of the legislature for many years. So Coffroth has the experience. Add to the Coffroth experience the Coffroth brain, and you have the combination which makes Coffroth's opinion worth while.

Just a word about the Coffroth brain. Jimmy inherited that from his father, one of the brainiest lawyers, one of the ablest legislators and one of the most eloquent orators in the annals of California. The name of the elder Coffroth is written indelibly in the chronicles of our State. His intellectual fortune passed to his son. Jimmy could have won a brilliant success in any profession or any business. He choose fight promoting because he had an instinctive love for the game. He says that long before he was associated with boxing and boxers the Coliseum appealed to him more than any other ruin in Rome. But the Coffroth brain does not confine itself to sporting matters. It ranges over a wide field of thought. Just now the Coffroth brain is concerning itself with morals and moral reformers. He was formulating some of his experiences in general statements on this subject when Viscount Halifax came into him conversation.

"Not one reformer in twenty is on the level,"

JAMES W. COFFROTH

continued Coffroth. "The reformer follows the line of least resistance. He espouses the popular cause. And just now in California the popular cause is that cause which the feminine politician is interested in. So you find the Californian reformer falling in line behind the feminine lobbyist.

"Mind you, I don't mean to cast any reflection on our women. There are fewer women clamoring for so-called reform than men. But the clamor made by the few women who are eager for publicity is so great that it seems to come from the entire sex. The reformers are deeply impressed by it. They are frightened by a woman's lobby. Five women can exert a more potent influence on a legislature, a board of supervisors or a mayor than fifty men.

"When I was at the last legislature in the interest of the boxing bill, many senators and assemblymen told me that they were in sympathy with my efforts, but begged to be excused from supporting me on account of the women. 'What will the women of my district say?' they asked me time and time again. And yet the majority of women approve of boxing and every form of manly exercise and sport. But these men were afraid of the women in politics. And as a matter of fact the woman in politics inspires fear. If I said to the Chief of Police what Mrs. Campbell said a policeman would throw me out of the room. The politician is afraid to turn a woman down. Besides, the good looks of a woman lobbyist will accomplish more than the persuasive tongue of a man. Is a man on the level when he surrenders his better judgment in fear of offending a woman and losing her vote?

"I had an excellent opportunity to study our reformers in their very sanctuary of reform, namely, the committee on public morals. Lieutenant Governor Wallace was not on the level when he selected that committee. He deliberately packed it. Four members came from south of Tehachapi; one came from San Luis Obispo; two from this city, the city to whose morals the committee devoted such loving attention. Senator Owens was the author of the two o'clock closing bill which received the hall mark of that committee. I don't think he was on the level about that bill because I met him at three o'clock in the morning in a Sacramento saloon. I could name another reformer of the same kind, one of the most prominent members of that same committee, a furious reformer who was for two o'clock closing, redlight abatement, a dry World's Fair and so on down the list. Yet it was notorious in Sacramento that this sweet character used every means in his power to subdue the virtue of a stenographer.

"One of our misfortunes is that many of our legislators are men who became fixed in the ways of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or Burlington, Iowa, before they came to this State. Instead of learning to accommodate themselves to our ways they insist that our ways are all wrong and must be made to conform to the ways back home. Southern Californians and country legislators passed the two o'clock closing bill which applies only to San Francisco and Sacramento. They can't forget that the saloons close early in Oshkosh and Burlington.

"That law will not reduce the consumption of liquor; it will increase it. After the fire when the local saloons were forbidden to sell liquor after midnight I know by my own experience that men ordered extra drinks just before midnight and sat around consuming them till three or four in the morning when otherwise they would have gone home at one. It is the influence of suggestion. Even good people want to do what is forbidden, when the forbidden thing is not evil in itself.

"The man who wants a drink after two will get it. But he will have to go to a room in some lax hotel for it, or to a blind pig, or to a French restaurant. And the copper who got five dollars a week from the French restaurant will soon be

(Continued on Page 21.)

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The People's Forum

Blames It on Education

Sir: Your commentary on "light summer reading" would be more to the point if it were built on the facts, not the theory. A large majority of readers have only "light summer brains" to carry them through the year. The reviewers are not to be held accountable for a congenital defect. A stream will not rise above its source unless under forced pressure, nor maintain its altitude after the force has been relaxed. To characterize a bit of thistledown as "light summer fiction" will not attract the moths and butterflies for they are flying in that direction by native impulses. It does warn those who prefer something more substantial but who might be misled by a title, an author's name, or some incident seized upon as a salient point for discussion. About two-thirds of the human race, perhaps a larger proportion of the female sex, ceases to gain any advantage from formal schooling at about the fifteenth year of age. Before the nation fell into the fetich worship of "Higher Education" these dropped out at the end of the grammar school course. The comparatively few who esayed high school fell away as soon as the school work presented difficulties, and there were not many left at the end of the first year. They went to work at various occupations to which they were suited, as handicraftsmen, factory hands, dressmakers, milliners, or even stayed at home and assisted with the housework. The spare time of the girls was devoted to parties and pretty clothes until they were established in homes of their own, and their literary ambitions were satisfied in the "Fireside Companion," the "Saturday Night" and an occasional paper-covered copy of "Parted at the Altar," "He Loved but Was Lured Away," or "Lulie's Two Lovers." As far as the book trade was concerned, they did not exist. Today this same class is shooed into high school—yes, and into college, too, where they take a "literary course" and the open sesame of the college diploma entitles them to assert their economic independence by becoming teachers of literature in the rural high schools. The schools today are clogged and crowded with educational misfits, and the theory of the club idealist and eminent educator is that prolonged attendance at school will produce spontaneous evolution of intelligence. The public is heavily taxed for the maintenance of kindergartens, primary schools, grammar schools, intermediate schools, high schools, vocational schools, commercial schools, polytechnic schools, normal and sub-normal schools, parental schools, evening schools, vacation schools, summer schools and every possible variation of schools, not to mention the private enterprises which must gather a good quota of attendance in order to pay expenses. For nearly half a century the public schools must be made easy and amusing else there will be a falling off in attendance. The educational mill must grind and the hoppers must be kept full. The decline of appreciation of poetry may be dated from the time when some educational genius conceived the brilliant idea of having young children set to work to transpose verse into prose. The good work is continued when they are obliged to paraphrase "Marmion" or "The Lady of the Lake," and invited to condense "Ivanhoe" into the space of a few hundred words and pick apart the plays of Shakespeare as though they were mechanical toys. Some of the demands are as nonsensical as those of the conscientious parents of Miss Edgworth's tales, who expected a child to give a logical reason why she liked pink better than blue. In addition to the fact that a large percentage of those who are passed or pushed through high schools and colleges are without natural ability or inclination for study there is the further fact that in many cases the teachers are incompetent guides. They have, themselves, no standard of taste, and what they preach in the classroom as an essential for holding their jobs they do not put into practice elsewhere. Teachers and pupils alike know that there is a broad distinction between literature and trash, as there is between weeds and flowers, fruit and vegetables, but which is which? What is the trade mark? How are they to tell? In just one way: what makes its appearance in a cloth cover must be worth while. Anything at all in paper is a "dime novel," and consequently, reprehensible. The readers who find pleasure and profit in political economy, history and biography are in no danger whatever from the seductions of Harold MacGrath and his school, and the MacGrathites, if they could not have their favorite literary food, would not read at all unless some salacious morsel which would enable them to enjoy a spasm of outraged virtue. One of the very few things that will "get onto my nerves" is seeing some summer-brained culturine trying to read a real book. The secret of perpetual motion and the formula for squaring a circle are scarcely more futile pursuits. Any way, don't you really think that MacGrath and McCutcheon are apt to prove heavy reading for a generation that clothes itself in cobweb hosiery, diaphanous waists and a few strings fluttering in the wind?

Yours truly,

—S. C.

A Fickle Subscriber

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I have been a reader of Town Talk off and on for several years. Several times I quit it in anger because of what I thought to be its unwarranted prejudgment of public men, and I have gone back to it in finding that it was right. Town Talk is a wizard in psychology and in the exposition of human character. Some weeks ago when you sized up Governor Sulzer I again thought you were wrong, but events appear to have proved you right. How do you do it? Yours truly,

—Rupert Schmidt.

Los Angeles, August 9th.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

Notification of Tuberculosis

After long discussion the Academy of Medicine of France has decided that official notification must be made by physicians in cases of tuberculosis. The notification must be made to the health officer by the doctor in attendance, and that notification involves an obligation on the public authorities to give needy sufferers from tuberculosis the necssary care, and also to assist their families. The diseases which doctors are already compelled to give notice of in France are typhoid, typhus, smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, military fever, cholera, the plague, yellow fever, dysentery, and opthalmia of new born children.

Moslems Gaining in Africa

Mohammedanism seems to be doomed in Europe, but it is not diminishing in its net strength. The influence of Mohammedanism in Europe of course will continue for a long time, if it ever disappears, but the vast power it has possessed, due to Turkey, must necessarily diminish as a result of the Balkan war. But what Mohammedanism has lost in Europe it will probably gain in Africa and other parts of the world. Mohammedanism is extending its influence and its geographical territory in Africa. In Portuguese East Africa, for instance, the Mohammedans are gaining in numbers and influence. The principal city of that country, Lorenze, is populated by a large number of negroes, some of whom are Mohammedans and some Christians. It will be only a matter of time when the Mohammedans will have control of practically the whole of Africa. With the extension of the Mohammedan religion in Africa and the continued strength of Buddhism, Confucianism and kindred religions in Asia the extirpation of Mohammedanism in Europe will have little net result and the Christian religion will continue for a great many years to be in the minority.

Half Breeds Are Increasing

While the full blooded Indian is fast disappearing the half breeds are increasing in number, according to a statement issued by the Census Bureau. The report shows that the half breeds have by far the larger families and that the aborigines rapidly are being assimilated by the white race. The full bloods are most prominently represented in Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Nevada, where more than 85 per cent. of the full-blooded Indian race is to be found. Oklahoma has the largest Indian population, principally mixed breeds. This was due to the influx of adventurous whites during the apportionment of the rich lands to the members of the Five Civilized Tribes and the intermarriage of those whites with Indian women. The figures show a decrease of all classes of Indians in the ten-year period from 1890. Owing, however, to the increase among the half breeds the next decade records an increase which for the twenty-year term is approximately 7 per cent.

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The Grave of The Horseman

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

A little town just glimmered in the distance, lost in orange groves, with a few date palms waving above the saint's tomb near the gate, their ragged tops looking like seaweed in a pool by the tide upon the beach. High mountains flanked the road, which ran between great boulders, with here and there flat slabs of whinstone cropping up, shiny and slippery with the heat. A grove of cork trees shadowed it on one side, and at the other the precipitous streets of the strange mountain village called Bahaillein, with the houses separated by a brawling stream which roared and foamed eternally, ran surging into caverns and, again emerging into view, made a right angle to its course.

Smoke rose from many of the houses, and a wail of Arab women pierced the noise of the tumultuous stream. A band of horsemen, with a scout or two thrown out on either side, picked their way through the stones, their horses propping themselves on their forelegs, drawing their quarters after them when they had found a foothold, making their riders sway upon their saddles as when a camel rises to its feet. Some of them bore fresh-cut-off heads upon the muzzles of their guns, either stuck stiffly on, as boys stick turnips on a stick, or with a lap of skin left on the throat, through which the gun was thrust, leaving the head to hang down limply like a fish. They drove before them cattle, urging them onward with their spear-like guns. Occasionally a man stood out upon a rock and fired his long and slender-barrelled gun, which went off sullenly as the rough, home-made powder, ill rammed home, ignited slowly, sending the bullet over the heads of the retiring band. Sometimes a woman stood close to their path, shaking a ragged haik and cursing, and when a horseman passed he turned a little out of his way and rode on with his eyes fixed far away, as if he had seen nothing, leaving her wailing by the road.

They closed their ranks and rode into the track that leads from Fez to Sefru, the scouts falling back on the main body when the last dropping shots of the harried villagers were spent. Horses neighed shrilly, and when they passed mares feeding by the outskirts of the cork wood, danced sideways or plunged into the air, their riders checking them so sharply with the crub that a red foam hung round their mouths as they fell back upon the bit. A cloud of dust hung over all the band, through which at times appeared a horse and rider, the man dressed all in white, save for a long blue cloak which streamed out in the wind, and the horse saddled with the high-cantled Arab saddle covered with orange silk. Faces tanned to the color of a boot or white as ivory, and set in jet black beards looked out from under hoods drawn up above their turbans, with here and there a flat-nosed negro, looking still blacker in the white clothes he wore. Black, gray and chestnut, with roans and piebalds and the mixed colors that the Arabs call "stones of the river," their horses looked as if they all stepped from pictures by Velazquez, with tails that swept the ground, manes reaching almost to their knees, and forelocks falling to their nostrils, covering their eyes like veils. Their riders, thin and wiry, were of those who live by "clashing of the spurs," as goes the Arab phrase, and their wild eyes appeared to be eternally fixed on the horizon and to see nothing nearer than a mile away. Except the love of blood and pillage, they had but one thing common—the fear and hatred of their chief, who rode alone behind them, swathed to the eyes in white, on which a spot or two of blood served as a sort of trade-mark of his interior grace.

Seated a little heavily upon a chestnut horse with a white tail and mane, Si Omar had returned his gun to its red flannel case, but held it still across the saddle, balanced against the pommel with an occasional motion of his hand. His horse reared and plunged forward now and then, fretting to join the others, but its rider took no notice except to slack his bridle hand a little, and when the animal came back upon the bit and gave its head he threw the long red silken reins across his shoulder, where they remained, looking as if someone had drawn a bloody finger down his clothes. His spear-like single-pointed spurs hung loosely from his red-and-yellow riding boots, and just behind his heavy stirrups damascened with gold, had made a bloody patch upon his horse's flanks, which he spurred constantly, after the Arab fashion, to keep him to his pace. Dark, for a Berber, and marked a little here and there with smallpox, his spare black beard showing the skin between the hairs, Si Omar looked about forty-five, and had begun to put on flesh a little, after the fashion of his race when fortune smiles upon them, although he passed his life on horseback and in the open air. He wore the lock of hair, hanging down on his cheek, called by the Berbers "el kettaieh," that gave an air of fierceness to his face, which his wild eye and ever-twitching mouth accentuated. His hands were small with the nails clean and cared for, and when he raised his arm the loose sleeves of his selham left bare his wrist, slender and nervous, with something of the look as of a leopard's claw or of the leg of a gazelle. As he rode on he drew a fold of his selham about his mouth, covering his face, leaving his eyes, bloodshot and staring, alone exposed to view. Passing the cork wood the horsemen, driving their "creagh" slowly in front of them, came out upon the plain and struck into a road which ran along the foothills of the mountains, from which the little, glistening town of Sefru appeared, a league or two away, buried in gardens and in woods. The sun was slanting towards the west and bathed the plain in a pale glow which blended everything together, making the pastoral Arab life a perfect illustration of the Old Testament as we conceive it, in the glow of the imagination of our faith. Herds lowed, and sheep drawn out in lines straggled towards the fold, preceded by a boy who piped upon a reed whose twittering notes hung in the air like the faint echo of a lark's song when it has soared into the clouds.

The women went and came about the wells dressed in the desert-blue that makes their supple figures look even more slender than they are, with pointed amphorae upon their shoulders or balanced on their heads. Foals frisked beside their mothers, and here and there camels stood up outlined against the sky or browsed upon the thorny bushes, their outstretched necks writhing about like snakes. Elders sat at the doors of tents in groups, and the whole plain looked peaceful, happy, and exhaled an air as of eternity, so well the life fitted the scene and the scene sanctified the life. Above it, the marauding band passed, as a kite may pass above a dovecot, a wolf prowl past a fold, or as a train rushes at sixty miles an hour through some quiet valley in the hills. The horses neighed and passaged, and a cloud of dust covered the horsemen and the animals they drove, whilst in the rear the solitary chief rode silent and as if buried in a dream.

The world was going well with him, and the new sultan had confirmed him in his governorship both of the tribe and of the town. Indeed he was a man designed by nature to rule over such a tribe as was Ait Yusi, whose members passed their lives in fighting and in deeds of violence. His father had ruled them with a rod of iron, making himself so hated that at last the tribe had risen and burned him on a pile of hay. He knew himself detested, even by his horsemen, and for that reason always rode behind them to avoid an accidental shot, though at the same time they all feared him far too much to look him in the face. So he rode on, cursing his horse when it tripped on a stone, and muttering the proverb that declares the horseman's grave is always open, when it stumbled in the mud, and keeping a keen eye on all the thickets for a chance shot from some of his own tribesmen and on his soldiers whenever they looked back. Still he had passed his life upon the watch, after the fashion of a tiger, and now he was content to muse upon the future as his horse paced along the road. The way seemed open for him to ascend, and the new sultan was on the lookout for men on whom he could rely. Visions of larger governments rose in his mind, of the great kasbah he would build—for building is a passion with the Arabs—with courts that led from courts into more courts, with crenellated walls, a garden with its clump of cypresses, a mosque, rooms paved with tiles from Fez and Tetuan, a fishpond full of gold and silver fish, with water everywhere, gurgling in little rills of white cement beneath the orange trees, lulled by the murmuring of the water, drinking green tea flavored with amber amongst his women, or talking with his friends, what time his secretary wrote his letters, in his guest chamber.

Horses, of course, were plentiful, and all of lucky colors, so that a man when he set off upon a journey might be certain to return. Some should be pacers, for the road, and others for the powder play, light as gazelles, and bitted so as to turn just as a seagull turns upon the wing. He felt himself assured of fortune and safe to rise in the good graces of his lord, whilst the declining sun, which fell upon his face, blinding him to the difficulties of the rough track on which he rode, induced a feeling of contentment which perhaps threw him off his guard.

A mare and foal feeding close by had set Si Omar's horse neighing and plunging, and he, swaying a little to the plunges, may perhaps have touched it in the mouth too sharply with the bit. After a spring or two, the horse passaged and

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CVI—THE GOLDEN GATE

By Madge Morris Wagner

(Madge Morris is a name familiar to San Franciscans who read poetry. It is the name of a cultivated woman who has expressed herself happily in many verses which have seen publication. Madge Morris was a dear friend of Joaquin Miller, and it is understood that her husband Harr Wagner, the well-known educator, is engaged on a biography of the great singer.)

Down by the side of the Golden Gate
The city stands;
Grim and solemn and silent, wait
The walls of land
Guarding its door as a treasure fond;
And none may pass to the sea beyond,
But they who trust to the king of fate,
And pass through the Golden Gate.
The ships go out through its narrow door
White-sailed, and laden with precious store.
White-sailed, and laden with precious freight
The ships come back through the Golden Gate.
The sun comes up o'er the Eastern crest,
The sun goes down in the golden West,
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.
Down by the side of the Golden Gate—
The door of life—
Are resting our cities, sea-embowered,
White-walled and templed and marble-towered—
The end of strife.
The ships have sailed from the silent walls,
And over their sailing the darkness falls.
O, the sea is so dark and deep and wide!
Will the ships come back from the farther side?
"Nay; but there is no farther side,"
A voice is whispering across the tide,—
"Time itself is a circle vast
Building the future out of the past.
The new is old, and the old is new,
The true is false, and the false is true.
And the West is East, and the East is West,
And the sun that rose o'er the Eastern crest,
Gone down in the West of his circling track,
Forever and ever is shining back
Through the Golden Gate of life."

The Spectator

Endorsed by the Ladies

The ladies—God bless them!—those that have the leisure for busybodiness, are giving their time freely to the solution of problems that vex the souls of men. What a great blessing the ballot has been to some of them! From obscurity they have leapt into the limelight and crowded the E. P. E. Troys into the background, thus proving themselves a blessing to all of us. The ladies with the ballot are more vigilant, more active than most folk are aware of. They are attending to small matters and trivial as well as to the large and important things of political life. Consequently if you are in politics you will find it to your advantage to cultivate the ladies, get their endorsement, their support and their approval. If you are deserving they will help you, and they will know if you are deserving, for they have intuition. They know even a competent Greek interpreter when they see one, as is evident from the following, a copy of which was received in the form of a letter by each of the police judges a few weeks ago:

Whereas, The Greek interpreter of the city and county of San Francisco, M. Valianos, has been found guilty of a felony, and

Whereas, The Woman's Political League stands for efficiency and integrity in office, and

Whereas, Mr. N. Tsakonas, an applicant for the position, has all the qualifications of sterling character and efficiency and the recommendation of the Greek Consul, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Woman's Political League by its president requests the appointment of the said N. Tsakonas to the position of Greek interpreter.

The letter was signed by Mary Fairbrother, president of the League.

He Was Turned Down

The police judges met the other day and appointed a new Greek interpreter, but N. Tsakonas wasn't the man they gave the job to. The reason as they explain is that subsequent to his making a fine impression on the ladies of the League Mr. Tsakonas had the misfortune to be found in a Santa Cruz hotel bending over the dead body of a woman whom he had registered as his wife, but who was in reality the wife of another man. This unhappy episode gave the judges pause. Of course Mr. Tsakonas was able to explain that it was all a terrible mistake, and moreover he was acquitted of wrongdoing by the dead woman's husband, but the police judges, sceptical persons, were inclined to harbor what they conceived to be doubt. While they have profound respect for the judgment of the League ladies they thought it possible that Mr. Tsakonas, the big, handsome Greek, with all his sterling character, was a gay and accomplished deceiver, and they feared that he might not reflect credit on his enthusiastic sponsors.

Rolph Takes a Stand

The lady with the ballot, though somewhat impulsive and impetuous, is far from futile. It is to her credit that she evoked from Mayor Rolph a confession of faith in his police commission. To be sure, it was her purpose to induce the Mayor to take the big stick to the commission, and to be sure, she was very much disappointed when he refused to accede to the wishes of her ladyship, but it was something more important to have the Mayor take a definite stand and let it be known that he is not in sympathy with the muckraking of the police department. Mayor Rolph has probably come to the conclusion that Pharisaism has gone far enough. He realizes by this time that political motives actuate the leaders of the campaign that is being waged for the removal of Chief White, and doubtless he feels that it has been fortunate for the Administration that the majority of the police commission do not concur in the sentiments of Mr. Max Kuhl. A very busy politician is Kuhl, with high aspirations, and he has the notion that as women are active in politics it behooves the politician to bluelaw the city into a semblance of Los Angeles in the days before the citizens revolted against chemical purity. The women who are active in politics, who make the most noise, who get their pictures into the papers, are not the only women that vote as the unco guid of Los Angeles learned at the last election.

The Call's Metamorphosis

It is now known that M. H. De Young has purchased the Call from John D. Spreckels, and this marks the consummation of one of the most remarkable newspaper deals ever conceived. It means that the newspaper business of this city is to be revolutionized. A competitor disappears from the morning field which it has disputed with varying results for half a century, only to reappear, it develops, as a lusty striver for the business now divided between the Post and Bulletin. The Chronicle and Examiner are given absolute control of one of the greatest newspaper territories in America, a control so nicely divided that neither need envy the other, while at the same time there is no reason for the least anxiety as to the appearance on the scene of any serious rival. The sudden projection of an organized newspaper property into the evening field is bound to work just as remarkable changes there. In a very different way the Post and Bulletin will be as much affected by the change as the Chronicle and Ex-

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aminer. Keen newspapermen see in this revolution the beginning of the end of the Bulletin's prosperity and the start of a more vigorous career for the Post.

The Two Purchases

We are given to understand that M. H. De Young bought the Call for the purpose of consolidating it with the Chronicle, and that Frederick W. Kellogg acquired the Call plant from De Young for immediate use in the production of an evening paper. What price De Young paid I do not know, but it is safe to say that John D. Spreckels did not consent to put an end to the Morning Call's existence on any petty terms. The precise amount we shall probably not be told; nor is it likely that Kellogg will let us know how much he paid De Young for the plant. The fact that a new Call publishing company was incorporated last week with John D. Spreckels Jr. as one of the directors makes it seem not improbable that some Spreckels money will go back into the evening paper project.

The Hearst Service

It is understood that the new evening paper will have the Hearst News Service. This consists of a world-wide wire service like that of the Associated Press and the United Press. It also includes the feature work of a great many well-known artists and writers whose productions are never seen in the Examiner. It is a wonderfully successful service, and it can only be obtained by direct application to W. R. Hearst. It has greatly contributed to the success of the Denver Post, the Kansas City Post and the Los Angeles Herald. I imagine that it was Kellogg's success in arranging to get this news service which smoothed the way for his whole enterprise. Hearst was willing to acquiesce in a deal which benefited the Chronicle because it at the same time gave him a new market for the news he sells; De Young similarly consented to have the Examiner advantaged.

As to Results

The Kellogg project was bound to appeal to De Young and Hearst. With the Call out of the way the Chronicle and Examiner will have a combined circulation which when considered in reference to the population of the field they serve will eclipse the circulation of the papers dividing territory anywhere else in the country. The difficulty of starting a new paper to compete with them is obvious. By buying the Call De Young acquires the only Associated Press franchise obtainable; Kellogg has bottled up the Hearst News Service. There is no other organized source of news at present available for a morning newspaper. It looks as though the Chronicle and Examiner have a pretty monopoly. This should appeal to advertisers who will have from now on a clearly defined proposition before them. The old cut-throat methods should disappear. The tiresome wrangling about circulation will probably cease.

The New Paper's Name

What the new evening paper will be called I cannot say. I should imagine Kellogg would like to keep the name of the Call, but I presume this name has passed to De Young with the rest of the property. Perhaps he'll let Kellogg have it. I do not look to see the Chronicle become the Chronicle-Call. The De Young individuality has been associated with the Chronicle for fifty years, a remarkable record. When you think of the Chronicle it suggests De Young and vice versa. Appending Call to the old name would be confusing; it doesn't belong. It would look as though the process of absorption was incomplete. Perhaps we shall have the "Greater Chronicle." At any rate that's what we shall get as the result of this keen newspaper coup executed by Frederick W. Kellogg. And a greater Examiner too. Will it be a greater Call? Perhaps. And a greater Post, if the Post men take advantage of their obvious opportunities. It is the Bulletin which will be hit hard.

Chapin Hesitated

A story going the rounds has it that John D. Spreckels told W. W. Chapin some months ago that he had received an offer for the Call. "Why not accept it?" asked the present manager easily. He thought John D. was bluffing, which showed how little he knew John D. John D. accepted the offer. Recently when Chapin learned that the property had changed hands he rushed down to San Diego in great excitement. He had the money with which to insure his continued management of the paper; had obtained it by selling his interest in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. But it was too late.

A Group of the Tried and True

Fate is playing mischievous pranks these days with some of our darling and much beloved civic patriots much to the elation of those cynical and pessimistic philosophers who hold that American judgment of public men is formed in the dim twilight of the human mind. Fancy a Sulzer being an idol of the people! Now that we get a good square look at him he impresses one as being more allegorical than human. It never seemed to me to be necessary even to glance through a textbook on psychology to be able to size up Sulzer, but the people of New York raised him to a pedestal for public worship. A rascal in the early days of his career, he tried to blackmail a widow out of a portion of her husband's estate, and then he was elected to Congress. Muckraked by his friends to whom he had proved false, we learn that he is a perjurer and a common thief, and then to acquit himself he takes refuge behind his wife's skirts and puts the blame on her. In the midst of it all we find that between men of a certain type there is a bond of sympathy. The Bulletin pleads for Sulzer that as he is the people's friend we should be inclined to sympathize with him. Sulzer would probably say as much for the editor of the Bulletin if he knew that our great public benefactor had been called down by the postal authorities for sending obscene matter through the mails. And doubtless both Sulzer and the editor of the Bulletin are able to say a few words for Mr. Glavis, the contemptible scoundrel whom President Taft dismissed from the public service for concealing facts to facilitate the besmirching of a man's character. The editor of the Bulletin, it may be remembered, censured Taft for dismissing Glavis and lauded Governor Johnson when that pious gentleman embraced Glavis by way of rebuke to the President. Now it appears that Glavis in addition to being an as-

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sassin of character and a crook is several other kinds of scoundrels, and he is certainly in need of a few words of sympathy. But the reformers are not sticking together these days. Here is Rudolph Spreckels who would probably find it a little hard to look himself squarely in the face at this moment, and not even the Bulletin will attempt to justify the welching of him. And Mr. Spreckels himself, acute moralist, with a talent for sitting in judgment on frailer men, isn't able to make a decent job of justifying himself. God appears to be deserting the tried and true.

Steele's Grove Play

"The Fall of Ug" pleased and did not please the Bohemians. Scenically the production surpassed all that preceded it. So elaborately were details worked out that real live Belgian hares played about the forest stage. The flying ballet in which "Billy" Smith and others risked their lives went without a hitch. The illumination of the forest with which the grove play must end was worked ingeniously into the action of the piece, not dragged in. But the story of the play did not make a strong appeal; it lacked emotional intensity. And the blank verse was not a poet's. The music was a great surprise. The Bohemians had expected from Herman Perlet light, tuneful music of no particular significance. Instead he produced one of the most inspiring scores the Bohemians have ever heard.

That Foreword

When Porter Garnett wrote a preface for "The Green Knight" he puzzled Bohemia with his sesquipedalian verbiage. Steele has a foreword to "The Fall of Ug" which is a not very successful piece of fine writing. "It is inconceivable," he begins, "that our grove should not always have been the meeting place extraordinary of the men who occupied the country roundabout." Steele develops this idea ingeniously enough, but his language is patched with purple and tinsel. "I believe that earnestness and even periodicity marked the coming to this grove of yesterday's pretenders to its mastery" is a statement all Bohemians will not understand at first reading. And the following cannot be regarded as a happy bit of writing:

"What might the trees remember if devoutly importuned? By light of moon, on wind-swept morn and in the solitude of rain I teased them for the tale. At length the red mothers could no more deny a child the thing he begged. When I had turned the vision into stumbling words, Perlet I called—Perlet, who hearing with the blessed ear, sings in the sweeter key—and he sat with me and all the things he witnessed wrote he down in language of the soul."

A Revival Next Year

Next year, it is hoped by many Bohemians, Will Irwin's grove play "The Hamadryads" will be revived. They regard this as the greatest of the plays, and many agree with Porter Garnett that it should be given once every ten years. Gelett Burgess was to write the play for 1914, but he asked to be given the World's Fair year instead and the request was granted. By the way, the play this year cost $15,000, and the club is thinking of selling the dramatic rights in order to "get out of the hole." The play was well advertised this year, as the rule excluding dramatic critics was repealed and all the papers had their representatives in the grove as the guests of the club.

A Convivial Truth

Two well-known members of the Bohemian Club had imbibed too freely earlier in the week, so they decided to go on the water wagon and enjoy the grove drama in sober fashion. They were invited to a pig supper given by Riley Hardin, but drank vichy. Next morning they were in great distress. Hadn't slept all night, and the pig lay upon their stomachs like lead. They loudly commiserated each other.

"I tell you what," one finally said to the other, "we people who are not accustomed to temperance have no business experimenting with it!"

Overheard in the Grove

First Bohemian: I don't propose to look for that tent any longer. We have been wandering through this forest for two hours.

Second Bohemian: It's only a little way up the road.

First Bohemian: But I can't see any road.

Second Bohemian: Well, let's go back to the bar.

First Bohemian: Let's!

Older Gets Into Trouble

Obeying instructions from Washington Acting United States District Attorney Ben McKinley summoned Fremont Older to his office one day last week and informed him that a protest had been made against the publication of "A Voice from the Underworld." The protest came from this city and brought immediate action from Postmaster General Burleson. The charge was made by the protestant that the publication of the bawdy narrative of Alice Smith was an offense against public decency and excerpts from the story in support of the charge were forwarded to the Postmaster General. Burleson placed the matter in the hands of the local postal inspectors and the acting district attorney, advising them to take whatever action the situation warranted. Acting on these orders the postal inspectors and the district attorney sent word to Fremont Older that his presence was required at the Postoffice. Older explained that the story was near its conclusion, that the last installment would be published on August 12 and that there would be nothing in the remaining chapters which could be construed as objectionable. Whether the matter will be placed before the federal grand jury is a question which only McKinley and the postal inspectors can answer. It is a felony to send obscene literature through the mails, and as the Bulletin goes through the mails every day both Publisher Crothers and Editor Older could be indicted were the story of Alice Smith found to be obscene in the meaning of the law.

Morality and the Postoffice

The only circumstance in this matter which will surprise most people is that action was not taken sooner. The federal machinery might have been set in motion as soon as the first obscenity was published. With the story entirely published the harm has been done, and all that can be accomplished is to vindicate morality by the punishment of the responsible parties, provided of course it is found that they have broken the law. In this as in many other cases the postoffice is a defective engine of morals. It can punish but it can only partially suppress. Even if excluded from the mails the story of the frail Alice can be circulated widely in other ways. It will be recalled that when Postmaster General Wanamaker placated the New England conscience by exclud-

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ing Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" from the mails the novel was sent over the country by express and had an enormous sale among people who would never have read it otherwise. Post cards bearing reproductions of "September Morn" have just been adjudged indecent, but the picture of the pretty girl shivering with cold and modesty sells like hotcakes in the art shops. One local dealer told me the other day that copies are disposed of as fast as they come in. The attacks made on the painting by Anthony Comstock and others must have brought a fortune to Paul Chabas who didn't dream he was doing anything naughty when he put his naked girl on canvas.

Books Will Not Down

The tale of Alice Smith will probably be published in book form and will be eagerly read by immature boys and girls with an itch for the forbidden. It will enjoy a transient popularity and sink into oblivion. But neither the postoffice nor any other governmental bureau of morality can kill it before its time comes. The books that Savonarola burned in the marketplace of Florence are found on shelves all over the world. The amatory poems of Marlowe that were given to the flames at Tyburn are by no means inaccessible. The thunders of the Congregation of the Index blasted no work that held an interest for humanity. And do not San Francisco boys still read "Peck's Bad Boy," though Mrs. Mighels burns it once a year in public bonfire? The story of Alice Smith may endure long enough to make its publishers and sponsors heartily ashamed of themselves.

A Chaste Poster, But—

The Portola Festival is being advertised far and wide not only by means of the official poster but by means also of an equally effective poster that has been circulated by the alert publicity department of the Southern Pacific Company. This railroad poster is a spirited one and colorful. It has the true Spanish flavor, being a picture of a black-eyed senorita in the midst of a whirling dance, the music for which is supplied by a sombreroed guitar player with a cigarette in his mouth. I fear that the impure minded ladies of the Portland W. C. T. U. who have paid the official poster the tribute of their disapproval will not be able to do as much for the railroad poster for the senorita, though animated enough, makes no sensuous appeal. She reveals only the curves of one ankle. However, if the ladies will scrutinize the guitar player with all their eyes and concentrate their minds and their thoughts on his legs perhaps they may suggestionize themselves into a mood that might justify a few blushes.

Why Germany Won't Exhibit

There is a strong sentiment among German manufacturers against exhibiting at our World's Fair, and the outlook is extremely gloomy. In government and industrial circles in Berlin a strange reason is given for this indifference. The Germans say in effect that if they do not participate in 1915 we ourselves will be to blame. They state that no attempt has been made to create interest in the Fair among German business men. They point out that Germans have been in a position to learn merely that San Francisco was to have an exposition; nothing was told them about the scope of the Fair, the grandeur of the plans and so on. In other words our World's Fair has not been adequately advertised in Germany, the interest of Germans has not been intrigued and they have not been impressed with the great advantages they will derive from an exhibit here.

Hays Hammond and R. B. Hale

It further appears that the Germans are not merely indifferent; they are positively prejudiced against the Fair in San Francisco. And for this active hostility we are held accountable. To explain the unfortunate situation let me quote from the Berlin correspondent of the New York Sun who sent his paper a cable despatch published August 3. Says the Sun's correspondent:

> It is declared that there was very little information available and that the commission headed by John Hays Hammond and R. B. Hale of San Francisco, which came here last spring to invite the government's participation, was very vague as to details and plans and was not specific regarding the information wanted by the German manufacturers, some of whom declare that the commission could not answer simple questions in regard to the probable cost of the transportation of exhibits from the docks in San Francisco to the exposition grounds.

The Need of Advertising

When William Woodhead of this city returned from Baltimore where he had been chosen president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America he gave out an interview which created considerable consternation at the Fair headquarters in Pine street. Woodhead said that the Fair was not being properly advertised in the East; that the ordinary salaried man was not being urged to save up for a vacation in San Francisco during the Fair months; and that information about the Fair and about the cost of coming to this city was not being diffused. Now it appears that what Woodhead said of our own country applies also to Europe, for it is not to be supposed that Germany alone has been ignored in a European advertising campaign. What holds true of Germany probably holds true of the other countries of Europe. The people are not being told about the wonderful spectacle which will be staged here. It looks as though the Fair people ought to get busy. A very serious situation awaits their prompt and decisive handling .

Once More the Tiger Smiles

The political situation in New York has been greatly muddled as a result of the nomination of John Purroy Mitchel for Mayor by the Fusion Committee. This committee was organized for the time-honored purpose of putting Tammany out of business in municipal politics, and now it appears to have played into the hands of Mayor Gaynor by nominating a man on whom has fallen the shadow of William R. Hearst. It is a curious situation and it is exciting a great deal of interest. Whatever may be the outcome it is certain at this time that the reformers are, as one New York paper says, chagrined to note the uncommonly cool, not to say chilling way in which the selection of Mitchel has been received. The Fusionists themselves have split over the nomination. The Republican members of the committee are sore because District Attorney Whitman did not receive the nomination. He was renominated for his present job, and his friends are urging him to bolt. The friends of Borough President McAneny are dissatisfied, and though he accepted renomination after two days' deliberation, his letter of acceptance is in the nature of a smash, as the Sun points out, at the head of the ticket. He argues that Mitchel should be supported not because Mitchel is deserving of support but because he would have control of only three votes out of the sixteen in the Board of Estimate. The Progressives, too, though Mitchel was nominated by the Progressive members of the committee, are dissatisfied. Bull Moose Munsey in his paper pronounces the whole performance "unintelligent," and adds, "Mr. Mitchel hasn't known in the last three and a half years as much about the problems of New York as Mayor Gaynor has known in three and a half minutes." From all of which it would appear that the reformers weren't so smart as they thought when they renominated Whitman, McAneny and Controller Prendergast

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A Real Reformer

Mitchel, by the way, is the typical reformer, as I learn from the Sun, which says: "There can be no doubt of his cleverness, of his instinct for public attention or his capability to make and forget friends." Mr. Mitchel, though only 34 years of age, came first into prominence as President of New York's Board of Estimate. When Mayor Gaynor was lying dangerously wounded three years ago, Mr. Mitchel, by virtue of his position was acting Mayor of New York. He has been a job chaser ever since he came out of school, and he was connected with the McClellan administration as a special prosecutor. He is a radical of the radicals, and he is much esteemed by Mr. Hearst because of his Socialist views and because he bitterly opposed the subway contracts which were put through by McAneny, whose political strength is due to his success in overcoming Hearst's opposition. That Mitchel is a shrewd politician, skilled in the art of playing all ends, is evident from the fact that his nomination is pleasing both to Mr. Hearst and President Wilson, who appointed him Collector of Port.

Charlie Fay and Rudolph

Charlie Fay is going to succeed Arthur Fisk as postmaster in San Francisco. This comes to me from Washington as a "straight tip" upon which absolute reliance may be placed. The appointment will be a bitter disappointment to Rudolph Spreckels. Rudolph has filed a protest against the appointment of Fay and has been fighting tooth and nail to keep him out of the berth. This fact has led some to believe that there must have been a quarrel between Rudolph and James D. Phelan who is the political patron of Charlie Fay. But Spreckels and Phelan are still on cordial terms. Rudolph is fighting Fay because he regards him as a political follower of Gavin McNab. To be a "McNabite" is to be anathema to Rudolph. So Fay has fallen under the Spreckels ban.

The Authorship of "My Dear Rudolph"

Spreckels takes the lofty position that he is against McNab because McNab is that quintessence of wickedness, a political boss. He has declared to his friends that he will down McNab if it takes him a lifetime of fighting. This is an interesting declaration of war, and I shall watch hostilities with interest, for if there is anywhere a foeman worthy the Spreckels steel it is Gavin McNab, hero of a hundred stricken fields. It must be noted, however, that the politicians who are sçeptical of motives (and that includes all the tribe) ascribe Rudolph's enmity toward McNab to a less elevated "peeve." It has long been told about the streets that Gavin McNab wrote for Mayor Rolph the celebrated "My Dear Rudolph" letter which answered Rudolph's "My Dear Jim" epistle and set the town a-chortle. There were epigrams of the McNab style in that letter, and Mayor Rolph is not an epigrammatist. The politicians say that Rudolph must have verified the rumor that Gavin wrote that letter; hence his peeve.

A Comic Opera Candidate

It may not be known that Rudolph has a candidate for the postmastership in opposition to Charlie Fay. This is none other than Edgar Apperson. As Apperson's does not seem to be a name of household celebrity I must identify him. He is a linotype operator on the Examiner. More than that, he is president of the Iroquois Club. Furthermore he is Grand High Muckamuck of the State League of Iroquois Clubs. The two titles, it may be explained, go together, for the only Iroquois Club in existence is the local aggregation of has-beens who hold a barbecue every year and solemnly elevate their president to the tremendous dignity of the more high-sounding position. Apperson is also backed by the San Francisco Democratic Club, a moribund organization with a membership of some seven or eight briefless lawyers and hungry pie-chasers. With the Iroquois braves and the San Francisco Democratic Club behind him, Apperson went to Spreckels to be hall-marked. Rudolph found him chemically pure and eugenically innocuous, whereupon an opera bouffe attempt was made to have his candidacy advanced at Washington. But the backers of Charlie Fay have not lost any sleep. They know that Apperson will not be yanked away from the linotype to boss the big building at Seventh and Mission.

Tom Fox Will Win

Spreckels cannot do anything for Apperson, but he managed to cause considerable trouble for Tom Fox, the genial Democratic leader who is a candidate for postmaster at Sacramento. All the Democrats are for Fox, but Spreckels enlisted the help of Senators Works, Bristow, La Follette and Poindexter in an attempt to prevent his confirmation. Despite their efforts Fox was confirmed by the Senate, but as a sop to Cerberus Senator Works was allowed to have the nomination re-referred to the committee on postoffices. I am told that it will come out of committee and go through. Fox numbers Senators O'Gorman and Gore among his powerful friends. Besides, Postmaster Burleson has taken the bit in his teeth and insists that Fox must be confirmed. "Those blanketty blanks have got to keep their paws out of my department" is the way Burleson is said to have disposed of Works, Bristow, La Follette, Poindexter and Spreckels.

Congressional Nobodies

A politician just back from the national capital tells me that the three Democratic congressmen from California, Raker, Church and Kettner, are regarded as the biggest jokes in the lower house. When Church and Kettner were elected Raker explained to them that he had learned the ropes during his previous term and that it would be for their best interests to follow his leadership. So he tied them up in an iron-bound combination and proceeded to make fools of them. They fought appointments and made nuisances of themselves until Secretary Tumulty was compelled to lock the front door and unchain the watch dog when they appeared on the White House lawn. They haven't secured a single appointment. The result is that Church and Kettner are so sore that they can't conceal their feelings when Raker's name is mentioned. But Raker is nothing daunted, and he is thinking seriously of running for Governor or United States Senator.

He Wanted to Trade

One example of Raker's methods will illuminate the character of this statesman from Alturas. When a local delegation went to Washington with the Hetch Hetcy bill, it was deemed advisable to have Raker introduce it in Congress because he is a Democrat who has served two terms. When the bill was handed to him Raker said he would have to look into its merits before committing himself. When the Hetch Hetchy champions called again Raker made his proposition.

"This is a meritorious measure," he said, "and I shall introduce it on one condition. You fellows know of course that I am a candidate for the vacant position on the federal bench in San Francisco. Well, if I introduce this bill I'll expect you to get behind me for that position."

The Hetch Hetchy men told Raker to "go chase himself" and that he could take the bill or leave it. He introduced it, but the "steering" of the measure was entrusted to Bill Kent because Kent has some influence while Raker has none. Incidentally, Judge Dooling got the appointment that Raker was so keen about.

Techau's Is Thronged

Those who are so fortunate as to be at Techau Tavern any day at the lunch hour find it difficult to believe that this is the vacation period when "everyone is out of town." On the contrary, one would think it the height of the season, so filled to overflowing is this cheerful cafe. The ladies will be glad to learn that the management still presents to lady patrons, among its many souvenirs, the Aubrey Sisters' Beautifier, that delightful cosmetic which has become famous the world over.

"Please, constable," said the nervous young lady, "is it dangerous if I put my foot on the rail of the electric car?"

"No, ma'am—not unless you put your other foot on the wire up there overhead."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Spreckels Jewel Robbery

San Francisco had its jewel robbery last week, and a sensational jewel robbery is was, but it didn't get into the papers like the Rumsey jewel robbery at Newport. The jewels stolen were the property of Mrs. John D. Spreckels Jr., and their value was ten thousand dollars. When Mrs. Spreckels discovered her loss she notified the police and the Pinkertons, and a swarm of sleuths began gumshoeing for clues. At the end of several busy hours which brought absolutely no results, Mrs. Spreckels recovered her jewels and the hawkshaws were feed and dismissed. It will afford an insight into the less than Sherlock Holmes perspicacity of the detectives when I state that the Raffles who made away with the jewels left his coat and waistcoat in the home, and still there was no clue to his identity in the possession of the "fly cops" when he acknowledged his deed and returned the jewels. This may all sound very mysterious, but it is a simple story.

Jack Spreckels' Joke

The reader will not be startled, I hope, when I present Jack Spreckels in the role of a Raffles. It was all a joke, a joke seriously played by Jack upon his wife to show her that he was always right in insisting that she keep her jewels in a safe deposit box. That it proved a joke on the detectives also is a mere detail. Jack Spreckels intended to attend the grove play last Saturday, but he was busy and missed the train. So he went home to dinner Saturday evening. When he arrived at the entrance to his "cliff dwelling" in Washington street above Taylor he found the front door open. Mrs. Spreckels was in the upper part of the flat and did not hear Jack enter. It was then that the notion of illustrating for his wife's benefit how easy it is to commit a jewel robbery, a favorite thesis of Jack's, came into his head. He went to Mrs. Spreckels' boudoir, gathered up her jewels and slipped them into his trouser pocket. Then, just to leave a clue, he changed his coat and waistcoat, and quietly left the house. The clue was not found, and the identity of Mr. Raffles was a mystery until several hours later when Jack confessed to Mrs. Spreckels. Mrs. Spreckels agrees with Jack that the only place for jewels which are not being worn is in a safe deposit box.

Mrs. Peter's Mot

I am reminded by the return of the Peter Martins to San Francisco of a retort with which Mrs. Peter Martin once flabbergasted Queen Eleanor. It was shortly after the engagement of Lily Oelrichs to Peter Martin was announced, and it was the occasion of Lily's first inspection of the Martin residence in Broadway under the guidance of her mother-in-law-to-be.

"This," said Mrs. Martin with a certain perceptible pride, as they entered an apartment, "this, Lily, is our Louis Quatorze room."

Miss Oelrichs looked about her, and then quite cooly she asked:

"What makes you think so?"

Scott Was Surprised

They say the most surprised man in San Francisco last week was A. W. Scott Jr. when he discovered that his wife was going on the stage. Mrs. Scott who had been rehearsing for weeks under the direction of McKee Rankin had kept her intention a secret, to be disclosed on the eve of her triumph. But the news found its way into print, and last Monday Scott read it in the Chronicle. Without consulting his wife he dashed down to the editorial rooms to deny the report. But the report was true, as Mrs. Scott affirmed, and he went home to consider. When the first surprise was over he cordially approved the plan. Mrs. Scott has genuine emotional talent. This, I am aware, is said of every society woman who goes on the stage, only this time it happens to be true. As Maeterlinck's Mary Magdalene she will make the critics wonder, so McKee Rankin avers. It was her histrionic ambitions that resulted in the founding of the Players' Club of amateurs two years ago, and at the Players' performances she has scored successes that spurred her to professional efforts. Two others of the Players to adopt a professional career are Stewart Masten of the well-known Masten family and grandson of Mrs. C. L. Martel, who is trying himself out at the Alcazar, and Laurence Cook, son of the William Hoff Cooks, who goes East in the fall to make his professional debut. Willard Barton who is vacationing in California is a success of last season, more or less conspicuous in Broadway. Which make quite a list to be recruited from our parish set in a year.

That Vote on Consolidation

How these clubwomen do love one another! The remark is "said sarcastick" as Artemus Ward used to put it. There are the same jealousies in aristocratic breasts as in the bosoms of proletarian nobodies. For instance: The Francisca and the Town and Country within whose tapestried walls the cream of the cream of feminine exclusiveness whiles away the hours of idleness, recently voted on the question of consolidation. We learned from the papers that the Francisca ladies turned down the proposition by a vote of 250 to 195. That was taken to mean that the Francisca disposed of the question. But what we did not learn from the papers was that the Town and Country turned the proposition down by the still more decisive vote of 356 to 95. In other words there were more Town and Country women against consolidation than there were Franciscans. This fact did not get into the papers. Why, I know not. But some of the Town and Country clubsters are mean enough to hint that the Franciscans took particular pains to get their vote into the papers and to convey the impression that all the turning down had been on their part alone. Isn't it awful the way some women will gossip about other women?

Society and the Movies

When the exclusive cottagers of Newport allowed the movie men to invade their lawns and verandahs to make pictures everybody was a bit astonished. When the fad of having moving pictures of weddings, garden parties and other pretty functions was started in New York everybody was pleasurably surprised. "Why wasn't it thought of before?" was the question asked. Now our society folk are copying this Eastern fad. Down the peninsula the film man is kept busy recording the life of the country clubs and the doings of society at home. A new social diversion has been invented. It bids fair to become very popular.

The Thrill of Seeing Yourself

The sensation of the hour down the peninsula is Harry Scott in moving pictures. Every one is motoring to Palo Alto to pay ten cents to see him grin over the rail of the "Adventuress" in a series of thrilling reels. That is, they are thrilling in suggestion, for every one knows the "Adventuress" is bound for Arctic regions where Harry and young Borden of Chicago, who owns the yacht, are to hunt polar bears, and no telling what hair-breadth escapes may be theirs. The sailing was a gala event and familiar faces of the set who gathered to wave bon voyage, pass on

Announcement

The latest craze at Newport, and among the leading society people throughout the United States, an innovation, both unusual and entertaining, is afforded through the Motion Picture.

No affair is now complete without this interesting form of amusement. Besides amusing your guests, it allows you to perpetuate any affair which you may give, and same can be exhibited at any time desired.

Realizing this, the PROGRESSIVE FILM COMPANY of AMERICA desires to announce that they are perfectly equipped to take moving pictures of social events of any kind.

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the reels. It is all very exciting and decidedly queer, those in the pictures say, to sit and look at yourself, life size, walking unconcernedly about on the screen. Meanwhile the "Adventuress" has touched at Alaska ports and is headed for Bering Sea, where the bears are to be raided and more pictures taken. It's the keenest divertisement society has found in many moons, to be snapped into moving pictures, all the keener if the photographer's work is destined for the professional stage. The pictures of a dance the Philip Bowles gave in Piedmont were shown privately. But there is nothing like the thrill of paying ten cents to see yourself in action declare the Tevis twins who were caught with George Garritt, Dick Tobin and New York celebrities at the recent polo games in Meadowbrook. Now society is looking forward to pictures of the Rodeo in Salinas where half the smart set was gathered and may soon be seen for the price of admission. And pictures of the Bohemian jinks are awaited with interest.

Clare Payne Also Working

Last week I recorded the surprising news that two of the Payne boys had gone to work. I told how Herbert had plunged into the study of law while Arthur had embarked in the moving picture business. I added that Clare still remained a young gentleman of leisure. It was just like Clare Payne to go and give me the lie. Clare too has forsaken the primrose path for serious endeavor. With the consent of his mother he recently sold a valuable piece of property in Connecticut and invested the money in a tract of land on Long Island which he is now subdividing and putting on the market. It looks as though he is going to make a pot of money. I submit that truth is stranger than fiction when we thus find the three young millionaires of the Payne family laboriously earning their daily wine and truffles.

French at New Place

The French play L'Anglais Tel Qu'on Parle that is to be given by the Crocker girls and some of their friends at "New Place" will try the understanding of the audience I fear. Not that the prospective guests don't all speak French, but the drama is one that confuses French and American idioms in a way most bewildering to Ollendorf scholars. Of course Ethel and Helen Crocker speak like Parisiennes, and so do many of the younger generation, but won't "Bill" Bourn and "Hank" Scott be likely to laugh in the wrong place or regard the scene seriously when they should be smiling? Duplessis Beylard is safe, of course, being French, and taking part with his daughter Sophie. George Howard Jr. is in the cast, but whether George Howard Sr. will thoroughly enjoy his son's acting or not is a question. The set is hoping Miss Ethel Crocker will sing for her guests that evening. Those who have heard her since her return from Paris declare her voice rarely beautiful and much strengthened by her year of study.

AS A MAN THINKS of his home he ought also to think of the glad surprise a box of "Varied Sweets" would give to every member of the family. It's a dainty, toothsome, tasty gift—a package containing a selected assortment of the most delicious candies ever made. Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

(Advertisement)

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Summer Rates
Write for Booklet

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H. F. Norcross, Agent, 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

The Hobart Trio

I don't know whether or not it is a fashion for mothers and daughters to be gowned alike, or just a fancy of Mrs. Hobart. Any way the effect was charming when I saw her the other day, a picture in old blue Oriental brocade with her two girls Hannah and Ruth in costumes of the same color and material, evidently found in some bazaar of the East. It was beautifully soft and light and wonderfully becoming to the blonde loveliness of Mrs. Hobart. The trio wore hats alike, small black straw chapeaux simply adorned and as I said the effect was charming. They attracted no end of attention in the shops where they were buying things for the new house in Burlingame. Mrs. Hobart has established herself not far from where she lived as a bride, but seems serenely unconcerned by the associations of the neighborhood. Walter, who lives not far away, frequently sees his pretty young daughters, of whom he is very fond, but the idle gossip of a possible reconciliation is laughed at by the Hobarts' friends. Other romances are in the air.

The Harvest Moon Festival

The Catholics and their friends in Burlingame are preparing a great fete for August 30, for the benefit of St. Catherine's Church of which Rev. James A. Grant is pastor. The affair will be known as a "Harvest Moon Festival" and is under the direct patronage of leading society women, among whom are Mrs. T. B. Eastland, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Emory Winship, Mme. De Gozotte, Mrs. M. J. O'Connor, Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mrs. Max Rothchild, Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Mrs. Oscar Cooper. According to an outline of the project the visitor to this festival will find himself transported to a wonderland in which literature, country customs, historical eras, ancient lore and modern vaudeville will be elements of pleasure. One may emerge from an Arab shop in the busy portion of Cairo and enter the thatch-roofed cottage of the English low lands to quench his thirst with buttermilk. Or he may linger in the Old Curiosity Shop in Seven Dials, and, having shaken hands with Little Nell, wander into a Japanese tea garden where the Geisha Girl will recite the lore of Nippon for him. There will also be a modern vaudeville show with prominent society folk on the bill.

At Del Monte

During the coming weeks all social roads will lead to Del Monte, where from August 29 to September 13 will be held the annual polo and golf tournaments. Never before in the history of Western contests has there been such demand for hotel reservations. Interest is added to the series by the fact that the contestants will come from all parts of the State to enter the lists. There will be great rivalry in the golf tourneys because the last two championship awards have alternated between Los Angeles and Claremont, the first going two years ago to E. S. Armstrong, the crack player from the Angel City, and the second going last year to Jack Neville, whose powerful playing was the sensation of the meet. This year's con-

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In the yellow pine forest of the Sacramento River. Rates $18 per week double, $24 per week single. Good fishing, plenty of Saddle Horses, Automobiles.
August is the loveliest month of the year, and
CASTLE CRAGS
Is the prettiest spot in all the Upper Sacramento Valley for an outing. No pretense to style, a JUST AS YOU PLEASE PLACE.
GO NOW, and before you leave, engage your rooms for next June, July or August, as we will soon have the place booked for June, 1914.
EXCEPTIONALLY FINE MUSIC
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test not only means the Del Monte award, but the State championship honors as well. So carried away were the golf powers with last year's session that they decided to combine the two events in one big annual golf fest in which the players will be challenged by the most expert and intrepid golfists of the State. The famous Del Monte polo fields and golf links are in the pink of perfection and the hotel guests will be treated to an animated moving picture processional such as has never before been witnessed on our Western Coast. The committee in charge has gathered some eighty trophies as rewards for excellency in playing.

At Casa del Rey

There has been a large run of salmon in Monterey Bay for the past week and among those lucky enough to be on the spot were Clinton E. Worden and party who returned with forty-four fine specimens, C. L. Moody and D. MacMonagle who were lucky enough to get thirty-two between them, and J. W. Dorsey who landed sixteen, the largest one weighing thirty-eight pounds. Mrs. Arthur G. Fisk, wife of the Postmaster of San Francisco, accompanied by her charming daughter Helen and Mr. Fisk's mother are as Casa del Rey for an extended stay. They will be joined by Mr. Fisk for the week-ends. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. A. Talbot, Miss Talbot and Miss Sanborn of New York motored from San Francisco; Mr. W. H. Talbot, Miss Talbot and Miss Eric Talbot followed in another machine. The entire party went salmon fishing and returned well rewarded for their trip. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sharon of San Francisco, Mr. J. W. Seymour of London, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt of San Francisco and a retinue of servants are at Casa del Dey for a short stay.

Social Doings at Castle Crags

Roses and maiden-hair ferns decorated the table when Mrs. A. Comte Jr. entertained Friday evening in honor of Father Carr of Dunsmuir. Covers were arranged for ten. Later the hostess and her guests adjourned to the assembly hall and participated in the dancing. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Whittle, Mrs. Ben Woolner, Miss Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Elleford, Prof. Boone and others. There is splendid fishing eight miles from Castle Crags on the Squaw Creek. The guests from the hotel have formed several camping parties and spent the night in this pretty country. Dr. D. J. de Chautreau, Mr. Ed Dubedat and their sister and niece Mrs. A. Ratye and Miss M. Ratye are enthusiastic anglers and will enjoy a camping trip the first part of the week. Mr. A. L. McLeish and Mr. Duncan McLeish of Burlingame are spending the month of August at the Farm. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Torpey and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Cole Burnham of San Francisco are staying. Mrs. William Clift, Miss Clift of San Francisco and Miss Jean Searles of Oakland are new arrivals. A large contingent of San Francicans arrived at Castle Crags Sunday. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. James Kelcher, Miss Ethel Cooper and Mr. T. Brainard. Mrs. E. W. Sargent and her beautiful young daughter are social acquisitions. They are society folk of Los Angeles. Prof. Richard Boone of the University of California is spending his vacation at Castle Crags.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every bemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations.

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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
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The Latest Modes at Tait's

Some fool or wise man recently said that "feminine styles were approaching altogether dimensions with startling rapidity." The same prophet also said that "whether or not they will revert back to the modes of Eve is not so much a matter of climate as it is of taste and custom." Be that as it may and come what will this is the age of the new idea, and especially in women's wearing apparel. On the floor of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe are now being shown the two latest creations of the dressmaker's art. The gowns are displayed every afternoon between 3 and 6 and every evening between 8 and 12. Those artists of fashion from gay Paree are bound that their creations for women will ally semi-nakedness to startling candor. And the latest idea in this line is always heralded with a great show of interest by man and woman alike. Hence the enormous crowds which are taxing the capacity of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe to view the two most advanced ideas in milady's wardrobe—the Tango Dancing Gown and the Diaphanous Gown. The former was created to give more freedom or whatever one wants to call it while going through the contortions of the latest terpischorean craze. The latter covering was created for a purpose which is very obvious. But whatever may be said for and against these styles the most prejudiced must admit that they are exquisite masterpieces as far as beauty of design and quality of fabric are concerned.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Here are some of the well-known people who put up at Paso Robles recently: Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Hoag, Mrs. Geroge Law Smith, Mrs. H. C. Capwell with the Misses Dorothy and Phyllis Capwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Avery, Dr. Frank Kinslow, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kaiser, Mr. and Mrs. Wiley B. Allen, Irving Ballard, Mrs. J. C. Welsh, Mr. and Mrs. Max Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Martin.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter, accompanied by her daughter Miss Nina Jones, was at the Hotel Vendome last week. The ladies motored up from Santa Barbara en route to San Francisco.

Many distinguished people were at Casa del Rey last week end. The names indicate the class of patronage that the Casa del Rey is commanding. For instance: Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Fisk, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Magee, Mrs. D. Hewitt, Mrs. F. W. Henshaw, J. W. Seyemore, H. R. Simpkins, F. W. Madison, W. H. Talbot and party, D. W. Earl.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Porter are spending a pleasant two weeks at Rionido. Mr. Porter is a successful young business man who is identified with the advertising press service. Mrs. Porter is the charming daughter of the late Wm. Harcombe, for many years associated with Levi Strauss and Co.

Californians sailing for Europe July 28 were Miss Maude Howard of San Francisco and Dr. and Mrs. F. Franceschi and Miss Ernestine Franceschi of Santa Barbara.

A most enjoyable "rag dance" was given at the Coronado Country Club at which Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Neustadt of Pasadena were hosts. The tennis court, which was brilliantly lighted by electrics in tiny Japanese lanterns, was used for the dancing and a midnight buffet supper was served in the clubhouse which was elaborately decorated in magenta Bougainvillia and yellow tulle. The guests numbered about sixty and dancing was continued until three thirty in the morning. Many San Franicsco people were invited, as well as all the army officers now connected with the aviation school. Preceding the Wednesday evening dance the host of Hotel del Coronado entertained at a very attractive dinner to which twenty-eight of the young set were invited. Mrs. F. W. Dohrman of San Francicso was hostess at a most elaborate dinner at Coronado on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels who departed at the end of the week for Europe. The decorations of the round table which seated twelve represented the different stages of the journey, tiny trains bearing the labels of the different routes to be traveled, while in the center of the table was a copy of the "S. S. Imperator" sailing on a green sea. Fastened to each chair was a bright red balloon bearing the inscription "Bon Voyage." After dinner the guests attended the usual Saturday evening dance. Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Eliot of Pasadena were hosts Monday evening at a "Dutch supper" given in the grill. It proved a very gay affair. Mrs. Arthur J. Brander of Coronado has decided to take her son Reginald to England to school, and will leave Coronado on September 5. Mrs. Brander will remain abroad with her son and expects to be located about an hour's trip out of London. Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin of San Francisco spent the week-end at Coronado as did also Samuel Shortridge and Wakefield Baker.

"Isn't that fellow ever going to propose?"
"I guess not; he's like an hourglass."
"How's that?"
"The more time he gets, the less sand he has."

Is Beauty Worth 15c.? Chief among beauties is a radiant complexion. Because of its unequalled purity and unrivalled emollient qualities the one soap matchless for the complexion is

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15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Every "Equipoise" eyeglass

is adjusted by an expert to conform to every detail of your nose—after this the "Equipoise" eyeglass adapts itself automatically—no more bother or worry about your glasses slipping off.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Good Vaudeville

It's a rare vaudeville bill in which there lurks no test of patience for anybody. The purpose of vaudeville being to give pleasure to everybody naturally it must give displeasure to somebody, for such is taste in its variety that it is impossible for all hands to go from soup to nuts with equal gusto or without a show of disrespect to the cook. Nevertheless I will say with some degree of cocksureness that the Orpheum bill this week is not hard for anybody to take. And judging from the encores a whole audience can take it with great relish. The bill is unusual in more than one respect: there are no wild animals in it; no acrobats, and there is but one playlet, and that one is by George Ade, who couldn't be dull if he tried. The playlet "Speaking to Father" is a farce, typical in its sprightliness of the ultra-sophisticated humorist. and breezy from start to finish. There is more than one touch of quaintness to this week's bill. To be exact there are two. The first is given by Will Rogers, the Oklahoma cowboy, who can do many things with a rope, but who achieves distinction less by the dexterity with which he proves his calling than by his manner as a comedian. With perfectly simulated self-consciousness he hazards his witticisms in an apologetic fashion, sending ripples of merriment through the audience which soon realizes that the cowboy is a genuine wag who really enjoys his own jokes. Equally quaint is Walter Dickinson, who has created for himself the role of a rural magistrate on a Chautauqua tour. He not only looks the part but voices it and intones it. His inflections are as funny as his observations and his after-thoughts are convulsory. I have skimmed the cream of the bill, but there is considerable butter-fat in what remains. There is Rameses, the illusionist, himself an illusion, with a whole stageful of tricks; the Bell family—nine of them—wonderful bell ringers; two comic teams and Phina the dramatic comic singer with her grotesque colored partners, and not one stunt in the whole bunch a test of patience.

—T. B.

"Les Miserables" on the Film

It is interesting to note the changes which the moving picture producer made in "Les Miserables" before the novel was translated into film. To the outsider some of them appear to have been unnecessary; but the moving picture men are presumed to know their business, so it may be taken for granted that they were made for some good reason. In the story Jean Valjean is released from the galleys after nineteen years of hard labor. Thereafter he is hunted by Javert for robbing little Gervais of forty sous. He is finally taken and sent back to Toulon, but after rescuing a sailor from death he escapes, the authorities believing him drowned. In the film drama he escapes while serving his first sentence and is never sent back. So it is as an escaped convict that he robs the bishop who, by the way, appears in these pictures as a parish priest. The Gervais incident is omitted. The bishop sends Valjean to his brother, the proprietor of a glass beads factory, and Valjean succeeds to the business when the proprietor dies. This is not what Hugo told us. The Waterloo episode of the book is not even suggested by the pictures. In the book Jean discovers that Javert has taken up his trail in Paris and flies from his lodgings with Cosette. In the pictures Javert spies on him by boring a hole in the ceiling, and Jean discovers his danger when the plaster falls on him. This is an invention of the film producer. It will be remembered that when Jean and Cosette found the gardener at the Convent of the Bernardines the gardener told him that in order to get in he would first have to get out. The manner in which he got out—in a coffin—is not shown in the pictures, though this is one of the most thrilling scenes in "Les Miserables." Another thrilling scene, that in which Jean escapes from the trap set for him by the Thenardiers, is also left out. We miss too the elephant in which Gavroche sleeps. There is nothing of the escape of Thenardier and his accomplices from La Force. But while liberties have been taken with the story, the film of "Les Miserables" is intensely interesting. It holds the attention of an audience much more closely than most plays, and it must be remembered that it is as long as an ordinary play. Not to have seen the world's greatest novel as done into a movie is to have missed a treat.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Grace Cameron at the Empress

Grace Cameron, better known as the "Dolly Dimples Girl" who was a success in London, will be the star at the Empress next week. She is a clever comedienne and will be heard in the character songs she has sung the world over. The added attraction is "Dorothy's Playmates" a one-act musical fantasy booked especially for the children. Roberts, Hayes and Roberts will offer "On the Road," a comedy with comical situations and lively dancing. "A Night in Chinatown" is presented by Ralph Ash and Wynn Shaw. Hal Merritt is cartoonist and monologist. Harry Leander and his company of merry cyclists will provide more comedy. Two other features and the Essanceescope will complete the bill.

Geraldine Farrar Coming

Miss Geraldine Farrar will appear in concert at the Cort Sunday afternoon, October 5, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy. Geraldine Farrar has been before the public practically twenty-seven years, for she made her debut in a church in her home town of Melrose at the age of four. When she was seventeen she went abroad to pursue her studies, first under Trabadello in Paris, then Graziani in Berlin and finally Lilli Lehmann who to this day is her mentor in all things musical. At nineteen she made her debut in Berlin as Marguerite in "Faust," and now, just entering the thirties, she is the most loved and admired prima donna in the world and has been able to take all the success that has come to her and all the adulation which goes with it, and remain an unspoiled woman with a vast amount of the hard, common-sense which is the heritage of her New England ancestry.

"Bought and Paid For" at Cort

William A. Brady who can be relied upon to give us the best company and production possible, is sending for the second time "Bought and Paid For." San Francisco was so pleased with the play last year that the return engagement at the Cort, which begins Sunday night, promises to beat even last season's record. The play is by George Broadhurst and concerns a telephone girl who marries a millionaire whom she does not really love. Charles Richman will again head the notable company. Richman is a great favorite here. Other clever people in the organization are Kathleen McDonnell, Marie Nordstrom, William Harrigan, Allan Atwell, Dorothy Davies and Harry McFayden.

Madame Carusi, Harpist

In accordance with a fixed policy constantly to add novelties to the programs of the Kohler and Chase music matinees the management announces a new feature for the matinee this Saturday. This

"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"
Scene from the Great Broadhurst Drama of American Life, which returns to the Cort Theatre on Sunday Night, August 17.

[illegible] is to the management of a [illegible] theatre [illegible] manager. Thomas Jones who has [illegible] years and opened with success in Denver last fall has leased [illegible] Van Ness. This is the theatre [illegible] management with the leading [illegible] and a [illegible] will be [illegible] Jones is [illegible] and has [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Fear

By Filson Young

In my sleep in the stillest part of the night I became aware that something was moving. One of those outlying sentries of the brain which seem to be empowered to deal with mirror disturbances without awaking the general intelligence, registered it at first simply as movement, although not of a kind sufficient to alarm or awake me. But it was persistent; and, like one view dissolving into another on a screen, the state of dreams gradually gave way to a state of consciousness. Something was moving in the room, rustling and fidgeting with a noise that suggested some soft substance in contact with wires. I thought at first that my goldfinch, who dreams on a perch not far from my bed, was stirring in his sleep; but I have known him for years, and it is his habit to sleep as soundly as his master, and to make no movement until, when the curtains are withdrawn, he sings a short reveille and descends to his breakfast of teazle and thistle and cornflower seeds. But the noise continued; it was something like the sound of a bird jumping and fluttering in a cage; and, alarmed lest some malady should have visited my old friend, I slid out of bed and switched on the light. The noise ceased absolutely. There was my goldfinch with his crimson head under his brown wing, fast asleep in his accustomed place, and nothing stirred in the room. Not a little puzzled, I went back to bed and tried to sleep; but I had not been unconscious for many minutes when I was again aroused by the rustling and leaping, this time accompanied by an actual chirping which made me think that Sir Japp Silk (for that is the goldfinch's name; he used to be called Mr. Silk, and was created a baronet after his last moult) must be indulging in a seizure of some kind. But a certain definiteness in the sound directed my attention to the top of a cupboard in another part of the room, and there I remembered that an empty bird cage had been placed. I lay and listened; certainly the sounds of some creature demented, rustling and scrambling, shrieking and tumbling within the wires of the cage. And suddenly I remembered that some seed had been left in the bottom of the cage; some hungry mouse toiling up the stairs of three stories had discovered it, and was rioting and rejoicing in the possession of so excellent and abundant a repast. I stole out of bed and again switched on the light, and as the room sprang into brightness the scrambling stopped, and a dark object with a tail leaped out of the cage, ran along a shelf and down a curtain and disappeared behind a chest. I went back into bed, but had not been there five minutes before the scrambling recommenced, and with it the leapings and squeaks of excitement. I had left the light on and had only to open my eyes and look; and there sure enough was the mouse, nibbling and jumping with strange antics on the floor of the cage. I sat up; he turned and looked at me; and in the same instant fear laid hold upon him and me. We looked at one another in terror. Until he had seen me I had been conscious only of interest; but now that he was alarmed and stood for a paralyzed moment before running away I was conscious of being thoroughly frightened. I am not more fearful than most people, and in moments when danger of any kind has threatened me, I have only been aware of a slightly increased interest in life; but now I was conscious of fear, and could actually hear my heart thumping within me. For a moment the mouse stood up and looked at me, and then, with an incredible darting furtiveness, disappeared.

I turned the light out and returned to bed thoroughly shaken, my nerves on edge and my senses on the stretch for the first warning of the creature's return. I tried to quiet myself by analyzing this preposterous emotion; but I could come to no other conclusion than that it was the fear in the mouse's heart which had evoked and awakened fear in mine; and I tried to comfort myself with the reflection that I was only exemplifying in my own person the truth that fear begets fear. But my peace had been wrecked; an uncanny terror had entered my quiet room and inhabited there with me. I could not spend another night like that; so on my instructions a trap was set and by the time I retired to rest the next night I had forgotten my fear. But I was again awakened in the dead of night by scratching and chirping—this time, alas, from the place on the floor where the trap had been set. I tried to endure this for a little while, but fear and compassion both wrought in me to such an extent that I rose and gingerly picked up the trap, and, with a sinking heart, carried it to a place of execution. There by a familiar machinery I created a maelstrom, and, shutting my eyes, opened the trap and violently shook it. When I looked again the trap was empty and the mouse had disappeared. I returned to my couch literally shaking, and feeling like a murderer.

(Continued on Page 22.)

THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO

CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS AUG. 9, 1913

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$15,685,735.70
U. S. Bonds	2,100,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities	748,520.55
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	645,539.89
Cash and Sight Exchange	6,412.010.44
	$25,591,806.58

LIABILITIES

Capital	$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,046,254.32
Circulation	2,000,000.00
Letters of Credit	671,866.66
Deposits	17,873,685.60
	$25,591,806.58

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John Clausen ..... Manager Foreign Dept.

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Frank G. Drum	W. Gregg Jr.	George W. Scott

time it is the engagement of a harpist of international reputation. Madame Carusi who has been away for several years and appeared with success in Europe and the East, is again located in San Francisco. Prior to 1906 Madame Carusi was prominently associated with our leading operatic and symphony orchestras and appeared quite frequently as soloist, always scoring dintinct artistic triumphs. However, Madame Carusi's reputation has been international and she was known quite well before she ever came to this city. Besides being an excellent performer Madame Carusi is also a splendid composer, and she has composed some symphonic poems as well as other orchestral numbers. At present she is composing a grand opera that is likely to make a big name for her. There will be the usual excellent numbers for the Knabe player piano and the pipe organ. A number worthy of attention is a waltz entitled "Whispers of Love" to be played by the composer Mr. Vargas.

Edwards Davis at Orpheum

Edwards Davis and his company will head the Orpheum bill next week. Mr. Davis will present his symbolic drama "The Kingdom of Destiny," the scene of which is in the throne room of a king's palace. The Vanias, a quartette of grand opera soloists, will be heard in a song story called "The Fisherman's Betrothal." Miss Esther de Lour who is featured with the quartette, has been the soprano in the leading opera houses of Milan and Paris. She has a phenomenally high range, being able to reach with ease three notes higher than c. Direct from the Alhambra, London, come the Three Du-For Boys, popular dancers. They have a great variety of steps which they execute with neatness and ability. Williams, Thompson and Copeland will appear in a comedy called "The Burglar's Union." Next week will be the last of Will Rogers, Walter S. "Rube" Dickinson, Rameses and Milton Pollock and company in George Ade's "Speaking to Father."

Another Week of "The Rose"

In compliance with popular demand the Alcazar has decided to retain "The Rose of the Rancho" a second week, commencing Monday. This will be positively the last chance to see the famous Belasco-Tully play this season. It is the unanimous opinion that it has never been given a more perfect production in the Alcazar than now. While chief honors go to Bessie Barriscale, her associates come in for no small share of the plaudits.

"The Fall of Ug" at Tivoli

That eagerly anticipated event, the annual Bohemian Club concert, will take place at the Tivoli next Thursday afternoon, August 21, at three o'clock, when the wives and sweethearts, sisters, cousins and aunts of those who attended the presentation of Rufus Steele's "The Fall of Ug" at Bohemian Grove last Saturday night will be privileged to hear the beautiful music written by Herman Perlet for the play and to see the motion pictures of the notable production in the forest of redwoods. A symphony orchestra of seventy-five picked men under the direction of the composer will interpret the music. The big male chorus of husbandmen, shepherds, huntsmen and warriors will include seventy voices and as this will be the only public production of the work, the Tivoli which is admirably adapted to affairs of this kind, will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors. Seats will be on sale at the box office on and after Monday morning, at nine o'clock.

Knabe
PIANOS—GRAND AND UPRIGHT
Kohler & Chase
Sole Distributors 26 O'Farrell St., S. F.
KOHLER & CHASE BUILDING

Another Week of "The Chimes"

So great has been the success of "The Chimes of Normandy" at the Tivoli and so many have been the requests for a continuance of the thoroughly delightful comic opera that Manager W. H. Leahy has decided to suspend his rule limiting

EDWARDS DAVIS
Who will present "The Kingdom of Destiny" next week at the Orpheum.

a presentation to a single week and, in consequence, Planquette's charming work will be repeated for a second and last week, commencing Monday evening. This revival of "The Chimes" which has been a marked favorite with patrons of the Tivoli since 1880, is notable in every way and those of the "old guard" who can hark back to the first presentation here, when Hattie Moore and Harry Gates were in the cast, say that the opera has never been better sung and acted than on the present occasion.

Singing Tops Pantages Bill

It is rarely that a singing quartette carries the feature position at Pantages, but the success of the Victoria Four has earned them title honors in the bill next week. The four young men sing ragtime. Direct from the Crystal Music Hall, London, come the Eight English Roses who dance. Charlie Linholm will present his playlet "The Man From Minnesota." The Tyler St. Clair Trio render numbers on the marimophone. Edith Haney is a winsome comedienne. A bicycling act is shown by the Four McNutts. Dilla and Templeton in acrobatics complete the bill.

Tivoli Opera House---Special
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 21, at 3 o'clock
ANNUAL BOHEMIAN CLUB CONCERT
Symphony Orchestra of 75, under the Direction of
Herman Perlet
Chorus of 70 Voices
Motion Pictures of the Grove Play
"THE FALL OF UG"
Reserved Seats, $2.00, ready at Tivoli Box Office Monday, August 18, at 9 o'clock

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Monday Evening, August 18, and Throughout the Week
THE ALCAZAR COMPANY
With Forrest Stanley, Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman in
"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"
David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully's Play of Early California.
Capably Acted and Picturesquely Staged
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

Pantages Theatre
Market Street, Opposite Mason
London's Prize Beauties, Eight English Roses
Week Commencing August 17
A VAUDEVILLE SURPRISE
VICTORIA FOUR, America's Foremost Harmony Singers; DELLA and TEMPLETON, "The Goblin's Den;" TYLER ST. CLAIR TRIO, Marimbaphone Experts; FOUR McNUTTS, Wheeling Acrobats; DAINTY EDITH HANEY, Comedienne; CHAS. LINDHOLM COMPANY, in "The Man From Minnesota."
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
EDWARDS DAVIS, in His Allegory of Rhyme and Melody, "The Kingdom of Destiny"; THE VANIAS in a Song Story, "A Fisherman's Betrothal," Featuring Esther De Lour; THE THREE DU-FOR BOYS, the English Vaudeville Dancers; WILLIAMS, THOMPSON and COPELAND, Presenting "The Burglar's Union;" WILL ROGERS, the "Oklahoma Cowboy;" WALTER S. "RUBE" DICKINSON, "The ex-Justice of the Peace;" RAMESES in His Egyptian Temple of Magic; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES Showing Current Events. Last Week—MILTON POLLOCK and COMPANY in George Ade's New Comedy Playlet, "Speaking to Father."
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Phone Sutter 4200
Matinee Saturday and Sunday
COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18
Second and Last Week of
"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY"
Planquette's Delightful Comic Opera
A Perfect Presentation. Praised by Press and Public
Popular Prices—25c, 50c and 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Monday, August 25, "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time, Saturday Night
"LES MISERABLES"
(Photo-Drama)
STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 17
Two Weeks—Matinee Wednesday and Saturday
William A. Brady Ltd. Presents
The Dramatic Hit of the Cort's Last Season
"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"
By George Broadhurst
With CHARLES RICHMAN and a Notable Cast
Night, 50c to $1.50; $1.00 Wednesday Matinee

Empress Theatre
Direction SULLIVAN & CONSIDINE
SID GRAUMAN, Manager
COMMENCING AUGUST 17
Joe Maxwell Presents
"DOROTHY'S PLAYMATES"
GRACE CAMERON
ROBERTS, HAYES and ROBERTS
ASH and SHAW
HAL MERRITT
HARRY LEANDER
in "A Night on the Beach"
RAY FORD
ESSANCEESCOPE—LATEST VIEWS
Refined Vaudeville 8—Big S. & C. Acts Weekly—8

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In my sleep in the stillest part of the night I became aware that something was moving. One of those outlying sentries of the brain which seem to be empowered to deal with mirror disturbances without awaking the general intelligence, registered it at first simply as movement, although not of a kind sufficient to alarm or awake me. But it was persistent; and, like one view dissolving into another on a screen, the state of dreams gradually gave way to a state of consciousness. Something was moving in the room, rustling and fidgeting with a noise that suggested some soft substance in contact with wires. I thought at first that my goldfinch, who dreams on a perch not far from my bed, was stirring in his sleep; but I have known him for years, and it is his habit to sleep as soundly as his master, and to make no movement until, when the curtains are withdrawn, he sings a short reveille and descends to his breakfast of teazle and thistle and cornflower seeds. But the noise continued; it was something like the sound of a bird jumping and fluttering in a cage; and, alarmed lest some malady should have visited my old friend, I slid out of bed and switched on the light. The noise ceased absolutely. There was my goldfinch with his crimson head under his brown wing, fast asleep in his accustomed place, and nothing stirred in the room. Not a little puzzled, I went back to bed and tried to sleep; but I had not been unconscious for many minutes when I was again aroused by the rustling and leaping, this time accompanied by an actual chirping which made me think that Sir Japp Silk (for that is the goldfinch's name; he used to be called Mr. Silk, and was created a baronet after his last moult) must be indulging in a seizure of some kind. But a certain definiteness in the sound directed my attention to the top of a cupboard in another part of the room, and there I remembered that an empty bird cage had been placed. I lay and listened; certainly the sounds of some creature demented, rustling and scrambling, shrieking and tumbling within the wires of the cage. And suddenly I remembered that some seed had been left in the bottom of the cage; some hungry mouse toiling up the stairs of three stories had discovered it, and was rioting and rejoicing in the possession of so excellent and abundant a repast. I stole out of bed and again switched on the light, and as the room sprang into brightness the scrambling stopped, and a dark object with a tail leaped out of the cage, ran along a shelf and down a curtain and disappeared behind a chest. I went back into bed, but had not been there five minutes before the scrambling recommenced, and with it the leapings and squeaks of excitement. I had left the light on and had only to open my eyes and look; and there sure enough was the mouse, nibbling and jumping with strange antics on the floor of the cage. I sat up; he turned and looked at me; and in the same instant fear laid hold upon him and me. We looked at one another in terror. Until he had seen me I had been conscious only of interest; but now that he was alarmed and stood for a paralyzed moment before running away I was conscious of being thoroughly frightened. I am not more fearful than most people, and in moments when danger of any kind has threatened me, I have only been aware of a slightly increased interest in life; but now I was conscious of fear, and could actually hear my heart thumping within me. For a moment the mouse stood up and looked at me, and then, with an incredible darting furtiveness, disappeared.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Good news had little influence on the market last week. It sagged and grew dull because investors refused to follow the advance that had carried prices up from 5 to 12 points and the public would not speculate. Conditions warranted the rise that had taken place in the last six weeks and the improvement has been so devoid of spectacular features that it should have inspired more confidence. Europe has responded better to improved conditions than has the New York stock market, though the Berlin favorite, Canadian Pacific, has lost some ground. Crop news was less favorable last week as the government showed some deterioration in corn and prices for this commodity were steadily climbing. The cotton outlook is more favorable as it can stand hot weather better than usual and the damage caused by that is generally exaggerated at this season of the year. Winter wheat threshing returns are above the average and we have a fair oat crop so taken as a whole crop conditions are just a little below normal. As far as wheat is concerned the great feature is the strong export demand and the early movement for the southwest. This will give the farmer more money to spend and will make fall trade earlier and better than usual. It will also make the financing of the balance of the crop movement an easier task for the banks. Business must be good if the steel trade is a barometer. Both the reports of the Republic Iron and Steel and the U. S. Steel corporation were much better than expected by Wall Street or Pittsburgh. It proved that orders have not been cancelled to the extent of 5 per cent and that buyers are calling for prompt delivery. As nobody is buying more than he wants in the face of a change in the tariff the actual consumption must be unusually active. Manufacturers are not worrying much about the tariff and it would appear as if business had been readjusted to meet changed conditions.

Wheat—The wheat market at the present time does not present any very encouraging feature from an investment standpoint, even the volume of business is at present rather light and confined largely to hedging sales by interior elevator concerns and buying by Eastern export houses against sales of cash wheat. This seems to be about evenly balanced, although there is noticeable at times some demand from influential interests who evidently believe that with coarse grains at such a high price, and with the territory having such a large surplus of wheat raising, but very little corn or oats this year, conditions will adjust themselves and wheat prices eventually sell much higher. With a big spring wheat crop in the Northwestern States and the Canadian Northwest, we are assured, however, of ample supplies during the crop year and the milling demand is not particularly urgent at present. This trade seems inclined to anticipate their future wants only moderately. Receipts continue very large at all primary markets, but the clearances are also heavy showing that wheat and flour are being exported on an enormous scale this year, and our surplus may not prove as burdensome as a good many of the bears anticipate.

Corn—The corn market was the leader in all pits the past week and record prices for the new crop were made for this season of the year. Dry hot weather in big producing States has materially reduced the crop prospects. The corn belt of this country is in need of a good soaking rain, light showers with occasional thunderstorms in different sections do not have a tendency to make bumper crops. From our advices we think that west of the Missouri river corn is irreparably damaged and the yield will not be more than 50 per cent of normal. Missouri, many sections of Iowa, southern and central Illinois corn has suffered considerably. In some places where there has been no rain for several months the damage is beyond relief, and while a great many of the conservative interests are inclined to be skeptical, December corn at its present price, we think and all the corn furtures will sell at 75c and probably higher.

Cotton—The cotton market has been very quiet the past week with a downward tendency, all new crop options selling below 11c. More than an average crop is assured according to the report of the Southern commercial agent of a railroad traversing the cotton belt. Summarizing the crop prospect during the last two weeks he says: "It appears that the central belt will produce a bigger crop than in several years, that the eastern belt will have a good yield and that the out-turn in Texas is in the balance awaiting rainfall." Reliable private advices show that very excellent conditions obtain throughout the Mississippi Valley and that the crop is in a more promising condition than for several years. Timely and abundant rains have also fallen throughout Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas and all reports show that these States are making good progress. This leaves only Texas and Oklahoma suffering. It was there that the surprise in the government's figures came for a substantial loss in the percentage from one month ago was shown. The trouble in these two States arises from lack of rainfall. It is to be noted, however, in the case of Oklahoma that since the date of the completion of the official figures rains have fallen rather generally and the crop has therefore recovered something and is now growing and fruiting well. In Texas no rain has fallen in three to four weeks over the greater part of the central or black belt and over much of the eastern part of the State. Many report the plant as having now reached a stage that shuts off the likelihood of a large yield unless soaking rains come at once. As everyone knows who is familiar with cotton growing Texas is a State of extremes. When the rainfall is abundant the yield is heavy and exceeds anticipations whereas when drouth prevails it is often prolonged and acute. Another thing to watch is the boll weevil. This pest appears in destructive numbers in Mississippi and many crops that appeared very promising a short time ago are now found to be badly infested and the yield will be cut down one half. The plant and fruit have developed more rapidly than anticipated a few weeks ago. Open bolls are reported from the southern part of the delta and a fair August movement is expected now. Texas has begun to move cotton very freely and the gins in Southern Texas are busy. We look for lower prices.

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Have you not always some slight repair—stopped basin, broken window cord, or electric light won't work? We will assume all your repair expenses and bother for a small monthly rate. Our representative will call at your request.

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June 30, 1913

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

getting ten or twenty to make him wink at the violation of the law.

"Look at the result of early closing in Los Angeles. I believe there are twenty thousand 'bungalows' maintained in Los Angeles for improper purposes. The Los Angeles 'bungalow' corresponds to the London flat and the New York apartment. The rich Los Angeles man of loose morals keeps a 'bungalow' in addition to his home. At the 'bungalow' he does what the law forbids him to do elsewhere—he drinks, gambles, rags and entertains women.

"Isn't it manlier, healthier, better in every way to motor to the Cliff House for a rag and a drink than to sneak off to a Los Angeles bungalow? The bungalow is more dangerous to young girls than the Casino. Closed doors spell danger. What is clandestine is usually vicious. The man who sneaks behind a screen is an evil influence. In proportion to population there are more men keeping mistresses in New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles than in Chicago and San Francisco? Why? Because the lid is clamped tight in the three former cities. In Chicago and San Francisco men are not pointed out, talked about, ostracized for their petty peccadilloes. It is for the same reason that morality is higher in a big city than in a small town. Dig out the principle that underlies these facts and you'll be able to explain what I regard as undeniable—that France, despite the depravity of Paris, is the most virtuous country in the world.

"The reformer who is most eager to make other people moral is usually the man who knows least about actual conditions of morality and immorality. We are to have a referendum on the redlight law. I think the redlight will be upheld four to one. Why? Well, for one reason, because the voter in Imperial Valley or Del Norte reads the story of Alice Smith in the Bulletin and concludes that San Francisco is a loathsome sink of iniquity. He will vote to reform San Francisco of which he knows really nothing. If I am right the redlight law will remain on the statute books, for after an overwhelming expression of public opinion by means of a referendum vote, no legislature will dare to repeal it.

"A misfortune? I certainly think so. Fifteen years ago when I used to walk up Powell street to the Olympic Club I was accosted from ten to fifty times between Market and Post. For ten years I have not once been stopped by a streetwalker. You know the conditions which exist on the Strand in London and on the Frederickstrasse in Berlin where there is no segregation. Do we want prostitutes in the uptown restaurants? It's too bad we can't segregate the buncomen so they wouldn't meet the unwary. The prostitute preys like the buncoman.

"It's a curious thing, by the way, but every time I have ever entertained one of these legislative reformers from out of San Francisco—and it is sometimes to my interest to do so—I find them most attracted by one phase of our life. After a luncheon at Tait's, a motor ride through the Park to the Cliff House, a visit to the Mission Dolores, a view of the hills and of the bay and a dinner at the Palace, there is one invariable question. They have seen the ocean and a more glorious bay than the Bay of Naples, they have enjoyed the loveliness that is spread about us in such profusion. I am thinking of home and bed. Presumably they are sated with sight-seeing. But then comes the invariable question 'How about the Barbary Coast?'

"Politicians? Reformers? Guardians of San Francisco's virtue? Nonsense! Is it any wonder I say nine out of ten politicians are fakers? That not one reformer out of twenty is on the level?"

The Grave of The Horseman

(Continued from Page 8.)

reared, and lighting on a flat slab of rock which cropped up in the middle of the road, slipped sideways and fell with a loud crash, its shoes, in the last struggle to maintain its balance, sending a shower of sparks into the air. All passed as if by magic, and the man who but an instant previously had ridden so contentedly, lay a crushed mass of draggled white under the horse, which in a moment had regained its feet. He lay pale, but quite conscious, with his hand still clasped upon his rifle, looking up fiercely like a wounded animal awaiting the final stroke. His followers, hearing the noise, turned and surrounded him, glaring down at their wounded chief with hard, unsympathizing eyes. Not a word passed on either side, and then a Berber, mounted upon a sorrel colt with four white feet and a large blaze upon its nose, exclaimed, "God wishes it; Si Omar's day is done." Then, slowly levelling his gun, he shot his fallen chieftain through the body at short range, and all the rest, crowding about him as he lay bleeding on the ground, fired into him, spurring their horses over the prostrate body on the ground. Whether Si Omar died of the first shot, or whether, seeing his day was done, he set his teeth and died as a wild boar dies, silently, without a sign, none of his slayers knew. A cloud of dust hung in the air above the spot where men rode furiously about firing their guns and shouting, and then it cleared away, leaving a small, white bundle of torn rags upon the ground stained here and there with blood.

The white-maned chestnut which the dead man had ridden stood grazing quietly a hundred yards away, and the declining sun fell on the stony hill beyond the road, flushing it with a tinge of pinkish yellow, between the color of an old piece of ivory and a worn Roman brick. A league away Sefru lay sleeping in its orange groves, and from the plain below the road came up the bleating of the sheep as they were driven to the fold.

The slayers, pressing their Arab stirrups into their horses' sides, rode on a little, and as they passed an angle of the road, settling their flowing robes and loading up their rifles as they went, a Berber turned and, sitting sideways on his horse, fired a last shot at his dead chief, which struck the ground a little short and, flying upwards, flattened the bullet on a rock far up against the hill. The horsemen drew together, as if by instinct, just as a flight of birds collects after some incident which has broken up their ranks, and, swaying in their saddles easily, their long white selhams fluttering in the wind, they disappeared along the road.

About Solano City

It looks as if California is to have another big way of doing things to talk about. A new record is developing in the manner of putting a new city on the map. Tent cities, mining camps and mushroom towns have been known to spring up over night in this booming west, but probably never before have plans been made for a city of 75,000 inhabitants, permanent improvements begun for a city of 5000, and lots spoken for to accommodate enough business and industrial concerns to insure a bustling commercial center before a single lot was sold. This applies to Solano City. All the advance preparations have been made and the opening sale of the townsite is announced for Sunday, the 17th. Advertising an excursion for that day, A. J. Rich & Co. were swamped with applications that exceeded the capacity of the Oakland & Antioch trains. It became necessary to fall back upon the Southern Pacific for further accommodations. That the sale will be a record breaker was indicated early in the week when the division sales managers reported advance demands in excess of $100,000. Many of the first buyers will immediately begin the construction of business buildings. The coming of two electric lines, one to draw upon the whole Sacramento Valley with its terminus at Solano and the other to be the through line from Sacramento to the bay, added to the shipping canal, insure Solano's importance as a traffic center.

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Sixteenth Street Station. Phone Lakeside 1420

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM I. HARROLD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of William I. Harrold, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Reid & Dozier, No. 1103 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William I. Harrold, deceased.

R. FRANCIS HARROLD,
Administrator of the Estate of William I. Harrold, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 11, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 19th day of July, 1913.

REID & DOZIER, Attorneys for Administrator,
1103 First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,965.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in her lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings, certain real property situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: All of lots Twenty-one (21) and Twenty-two (22) of Block One Hundred and Seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Park Addition to the town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him, as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described, and it is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 22d day of August, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall, on Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted. It is further ordered that a copy of this notice and order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks before said day, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, July 11, 1913.

F. H. DUNNE,
Judge of the Superior Court.

HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Attorneys for Petitioner, 612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49,614.

LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Plaintiff.
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

"They say Blunderby fell in love with his wife at first sight."

"Yes, and only the other day I heard him wish that he had been gifted with second sight."

Fear

(Continued from Page 19.)

But, having embarked on this fatal path, I felt I must continue. Perhaps there were two mice; if so, justice must be done upon the second one; I would not have fear in the room with me. Again the trap was set, and again in the chill hours of the dawn I heard the scratchings and whimperings of a second prisoner. I lay and considered the horrors of the previous night, and that I must now rise and repeat them; and my blood froze at the thought. Not again, by my hand, that murderous act! I would leave it until the morning and let other hands do the fell deed. And I began to count the hours until my servant should call me and bring relief; but sleep had fled, the whimpering voice continued, and I could bear it no longer. Once more I rose up, determined to cast out fear once and for all. I grasped the trap, but as I approached the place of execution my heart totally failed me and my feet refused to continue in the way. Instead, I took another direction, turned down stairs still carrying the trap, until I had reached regions of the house quite unfamiliar to me. And here (to be truthful) I opened the trap and enlarged the mouse; and the last I saw of him was a disappearing tail that fled through an open grating to freedom and the vicinty of stables.

With a light heart I returned and with a perfect inward confidence that it would not be needed, reset the trap and returned to bed, and slept sweetly and dreamlessly until the morning. When I awoke the trap still gaped; and since that day neither mouse nor fear has visited me while I sleep.

Letters

"In Another Moment"

"In Another Moment" is the somewhat mystifying title chosen by Charles Belmont Davis for his new book. It is a story of stage life, more particularly that one phase of it, the show-girl who depends upon her striking appearance and the influence of some initiate for her chance to display her attractions. Histrionic ability she may possess and a willingness to work untiringly, but without looks and friends her foot will never rest on the first rung of the ladder. Fay Clayton had even the sort of genuine romantic interest which is the joy of the press agent, for she was a waif, the only survivor of a shipwreck on the Jersey coast, and had been adopted by a family of fisher folk who though poor had done their best for her and invested her with a romantic halo of fortune and family somewhere in the background. The village in which she grew up had recently been transformed into a summer resort, and thither there drifted one Max Lusk, a New York broker of a shady type who was attracted by the possibilities of the big eyes, red hair and glorious complexion of the village beauty and conceived a project of luring her to the metropolis for his own purposes. With more subtlety than would have been

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expected of him, Lusk first acquainted himself with the circumstances of her life and satisfied himself that on the girl's part there was more than a passing interest in Porter Fielding, her old schoolmate and companion, and his first step was to offer to Fielding a clerkship in his office, under the pretense of personal interest in the youth, convinced that once Fielding was established in New York it would be a simple matter to lead the unsophisticated girl to follow. Fielding was an average American youth, good looking, not particularly energetic and comfortably selfish. There was no engagement between him and Fay Clayton, but by and by, when he could afford the luxury of a wife without sacrificing his own comfort, he would probably marry her. Meanwhile of course she was to preserve herself for him. The first few weeks of their residence in New York were decidedly unconventional, for neither knew any reason why their village standard should not prevail, and the family with which Fay found shelter was the last to suggest anything better. They had always straggled on the outskirts of the profession, "Pop" the grandfather having been in his time a patent medicine fakir, the mother had once been on the stage in some capacity herself, the daughter Doris, then a chorus girl, and the only honest or industrious member of the household, and Angie, a pink and white doll-cousin, who, like her aunt, Mrs. Yorke, was a professional grafter intent on getting something from every man, old or young, with whom she came into contact. Through the influence of Lusk, Fay Clayton had no difficulty in finding an early engagement as one of the eight show girls in a new production. According to village standards she had a good salary, but according to metropolitan demands she found herself ere long in debt, and escaped her first pitfalls only through the wise counsel of Doris Yorke. But Fay Clayton soon began to discover that despite good resolutions and intentions she could not keep herself aloof from her workmates. The countless little interchanges of courtesies and the invitations heedlessly accepted established customs and made standards. The gay suppers and private room dances and the attentions they implied had their effect on both character and reputation. A revulsion from this life and a rigidly puritanic existence of hard work, insufficient food and little comfort did not improve matters for her, and in the course of about six months from the time when she embarked on her career she had reached the jumping-off place, when once more, as had happened to her at other crises, a hand was stretched out to save her from the fate that would have been hers in another moment. That hand was not Porter Fielding's, for society wears a different face for the unattached youth of fairly decent habits who comes to seek his fortune in the city and has the good luck to attract the attention of a man of wealth. It was his part to condemn but never to help, though perhaps that would have made little difference. Nothing would be a lesson if it did not come too late, and the chances are that the very means which it is asserted would have averted disaster, would have been scorned if offered in time. In view of all the agitation over "white slavery" and the glorification of mere physical motherhood, it is appropriate to quote this arraignment by Doris Yorke: "Mother, for the yast five years I have worked for you, and for Angie, and for Pop, and you have all lived pretty much on what I have earned. I know I haven't made much, but what I made you got. And besides that I have gone to men for money to pay the rent and the bills, and because these boys were kind and easy and because they were sorry for me, they gave up. And during all that time, ever since I was fourteen years old, there has never been a moment that you wouldn't have sold me to the highest bidder. You've never had the nerve to say it in so many words, but I know, I know, mother, I know. They talk about the men in this town, and the harm they do to girls on the stage, and, God knows, the men are bad enough; but how about the mothers who have daughters in the show business, and who drive their girls out, not for what there is in it for the girls, but for what they can get out of it themselves? It isn't the girls and it isn't the men. Believe me, it is the mothers, like you, who are crazy for hats and new dresses, that send most of the girls to the devil in this town."—From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Whom the Gods Would Destroy

Desperation which is the offspring of fear has a tendency to do silly and ill-considered things, and hence it often becomes its own executioner and revenges its misfortune on its own head. Abe Ruef gave us an illustration when, trembling on the brink, he seized the District Attorney's office, a piece of strategy that inflamed and infuriated public sentiment more than all the arrogance and corruption that had previously marked his revolting political career. Now it would seem from what occurred on the ocean beach last Sunday that despair is already beleaguering the soul of Mayor Rolph. The Mayor has probably heard rumors that have disquieted him, rumors that the extravagance of his administration has become intolerable to a great many people and that their resentment may express itself in a demand for an election not at all to his liking. How else are we to account for the total extinction of his moral sense that was evidenced last Sunday by the unscrupulous scheme of policy carried out by his little band of taxeaters on the ocean beach? Was ever Abe Ruef guilty of greater imprudence or impudence? Nothing to parallel the mean, contemptible sham of the whole performance is to be found in the political history of this city. A meeting was called at public expense ostensibly to celebrate an epochal event. The dogs in the street know that such was not the purpose of the meeting at all. The plain, unvarnished truth of the whole matter is that the Mayor pulled off a theatrical and political stunt wholly in the interest of the bond issue propaganda. In other words he practiced a slimy bit of transparent deception. His purpose was to utilize the sun-bathing Sabbath throng to create the impression that there is great enthusiasm for the scheme to gratify the vulturous greediness of himself and his associate taxeaters at the expense of the taxpayers of the city. It is bad enough for him to misuse the official prestige bestowed upon him by the people who support the municipal government, but he goes further and spends the money contributed by those people to conduct a fake celebration calculated to mislead public sentiment. Not only that: in the madness of his desperation we find him employing the police power to prevent a citizen and taxpayer from holding a rival meeting. The arrogance of Abe Ruef never went that far. On one or two occasions the right of free speech has been interdicted in this city, but never before by a mayor for the purpose of preventing dissent from his own views on a matter of vital interest to all the people. True the ugly business was not personally conducted by Mayor Rolph. But if he had not the nerve to attend the meeting, (the first big public affair he ever deemed it advisable to sidestep) he cannot escape the odium of it. The meeting was held under his auspices and personally conducted by his secretary, a former Examiner reporter and political henchman of W. R. Hearst. And it was this taxeater who invoked the power of the Mayor to destroy the right of free speech. The pangs of retribution come upon men before they are aware. We wonder, James, whether thou art still insensible of them If so be not deceived. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap. The shadow of Hearst is on thee! Serve thy master and win his battles for him, yet wilt thou bear thy burden. Whom Hearst loveth he chasteneth, (ask Sulzer), and the people, they may be slow, but they will clear all scores with thee, never fear!

The Sulzer Drama

The downfall of Governor Sulzer is just plain comedy drama, but reformers who hate to see one of their own kind brought to book would have us believe that it is harrowing melodrama with the Tammany tiger in the role of heavy villain. They have invented a story to the effect that Tammany contrived a trap for Sulzer and then lured him into it. The trap was set in the stock market, according to the Sulzer apologists, and it was by speculating in the stock market that the Governor laid a foundation for his impeachment. The Governor and his apologists are birds of a feather. They have no more respect for truth than a Digger Indian has for soap. The testimony taken at Albany proves that Sulzer was a Wall street speculator long before he fell out with Tammany, and it is clear that he might have gone on speculating in Wall street without playing into the hands of his enemies had he not been absolutely dishonest. It was not because he spent campaign contributions in Wall street that he rendered himself liable to impeachment; it was because he perjured himself respecting his receipts for campaign purposes, and Tammany had no hand in prompting him to the commission of that crime. The foundation for the impeachment of William Sulzer, to be exact, was laid by William Sulzer himself, and that is one reason why the drama is comedy drama. And there is a circumstance that gives it a romantic flavor, the circumstance that Sulzer began the work of his own undoing long before he committed the crime discovered by Tammany. If there was any trap set it was set by Sulzer the demagogue to catch Sulzer the Governor. Sulzer was the author of the Corrupt Practices act in the statute books of the State of New York. His paternity was one of his proudest achievements, and he frequently pointed to it during the gubernatorial campaign. Sulzer the demagogue was strong for purity in politics, and as a member of Congress he was an ardent advocate of a Federal campaign contribution bill. Speaking for that bill he pronounced it the most important measure before the House. "It concerns the honor of the country," he said. "The honest people of the land want it passed. Recent investigations conclusively demonstrate how important to all the people of the country is the speedy enactment of this bill." With the characteristic glibness of the unscrupulous demagogue Sulzer was wont to prate perfervidly of "honor" and "honesty," and the desires of the "pee-pul." And now that this facile rider of a hobby has come a cropper, surely there is more reason for rejoicing than for sobbing. Men of the Sulzer type, the plausible demagogues who keep out of the penitentiary by keeping in public office, are not to be mourned when their political career is brought to a close. As there is no telling to what heights they may rise, what vicious expedients they may adopt for their selfish ends, or what pernicious precedents may be established in the course of their onward march, whenever one of them is rendered innocuous it is a blessing beyond appraisement.

Newspaper Consolidation

The consolidation of the Call out of existence appears to be a fine stroke of business. It will certainly prove highly advantageous to the Chronicle inasmuch as our esteemed contemporary will be justified in raising its advertising rates. But it remains to be seen whether two dailies will be permitted to monopolize the morning newspaper field which is now so inviting. The supposition is that as the Call's Associated Press franchise has been absorbed it would be futile for anybody to attempt to get a foothold with another morning daily, but it has been demonstrated in the evening field that the Associated Press service is not essential to existence. Why may not the same thing be done in the morning field? And why, by the way, should Mr. Hearst continue to be the only man with a string of dailies? Suppose the owners of the New York World, who are also the owners of the leading St. Louis daily, should decide to expand

their business? Would it be impossible for them to get a foothold in San Francisco with a Democratic daily? It seems rather curious that a city which once had four morning dailies should now have only two, especially as the population has doubled since the days of keener competition. The truth is, however, that San Francisco never supported more than three morning dailies, and then for but a short time. When the Alta was in existence it lost money, and so did the Examiner. The Call and Chronicle had the cream of the business. The Examiner forged ahead, and the Alta perished of inanition. Then the Call began to lag behind, and the Examiner raised its advertising rates so rapidly that business men could not afford to distribute their patronage among three morning dailies. It is a case of the survival of the fittest—of the two papers that have been most consistent in their antithetic policies of radicalism and conservatism, of hysteria for the mob and plain statements for the intelligent. How striking is the illustration of those two policies in the respective attitudes of the Chronicle and the Examiner toward the bond issue proposal! We find one shrieking its appeals to prejudice and spleen at the top of its voice, the other addressing its arguments in an undertone to common sense. Yet there appears to be some doubt as to the outcome.

Trusts Expanding Trade

There was a time when the people of this country could not eat the food they raised. That was when our exports were exclusively agricultural. Now we can hardly raise the food we eat, but while there has been an astonishing decrease of our agricultural exports there has been an equally astonishing increase of our manufactures in foreign trade. This is news, however, that may not be gratifying to our vociferous guides of public sentiment, as it appears that it is the trusts that are building up our commerce with foreign countries. The Steel Trust, the Oil Trust and the Harvester Trust have succeeded in doing what their component corporations never were able to do. It was no easy matter to break into the foreign markets that were preempted in the days when we were importers. The possessors of those markets were averse to new competitors. It was necessary for American trusts to establish warehouses all over the world and to keep thousands of tons afloat ready for sale according to market variations. In some countries our Government had to take a hand in defending American trade against foreign attack. It defended abroad the very trusts it was fighting at home, and as a result American manufactures are leaping forth to the commercial conquest of the world. The foreign trade of the Harvester Trust, for example, has increased fivefold in ten years. It constitutes forty per cent of the entire business of the company. Our total exports of manufactures now exceed $1,500,000,000 annually, most of which money goes into the pockets of our big Captains of Industry, the men who are abhorred by the most virtuous of our publicists and statesmen. To be sure no inconsiderable portion of the profits of industry that come from foreign parts goes to the workers in our factories, but nevertheless the fact must not be lost sight of that the trust is a combination in restraint of trade. As such the trust is not to be tolerated; not at least until our politicians find that their hostility to combinations of capital has ceased to be profitable.

Busybody Weinstock Again!

Our distinguished fellow-citizen Colonel Harris Weinstock has returned from foreign parts with a plan for the relief of our farmers whereby they will be able to borrow all the money they want whenever they want it without shouldering any oppressive burdens. Colonel Weinstock is not singular in holding the belief that the American farmer is constantly in need of assistance or in assuming that we are behind the times and hopelessly unprogressive because we have not adopted the many paternalistic schemes of government which foreign peoples have found essential to their existence. Colonel Weinstock like most of our idealists and half-baked philosophers, is a superficial observer and shallow thinker. There is a vast difference between the lot of the American farmer and the lot of the farmer of any European country, but this difference has made no impression on the Colonel's intellectuals. The trouble with the American farmer is not that he is sadly neglected but that he is preposterously pampered. And the pampering of the American farmer has worked ill to the whole country. We are not insensible of the importance of the part played by the farmer in the scheme of things. We understand that agriculture is the foundation of manufactures; we know how much he deserves of mankind who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before; and we believe with Cowley that if heraldry had been guided by reason there would have been contempt for lilies and lions in fields d'or and fields d'argent and the highest esteem for a plain plough in a field arable; but nevertheless we have no great concern at present for the American farmer. He is our most prosperous citizen. A stranger to drudgery, he has passion for the pleasures of luxury and the splendid way of life, which he indulges to his heart's content. If Colonel Weinstock will study the agricultural statistics of the nations of the earth, he will find that what Hume discovered to be the misfortune once of France, Italy and Spain is now the misfortune of this country. The superior richness of the soil and benignity of the climate of those Latin countries, says Hume, made agriculture easy and the soil was not made to yield its utmost. Today the only indolent farmer in the world is the American farmer. Statistics show that even where the soil in this country is most fertile, the climate most propitious, the yield per acre is much less than anywhere else in the world. It would seem then that what we need is not the realization of the scheme picked up abroad by Colonel Weinstock but some expedient for promoting industry in our agricultural regions. Prosperity is enervating the farmer. Yet our statesmen are for pampering him all the more while poverty as a result of the high cost of living grows apace in the cities. What a difference between farm life in this country and farm life in England! The other day a farm laborer and his wife received a prize at the Lincoln Agricultural Show for bringing up a large family on low wages. That is the sort of thing they have been brought to encourage in England, a country to which our Progressive statesmen point whenever they propose a bit of radical legislation as evidence of their devotion to the plain people. The prize was awarded to the laborer and his wife for bringing up fifteen children on fifteen shillings a week. "They have never been able to afford a holiday," says the Daily Mirror enthusiastically, "but still are able to say 'We have nothing to grumble at.'" Could anything be more deplorable than encouragement of acquiescence in this sort of thing? The woman relating her experiences to a reporter told him that her husband had formerly worked as a hostler from 4 a. m. to 7 p. m.—that is fifteen hours a day; a case of fifteen hours, fifteen shillings, fifteen children. "Many is the time," said the poor woman, "that things have been so bad with us that we have had nothing but bread for our meals, and could not even afford dripping. At other times we have had to sit down to a basin of gruel for dinner. You see, with so many to feed, even bread alone took a lot out of fifteen shillings a week. A loaf costing fivepence ha'-penny used to go at one meal." And there are no I. W. W.'s in England! The grinding poverty of the rural districts of England is about the same today as it was when Carlyle wrote his terrible indictment in "Past and Present," but there has been no end of so-called remedial legislation—all in vain. We have no objection to remedial legislation when there is anything to be remedied, but we are impatient of the limelight philosophers who go about promoting unrest by peddling foreign panaceas and pretending to believe that there is urgent demand for them.

A Plea For Less Purity

With all our frivolity and love of nonsense we are a serious people, and we busy ourselves about morals with a kind of pompous futility which would be ridiculous were it not so entirely tragical. The work of reformation and regulation is continuous, but no one thing occupies our attention for any great while. We are a nation of incensed porcupines darting quills at the objects of our virtuous indignation, but we are fickle in our attentions. One day we are regulating the railroads, the next day we are preoccupied with Wall street, and presently all our attention is concentrated on the social evil, which problem we purpose solving by establishing a minimum wage and straightway forget all about it. At this moment we are in the midst of a thrilling pantomime. Harlequin Virtue is

carrying on an unsavory intrigue with Mrs. Grundy and the smug old Columbine Cant with tongue in cheek is blushing behind a fan in the ballet of morality. Widespread and insistent is the passion for sexual cleanliness, and with a big stick frail man is being driven up an acclivity out of the noxious vapors that garb his vulgar cravings into a purer atmosphere where, like Satan, he will feel how awful goodness is. The prevailing propaganda is for the regulation of the sex instinct. It is as though the reins of government had been seized by a cult of sour old maids and neglected wives. For it is clear that this is not a moral propaganda. Its purpose is not the purification of society. It is imbued with nothing more than the national passion for regulation, and it is animated by the self-righteousness that flatters itself by paying homage to decency. It is not to be gainsaid that sexual cleanliness, or morality in its narrowest phase, is much to be desired, but if an aroused public sentiment were really demanding it the home is the place where the work of purification would begin. But the home which was once an institution has ceased to be even a sentiment, and marriage has come to be regarded as the price paid by fools for their folly. Men and women are privileged to give as much rein to their sexual passion as they please provided they take the precaution to pay deference to a certain legal formula, and neither public sentiment nor law will restrain them from going as far as they like, but promiscuity without formula is absolutely forbidden, and it becomes a very serious matter if it be carried over the border of a State. On the other hand, it may result in exhilarating entertainment for the people as in the Diggs and Caminetti cases. These are cases that illustrate at once the absurdity, the tragedy and the pharisaism of the whole nasty business. Consider how the cause of virtue and decency has been served by the zealous officials who started the prosecution in deference to the hypocrisy embodied in the Mann law. This nauseous drama depicting the shame of two unfortunate girls would never be permitted in the theatre, but in the name of justice it may be staged in court in all its pungent salacity and there it may titillate the emotions of the prurient of both sexes, and it may serve as material for pages of obscene reading matter in the public prints. Doubtless many of the women who listened with all their ears to the disgusting testimony of the Diggs case and who were impressed with evidence of the libidinous vitality of youth are among the enthusiastic propagandists for the regulation of the sex instinct. And doubtless since their experience of the refreshing trial they have mourned the escape of the Austrian Prince who was indicted for carrying on an international love affair with a laundress from Vienna. But they cannot blame Uncle Sam for indifference to the potentialities of that spicy scandal. It would seem that as the nobleman is considered too impure to exhale himself in the atmosphere of our virtuous country his departure was what was devoutly to be wished. But in one of those spasms of virtuous indignation that so frequently seize Los Angeles it was felt that in the interest of public morals the people should hear all about the intrigue with the laundress. So the nobleman was indicted, and a revenue cutter was sent out to the steamship Empress of Russia to beg the captain to steer into American waters that his distinguished passenger might be intercepted on his honeymoon trip. What a spectacle for gods and men! Here was Uncle Sam doing his best to gratify the revenge of a draggle-tailed drab from Vienna, and all in vain because of the inability of the captain to sympathize with the American thirst for scandal. Thus were the good dames of the W. C. T. U. who have been thrilled and shocked by the Portola poster and all the other feminine purists who would abate the sexual instinct cheated of their prey and denied the delectation that flows from the pigstye drama in its colorful variety. While we Americans can never have too much respect for the instinct which man has in common with the beast of the field, we can hear too much about it, and such is the case at present. Too many folk have it on the brain, and they have brought about a state of affairs that gives the impression that we are a nation of moral invalids and moral lunatics with enthusiasm for nothing but the purging of the country of sexual passion as though it were a frightful pestilence. One of the least important of the virtues of the male biped is chastity; and a woman may be continent without being good or even fit to associate with respectable people. The only fatal thing in life is the shamming of virtue and decency, and that is a thing encouraged by the Mann law which is far from being essential to the welfare of the nation. If the Mann law had been enacted in England a little over a hundred years ago Lord Nelson would have been in jail instead of at the Battle of the Nile, and George Eliot might never have written some of her moral essays.

Perspective Impressions

Harry Thaw might seek safety in Mexico where Huerta needs good shots.

Auctioneer, pulpiteer, yellow journalist! It is hard to say whether Dr. Aked is progressing, retrograding or standing still.

There are many remedies for each of the ills of society and all of them infallible, which proves that politicians can circumvent God.

The members of Dr. Aked's congregation are indebted to the Examiner for throwing a white light on their darling minister.

This is the halcyon day of the irresistible conscience ranging at large over the trivial, breaking butterflies on wheels and magnifying molehills into mountains of sin.

Everybody in the Nineteenth Senatorial District is to have a chance to vote for the recall of Senator Grant, the man who helped to put the lid on San Francisco. Seems as though Providence were trying to prove to us that the recall isn't wholly the work of Satan.

Evelyn Thaw loved her baby so much that she took him up in a monoplane.

The trouble about campaign contributions is that if you don't get them you can't run, while if you get them and win you are likely to be run out of office.

It seems to require freedom from conscience and a shortage of self-respect to invent an argument in favor of the bond issue.

"Women will listen to Heney and Dwyer."—Examiner headline.

Next time it will be babes and sucklings.

"Ella Wheeler Wilcox praises Hall Caine's novel."—The Examiner.

Which makes it a cinch that Hearst is publishing it.

Of course Sulzer wouldn't blame it on his wife! But who suggested the line of defense? Perhaps it was Tom Lawson, a man of wonderful imagination and so constituted that he has a fellow feeling for the most despicable figure in the history of American politics.

Perhaps Jim will be remembered as the man we recalled.

Where is the Democrat who used to say that Sulzer looked like Henry Clay?

The Examiner tells us that Walter Macarthur is for the bond issue, but neglects to add that so are the I. W. W.'s.

Lillian Russell has been a protectionist ever since she dined with President McKinley. Perhaps President Wilson could convert her to low tariff by asking her to luncheon.

A girl was arrested the other day for having a pistol strapped to her knee. An X-ray skirt would have saved her from the charge of carrying concealed weapons.

Now it is suggested that men should be required to wear skirts when swimming. Come to think of it, why should any complete man be permitted in these days of morbid modesty and preposterous prudery to go without skirts at any time?

Varied Types

CEL—SEUMAS O'BRIEN

By Edward F. O'Day

SUTRO & COMPANY
410 MONTGOMERY ST.

Members San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

The People's Forum

The Irish Drama

Editor, Town Talk, Sir: Although L. R. F. has offered no further arguments I shall with your kind permission try to explain more fully a few of the chief reasons on account of which I, in common with the majority of Irishmen, object to the greater part of the drama produced by the Abbey Theatre, and particularly to that of J. M. Synge. I do not expect that anything I have to say will prevail with L. R. F., but I have hopes of convincing the more fair-minded of your readers that the attitude we have taken is not wholly devoid of reason.

In the first place, I repeat again that this so-called "Irish" drama is not what it purports to be, or what it has been widely accepted for—typically Irish. Not only does it misrepresent the people of Ireland but it is the lowest kind of travesty: its offensiveness is all the greater for the art which has been prostituted to spread it. But it is the support it lends to one of the cruelest calumnies that ever defamed a nation that makes it especially galling. In a matter of vital concern to a people who has a claim to be heard in preference to themselves? Of the character estimate that Synge and Co. have offered to the world Ireland has as good a right to be the judge as England and the United States have to exclude emigrants from China and Japan. To most people their good name means as much as life or property.

But says L. R. F.: "One does not have to go outside of Ireland to find praise of the Irish drama." Unfortunately that is true, but it is easily explained, and its explanation supplies one of our greatest objections. Everybody acquainted with Irish history knows that there is and has been for hundreds of years in Ireland a planted Protestant minority known as The Ascendancy, in the interests of which the great majority has been bled almost white. When England had done her best to brutalize the Catholic majority by depriving them of education, by pillaging and confiscating their churches and monasteries, by robbing them through taxation and landlordism of the very necessaries of life, by placing them in a condition worse than any slavery that was ever devised, when she was fairly satisfied with her work she held up her victim for the scorn and the ridicule of the world. And because she was powerful and influential, because the Irish were suffering for the sake of a hated religion, the world, or at least the bigoted and prejudiced part of it howled "Crucify them, crucify them." Anything was good enough for "the dirty, ignorant papists." But what, you may say, has the past to do with modern Irish drama? This much: that modern Irish drama by picturing the Irish as it does gives strong indirect support to the charge of brutishness and barbarianism upon which the treatment described has been defended and justified. Hence we can easily see why there should be praise in Ireland for Synge's drama. On the very same plea of Catholic inferiority and civic unfitness the Orange minority and their supporters in England and Scotland are today fighting to the death for the preservation of that great bulwark of Ascendancy Dublin Castle, which, I may explain, is an irresponsible body of sixty-seven officials, sixty of whom are Protestants, all of whom are appointed by the Crown for life, and given practically full control of every department of national activity that is vital to the welfare and happiness of the people. L. R. F. could find, had he looked for them, not only two Orange newspapers lauding the "Irish" drama, but scores of Tory journals and magazines; and if he happened to be in any of the English theatres when this drama was being staged he would hear such remarks from the audience as: "Are these buffoons and barbarians the people to whom we are asked to entrust the liberties and safety of our loyal Ulster kinsmen? Sha!"

As stated in a previous letter Synge was mainly responsible for the spirit and character of the Abbey Theatre drama. His co-laborers were guided by him. Now I submit that no matter how intentioned Synge might be he was incapable of portraying the Irish people with any degree of substantial accuracy or truthfulness. The Ireland that has been before the eyes of the world, the Ireland that has suffered martyrdom, the Ireland that has fought her way to freedom, the Ireland that is characteristically Irish, is not the Ireland of the Ascendancy, but Catholic Ireland. This Ireland Synge was unable to penetrate or to understand. I don't mean to insinuate that the Orangeman is not Irish. But heretofore that gentleman cared nothing for the great majority of his countrymen; he had no interest whatever in their welfare; for all intents and purposes (except a twelfth of July fight) they were to him an unknown people. Synge was born and reared in Ascendancy. He was educated at Trinity College, the Ascendancy university. After leaving college he followed a career of literature in France, Germany, and Italy, imbibing to the full the agnosticism of these countries. Meeting with Yeats in Paris he was advised by the latter that there was a much better field for him in the bleak and barren islands of the west coast of Ireland. Thither he went, and there he began to study a people with whom he had nothing in common, and from whom he was as different as he could possibly be. The dominating element in the character of these islanders, and in that of the people of Ireland generally, is intense Catholicism, and Catholicism to Synge was, in the language of Scripture, foolishness. It is well nigh impossible to explain the influence and bearing of Catholic faith upon a people's life. As men like Cardinal Newman, Professor Von Ruville, Monsignor Benson and other noted converts have declared, Catholicism is bewildering to the Protestant mind. Synge simply observed the Arran Islanders from the outside just as a botanist would examine a plant. He was no more able to understand the main spring of their peculiar character, or to identify himself with their life than said botanist and plant could ever become one. And he told somebody as much, but whom I cannot recall. Anyhow he never intended to picture what was typical, at least as such. One of his biographers tells us that if there was not an unchaste woman in Ireland he would have invented one, and that before his death he contemplated going to the slums of Dublin for the material of a new play. This shows us the character of the man. He did not care about the nature of the material provided he could manufacture it into drama. Such an attitude may be theoretically correct from the point of view of mere art, but since ordinary people are not sticks or stones, but flesh and blood, since they may be ennobled or degraded by what they see or hear, appeals to their animal passions and their baser instincts no matter how attractively clothed with art will ever be reprobated not only by the moralist, but by every individual who is striving to be decent and good.

Synge and his drama may be cherished by a certain class who think they make up the world; so are Moore and Shaw and their ilk; and so too is the San Francisco Bulletin.

Ireland has undoubtedly a great storehouse of rich dramatic material, but she has a right to expect civil if not courteous treatment from those who come to borrow it. If such deliberately use it to desecrate and scoff at what is nearest and dearest to her they deserve castigation not only from her whom they insult but from everybody in whom there is a spark of decency and honor.

Respectfully,

—Celt.

A Dead Harvest in Kensington Gardens

By Alice Meynell

Along the graceless grass of town
They rake the rows of red and brown—
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay
Delicate, touched with gold and gray,
Raked long ago and far away.

A narrow silence in the park,
Between the lights a narrow dark.
One street rolls on the north; and one,
Muffled, upon the south doth run;
Amidst the mist the work is done.

A futile crop!—for it the fire
Smolders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the sheddings of the trees;
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

Violence

By Algernon Blackwood

"But what seems so odd to me, so horribly pathetic, is that such people don't resist," said Leidall, suddenly entering the conversation. The intensity of his tone startled everybody; passionate, yet with a beseeching touch that made the women feel uncomfortable a little. "As a rule, I'm told, they submit willingly, almost as though———"

He hesitated, grew confused, and dropped his glance to the floor; and a smartly-dressed lady, eager to be heard, seized the opening. "Oh, come now," she laughed; "one always hears of a man being put into a strait waistcoat. I'm sure he doesn't slip it on as if he were going to a dance!" And she looked flippantly at Leidall, whose casual manners she resented. "People are put under restraint. It's not in human nature to accept it—healthy human nature, that is?" But for some reason no one took her question up. "That is so, I believe; yes," a polite voice murmured, while the group at tea in a Dover street club turned with one accord to Leidall as to one whose interesting sentence still remained unfinished. He had not spoken before, and a silent man is ever credited with wisdom.

"As though—you were just saying, Mr. Leidall?" a quiet little man in a dark corner helped him.

"As though—I meant—a man in that condition of mind is not insane—all through," Leidall continued stammeringly; "but that some wise portion of him watches the proceeding with gratitude, and welcomes the protection against himself. It seems awfully pathetic. Still," again hesitating and fumbling in his speech—"er—it seems queer to me that he should yield quietly to enforced restraint—the waistcoat, handcuffs and the rest." He looked hurriedly, half suspiciously, round the faces in the circle, then dropped his eyes again to the floor. He sighed, leaning back in his chair. "I cannot understand it," he added, as no one spoke, but in a very low voice, and almost to himself, "One would expect them to struggle furiously."

Someone had mentioned that remarkable book, "The Mind That Found Itself," and the conversation had slipped into this serious vein. The ladies did not like it. What kept it alive was the fact that the silent Leidall, with his handsome, melancholy face, had suddenly waked up into speech, and that the little man half invisible in his dark corner, was assistant to one of London's great hypnotic doctors, who could, an he would, tell interesting and terrible things. No one cared to ask the direct question, but all hoped for revelations, possibly about people they actually knew. It was a very ordinary tea-party indeed. And this little man now spoke, though hardly in the desired vein. He addressed his remarks to Leidall across the disappointed lady.

"I think, probably, your explanation is the true one," he said gently, "for madness in its commoner forms is merely want of proportion; the mind gets out of the right and proper relations with its environment. The majority of madmen are mad on one thing only, while the rest of them is as sane as myself—or you."

The words fell into the silence. Leidall bowed his agreement, saying no actual word. The ladies fidgetted. Some one made a jocular remark to the effect that most of the world was mad anyhow and the conversation shifted with relief into a lighter vein—the scandal in the family of a politician. Everybody talked at once. Cigarettes were lit. The corner soon became excited and even uproarious. The tea party was a great success, and the offended lady, no longer ignored, led all the skirmishes—towards herself. She was in her element. Only Leidall and the little invisible man in the corner took small part in it; and presently, seizing the opportunity when some new arrivals joined the group, Leidall rose to say his adieux, and slipped away, his departure scarcely noticed. Dr. Hancock followed him a minute later. The two men met in the hall; Leidall already had his hat and coat on. "I'm going west, Mr. Leidall. If that's your way, too, and you feel inclined for a walk, we might go together." Leidall turned with a start. His glance took in the other with avidity—a keenly searching, hungry glance. He hesitated for an imperceptible moment. He made a movement towards him, half inviting, and a curious shadow dropped across his face and vanished. It was both pathetic and terrible. The lips trembled. He seemed to say, "God bless you; do come with me!" But no words were audible. "It's a pleasant evening for a walk," added Dr. Hancock gently; "clean and dry under foot for a change. I'll get my hat and join you in a second." And there was a hint, the merest flavor, of authority in his voice. That touch of authority was his mistake. Instantly Leidall's hesitation passed. "I'm sorry," he said abruptly, "but I'm afraid I must take a taxi. I have an appointment at the club and I'm late already." "Oh, I see," the other replied with a kindly smile; "then I mustn't keep you. But if you ever have a free evening, won't you look me up, or come and dine? You'll find my telephone in the book. I should like to talk with you about —those things we mentioned at tea." Leidall thanked him politely and went out. The memory of the little man's kindly sympathy and understanding eyes went with him.

"Who was that man?" was asked the moment Leidall hed left the tea table. "Surely he's not the Leidall who wrote that awful book some years ago?"

"Yes—the 'Gulf of Darkness.' Did you read it?"

They discussed it and its author for five minutes, deciding by a large majority that it was the book of a madman. Silent, rude men like that always had a screw loose somewhere, they agreed. Silence was invariably morbid.

"And did you notice Dr. Hancock? He never took his eyes off him. That's why he followed him out like that. I wonder if he thought anything?"

"I know Hancock well," said the lady of the wounded vanity. "I'll ask him and find out." They chattered on, somebody mentioned a risque play, the talk switched into other fields, and in due course the tea party came to an end.

And Leidall, meanwhile, made his way towards the Park on foot, for he had not taken a taxi after all. The suggestion of the other man, perhaps, had worked upon him. He was very open to suggestion. With hands deep in his overcoat pockets and head sunk forward between his shoulders he walked briskly, entering the Park at one of the smaller gates. He made his way across the wet turf, avoiding the paths and people. The February sky was shining in the west; beautiful clouds floated over the houses; it looked like the shoreline of some radiant strand his childhood once had known. He sighed; thought dived and searched within; self-analysis, that old, implacable demon, lifted its voice; introspection took the reins again as usual. These seemed a strain upon the mind he could not dispel. Thought circled poignantly. He knew it was unhealthy, morbid, a sign of those many years of difficulty and stress that had marked him so deeply, but for the life of him he could not escape from the hideous spell that held him. The same old thoughts bored their way into his mind like burning wires, tracing the same unanswerable questions. From this torture, waking or sleeping, there was no escape. If he had a companion with him it could have been different. If, for instance, Dr. Hancock—— He was angry with himself for having refused—furious; it was that vile, false pride his long loneliness had fostered. The man was sympathetic to him, friendly, marvellously understanding; he could have talked freely with him, and found relief. His intuition had picked out the little doctor as a man in ten thousand. Why had he so curtly declined his gentle invitation? Dr. Hancock knew; he guessed his awful secret. But how? In what had he betrayed himself? The weary self-questioning began again, till he sighed and groaned from sheer exhaustion. He must have people, companionship, someone to talk to. The club—it crossed his tortured mind for a second—was impossible; there was a conspiracy among the members against him. He had left his usual haunts everywhere for the same reason —his restaurants, where he had his lonely meals; his music hall, where he tried sometimes to forget himself; his favorite walks, where the very policemen knew and eyed him. And, coming to the bridge across the Serpentine just then, he paused and leaned over the edge, watching a bubble rise to the surface. "I suppose there are fish in the Serpentine?" he said to a man a few feet away. They talked a moment—the other was evidently a clerk on his way home—and then the stranger edged off and continued his walk, looking back once or twice at the sad-faced man who had addressed him. "It's ridiculous, that with all our science we can't live under water as the fish do," reflected Leidall, and moved on round the other bank of the water, where he watched a flight of

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CVII—THE WATER FRONT

By Charles Phillips

(The author of the following poem is Charles Phillips, the gifted and popular editor of the Monitor, the organ of the Catholic Church in this city. Some of Mr. Phillips' verses have been praised by poets like George Sterling and Charles Warren Stoddard.)

The sun burns brighest here, the world is wide
And all agape with wonders won and lost:
Swart sons of tropic lands; fair men of frost
And arctic venture, straight and strong with pride
Of brawny limbs, and hearts—whate'er betide—
Braver than any ever wave hath toss'd;
Men that are good—or bad—whate'er the cost;
Clean chested giants, and dark souls that hide
Their mystery deeper than the seas they ride;
Boys with the laugh of youth still in their eyes
(And love's laugh in their hearts, where'er they bide!)
Sons of the stormy and the smiling skies—
This is the congress of that boundless world
Whose flag, the wind, forever is unfurled!

The Spectator

The Evening Call

On the first of September Frederick William Kellogg will enter the field of evening journalism with a new paper to be known as "The Evening Call." The first appearance of this journal will mark the consummation of the biggest deal ever made in western newspaperdom, a deal which began when Kellogg induced M. H. De Young to buy the Morning Call from John D. Spreckels and which entered its second stage when Kellogg purchased the plant of the Call (all except the big color press) from De Young and made arrangements to use the Hearst news service and special features in an evening paper. Kellogg will be actively in the charge of his new property. Brockhagen, the present business manager of the Call, will continue in that capacity. Cunningham of the Post will be the circulation manager. Edmond Coblentz of the Examiner will be the managing editor. W. Russell Cole will continue as city editor. The present staff of the Call will be retained, so the boys who have been full of anxiety may reassure themselves. The Evening Call will be a large paper of eight columns, thus following the style set by the Examiner, and it will consist of not less than sixteen pages.

Its Bright Prospects

This information as to what the new paper will be I have received from Kellogg himself. It is easy to see that he enters the field of evening journalism here with the most confident expectations of speedy and continued success. He has reason to. Advertisers have gone out of their way to tell him that they welcome the new paper, a most unusual thing for advertisers to do. Men skilled in the business end of local newspaper work are offering him their services, declaring that they know the new paper will be a winner. It is significant that several of these are Bulletin men. On all sides it is taken for granted that the new paper will give the Bulletin a hot battle for advertising and circulation, a battle which will end in a victory for Kellogg. That the Bulletin fears its oncoming rival there can be no doubt. Fright of a panicky kind was written into every line of the article published in Tuesday's Bulletin for the purpose of creating the impression that the new evening paper will be the personal organ of Hearst.

It Is Not Hearst's Paper

The Bulletin declared that Hearst and not De Young had bought the Call. This statement was gratuitous; there is absolutely no basis for it. The owner of the Evening Call is Kellogg, and his partner in the venture is not Hearst but John D. Spreckels. In the corporation which controls the new evening paper Kellogg holds eighty per cent of the stock; the other twenty per cent is owned by John D. Spreckels and John D. Spreckels Jr. who expect that it will pay them handsome dividends.

How the Deal Was Made

The story of the deal which took the Call from the morning to the evening field shows just how little Hearst had to do with the negotiations. Kellogg went to M. H. De Young and suggested to him the advantages which would accrue to the Chronicle from the purchase of the Call. De Young naturally pointed out that the Examiner would also benefit, and suggested that if the Call was to be retired from the field the money for the deal should be put up by Hearst as well as by himself. So Kellogg went to Hearst and laid the proposition before him. But Hearst refused to take a hand in the deal. It looked as though Kellogg had come to an impasse, but he is a man of resource and a man of money as well. He conceived the idea of taking Hearst's place in the deal. If Hearst would not share the expense of buying the Call, Kellogg would shoulder part of it and obtain what he had been looking for, an evening paper in San Francisco. When he had worked out the details of this project in his mind he submitted it to John D. Spreckels. Spreckels had lost a great deal of money in the Call; here was a chance to get a lot of it back and re-establish the paper on a sound moneymaking basis. Spreckels agreed to go into the deal with Kellogg. Kellogg thereupon went once more to Hearst, explained what he was attempting, pointed out how the Examiner would benefit and put the whole deal in such an alluring light that he was able to obtain the promise of the Hearst news service and features for the new paper on most advantageous terms. When all this had been accomplished Kellogg closed his deal with De Young. The Call passed into the hands of the Chronicle's proprietor. The circulation books of the Call and a large sum representing paid subscriptions were turned over. Everybody on the Call knows what scrupulous care Kellogg took to facilitate, and more than that, as far as possible to insure the absolute absorption of the Call circulation by the Chronicle. The statement was made in the Bulletin that the Evening Call will be delivered to Morning Call subscribers. If I am not mistaken only a short time will elapse before it is being delivered to thousands of subscribers in place of the Bulletin. Its circulation field will be all San Francisco and northern California. The entire plant of the Call was also turned over to De Young. He kept the color press and sold the rest to Kellogg and Spreckels. It will be seen that Hearst had very little to do with the deal.

Both Will Benefit

The Chronicle and Examiner will both benefit by the new conditions in journalism. The most obvious benefit is the elimination of a competitor. Both share in that benefit, but there are others. I heard one of California's most powerful bankers quoted as saying that the purchase of the Call had added one million dollars to the value of the Chronicle. The deal has already brought many thousand dollars to the Chronicle in increased advertising. The Examiner will benefit in another way. The Evening Call will have no Sunday paper. There is a large number of people who subscribe only for an evening paper. It is

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the experience of Hearst that people of this class who buy an evening paper containing his feature articles and illustrations usually subscribe for the Sunday Hearst paper in their neighborhood. In other words they become addicted to the Hearst journalistic habit. Hearst expects that Kellogg's evening paper will help increase the circulation of the Sunday Examiner and it is in the Sunday paper that advertisers buy the most space. The benefit to advertisers is apparent. They will now cover the whole advertising field in two morning papers, and as the largest percentage of their advertising is done on Sunday the difference between spending money in two instead of three papers will be a saving of hundreds of thousands to them every year. And when they advertise in an evening paper they will not have to buy space, as one man pointed out, in the organ of the correspondence school of prostitution.

Jack Spreckels, Newsboy

As the first edition of last Friday's Chronicle containing the news that M. H. De Young had bought the Call from John D. Spreckels was coming off the press, John D. Spreckels Jr. appeared in the business office of the Chronicle.

"Anything I can do for you, Jack?" asked Charley De Young.

"Give me a hundred papers," said Spreckels, putting down a dollar.

"Our rate's a little higher than the Call's," said Charlie De Young. "One dollar buys forty papers. Two and a half cents apiece."

With the forty papers under his arm, Jack Spreckels headed for Tait's. Great was the surprise of the after-theatre crowd in that very popular establishment when Jack Spreckels appeared in the role of a newsboy. The papers went like hot cakes. In a few minutes Jack had disposed of his supply, and was one dollar ahead. Now they are calling him "the millionaire newsboy."

The Diggs-Caminetti Cases

At this writing the trial of Maury I. Diggs is on, and the probability is that Diggs will be convicted. Considering the treatment he has received and the law he is being tried under, a law of which the author I am informed on veracious authority is now ashamed, it would be astonishing were Diggs not convicted. Yet it is clear that for the theory on which he was indicted there never was any substantial foundation. What that theory was we may learn from the report made to Washington shortly after the awful uproar over the postponement of the case. According to that report the girls were pure and innocent pupils of the Sacramento High School and they had been debauched by Diggs and Caminetti and lured away to Nevada where they were to be put into a house of prostitution for the purpose of earning money for their seducers. Now nobody, not even the prosecuting attorneys, will attempt to justify that yarn. The prosecuting attorneys have been put to the expedient of denying the defendant the right to see and introduce the statements made by the two girls and taken down in shorthand on their return to Sacramento from Reno. If this does not mean that their testimony in court contradicts their former statements, it is certainly the interpretation that may reasonably be put upon the suspicious and mean reticence of the juridical officers who are presumed to be as fair to the defendant as to the people. Nevertheless Diggs will be convicted, and small loss to the community! How can it be otherwise considering the newspaper trial he received in advance of the trial in court? He will be convicted of a crime that was unknown to the statutes but a short time ago. What a difference the statutes make! When Jere Cook, the clergyman, deserted his wife and fled to this city with the girl he seduced the newspapers milked the eyes of maudlin sentimentality, and now Cook is married to his paramour.

The Other Side of the Story

Maury Diggs is a contemptible and unspeakably depraved young man. There is nothing to be said in defense of him, except by way of technical defense in a criminal court, and then there is this to be said,—that he did not seduce Marcia Warrington and that he did not lure her to Nevada to debauch her or to make a white slave of her. The question of his purpose and intent is a question of some importance. The prosecution tried to make it appear that he frightened the girls, made them think there was danger of their arrest when he knew there was no such danger, and that his only purpose was to get them into Nevada for immoral purposes. Now it is pretty well established by the testimony that there was no need of going to Nevada to facilitate debauchery. There is abundance of testimony to show that the only really frightened person was Diggs and that there was reason for him to be frightened. Also it appears that it was one of the girls who suggested flight, and that for a time they were thinking of going to Los Angeles whither they might have gone and remained as

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long as they pleased without danger of prosecution under the ridiculous Mann law. Now I am not holding a brief for Diggs, but it would give me great pleasure to hold one against some of his persecutors if I thought I could put them where they belong. Nor am I trying to rouse sympathy for a man who deserted his family and involved himself in a nasty scandal with a brazen wench of the Warrington type, but I am somewhat out of patience with the folk who have been holding up their hands in holy horror at the spectacle of his iniquities while at the same time acquiescing in and approving the violations of oaths and perversions of justice which have marked the course of the storm that has been rattling round his head.

Enter, Dr. Aked

Whenever a man is charged with a crime against a woman many men come forward to attest their chivalry and gallantry, to frown on the accused, to express their loathing of him, to denounce him and to affirm their zeal for the preservation of feminine virtue. It is a noble sentiment in the human breast that impels men thus to vindicate their better nature, but it often leads to injustice and sometimes to cant and ridiculous assertion. Here for example is the Rev. Charles F. Aked, who identifies himself with the Diggs case through the medium of yellow journalism, contributing to the general clamor for the stoning of the accused by making the point that he has imitated the pusillanimity of old Adam. This English clergyman who is not afraid to judge lest he be judged is shocked into a rhetorical spasm by the spectacle of the man "stripping naked his paramour and holding her up to shame and contempt." He tells us that men "whom the world has called scoundrels have suffered torture and imprisonment and death—and would suffer a hundred deaths—rather than strip bare and trample under foot a woman they have professed to love." Was this rounded period struck off in the white heat of sizzling sincerity? Or was Dr. Aked nodding when he conceived Diggs to be in the plight of any of the romantic lovers of history who kissed and refused to tell? It is charitable to assume that Dr. Aked has not read the testimony, and that he is unaware of the fact that there is no question whatsoever as to the lewdness and depravity of the woman in the case. In the case of Adam to which the reverend gentleman makes allusion the man was not accused by the woman; nor had the woman confessed. Adam played the baby act. And when Edward VII "perjured himself like a gentleman" there was a chance of saving the woman. Diggs did not strip naked his paramour. She stripped herself naked. She made herself part of the prosecution to make greater wreck of the family which she did not succeed in entirely disrupting, and for which Dr. Aked, though a clergyman, appears to have no concern. But Dr. Aked being a clergyman, perhaps his cocksure judgment I ought to accept. There may be something of divinity in it. Perhaps he sees into the heart of the accused man and sees it entirely devoid of redeeming attribute; even of penitence, or of belated appreciation of his wife, or of love of his child, or of the determination to make amend. At any rate it is evident that what has impressed him most is the ungallantry of a philanderer. Wife, nor child, nor the possibility of their being a motive of testimony inspired by them, have entered into his calculations. Imagination is not permitted to play pranks with stern morality.

The Man and the Girl

Such has been the ferocity with which Diggs has been hounded that one might wonder whether he was indicted for the unpardonable sin. Yet his offense is in reality a somewhat popular pastime the world over. Ministers of the gospel appear to be more addicted to it than men of any other profession. This phenomenon is not to be urged in extenuation of the looseness of Diggs's behaviour, but it justifies the question why all this terrible rage against him? Is it because of the girl in the case who wanted him to divorce his wife, the minx sophisticated beyond her years to whom four in a state-room was an exhilarating lark and who was introduced to him by a saloon keeper? She is doubtless to be pitied, but in no small measure for the publicity brought upon her by zealous officers of the government eager to make the Mann law serve a purpose for which from its title it does not appear to have been intended. But why not just a little bit of pity for the unspeakable Diggs? Diggs the sinner, Diggs the hounded, Diggs the object of newspaper execration, Diggs the storm-centre of a political embroglio, Diggs fighting in the last ditch for the liberty which he jeopardized by his aggressive pravity—is he beyond the pale of commiseration? Diggs has suffered. He has fallen from a great height. A young man of talent is Diggs. He had hardly passed his majority when he began making good in his profession. One of our State buildings is a monument to his ability. He built it before he was twenty-five. Success which vulgarizes everything it touches put its blight on Diggs. It plunged him into the fast company of the State capital. At twenty-six he had thirty thousand dollars coming to him in fees, and it was about that time that he met a rag and a bone and a hank of hair. That was the beginning of the end. Yes, Diggs knows something of the sombre anguish, the tragedy of life, and he has paid a greater penalty for his folly than may be imposed on him by any court of justice. Nevertheless thumbs are turned down—clean thumbs all of them and none has ever been in need of sterilization.

"Alice Smith" Arrested

This is a sad, sad story, a story to start the sympathetic tear and wring the heart that beats for misery, a story to put a sob in "the voice from the underworld" and to engage for Fremont Older the commiseration of all those Bulletin subscribers who backed him up when he set forth to glamor harlotry and prove the prostitute not as scarlet as she is rouged. It is the story of Alice Smith's most recent fall from that sanctifying grace which bleached her soul when Fremont Older gave her absolution for her sins. Henry Marsh, the villainous preyer on defenseless womanhood, is not in this story, for it is not a story of virtue melting before the hot blast of passion; it is a story of mercenary sinning, a tragedy of commerce, a sordid tale of interrupted money-getting. Listen while I divulge the illusion-wrecking secret, the romance-destroying fact: Alice Smith was arrested last week for being in a house of prostitution! Yes, Alice Smith was the victim of a vulgar raid. This literary hetaira, this blue-stocking courtesan, this journalistic magdalene was shoved into a patrol wagon by an unfeeling cop, bumped over the cobbles to the Hall of Justice and booked by an unlettered desk sergeant who never in his life

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opened a text book of rhetoric or conned the laws of composition. Was it not dreadful? Somewhere in the world beyond Fannie Hill shed a condoling tear, Casanova dashed the moisture from his eye and Masuccio paused in a merry tale to heave a pitying sigh.

Why She Was There

My readers have already formed an explanation of Alice Smith's presence in the house of sin. But for once my readers are wrong. My readers, charitable souls every one, have immediately jumped to the conclusion that Alice Smith had entered the "portals of the past" to reclaim some girl newly recruited in the frail sisterhood. Not so, in pain I say it, not so! The house that was raided was the house of Alice Smith, the daughters of sinful pleasure gathered there were installed by Alice, the profits of their carnal complacency were shared by Alice. For Alice Smith is one of the Mrs. Warrens of San Francisco, a prosperous Mrs. Overdone who goes into erotic autobiography as a sideline. Alice Smith is not Alice Smith's real name; it is not even her nom de joie, merely her journalistic pseudonym. The Alice Smith of redlight commerce is engaged in the brokerage business. We all know that there are enterprising business women who lease newly erected apartment houses, furnish them, fill them with tenants, get everything running smoothly and then dispose of their leases to advantage. What these women do in the world of respectability Alice Smith does in the underworld. At the present time there are two such establishments to her credit (or discredit), both of them located in an uptown district which was blighted by the denizens of the night life after the fire and has not yet been thoroughly purged. It was one of these establishments which was raided by the minions of Captain Mooney. Alice Smith was in the place at the time and was "pinched" with the rest.

Older Got Busy

When word of her arrest reached Fremont Older he rushed to her assistance. He forgot his own troubles in the trouble of his autobiographical friend. What though Postmaster General Burleson had called him to the carpet for publishing Alice's smutty tale? Burleson could wait. Older speeded to the Hall of Justice, exerted all the pull he could command and had Alice released. It must have been a sad meeting, this meeting between the managing editor and the peccant contributor. I can see them mingling their tears. At least I think I can. But am I right? Is it possible they grinned at each other as the rascally augurs used to grin what time they met on the Via Sacra? We shall never know for certain. Older and Alice know, but they won't tell.

Our Promising Mayor

"This thing is a cinch," said the man that winds the ferry clock. "I know you don't think so. I didn't think so either till I had a talk with Mayor Rolph."

The clockwinder was talking about the bond issue. I asked him what it was the Mayor told him.

"The Mayor pointed out to me," said he, "that the taxpayers of the city are greatly outnumbered by the non-taxpayers. Of course he knows that if none but property owners could vote the bonds would be beaten. He says they're a lot of pikers and that they really don't count as against the fellows who have nothing to do with the Tax Collector. I think he's right. So it looks to me like a cinch."

"Are you for the bonds?" I asked.

"Sure!" said the ferry philosopher. "I don't pay any taxes. Besides I'm a union man, and the Mayor tells me that my brother who is now a conductor on the Geary street road will get five dollars a day if the bonds carry. That's another thing that makes it a cinch. The word is being passed out that we shall soon have a new carmen's union, that all the municipal roads will be unionized and that Pat Calhoun will have another strike on his hands. On the level they're making a great fight. Did you see what the Mayor told the people out in Richmond the other night?"

"What did he tell them?" I asked.

"Told them that the city was making a hundred thousand a year out of Geary street."

"Do you believe that?" I asked.

The ferry philosopher smiled, but he answered me somewhat resentfully: "Say, I'm not a clam though I do work on the water front. I'm only telling you what he said so's you'd know how he's stringing them along the line. Jim is strong with the guff, and he'll go as far as Heney or the Governor with the line of talk that catches suckers. If you'll listen to him he'll make you think that before he gets out of the job the city will be paying dividends and collecting no taxes."

Apologies to Gilbert!

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery
  Known to the town as a Spreckels-Rudolph,
Take the cantankerous chaps of our history
  And blend with a man writing letters to Rolph;
The smugness of Aked lambasting our naughtiness,
  Fury of Heney discovering a crook,
The humor of Hiram pretending to haughtiness,
  Wrath of Tom Hayden at getting the hook;
The skill of an E. P. E. roasting a sinking fund,
  Polish of Saulmann engaged in debate,
Wit of old Fuzzy Wuz (not quite so moribund),
  Venom of Hearst when indulging his hate;
Keenness of Koshland in quest of publicity,
Sorrow of Kuhl at his colleagues' simplicity;
Brains of a Weinstock and Dwyer's solemnity,
Pride of McClaughrey demanding indemnity;
Charles Wesley Reed and Barry (John D.),
Old R. A. Crothers and Smith (Sidney V.);
Take of these characters all that is curious,
Add a few others defiant, penurious;
Mix 'em and shake 'em and serve piping hot,
For a Spreckels-Rudolph is the dish that you've got.
  Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!
A Spreckels-Rudolph is the dish that you've got!
If you want a receipt for this World's Fair contributor,
  Imagine a millionaire stopping a check;
Think of a self-constituted distributor
  Ladling advice to the world by the peck.
A Zion of serio-comic efficiency,
  A Bion J. Arnold computing expense;
All of Starr Jordan's superb self-sufficiency,
  Pleasure of Older when Alice repents;
All that makes Benjy Ide dear to Ted strenuous,
That part of Phelan that's not quite ingenuous;
C. Stetson Wheeler's nice skill to accumulate,
Pardee's desire his blunders to tumulate;
Some of Stitt Wilson and Prof. Tommy Reed,
And Burbank explaining why men go to seed.
Take of these characters all that is curious,
Add a few others, defiant, penurious;
Mix 'em and shake 'em and serve piping hot,
For a Spreckels-Rudolph is the dish that you've got.
  Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!
A Spreckels-Rudolph is the dish that you've got!

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It's as good as the best imported dark beers. My home is never without it," said a prominent San Francisco club man in commenting upon the distinctively pleasing taste and exceptional quality of

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FIRST CLASS $110

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Splendid Steamers of "SYDNEY SHORT LINE," 673 Market St., San Francisco.

No Pageant at Fair

Although no announcement has been made, I am informed that there will be no pageant at the World's Fair. The large project which was discussed so enthusiastically when F. R. Benson came hither from Stratford-on-Avon has not received the approval of the directors. So England's greatest master of pageantry journeyed hither in vain. I understand that Benson is greatly disappointed, and Herbert Hoover as well. Hoover is the Californian engineer who induced Benson to visit San Francisco and confer with the World's Fair people. It was Benson's plan that the pageant should be written by Californians, and Mary Austin was one of those eager to take a hand in it. It is a great disappointment to learn that the splendid scheme will not take shape. It would have been of great aid in making England interested in the Fair.

Andy Took the Blame

The day that a crowd of union men attended the session of the Board of Supervisors to protest against the curtailment of the bill boards, Supervisor Andy Gallagher acted as their spokesman. He hadn't said more than a dozen words before the union men burst into loud cheers. Mayor Rolph rapped for order.

"Applause is not allowed in this chamber," said His Honor.

"Your Honor," said Andy, "I apologize for this outburst of applause because I realize that I was the cause of it."

Kyne and Van Loan in Litigation

These two short story writers are not in litigation with each other, but have both filed suits against the Biograph Company of America. If they win the suits they will collect damages in such big figures that they will be able to knock off work and take a vacation in Europe for an indefinite period. Both allege that the moving picture concern appropriated the plots of their stories for film scenarios, and they are asking the New York courts to award them in damages the entire profits derived from the exhibition of the pictures. The story which "Pete" Kyne charges the Biograph people with stealing is "The Three Godfathers," a story of the desert published in the Saturday Evening Post. He asserts that the film picture "The Sheriff's Baby" was taken bodily from that story. "Charlie" Van Loan of Los Angeles makes the same claim in regard to his prize ring story "The Supreme Bumper Degree" which was published in the Popular Magazine. Kyne and Van Loan have retained a New York lawyer named Ernst who has won several similar suits against the moving picture people.

A Successor to McNab

There are three aggressive candidates to succeed United States District Attorney John L. McNab. These are Frank Gould and Steve Costello of this city and J. F. Coonan of Eureka. From what I hear there will be no appointment until after Special Prosecutors Matt Sullivan and Theodore Roche dispose of the Diggs-Caminetti and Western Fuel cases. Ben McKinley is handling the routine work of the office which consists of deportation, immigration and naturalization cases and is not heavy. The President has been greatly embarrassed by the McNab imbroglio and doesn't want any more furore. Gould, Costello and Coonan are all friends of Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti, and any appointment at this time would subject President Wilson to additional criticism. So he will probably wait until the cases which made all the trouble are out of the way.

A Demoralizing Cook

Horace Hussey has a residence at the corner of Steiner and Vallejo streets where Arthur Kelley and John Cadman, both well-known brokers and clubmen, keep bachelor quarters with him. Cadman loves to cook, so the culinary cares of the establishment rest upon his willing shoulders. Like Raphael Weill Cadman always dresses the part when he invades the kitchen. Even when preparing breakfast he is arrayed in white apron and cap. While breakfast is under way it is Cadman's wont to water the front garden, and then he returns to the kitchen and mixes himself a toddy, "a mornin's mornin'" as Frank Moroney would say. All of this of course, in cook's attire. Now the home of E. O. McCormick of the Southern Pacific is diagonally across from the Hussey bachelor hall, and the McCormick's Swedish cook commands a view of the kitchen where Cadman cooks for Kelley and Hussey. Up the street is Ed Haas' home, and his cook has also been studying the easy-going ways of the chef at the corner of Steiner and Vallejo. The same holds good of Douglas McBride's cook and of Charlie Conlisk's cook. These too observed the privileges enjoyed by the Hussey-Kelley chef. The result has been demoralization among the cooks of the neighborhood. The trouble started when McCormick's cook demanded the privilege of a morning toddy whereupon E. O., who had been doing a little observing on his own account, suggested that cookie might follow the example of the cook across the street by watering the garden every morning. That silenced McCormick's cook for a time, but the dissatisfaction broke out again. By chance McCormick, Haas, McBride and Conlisk got together and compared notes All their cooks threatened to leave. An investigation was started, and this led to the discovery that Cadman, the amateur cook, was causing all the trouble. The situation was explained to the malcontents, but they are still grumbling.

Shifty Lind

Governor John Lind of Minnesota has not distinguished himself as a mediator in Mexico, and now one may wonder whether he was the right man for the job. President Wilson is said to be a good judge of men, but it would not be well to introduce his Cabinet as Exhibit A in support of the assertion. It requires genius to pick out the right man for the right place, but President Wilson appears to have genius for picking the wrong man. Lind is not versed in Mexican affairs. Unable to speak the language of the country he had to depend on interpreters to conduct the simplest negotiations. He has had no experience as a diplomat except in Minnesota politics where he was successful at cultivating the support of the several parties at psychological moments. He was elected Governor of Minnesota in 1899, and he was indebted for his election to the influence of Mr. Bryan, on whose recommendation it is supposed he was sent to Mexico. Governor Lind sat in the fifty-eighth Congress as a Democrat, although from 1887 to 1893 he served in successive Congresses as a Republican. At times he has had the support of the Populists, so it is evident that he has talent for conciliation and compromise, and is not to be held fast by any deep-rooted convictions. But unfortunately the art of conciliation as practiced by a typical Bryanite in Minnesota is of no use on the off bank of the Rio Grande.

A Hearty Tribute

Arthur Shaw is a son of Mary Shaw, the splendid actress who starred in "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Arthur Shaw has done well on the stage but he is now ranching in California. He dropped into town the other day to see his friend "Billy" Harrigan who is here with the "Bought and Paid For" company. Incidentally he has been telling some good stories to the newspaper boys. One of his stories embodies Willie Collier's estimate of the New York managers. Shaw quotes Willie as saying: "I have worked for Frohman, and I like him. I have worked for Bill Brady, and I like him. I have worked for Lee Shubert, and I like him. I have worked for Jake Shubert, and still I like Lee."

Boycotting Wagner

The Americans in Munich have declared a boycott on the Wagner music festival. They refuse to patronize the Prinz Regent Theatre and are warning Americans to keep away from the Bavarian capital. The reason is that the Munich press has had slurring things to say of Olive Fremstadt who sang Isolde on the opening night. All of which is of importance only as showing that Oscar Wilde was correct when he said that nature imitiated art and that fact took its initiative from fiction. For it will be readily recalled by admirers of David Warfield that in the second act of The Music Master Herr von Barwig is warned by the walking delegate of the Bricklayers Union not to play in a certain cafe which had been built with "unfair bricks." The Music Master bursts into laughter and says, "If Wagner could hear that!" Whereupon the walking delegate asks: "Who is Wagner?" "He is a scab," says von Barwig, bringing down the house. In Munich Wagner is a scab and the Prinz Regent is an unfair theatre.

"But if you really loved me, Helen, you would marry me, even if I am poor."

"You silly boy, don't you understand? Your health is too precious to be risked by my wretched cooking. Let's wait until we can afford to keep a cook."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Downey Kissed the Bride

Ever since the firm of Bullock and Jones was established in this city Robert Wilson has been the porter. Robert Wilson is a colored man, along in years but still active enough to attend to his duties. He knows and is a favorite with all the customers of the firm. Before the negroes were emancipated Robert Wilson was a slave, and in 1863 he married another slave Martha Martin. Last Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson celebrated their golden wedding at Majestic Hall. All the old customers of the firm were invited and many of them attended to congratulate the old couple and drink a toast to their continued health and happiness. Among those present was Downey Harvey. He had the time of his life. Forgetting his troubles he laughed and talked and ragged to his heart's content. And finally, to cap it all, he bestowed a hearty smack upon the lips of the bride who would have blushed if her color had permitted.

A Romance in the Air?

Dr. George Willcutt leaves in September for Europe to spend the winter in Vienna. Miss Dorothy Baker with her aunt Miss Stone, who is visiting the Drummond McGavins in Norway, will also spend the winter in Vienna, and rumors of a romance are revived. It was said last year that Miss Baker had gone abroad to secure her trousseau, but no announcement was forthcoming and the rumor was forgotten. Now they are recalling it in the set and waiting for an announcement. Dorothy Baker with Miss Henriette Blanding and Dorothy Chapman, now Mrs. Foss, were a devoted trio of friends in their debutante season. Dr. Willcutt is said to be exceptionally clever in his profession, though his name like that of Dr. Pillsbury might be considered somewhat inauspicious by nervous patients. The McGavins, by the way, have enjoyed a delightful summer in Norway where they had a house and entertained friends from London. For the cold season Mrs. McGavin will join her aunt and sister in Vienna.

To Be Married Abroad

Another San Francisco girl is to be married in London in September, Miss Frances Miner whose engagement to William P. Sayre was cabled to her family in California last week. Miss Miner has been abroad for several years, and like Miss Elizabeth McNear who is to wed Power Hutchins, met her fate in England. She is a handsome dark-eyed girl with an interesting personality. A few years ago, it was during a financial depression following 1906, her friends received attractively printed announcements that Miss Frances Miner was prepared to fill orders for salted nuts for dinners, luncheons or supper parties, in any quantity, assuring their quality and freshness; and for several seasons she profitably salted almonds and pecans for society. The marriage is to take place at the home of the Benjamin Woodwards, formerly of San Francisco, who are living in London.

A Golden Girl

Miss Madge Wilson was a veritable "golden girl" at her sister's wedding Wednesday night. It was a very smart affair, the first church wedding of the season and Grace Pro-Cathedral was filled with lovely gowns. The bride, Miss Grace Wilson who became Mrs. Hugh Fairlie, is tall and stately with dark hair and beautifully marked brows over the dark eyes that are her most striking feature. She was quite stunning in her wedding robes. But the maid of honor in pale gold charmeuse clinging closely to her Junoesque figure, with her mass of gold hair, was a picture for an artist. Madge Wilson is of an unusual type and her golden gown was a stroke of sartorial genius to set off her beauty. Two of the groom's compatriots, (he is English), were in the wedding party, Ronald Gilvie who was best man and among the ushers, Herbert Punnett, known as "Earl" Punnett because he missed a title at home by one remove. The Fairlies are honeymooning in the South.

The Death of Bonynge

When the cable brought the news that Charles W. Bonynge was dead at the home of Lady Deerhurst in England, oldtimers here began recalling memories of the days when he was in humble circumstances. Bonynge's career in California began prosaically enough. He was gardener for one of the wealthy families at San Mateo. Then he came to San Francisco and got a job in a livery stable. It was the fashionable stable of the day and had the patronage of the men who were making fortunes in the Comstock market. They took a fancy to Bonynge and gave him tips which helped him to accumulate a comfortable sum of money. With this he went to Virginia City where he operated as a curbstone broker until he could consider himself a wealthy man. He returned to San Francisco and married, going soon afterwards to England where he established himself. One of the stories revived on the news of his death concerned the memorable occasion when John W. Mackay thrashed him in the Nevada Bank. It was said that Bonynge had circulated slanderous stories about Mrs. Mackay's social condition prior to her marriage.

Connected With Nobility

The cable despatch mentioned that Bonynge's daughter Selina married Major General Sir John Maxwell. He is survived also by a stepdaughter or an adopted daughter, I am not sure which. She married Viscount Deerhurst. Deerhurst was the son of the Earl of Coventry and may be able to trace back his lineage to that cruel lord who made his wife Godiva ride naked but "clothed on with chastity" through the streets of the town, much to the misfortune of Peeping Tom. Viscount Deerhurst's cousin is the Earl of Craven who married Miss Bradley Martin. Lady Anne Coventry, his sister, married Dhuleep Singh of Delhi, the direct descendant of the Grand Mogul of India. In his early years Deerhurst was a wild rake; his father threatened to disinherit him if he didn't mend his ways. He had a reckless career in Australia too, but after his marriage to Miss Bonynge he settled down. She brought him a big dot, by the way.

Mrs. Graham and Bill

William Miller Graham was in town for a few days this week, but the visits of William Miller are of far less importance socially than those of Mrs. William Miller. He occupies very much the same position in the California smart set that Stuyvesant Fish holds in New York, and with the same serene indifference. Billy Graham cheerfully finances his wife's career, but refuses to shine himself, though he's a delightful host at Bellosgardo when his presence there demands it. Much of his time, however, is spent in

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Oklahoma where he owns acres of oil fields that bring him his royal revenue. Earl Graham has recently been studying the oil industry with his father in Oklahoma where the latter has built a commodious and comfortable mansion to live in during his visits. Mrs. Graham has visited the home in the oil fields, but society in Oklahoma is primitive and doubtless unsatisfying after London and Santa Barbara.

Chapman Grant Is Honored

Mrs. Jesse Grant has received the interesting news that her son Chapman Grant has been appointed curator of the Children's Museum at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science in New York. Young Grant's grandfather, the late William S. Chapman, was one of the founders of the Academy of Sciences in this city, so he comes naturally by the taste for his vocation. He has studied zoology and geology abroad and is altogether a most erudite and brilliant young man. At present he is visiting his sister Mrs. Piggott who was Nell Grant of San Francisco, at Newport. Should he ever return for a visit to his old home Chapman Grant would be a "catch" for the parish belles. Mrs. Grant is very proud of him and is going East this winter to see both her son and daughter.

A Thoughtful Parent

A young lady who teaches in the Kate Kennedy School at Noe and Thirtieth streets vouches for the following story. A few days ago when the children returned to the class room after the morning recess she noticed that one little girl was missing. None of the children could tell what had become of her. She did not reappear until after lunch. The teacher asked her to explain her absence.

"Mamma came and got me at recess," said the youngster.

"But why did mamma take you away?" asked the teacher.

"Because a man and his wife who live next door to us were having a terrible fight, and mamma said she didn't want me to miss it."

IT WILL TAKE JUST A FEW MINUTES before you take the car for home to step in and get that package for your family. "Varied Sweets" are welcome treats. Its a dainty package containing a selected assortment of the most delicious candy ever made. Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

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Hotel Del Monte Notes

There will be a surfeit of things to do and see in and about Del Monte and Monterey the balance of this month and way into the middle of September. In addition to the big California State Golf Championship Tournament, always held at Del Monte in September, of which every one has heard, and the week of polo preceding it from the twenty-ninth of August to September 4, there will be the big celebration of the anniversary of the birth and death of Padre Junipero Serra. Monterey, as is most fitting, will be the scene of the celebration of this 200th anniversary of the founder of all the Missions of California. A drama of five acts arranged for the occasion by the Rev. R. M. Maestres of the San Carlos Mission is now being rehearsed, and three performances will be given at Columbus Club Hall August 28-29-30, and on Sunday, August 31 the landing of Padre Junipero Serra will be enacted on the exact spot where it took place in 1770. A Mass will be celebrated al fresco with the same vestments and sacred altar vessels used by our immortal hero. A gorgeous pageant will conclude this celebration. Then there is to be held on September 1 and 2 the Annual Tri-County Tennis Tournament, taking in Monterey, San Benito and Santa Cruz counties. The tournament will be held on the Del Monte courts. Young Holman of Pacific Grove who won the championship last year will have to play through the tournament.

Social Doings at Castle Crags

Mrs. Pheobe Hearst and eighteen guests arrived at Castle Crags Tuesday. A delicious luncheon was served, and then the hostess and her guests motored to the "Hearst Castle" on the McCloud river. Miss Emily Searles and her mother Mrs. V. Searles joined relatives last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton and Miss Barbara Sutton of San Francisco are summering. Lieut. A. G. Hixon of the 13th Cavalry, U. S. A., has joined the James Kelehers. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bean of San Francisco arrived Sunday. They are close friends of the McLeishs of Burlingame who are also summering at the Farm. Mrs. George Emmons and the Misses Gertrude and Marjorie Emmons, society folk of Alameda, were amongst the late arrivals. Mrs. Samuel Baillie of San Francisco is so charmed with Castle Crags that she has made arrangements for accommodations for next summer.

Pacific Grove Hotel Notes

The number of auto parties arriving at Pacific Grove Hotel this week has been unusually large, many not being able to get storage room in the local garages for their cars. The avenues and boulevards show one continuous procession of high grade machines. The prettiest exhibit is given by John W. Ryland of San Jose who is at the hotel for his annual vacation with a part of his family, while the balance of his household occupy one of the largest houses on the Ocean Drive. It takes a Franklin, a Winton Six and a big Lozier to carry all of his party. Others from San Jose and vicinity with their machines are Mrs. Margaret and Miss Frances Ogier, Geo. W. Crowden, F. H. O'Keefe and family, H. Booksin, and T. J. Widly and wife.

Good Sport at Witter

The days at Witter Springs during the past fortnight have been filled with hunting and fishing. Nearly everyone who has gone out with a gun has returned with at least one deer to show for his day's sport. So far Hewlett Hough, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hough of Stockton has beaten all records. Next month the quail season opens and already many reservations have been made at the hotel. Among those who motored to Witter last week were Mr. Edgar Stow, Mr. H. K. Defendorf and Mr. William Hart Wood, the latter joining Mrs. Wood and her niece Miss Lindsley of Los Angeles who have been spending the past month at Witter. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Owesney and Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Bellew made the trip to Witter in six and a half hours which is the best record that has been made so far this summer. Mrs. W. F. Morris, manager of the hotel, has offered a silver cup for the best time record. Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Paddleford of Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Paddleford of Lodi motored to the Springs last week and after a few days continued their trip to Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite Valley. Judge J. M. Seawell has returned to his home in this city after a month spent at Witter. Other arrivals last week were Mrs. B. N. Rowley who plans to spend two months at the mountain resort, and Mr. Grant Conard, ex-mayor of San Diego who is there for a month's visit.

Guests at Casa del Rey

Mrs. C. R. Lawson and Miss Elinor Burns of Sacramento have been at Casa del Rey since the first of the month. Miss Burns is an ardent golfer and is one of the best players on the links. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman and their young

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In the yellow pine forest of the Sacramento River. Rates $18 per week double, $24 per week single. Good fishing, plenty of Saddle Horses, Automobiles.

August is the loveliest month of the year, and

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Is the prettiest spot in all the Upper Sacramento Valley for an outing. No pretense to style, a JUST AS YOU PLEASE PLACE.

GO NOW, and before you leave, engage your rooms for next June, July or August, as we will soon have the place booked for June, 1914.

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE MUSIC

Jno. F. McCarthy, Trap Drummer, Ignatius Connors, Accordeonist, also Violin and Piano

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daughter are at Casa del Rey. Mr. Coleman is a prominent automobilist and proprietor of the Alco Taxicab Company. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Highley, Miss Blanche Highley, Mrs. T. P. O'Brien motored from San Francisco to spend the week-end. Mr. Highley formerly operated a number of gold mines in Nevada. Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Howard also motored from San Francisco. Dr. Howard is house physician of the Hotel Stewart. Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Prather arrived in their new Cadillac and took in the week-end festivities at the Casino and Casa del Rey. Mr. Prather is manager of the San Francisco branch of the Cadillac company. A delightful party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Miss M. L. Black, Miss Leslie E. Miller, Lewis Martin, John Morris, Robert W. Miller and Albert K. Miller motored from Ross Valley. They went out fishing for salmon Sunday morning and returned with some of the best specimen caught this season. The largest fish weighed close to forty pounds and was caught by Miss Leslie Miller.

Latest Gowns at Tait's

The exposition at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe of the two latest fads of fashion are creating quite a furore among the fashionable folk of San Francisco. The two styles shown are the Tango Dancing Gown and the Diaphanous Gown. The exhibits are made from 3 till 5 in the afternoon and from 8 till 12 in the evening. These new creations have been imported direct from Paris for the exclusive use of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. The quality of the fabric and the beauty of the design in these gowns excite the admiration of all who see them.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Mrs. Adrian Von Behrens and the Misses Ida and Josephine Ross, after a few weeks' visit in California, left on Wednesday for Banff where they will spend several weeks. There they will join the Snead-Cox family of London. After the visit is concluded the party will return to London where Josephine Ross will resume her studies at Cavendish Square Convent. Miss Ida Ross and Mrs. Von Behrens will spend the winter in Italy

Among the prominent guests who enjoyed the advantages of Paso Robles quite recently may be mentioned: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Reiter, Sig Greenbaum, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. R. Trimble, E. C. Prather, E. J. Rodolph, W. H. Moore Jr., Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. J. McElroy, Mrs. L. A. Stolp, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill.

Mrs. Julius Paul Smith has returned from a trip around the world, and is once more at Olivina, Livermore. While the trip was a most enjoyable one Mrs. Smith is delighted to rejoin her friends.

Here are some of the peninsular golf and polo enthusiasts who will be at Del Monte for the great games: Felton Elkins, the De Guignes, the Robert Y. Haynes, Harry Hastings, Arthur Goodall, Dr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. George Howard and her son George Howard Jr., Mrs. J. C. Oyster, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and her son Alfred, Knox Maddox, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Arabella Schwerin, Mrs. Leroy Nickol, the H. M. A. Millers, the Walter Martins, the Charles Clarks, the Will Crockers, the Emory Winships, the Will Taylors, the Fred McNears, Julian Thorne, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Mary Eyre, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Downey Harvey, Ned Greenway, Robert M. Coleman, Stuart Lowry, Harry Simpkins, Robert Eyre and Lestock Gregory..

Jack Neville, the golf champion, is planning a trip to Castle Crags with his mother. Mrs. Alferitz is one of the most graceful horsewomen at the Farm. She is prominent in the Players' Club. After a pleasant month the Howard Blanchard Chases have returned to town, delighted with Castle Crags. Many friends regretted the departure of Mrs. A. Comte who had sojourned with her four children for seven weeks.

Mr. W. Payne and G. D. Otis Jr., accompanied by Miss Marie Payne of Menlo Park and Miss Ruby George of Woodland were at the Vendome last week. John W. King of San Francisco entertained a party of friends.

W. R. Whittier, who is at present residing at Hemet, has been a guest at Coronado during the week. Mrs. Harrison Smith and family of San Francisco are also at the hotel for some time. Other arrivals include Mrs. Harry R. Young and Miss Edith Young, F. W. Twombey, Conant Wait, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gay; also Dr. Florence N. Ward in whose party are Dr. and Mrs. N. D. Mattison of New York, Mrs. A. W. Kent and Matt Kent of San Francisco. Frank A. Miller of the Glenwood Mission Inn of Riverside is spending the week accompanied by Mrs. Miller. Quite a contingent from Coronado attended the first performance of "As a Man Thinks" at the Spreckels Theatre. One of the events of interest at Coronado is the flying of the officers now on duty at the Army School of Aviation, and almost any morning, should one be astir early enough, one could see a number of pretty girls in attractive riding costumes starting for North Island about six a. m. The camp breakfast is also quite an experience for some of our city bred girls.

The Siren and the Prince

The first Sunday morning the Prince of Wales attended church at Oxford a beautifully gowned and charming lady fainted on the steps as he was coming out, and so close to his feet that in a second he had impulsively rushed forward to assist her. A cab was called and he helped her in with great solicitude. It was noticed that Mr. Hansell, the Prince's tutor, looked troubled, but he did nothing to interrupt the small gallantry. However, the following Sunday the same lady did the same thing. The Prince started forward, but his tutor put a hand on his arm and hurried him away, while the discomfited lady declined the services of half a dozen jocular undergraduates and disappeared. The next day she received at her hotel a polite official from the city, who intimated that she would enjoy herself more in London than Oxford. It is said that she was a famous beauty of the underworld who followed the Prince to Paris without success, and who is determined to make his acquaintance.

What She Meant

The tocsin had sounded and the dogs of war had been unleashed. The National Guard had been ordered to the front, and Colonel Rounder's wife sat across the breakfast table pensively gazing at her husband.

"George," she said, "don't you think you'd better—"

"Resign?" the Colonel broke in. "What nonsense, my dear. You should be made of sterner stuff. Women in war time should be heroes, putting their country's good before the fear of personal loss."

"That isn't what I was going to ask, George," his wife replied. "I was just going to ask if you hadn't better make sure that your life insurance dues are all paid."

No girl is quite sure there are microbes in kisses until she has practically worked out the theory.

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The Legs of Edwards Davis, M. A.

By Edward F. O'Day

To those who write of Edwards Davis his art I humbly doff my straw, for they are wizards sensing that which is not visible and in their presence I cringe deprecatingly. To those too who heap encomium upon his dramaturgic excellence I bow in reverential salaam, conscious that my lack of appreciation argues a defective mentality. Is not Edwards Davis a bill-topper? Therefore he must be a great artist. Is he not a Master of Arts? Therefore he must be a wonderful playwright. In deep humiliation I plead my limitations as the best excuse for not joining in the chorus of panegyric anent the Davis art and the Davis poetry, but I hasten to raise my voice in a loud howl of delight over the Davis legs. Never have I seen more exquisite underpinning holding up the male of the species. The symmetry of them is a call to ecstasy. In their undulations you may find Apelles' curve of beauty; in their straightness they put to shame the columnar perfection of Grecian architecture. They are the legs of an Apollo, and one weeps to think that they must be devoted to the commonplace purpose of locomotion. Such legs should be for exhibition only, and if Curator Barron takes my tip he'll have them done in bronze and enshrined in the Park Museum. A poet could make such legs immortal and himself become immortal in the attempt. Nature outdid herself when she fashioned these legs, and then she threw away the mould. And to think that such legs are sometimes hidden in prosaic trousers! It should not be. Edwards Davis should enrich the general eye by encasing his legs only in tights, preferably in tights of that lavender hue he wears on the Orpheum stage. That is indeed showing these legs to advantage, especially as the owner of them is careful to give us sight of them at every angle. I do not know whether the front view of the Davis legs is better than the rear view. It may be that the most discriminating prefer to feast their eyes upon the profile view. It is a nice question which I shall leave for the connoisseur to decide. I accept these legs in their totality and am thankful for them, too thankful to pick and choose this view rather than that. No Wonder Lust and Art vied to seduce the King of Destiny who owned such props. No wonder Love herself succumbed. Happy the subjects who bowed before such royal legs. No wonder Edwards Davis dramatized them. And no wonder the drama tops the bill. It is the most inspiring leg show on the stage. Not all the accumulated legs of the Passing Show can stand against this masculine pair. They are legs of character. One reads all of Edwards Davis' endowments in their rounded pulchritude. If Edwards Davis had nothing but legs he'd still be as great a man as he is. I can say no more.

Gossip of the Theatre

Our Opera Season

While elaborate preparations are being made for the opera season in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Montreal, the San Francisco music lovers have been anxiously asking whether the current year would go by without an opera season. Their fears may be set at rest, for San Francisco is going to have a great grand opera season and is going to celebrate in a worthy manner the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Verdi and Wagner. The event can be announced in a positive way owing to the successful agreement between W. H. Leahy, manager of the Tivoli, and Messrs. Ettore Patrizi and Eugene D'Avigneau, the former already well known as a promoter of grand opera, and the latter a well known clubman and music promoter, formerly with the Henry Savage productions and now connected with the firm of Kohler & Chase. The organization will be called the "Western Metropolitan Grand Opera Co." and, as far as California is concerned, will play only in San Francisco at the Tivoli and in Los Angeles at the Auditorium. The season here will last six weeks commencing either October 13 or 20. The principal artists are already secured. Among them will be Carmen Melis, the soprano who was a favorite in New York and is scoring heavily at Covent Garden. Two other great sopranos will be Lucia Crestani and Maria Moscisca, the former from La Scala and the latter from the Imperial Theatre of Warsaw and the Lyceum of Barcelona. Three exceptionally good tenors have been engaged. U. Chiodo, for the dramatic roles, is now touring the principal theatres of Europe. Piero Schiavazzi is one of Italy's most electrifying singers and a great favorite at Covent Garden. Luca Botta is a young lyric tenor who came to the front recently at La Scala. The baritones will include a local favorite George Mascal. The season will be under the direction of no less a personage than Ruggiero Leoncavallo, the world-famous composer of "I Pagliacci" who will be the leading conductor, devoting his art especially to the Verdi repertoire and his own operas. Besides the Verdi operas he will conduct three of his own, I Pagliacci, Zaza and I Zingari of which latter opera San Francisco will enjoy the privilege of witnessing the first performances ever given in America. The company has made due arrangements for the celebration of the Wagner Centennial. Two of the most popular Wagner operas will be given, together with several other Wagnerian compositions. The repertoire will include several of the Verdi operas,

STELLA MAYHEW
Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

both of the early period and of the later, among which will be I Lombardi (The Crusaders), the melodious and inspired opera that first established Verdi's fame as an operatic composer, Ernani, Ballo in Maschera, La Traviata, Rigoletto, Aida and Othello. The repertoire will be completed by some of the most popular and well liked operas of modern composers such as Carmen, La Boheme, Mme. Butterfly, La Tosca, Mignon and Thais. Besides "Zingari," some other important novelty will be given which will be announced later on. Henry Hadley, the director of the Symphony Orchestra, has enthusiastically agreed to co-operate for the success of the coming season and will lend his assistance in conducting some special performances. Another worthy musician, also a resident of this city, Leandro Campanari, former conductor at the Manhattan Opera House and Covent Garden, will also help to make the season a great artistic success

"The Wolf" at the Alcazar

Eugene Walter, author of "Paid in Full" and other successes, wrote "The Wolf" which is to be given next week at the Alcazar with Forrest Stanley, Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman and the stock company appropriately cast. In this dramatic depiction of life in the Hudson Bay country Mr. Stanley scored one of his big hits, which is one of the reasons for its revival by the Alcazar management. "The Wolf" introduces phases of life and types of character which are radically different from those in any other work by its talented author. Its scenes are laid in Canada's northern frontier and its people are ruggedly picturesque and primitively human.

"The Mission Play" at Columbia

Great interest is being taken in the forthcoming engagement of "The Mission Play" at the Columbia, and from all appearances John Steven McGroarty's pageant-drama of early California life is destined to create a stir in this city commencing next Monday night. Something over two years ago Mr. McGroarty and his colleagues staged it in the town of San Gabriel. Four hundred and twenty-two performances have been given. Tourists from all parts have seen it. It is in three acts elaborately staged. The first act shows the Bay of San Diego as it was in 1769 and here the story starts with the return of Don Gaspar De Portola who has advanced into the northern country and discovered the Bay of Saint Francis (San Francisco). The second act pictures the Mission of San Carlos near Monterey in 1784. In this scene is shown the Mis-

sions in their glory and the advancement of the civilization of the Indians. Act three presents the ruined Mission of San Juan Capistrano 1847. San Francisco is to be the only place to see the play, so there should be many in attendance from the surrounding cities and towns. There is a big advance sale of seats for all the evening performances as well as for the Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday matinees. The entire company has been in San Francisco for the past ten days, having daily rehearsals.

A Circus at the Empress

A big treat for the children in the new bill at the Empress will be Max's Circus, a real Barnum and Bailey Circus in miniature and the largest ever assembled for vaudeville. It carries two carloads of animals and scenic equipment and ten leading circus artists of Europe. Headline honors will be divided by Sager Midgley, comedian, presenting his own comedy entitled "Early Morning Reflections." In the cast is Dawn Elton, a charming young woman. The Four Readings are great gymnasts. Mort Sharp will entertain with new songs, stories and satire. B. Kelly Forrest is billed as the "Happy Tramp." Lew Manning and Ed. Ford are boys who know how to dance. The usual added attraction and the Essanceescope will complete a good bill.

Stella Mayhew at Orpheum

Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor will present a travesty on vaudeville headliners at the Orpheum next week. It is punctuated with songs written by Taylor, including the "coon song" in which Miss Mayhew has few if any equals. These two scored the greatest hit of last season's New York Winter Garden productions. W. L. Abingdon who is playing his first vaudeville engagement, will present the tensely dramatic play "Honor Is Satisfied," the author of which is Charles Eddy. Abingdon is well known in the East, but still better in London where he was associated as leading man with Beerbohm Tree, Sir John Hare, George Alexander, Forbes Robertson, Lewis Waller, Fred Terry and Julia Neilson. In this country he scored with Mrs. Fiske. He will be supported by his London company. Alma Youlin, the celebrated dramatic soprano, will be heard. A new style of black-face comedy will be introduced by Kenney, Nobody and Platt. Monsieur and Madame Bartholdi will present a particularly interesting act in which fifty trained tropical birds will perform feats. Next week will be the last of the Vanias and Williams, Thompson and Copeland. It will also conclude the engagement of Edwards Davis in his allegory "The Kingdom of Destiny."

Orpheum Note

The latest list of Martin Beck's Orpheum Circuit bookings includes the Great Golden in his master illusion "The Tiger God"; Catherine Countess in "The Birthday Present"; Sam Chip and Mary Marble in the Dutch comedy "The Land of Dykes"; the musical comedy oddity "The Little Parisienne" with Valerie Serice and a large company; Nina Morris and company in "The Yellow Peril"; Master Gabriel in a new comedy "Little Kick"; and Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall in a music and dramatic travesty "The Troubles of R & J".

"Bohemian Girl" at Tivoli

The last performances of Planquette's ever-welcome comic opera "The Chimes of Normandy" will be given at the Tivoli this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Bohemian Girl," Balfe's masterpiece, will be accorded a lavish and spectacular presentation. It is safe to say that no more popular opera has ever been written than "The Bohemian Girl" and it includes three of the most famous songs known to English music lovers. One of these immortal ballads is "The Heart Bowed Down." Another is "Then You'll Remember Me," and the third is "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls." The various roles will be filled to a nicety and every gem in the score will be sung to its full value. The cast includes Henry Santrey, John R. Phillips, Robert Pitkin, Charles E. Galagher, Rena Vivienne, and Sarah Edwards. Miss Vivienne, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Galagher recently played these roles with presentations of "The Bohemian Girl" made by the Aborns, each with great success. The production, under the experienced direction of Charles H. Jones, will be notable, many novelties, including the great Basy troupe of acrobats, dancers and musicians, being introduced in the fair scene. Hans S. Linne and his capable men will, of course, supply the opera with a beautiful orchestral setting. "The Beggar Student" will follow "The Bohemian Girl."

"Ready Money" Coming to Cort

"Bought and Paid For," George Broadhurst's masterdrama, which begins the second and final week of its engagement at the Cort with Sunday night's performance, has scored as emphatically this time as it did last season. It stands the test of repetition in wonderful fashion, and "gets over" with its audiences as though it were fresh from the playwright's typewriter. The play is interpreted in a worthy manner. William A. Brady, Ltd., has sent us a fine company. On Sunday night, August 31, comes "Ready Money," a comedy of laughs and thrills by James Montgomery. This is also a Brady as well as a Broadway production, and it comes here with the endorsement of all the critics of the East. Real comedies are rare, and "Ready Money" is said to be one of the rare ones.

Noted Composer at Pantages

Joseph E. Howard, one of the best known musical composers, is the star attraction on the new bill at Pantages. Howard is responsible for "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," but his brilliant successes, "The Time, The Place and The Girl," "The Girl Question," "The Honeymoon Trail," "A Stubborn Cinderella" and other productions have placed him with the topnotchers of light opera. For his vaudeville offering the composer has with him Miss Mabel McCane, a dainty little miss with stunning frocks and an ample voice. The duo sing all of Howard's best known song numbers, and after they have finished sing and play any selection the audience may

SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT OF JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY'S "THE MISSION PLAY."
Which will be presented at the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday night, August 25th, opening the regular dramatic season at this playhouse.

name. A gripping romance of the underworld is "The Redemption," a story of the San Francisco slums. Dorothy Davis Allen, a local stock actress, will enact the leading role. Jack Taylor is a tricky monologuist which means that he talks comedy while turning a rabbit into a pack of cards. The Veldo Trio, two men and a woman, do acrobatic stunts. Courtney and Jeanette have a comedy juggling act. A tall, lanky comedian is Harry Henson, about the best of local cut-ups that has appeared in this city in some time.

Elbert Cowen at Kohler and Chase's

The various compositions to be presented at the regular weekly Music Matinee to be given at Kohler and Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon are principally selected from classic dances and while seriously artistic are also very popular. The soloist will be Elbert F. Cowen, a well known and skillful San Francisco musician who is equally able to play the violin and the piano. Of especial interest will be a concert waltz by Berger to be played by Mr. Cowen on the first piano and with the Knabe Player Piano as the second piano. There will also be a Trio consisting of Knabe Player Piano, Pipe Organ and Violin from the Peer Gynt Suite.

"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"
Scene from the great Broadhurst drama which is repeating its success at the Cort Theatre.

DELICACIES AT TECHAU'S

The chef of Techau Tavern is an undoubted master of culinary technique. The menu will always be found to contain some dish of exceptional delicacy, prepared in a manner to win the hearty approval of the most fastidious. Last Thursday, for instance, was notable for the excellence of the portion of half a chicken which constituted a pleasing item of the bill of fare. Every Saturday chicken is also served; either the shredded chicken a la king or the delicious creamed breast of chicken which has long been an attractive feature of the menu.

SOLANO TOWNSITE OPENS

The opening of Solano townsite last Sunday fulfilled the rather high expectations of A. J. Rich & Co. It broke a record. The day's sales including the selection of those lots that had been spoken for before the opening, exceeded $200,000 and added to the farm sales brought the total of Solano Farms transactions in a fifty days campaign past the million dollar mark. Something of a tribute to the value of advertising! A part of Sunday's crowd made the first trip on the new Oakland, Antioch and Eastern electric line—a slow trip, to be sure, because some of the roadbed is not yet ballasted, and care had to be exercised in handling so heavy a train for the first time on the ferry that carries it over the Straits, but it gave promise of the fast service to come when the road begins regular operation in September. Another excursion was run over the Southern Pacific and one hundred autos were used to show the twelve hundred visitors over the property. Charles S. Fee, traffic manager of the S. P. and E. L. Lomax, assistant passenger traffic manager of the Western Pacific, attended the opening as guests on the O. & A. private car. Both were enthusiastic over the location of the new city and over the tremendous land and irrigation development behind it. Both predicted that other railroads would quickly seek entrance into Solano. Other guests of the directors were: Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Richard M. Mulcahy, Lansing Mizner, Miss Martha Foster, A. W. Foster Jr., Spencer Grant, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Keuchler, F. W. Kellogg, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Dorothy Mann, Mrs. A. C. Parsons, Roy Ryone, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Napthaly.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Old time activity developed early in the week in the leading stocks and prices were advanced sharply under the leadership of U. S. Steel common. Trading was concentrated too closely in a half dozen stocks to suit commission houses, and this gave the movement the appearance of successful manipulation. Steel common was traded in large blocks by a few of the large houses. Pittsburg sent in some orders to buy but most of the trading was for the professional element. The rise has been too rapid for the public to follow and the market gave way a little on profit taking but the undertone was very firm. London and the Continent were very strong and Berlin took back a lot of Canadian Pacific. The directors of this road declared the usual dividend of ten per cent but did not announce any stock issue. This created a favorable impression, because money markets are not in shape for heavy financing of that kind. Its earnings continue to break all previous records and the prospect for a good harvest is beginning to make the stock look desirable even at 220 or more, which is far above Union Pacific and Lehigh Valley, now paying similar dividends. Amalgamated Copper ran away from other copper shares on heavy trading, though the labor situation in Butte may be complicated by a strike of electrical engineers and others. The strike in the Michigan copper mines is likely to come to an end soon. The metal market is dull but firm, and selling agencies hope to establish the price at 16 cents for September delivery. Southern Pacific was offered freely and did not go up with the rest. Traders are afraid of the enormous amount of it that is hanging over the market. Erie shares were very active at times. The company is prosperous and the money now being spent in double-tracking the main line from New York to Chicago will soon add to the revenue of the road much more than is received at present. The buying of Erie looks like accumulation of the stock by strong interests rather than an attempt to advance prices. Money was again easier and the banks bought commercial paper freely. They have "taken the lid" off the stock market and are no longer opposed to activity. They need stock exchange loans and that makes a lot of difference.

Wheat—Strength in corn has been the big help to wheat although there were a few scattered reports of black rust from North Dakota and the Canadian northwest that were the features with the local trade. Well posted people think that it is rather late in the season for such reports to gain much credence or such conditions, if present, should do much damage. The feed situation is one of the strengthening influences in wheat as the good prices likely to be obtained for bran and middling will make possible flour prices which should prove attractive both at home and abroad. Early decrease in the movement of winter wheat from the farms is expected, while there is likely to be a fairly rapid increase in the movement of spring wheat. Shipping business is not especially active, but the desire on the part of the country shipper to cancel contracts has resulted in relatively higher premiums for current arrivals. The visible supply shows a fairly large increase each week and is now almost three times as large as last year. Clearances too are very large but the export demand for new business has fallen off owing to the cheaper offerings from Russia. The Canadian northwest will soon be in the market with wheat as their harvest is progressing under favorable conditions and a large yield is expected. We do not anticipate any radical action in wheat either way until some new factor of importance appears in the situation.

Corn—The corn market has continued to advance. There has been persistent buying by strong interests of futures all week and reports from the southwest were of an alarming character, several cities reporting record breaking temperatures, and this hot weather in localities where they have had no rain. Kansas advices indicate that the crop is ruined. Missouri has materially reduced their former estimate, and south of the central part of Illinois the drouth conditions have not been relieved. A close investigation of these districts leads one to believe that corn prices, which seem high in comparison with last year at this time will likely sell 10 to 15 cents higher.

Cotton—Unfavorable reports from Manchester and heavy continental and hedge selling in Liverpool prevented a sharp advance in the market early in the week as there was no rain of consequence in Texas and Oklahoma. Summarizing conditions for the past week the Washington weather bureau issued the following weekly bulletin: "In the cotton belt moderate temperatures with occasional showers and abundant sunshine afforded favorable conditions in nearly all of the central and eastern portions of the belt. Over Texas, Oklahoma and southern Missouri and parts of Arkansas, excessive sunshine with high temperatures, hot winds and the almost entire absence of rainfall greatly retarded vegetable growth, and serious drouth now prevails in nearly all portions of the State." This report while favorable for the Mississippi valley and south Atlantic States, was unfavorable for the southwestern States, but owing to the restrictions placed on the cotton market by the Clarke bill outside support was conspicuous by its absence. In fact the market looks heavy under every and all circumstances. New crop cotton has appeared in west, east and north Texas and it has been marketed freely in the southern and central portions of Texas for some time past. It is now commencing to open in all sections of the State. In the eastern portion of the belt the crop is as early, if not earlier than one year ago, as receipts at Savannah are running three times as large as last year. Toward the end of the week the market turned weak on reports of rain in Oklahoma and Texas and with the long distance forecast for general rains with cooler weather prices eased off to around the 11 cents level for October. It is still a weather market but with general rains in Texas and Oklahoma there is very little in sight to bull cotton on as hedging sales will check any advance and the outside trade is too small to take care of this class of selling.

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Violence

(Continued from Page 8.)

duck whirl down from the darkening air and settle with a long, mournful splash beside the bushy island. "Or that, for all our pride of mechanism in a mechanical age, we cannot really fly." But these attempts to escape from self were never really successful. Another part of him looked on and mocked. He returned ever to the endless introspection and self-analysis, and in the deepest moment of it nearly ran into a big, motionless figure that blocked his way. It was the Park policeman, the one who always eyed him. He sheered off suddenly towards the trees, while the man, recognizing him, touched his cap respectfully. "It's a pleasant evening sir, and turned quite mild again." Leidall mumbled some reply or other and hurried on to hide himself among the shadows of the trees. The policeman stood and watched him, till the darkness swallowed him. "He knows, too," groaned the wretched man. And every bench was occupied; every face turned to watch him; there were even figures behind the trees. He dared not go into the street, for the very taxi drivers were against him. If he gave an address he would not be driven to it; the man would know, and take him elsewhere. And something in his heart, sick with anguish, weary with the endless battle, yielded.

"There are fish in the Sepentine," he remembered the stranger had said. "And," he added to himself with a wave of delicious comfort, "they lead secret, hidden lives that no one can disturb." His mind cleared surprisingly. In the water he could find peace and rest and healing. Good Lord. How easy it all was! Yet he had never thought of it before. He turned sharply to retrace his steps, but in that very second the clouds descended upon his thought again, his mind darkened, he hesitated. Could he get out again when he had had enough? Would he rise to the surface? A battle began over these questions. He ran quickly, then stood still again to think the matter out. Darkness shrouded him. He heard the wind rush laughing through the trees. The picture of the whirring duck flashed back a moment and he decided that the best way was by air, and not by water. He would fly into the place of rest, not sink or merely float, and he remembered the view from his bedroom window, high over old smoky London town, with a drop of eighty feet on to the pavements. Yes, that was the best way. He waited a moment, trying to think it all out clearly, but one moment the fish had it and the next the duck. It was really impossible to decide. Was there no one who could help him, no one in all this enormous town who was sufficiently on his side to advise him on the point? Some clear-headed experienced kindly man?

And the face of Dr. Hancock flashed before his vision. He saw the gentle eyes and sympathetic smile, remembered the soothing voice, and the offer of companionship he had refused. Of course there was one serious drawback. Hancock knew. But he was far too tactful, too sweet and good a man to let that influence his judgment or to betray in any way at all that he did know. Leidall found it in him to decide. Facing the entire hostle world he hailed a taxi from the nearest gate upon the street, looked up the address in a chemist's telephone book, and reached the door in a condition of delight and relief. Yes, Dr. Hancock was at home. Leidall sent his name in. A few minutes later the two men were chatting pleasantly together, almost like old friends, so keen was the little man's intuitive sympathy and tact. Only Hancock, patient listener though he proved himself to be, was uncommonly full of words. Leidall explained the matter very clearly. "Now, what is your decision, Dr. Hancock? Is it to be the way of the fish or the way of the duck?" And, while Hancock began his answer with slow, well-chosen words, a new idea, better than either, leaped into his listener's mind. It was an inspiration. For where could he find a better hiding place from all his troubles than—inside Hancock himself? The man was kindly; he surely would not object. Leidall this time did not hesitate a second He was big and powerful; Hancock was small; yet he was sure there would be room. He leaped upon him like a wild animal. He felt the warm, thin throat yield and bend between his great hands, then darkness, peace and rest, a nothingness that surely was the oblivion he had so long desired. He had accomplished his desire. He had secreted himself forever from persecution—inside the kindliest little man he had ever met—inside Hancock.

He opened his eyes and looked about him into a room he did not know. The walls were soft and dimly colored. It was very silent. Cushions were everywhere. Peaceful it was, and out of the world. Overhead was a skylight and one window, opposite the door, was heavily barred. Delicious! No one could get in. He was sitting in a deep and comfortable chair. He felt rested and happy. There was a click, and he saw a tiny window in the door drop down, as though working in a sliding panel. Then the door opened noiselessly, and in came a little man with smiling face and soft brown eyes—Dr. Hancock. Leidall's first feeling was amazement. "Then I didn't get into him properly after all! Or I've slipped out again, perhaps! The dear, good fellow!" And he rose to greet him. He put his hand out, and found that the other came with it in some inexplicable fashion. Movement was cramped. "Ah, then, I've had a stroke," he thought, as Hancock pressed him, ever so gently, back into

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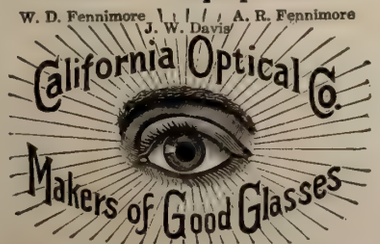

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the big chair. "Do not get up," he said soothingly but with authority; "sit where you are and rest. You must take it very easy for a bit; like all clever men who have overworked——"

"I'll get in the moment he turns," thought Leidall. "I did wrong before. It must be through the back of his head, of course, where the spine runs up into the brain," and he waited till Hancock should turn. But Hancock never turned. He kept his face towards him all the time, while he chatted, moving gradually nearer to the door. On Leidall's face was the smile of an innocent child, but there lay a hideous cunning behind that smile and the eyes were terrible.

"Are those bars firm and strong," asked Leidall, "so that no one can get in?" He pointed craftily and the doctor, caught for a second unawares, turned his head. That instant the other was upon him with a roar, then sank back powerless into the chair, unable to move his arms more than a few inches in any direction. Hancock stepped up and made him comfortable with cushions.

And something in Leidall's soul turned round and looked another way. His mind became clear as daylight—for a moment. The effort perhaps had caused the sudden change from darkness to great light. A memory rushed over him. "Good God!" he cried. "I am violent. I was going to do you an injury—you who are so sweet and good to me!" He trembled dreadfully, and burst into tears. "For the sake of heaven," he implored, looking up, ashamed and keenly penitent, "put me under restraint. Fasten my hands before I try it again." He held both hands out willingly, beseechingly, then looked down, following the direction of the other's kind brown eyes. His wrists, he saw, already wore steel handcuffs and a strait waistcoat was across his chest and arms and shoulders. He understood.

Letters

An Amusing Tangle

"The Upper Crust" should be light, flaky, thin and easily shattered. That certainly seems to be the idea of Charles Sherman whose novel bears that name. When he introduces us to his hero, Algernon Van Ransellear Todd, that exquisite youth, faultless and fastidious and the heir to countless millions, is carrying on a serious discussion with his mother, or at least, Mrs. Todd is serious enough in her efforts to make her only son accept her view, that he should engage in some occupation that can be dignified by the name of a man's work. Algy, perfectly respectful to mama, is satisfied that he possesses no genius or talent and that with the Todd fortune even ordinary ability can be dispensed with. He is good looking, idle and amorous, goes in for gentlemanly sports and considers his duty done. It is in a spirit of idle adventure that he and his chum, having exhausted all other excitements, buy out the stock of a casual peddler, and Algy reports to mama that he has really decided to go to work

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, Deceased. No. 14,791; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Margaret Handley, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 13, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 23rd day of August, 1913.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Administratrix.
Room 802, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49,614.

LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Plaintiff.
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to make some sociological investigations, and will depart early on the following morning, destination unknown, but in the course of a few months, when mama returns from a tour of Europe, they will come together at one of the country estates owned by the family. Castle Crags, on the Maine coast, was bought by Mr. Todd and fitted up shortly before his death. Neither Algy nor Mrs. Todd had ever been there, but a competent housekeeper was hired and sent on in advance to put the place in order, hire a corps of servants and stock larder and cellar in preparation for the occupancy of the owners. After some two or three months of wandering with the peddler's outfit, Algernon, tired, dusty and shabby, decided to take up his residence, without taking into consideration the likelihood of his not being recognized and accepted at once. Halting at a nearby village for his midday dinner, he was regaled and amused by the current gossip, in the course of which he discovered that Molly O'Toole, the supposedly discreet and trustworthy hireling, was posing as the mistress, Mrs. Todd, and had given herself out to be the second wife of the deceased plutocrat and stepmother of himself, that she was living a pretty gay and glorious life and probably would marry a wealthy young neighbor. Proceeding onward without disclosing his identity, Algy reached Castle Crags to find the house closed but the servants holding high revel in the stables, and having effected an entrance, he found also a nice little supper with wines and all the accessories, waiting for two, the two who made their appearance somewhere in the vicinity of midnight proving to be "Mrs. Todd" and the agreeable neighbor who was properly indignant with the housebreaker, while Molly played the grande dame to perfection. Accorded the privilege of a night's lodging in the stable quarters, Algy next morning succeeded in hiring himself out as chauffeur, and an amusing comedy situation develops itself. Here is the hired housekeeper masquerading as the millionaire mistress, the son acting as chauffeur for small wages, a girl who rarely before in her life had enough for more than current expenses spending with both hands and running up bills right and left in the hope of making a rich match, settling in comfort forever more and squaring her accounts without getting caught, and a youth who has never had to count his change actually left without enough to jingle in his pockets, for of course, if Algy applies to his lawyers for money he will disclose his identity. Being a pleasant and personable youth, even in his humble capacity as a hireling, he soon becomes a rival of Hancock, the wealthy suitor. Molly it at the same time in love with her chauffeur and with the millions of Hancock and when the bills for lace frocks, strings of turquoise and silk blouses begin to come in and the sum deposited in her name to cover the necessary expenses of opening the establishment has all been dissipated, her affairs take on a desperate aspect. When Algy accepted employment as chauffeur to his own cars he had to provide himself with a name and on the spur of the moment he appropriated that of the peddler whose outfit he had purchased, and when Holmes, most unexpectedly, turned up in North Brockton, there might have been unpleasant complications but that Holmes was not at the moment using his own name and was perfectly willing to loan it, and being a swindler, he made use of the circumstance to introduce himself to the pseudo Mrs. Todd as the geniune and simonpure Algernon Van Ransselear. It is an amusing tangle out of which everyone is eventually extricated without suffering any damage, but it is a situation that could not possibly exist for a day in real life. Mollie O'Toole, for all her beauty and her plausible excuses, is nothing but an adventuress, and that she could conceive and carry out such a scheme at twenty-two is evidence of natural criminal instincts. Algernon might like the fun of playing at chauffeur for a few weeks, but he would not be apt to enjoy seeing his mother's place usurped by a plausible young grafter not over nice in her methods of getting the good things she craved and certainly any man foolish enough to marry one of her ilk would deserve all that would happen to him. Charles Sherman, the author, is the same who gave us that amusing bit of comedy, "He Comes Up Smiling," about a year ago. Mercenary Mollie does not compare with the incomparable "Watermelon" of the earlier story. From Bobbs-Merrill.

"Pansy" at Chautauqua

The "Pansy Books" are the lineal successors of the old-time Sunday school literature of which the present generation knows little if anything. "Pansy" who is Mrs. G. R. Alden, has nevertheless a large circle of followers, and these will be pleased to have a further relation of the doings of that quartette who were the "Four Girls at Chautauqua," and who, with their children and grandchildren, have been the theme of several subsequent volumes. In this latest book the four girls, now grandmothers, have collected as many of their descendants and collaterals as is practicable, for a return to Chautauqua on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their first visit where so much of moment in their lives transpired and where, it it hoped, some good influence will be brought to bear, especially on the irresponsible son of one family and the hoydenish daughter of another. As most of the world is familiar by now with the C. L. C. C., its aims, objects and achievements, there is no need to descant on the educational opportunities and religious outlook. "Pansy's" people appear to have discovered in it a successful recruiting ground for ideal husbands and wives, though of course that result of the visit was incidental to the real purpose, likewise successfully accomplished. It is about as thankless a task to attempt to select books for others as to choose their hats or neckties. Those who like the "Pansy Books" will seize upon "Four Mothers at Chautauqua" as a gem of literature. Those who are contrary minded will not be persuaded by the most honeyed words to give it attention. "Four Mothers" is a very good example of Mrs. Alden's manner and matter and an attractive looking volume embellished by illustrations in photograph of scenes at Chatauqua and some of the leading lights of the movement. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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NENA BLAKE

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TOWN TALK

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The Taxeaters' Victory

The people of San Francisco have taken another step in the direction of State socialism, much to the gratification of its triumphant apostle, the Hon. William R. Hearst, whose advice they have taken, whose wildest utterances have been accepted as though they were clothed with the sanctity of holy writ. The people scorned the advice of the leading commercial organizations of the city, arguments addressed to their prejudices prevailed, bald prevarication carried the day. Notwithstanding the uniform and uninterrupted misgovernment from which this community has suffered and the blear-eyed incompetency of public servants as made manifest in all public works, the people have committed themselves more emphatically than ever to the folly of municipal ownership. Sensible though they are of the self-interest that always animates politicians they have heeded the appeals of the politicians. If they are to have a rude awakening it cannot be said that it will be a new experience. A familiar source of melancholy to the people of this city is what might have been. They have so often suffered themselves to be misled that necessarily they have had many unpleasant awakenings, but apparently it is not for them to profit from experience.

The Mexican Situation

The despatch of the Hon. John Lind to Mexico as legal adviser to the American embassy and agent of peace and constitutionalism was an experiment in diplomacy along the lines of the one made by President Cleveland when he sent "Paramount" Blount to the Hawaiian Islands. Though not generally approved, judging by the result it was a good precedent to follow since it has tended to bring matters to a head. President Wilson inherited from his predecessor a perplexing and delicate problem, and it has been aggravated by Americans with interests in Mexico intent upon precipitating intervention. It has been urged upon the President that by recognizing the de facto government he would insure the protection of foreigners, including Americans resident in Mexico. But both the de facto Government and the Constitutionalists in rebellion against it considered it to be to their interest not to give the United States any provocation to intervene, and whenever outrages upon persons or property occurred all Mexican factions in their zones of influence were quick to give the satisfaction demanded. The question of recognizing the Huerta Government on one hand or of permitting the shipment of arms to the Constitutionalists on the other became therefore one of great delicacy; especially as it was to be remembered that the United States was strong enough to compel the settlement of all legitimate claims for damages to its citizens after the restoration of peace, and that compared with the cost of intervention which would involve the employment of troops, liquidation of claims would be a small item. President Wilson has handled the situation well whatever may be the outcome, for he has made it clear to all the world and especially to Latin America that the "big stick" has been laid on the shelf and that there is no disposition on the part of this country to absorb any Central American State. Latin America has long viewed the United States with distrust, and the feeling was not without warrant. We have pursued a policy of patronage and aggressive interference toward the States of Latin America, and we have given them the impression that we were ready to gobble them up on the slightest provocation. President Wilson's attitude toward Mexico will go a great way toward allaying the resentment inspired by more than one of his predecessors. Having done everything in his power to avoid implicating the United States in Mexican affairs, his policy has won for us the confidence of all nations, and if finally we do take a hand it will be with universal assent.

Popularity of the Demon

Prohibitionists have been astounded by the discovery that notwithstanding the vigor of their propaganda and the tremendous efforts that have been made to cripple the Demon Rum there has been an increase since 1880 of two hundred and fifty per cent per capita in the consumption of alcoholic liquors. They are asking what is to be done about it, but apparently nobody knows as nobody has answered. And nobody has even thought of suggesting that perhaps if Prohibitionists would abate themselves they might assist the cause of temperance and reduce the output of the breweries and distilleries. Prohibitionists have decreased the number of saloons in the country and increased the consumption of liquor in homes. They have had passed many laws that have tended rather to increase intoxication than to discourage drinking. Prohibitionists are a source of great annoyance and inconvenience, and evidently they are not compensating for the evils they do by achieving anything of benefit to mankind. Indeed it is by no means certain that their cause is not positively immoral. We have the testimony of the editor of the Bulletin that when his paper was reeking with filth the per capita consumption of it was greater in Pacific Grove than in any other community in California and Pacific Grove is the model Prohibition town. Perhaps there was greater significance than commentators have been able to conceive in Paul's advice to Timothy.

Beef Going Up

This country will experience next winter the greatest shortage of beef in its history. Prices which already have advanced twenty-five to fifty per cent in a year are to be from ten to thirteen per cent higher by January 1. Meat will sell at unheard of figures. Unpleasant news this, but reliable. Also it is authoritative, coming as it does from Chicago where prices are regulated. But the soaring of prices is not due to the greed of the packers. Droughts in Kansas and neighborhoring States have deprived the cattle raising sections of feed for their stock, and they are rushing their cattle to the big stock markets. The outlook is depressing. There is to be no slump in the cost of living and no cessation of politics in Washington. Yet we must avoid pessimism. Let us remember that the world is growing happier and better, and that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Whatever the price of beef, the moral standards are rising and in the eternal conflict between light and darkness the shadows are receding and our reformers are busy as bees.

A Judge of Character

The commonest of all the instincts on which men pique themselves is the instinct for character. Yet knowledge of character is the rarest thing in the intellectual equipment of the male biped. There are men who abound in this knowledge, but they have plodded a great way through life and they have had vast and varied experience of men. The man who has spent his life among boys and books is not likely to have keen and ample knowledge of character, but singularly enough President Wilson flatters himself that he has it. So we are informed by his friends and admirers. Such being the case the President's conceit must have been slightly jarred of late. Last October he spoke of Sulzer's nomination as that of "a man whose reputation for integrity and independence is unquestionable, a man of high principle devoted to the public interest." Now even the most casual observer was able to penetrate the Sulzer disguise long before that contemptible rogue incurred the enmity of Tammany. All the New York papers now agree that he was always the most transparent of demagogues. But according to the Post of that city, despite the warning of the proverb some of the editors of the metropolis "thought it possible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." The Post describes Sulzer as "a man of a vanity so colossal as to be a joke, a charlatan, a shallow pate," and says "all this was as well known as anything can be known in politics." But that great judge of character, President Wilson, had as much esteem for Sulzer as for that other champion of the public interests, the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels, whom but a short time ago he was eager to honor with some precious appointment. The President has

come to realize that he never had the faintest conception of the Spreckels personal equation until last week when it was put on exhibition in Washington where it became the centre of gravity and the occasion of much ill-concealed levity. Poor Rudolph! Time neither softens down his asperities nor tires him of his absurdities or futilities. The man has wonderful perseverance, and his recuperative powers are inexhaustible. His passion for revenge would be a terrible thing were it not for the infantile simplicity and monstrous vanity of its managing director. He has the will, the fortune and the tenacity to do great evil to whomsoever he hates, but in the blindness of his fury he infects none but himself with his poison.

Our Extravagant City Government

So long have we been sensible of a high moral tone at the City Hall that we have not taken the trouble to ask for an accounting. We have been as complacent as the heirs of an estate that is being administered by a pillar of the church. We have taken it for granted that as the government was in good and pure hands the management of it was on the principle of a sacred trust. We ought to have known better. It is only when grafters and sordid politicians are in office that public affairs are scientifically and economically administered. Grafters and sordid politicians being under suspicion are always striving to earn public confidence, and while they do a rushing business on the side they guard against waste of public funds. The reformer, on the other hand, assured of public confidence by reason of his solemn professions of honesty and hatred of wrongdoing, feels that he is free to run the government as he sees fit. And usually it turns out that the moral sense of the reformer is somewhat oblique. He would scorn to graft as the grafter grafts, but he has no scruples against spending public money in ways that are peculiar and frequently conclusive of tricks that are far from vain from the standpoint of self-interest. Hence it is that the pendulum in municipal politics is always swinging to and fro. Hardly does our resentment of graft subside when we begin to grow discontented with officials celebrated for their moral tone and high ideals. And it has come to pass that some folk are asking themselves whether cheap grafters are not more endurable, far less intolerable, than expensive civic patriots. For the moral tone in municipal government is a most enervating luxury and a severe strain on everybody who makes optimism a matter of conscience. This is most lamentable. Given choice between a Rolph and a Schmitz it would seem that any self-respecting citizen ought not to require a moment for deliberation. Yet it appears that a very brief siege of Rolph inclines us to outgrow our ideals. After all mankind are ruled by self-interest, and it is but natural therefore that upon waking up and finding that whereas the virtues of a Rolph administration cost us more than fourteen millions a year the Schmitz-Ruef combine in the heyday of its wickedness kept expenses down to seven millions, we should ask ourselves how it doth profit a city to brand a sinner and embrace a saint. Of course it is not to be said that Mayor Rolph has doubled the cost of government. We are paying a lot of interest on bonds issued by ourselves. But it is Mayor Rolph's duty to see that the large sums of money that come from the pockets of the people are spent honestly and to good purpose. Let us inquire as to the purposes for which they are spent, and judge as to whether they are spent honestly. To all questions on the subject answers are to be found in the Auditor's office. And from this source we learn that while the annual cost of the Mayor's office has increased fifty-four per cent and that of the City Attorney one hundred and thirty-three per cent, the public schools, many of which are in need of a coat of paint, have been allowed an increase of only thirty-four per cent and the parks an increase of but two per cent. From an examination of all the figures it is clear that the cost of government has been raised chiefly in the interest of taxeaters and for the purpose of building up the big political machine that was in operation last Tuesday. Consider that we are now paying $91,000 a year to maintain a law department under the direction of Master Percy Long. Reflect that the Board of Public Works is spending $1,913,000, and then look at our public streets and speculate as to where the money is going. The urgent necessity fund has been raised from $36,000 to $100,000, and the Board of Supervisors that used to spend only $44,700 now requires $85,140. Obviously it is a case of "aisy comes, aisy goes." Yet we are told that we are having a business administration! We have substituted reformers for paint-eaters, and the reformers have reduced the market value of our property and raised its assessed value, and they are spending our money like drunken sailors. In the circumstances would it be unreasonable to expect in time a gradual waning of the moral enthusiasm of the community?

Our Official Entertainer

It was a hard test of ability, commonsense and character to which President Wilson subjected the man whom he once longed to see "knocked into a cocked hat" when he appointed that man to the exalted office of Secretary of State. Unfriendly commentators have suggested that the President's purpose was to put Mr. Bryan in a strong white light where his worshippers would be able to see how far his impulses were dominated by patriotism and wisdom, but we prefer to assume that the President had no motive save that of honoring the man whom he had learned to esteem. However, it is hardly to be gainsaid that had the President wished to expose the idol's feet of clay he could hardly have devised a more effective method. As Secretary of State Mr. Bryan, for whom friends in Texas are raising a relief fund, does not preserve the air of his own statue done in bronze. Thus far the great Tribune has won no desirable distinction in his office. He has neither upheld its dignity nor lengthened out its noble tradition. On the contrary he has more than once brought the State Department into ridicule, and gradually the impression is deepening abroad that he is more of a joke than a diplomat. Nevertheless his critics treat him kindly. As he appears to be a man of good intentions the disposition everywhere is to smile rather than to sneer. If the smile occasionally becomes a broad grin, not even Mr. Bryan's closest friends will say there was not sufficient provocation. When, for instance, the curator of the British Museum gave us the history of the Secretary's private seal, his official symbol of the Administration's love of peace, the grin was irrepressible. Mr. Bryan's seal was taken from a coin of the time of Alexander the Great, on one side of which is a bird which the Secretary thought was a dove. Now it turns out that the bird is the famous war eagle of the Greeks. It is perched on the wrist of Zeus who holds in his left-hand a big club. On the reverse is the head of Hercules, the greatest warrior and hero in all Greek mythology. But this is a mild joke on Mr. Bryan, who does not pretend to be versed either in numismatics or ornithology. Much more amusing than the war seal of the Peace Secretary is the absurd apology which he made to the British Foreign Office with reference to certain indiscreet remarks made by Henry Lane Wilson. The substance of the letter is a repudiation of the Ambassador on the ground that he has resigned and an apology because he represents the United States. His resignation, says Mr. Bryan, "has been accepted to take effect at the end of his vacation," but elsewhere in the letter he refers to Mr. Wilson as "a diplomatic official in the employ of this Government." The letter is an awkward plea in confession and avoidance, and the only effect of it is to remind us and doubtless the British Foreign Office also of the indiscretion of another gentleman for which no apology has yet been made, though as to his status there is no question. If the silly remarks of an unattached diplomat whose resignation has been accepted call for an apology, why not an apology for the boorish and insulting reflections made by the Secretary of State on the occasion of a banquet in Washington when he spoke of the "degradation of the House of Lords," and affronted members of the Diplomatic Corps by telling them that "the death knell of hereditary government" had been sounded by the opponents of home rule in Ireland? In view of the apology on account of Mr. Lane's unofficial maunderings it may be presumed that the failure of the Administration to take cognizance of what has been described as Mr. Bryan's "blazing indiscretion" implies that exemption from responsibility has been claimed and allowed for the Chautauqua orator the world over.

The Men Who Know

Somebody once said of Charles Kingsley that he wrote as if he knew of something tremendous that was scheduled to happen

about the middle of next week. There are Kingsleys by the score today who know what is going to happen, when it is going to happen and why and wherefore. Most of them are college professors who have dabbled in psychology, sociology and theology; the rest are divines with a smattering of everything but religion. They are inclined to mistake the slumbering Leviathan for an island, to believe that any particular Movement that interests them has foundations as deep as the world. Here is our dear friend Dr. Aked, for example, who regards such Puritanical phenomena as the Mann Act in this country and the revival of the whipping post in England, as proof of "a world-tendency." Here also is Professor Herron, a sombre prophet who reads the signs of the times and tells us what Socialism is going to do for the world. And here also is Professor George Santayana, whose analysis of our age, says Current Opinion, "is detached and almost Olympian." A learned philosopher tells us that wise men are full of the present, for its duties engage them, and that the future is exclusively the business of charlatans and fools. Not so, the wise men of today. To them all changes are visible and open. They have reduced sociology to an exact science. They can penetrate beneath the surface with all its glitter and humor, all its squalor and discontent, and estimate forces as if they were in possession of an infallible gauge. They interpret all tremors in the world of politics and religion. They look beyond the skyline; so telescopic is their vision, and examine as with a microscope all portents of change. Everywhere they see the outward fabric responding to the inner realities of life. And all of them have their eulogists who sit at their feet and catch the drippings of occult wisdom as though they were participating in a sacrament. It is somewhat provocative of cynicism to turn from these learned Thebans to the students of the older sciences that deal chiefly with the past and find them abating their assurance and recanting what hitherto was supposed to approximate the axiomatic. For years the geologists and the physicists have been engaged in a controversy over the question of the antiquity of man. Neither side could agree because what the geologists asserted to be proof of the length of time the earth has been supporting life was challenged by the physicists on the ground that the sun could not possibly have been giving out heat at its present rate for more than a hundred million years. But along came the discovery of radium, and presto; all bets were off. Nobody had had the imagination to conceive of a substance that can keep itself indefinitely at a higher temperature than its surroundings, that can sparkle with light and yet at the end of many years show no sign of diminution in quantity or weight. Radium has confounded the scientists. It's a paradox, a miracle. The discovery of it means that the atom is after all not the primordial unit; on the contrary that it is a wonderful microcosm with its own stores of energy; its own stores of attraction and repulsion; marvelous balances and adjustments, and all on a scale so small that it is no less bewildering than the other scale to which the itinerary of Halley's comet was adjusted in prehistoric days. Who knows but that there is an element in human affairs quite as irrational as radium and still to be brought within the ken of our Sociologists?

To Sylvia, Two Years Old

By Alice Meynell

Long life to thee, long virtue, long delight,
A flowering early and late!
Long beauty, grave to thought and gay to sight,
A distant date!

Yet, as so many poets love to sing
(When young the child will die),
"No Autumn will destroy this lovely Spring,"
So Sylvia, I.

I'll write thee dapper verse and touching rhyme;
"Our eyes shall not behold——"
The commonplace shall serve for thee this time:
"Never grow old."

For there's another way to stop thy clock
Within my cherishing heart,
To carry thee unalterable, and lock
Thy youth apart:

Thy flower, for me, shall evermore be hid
In this close bud of thine,
Not, Sylvia, by thy death—Oh God forbid!—
Merely by mine.

Perspective Impressions

We are getting tired of being told every day that there's another crisis in Mexico.

If the German Socialists declare a birth strike, will they employ walking delegates?

Illusions will die by wholesale when the diaphanous gown becomes popular.

The Examiner reporters are worried lest Hearst make them attend Chaplain Aked's church.

How would it be to start a Movement to make a bonfire of all our burning questions?

Los Angeles was pleased with the news from San Francisco.

Hearst says he is going to start another party. Just to see, we suppose, how many damphools he can induce to join it.

Mr. Taxpayer, don't forget that it was Mr. Hearst who assured you that municipal ownership will reduce taxes.

So the Bulletin is going to publish the confessions of a clergyman! Let us hope it will not be a case of indecent exposure.

A lock of Washington's hair has been found in an old trunk in Pennsylvania. Did some Delilah use the scissors on George?

Utopias are tolerable while confined to the world of dreams. They become deadly when sentimental theorists treat them as realities.

"I admit that knowledge is power."—Rev. J. W. Horn.

Let us hope that in so bold an admission there is nothing of self-incrimination.

Now it's time to get ready for the next election.

Why doesn't the Examiner send Reporter Aked to report the trial of the Rev. Claude Kelly?

Organized Labor which has the interest of San Francisco at heart and which has done so much for San Francisco in recent years will probably celebrate the bond election.

Perhaps the Rev. Claude Kelly will join the Bulletin's vaudeville show and give us a monologue on "Flirting in the Moonlight or The Pleasures of a Backyard Romance."

Harpers Weekly is still self-styled The Journal of Civilization, but since Norman Hapgood took charge the Sun has dubbed it The Journal of Snivelization. The first issue under Hapgood looks as though it had degenerated into a journal of drivelization.

Varied Types

CXLI—MISS SALLIE JONES

By Edward F. O'Day

A short time ago a water color cartoon came from a mysterious nowhere to the offices of the Board of Education. It was passed from hand to hand and aroused various emotions as it circulated. As it went the round of one circle it forced indignation to higher and higher levels; as it traversed another it stimulated a not too good-natured glee that expressed itself in discreet grins and half-choked chortles. It was rather a clever bit of work, deftly executed and with just a sprinkle of venom in the aquarelle. The cartoonist had busied himself or herself with the alignment of forces on the Board of Education, and had hit off with rude but graphic allegory a curious condition which, I am told, actually exists in that important department of our government.

The scene was that outer office of the Board of Education along one side of which the private offices of the four school directors and the superintendent of schools are ranged. Dr. D'Ancona, the president of the board, was represented sitting before his office door wearing a crown and holding a broomstick for a scepter. Before him a cloud of schoolmarms knelt in adoration. The other members of the board "sported their oaks." On one side of Doctor D'Ancona was shown the closed door of Miss Sallie Jones' office with a finger-board pointing to D'Ancona with the legend, "See the Doctor." On the other side a similar finger-board and the same legend decorated the door of Mrs. Mary Kincaid. On the door of Colonel James E. Power was the single phrase "Nothing Doing"; while on Alfred Roncovieri's door appeared the still more dispirited words, "Very Dull; Nothing Doing."

What artist in the school department executed this cartoon has never been discovered. It is superfluous to remark that if the identity of the wag became known he or she would be fired from his or her job, boiled in oil, hanged, drawn and quartered for the crime of laesa majestas.

But that is a mere detail. The point is that the cartoon is generally regarded among those who have seen it as a pretty accurate representation of the line-up in our educational department. Dr. D'Ancona is king; the fair members of the board, Miss Jones and Mrs. Kincaid, constitute his ministry; Colonel Power and Roncovieri are in opposition. Or perhaps it would be better to say that if Dr. D'Ancona is a kind of pedagogical king, Miss Sallie Jones is a sort of educational queen. Miss Jones is said to have "Jim" Power in absolute subjection, while Roncovieri stormfully resists but must knuckle down just the same. It would be a braver man than I pretend to be who would say whether or not Miss Jones also rules Mrs. Kincaid.

It is easy to understand why Miss Jones has accumulated so much power. While pedagogy breaks down the spirits of some teachers, draining them of all but class room energy, constricting their ideas within the narrow limits of text books and bleaching their souls to the color of chalk, it has been like wholesome food and enriching drink to Miss Sallie Jones. She has thrived on it. It dominates all her thoughts; one may suppose that in the watches of the night she dreams of courses of study. She is enthusiastic, breezy, positively fascinating when she discourses of elementary and secondary schools. She is chock full of vitality and health, just the sort of charming woman to overpower opposition and have her own carefully thought-out way. Of course a strong will like hers is bound to clash with other wills that have husbanded their strength, but I imagine Miss Sallie Jones would despise an opponent who didn't fight.

To interview this czarina of the school department is rather a bewildering experience for one who is not au courant with down-to-the-minute pedagogical tendencies. In her talk the patter of the educator is sometimes heard, but her mind seems to be unusually free from scholastic cant. Hard common sense is uppermost, and yet she is bafflingly new-fashioned. She recognizes the

MISS SALLIE JONES

defects of education as attempted today, but is sure the new way is better than the old and is eager to press forward to still more radical regions.

Miss Jones told me, for instance, that one day she was examining orally an applicant for a teacher's certificate. There was a Baltimore and Ohio railroad calendar on the wall.

"Where is Baltimore?" she asked the would-be teacher.

"In Massachusetts," was the ready answer.

That sort of thing doesn't discourage Miss Sallie Jones. Nor is she downcast when a commission merchant asks her:

"Why is it the boys who come to work for me can't add?"

Miss Jones explains that the boys don't study. They are different, she says, from the boys of the generation preceding; mischievous, pleasure-loving, restless. She says, and says it nonchalantly, that the school department must work hand in hand with the juvenile court. I asked her if the teachers were to blame.

"Not the teachers but the parents," says Miss Sallie Jones. "We must induce parents to spend more time in rearing their children. If the children have a bad home influence it is too much to expect the teachers to counteract it in five hours a day. The pressure on the teachers is increasing all the time. There are more and more study courses all the time in the elementary schools. We must relieve the pressure, but not by going back to the old-fashioned ways. Boys must be taught to add, but why bother about rapid addition? There are adding machines. They must be taught geography, but not in the old mechanical way. I think that a boy should go out of the grammar school with a working knowledge of universal history. And he'll have time to acquire it. Why should pupils spend several months on the Civil War, as they used to do when I was at school? We are trying to forget that there was strife between North and South. Then why have the pupils learn how many were killed at Bull Run or who commanded at Shiloh? Let them merely learn that there was a bitter struggle over slavery; that problems of sectional difference should be worked out without the bitterness which culminates in war; and then let them pass on to something else. There are so many necessary things about which pupils should learn something that no time should be given to unnecessary things. The teacher should have time to remind the children that they have souls; to inculcate moral lessons when the occasion comes."

With manifest pride Miss Jones told me of the dressmaking, millinery and cooking classes; of the drawing classes; she looks forward to the time when clay modeling may be taught without danger of skin diseases. She believes in teaching the arts in the elementary schools. They train the mind and the eye, she says, and may develop latent talent. She pointed out that some of our cartoonists had discovered their bent in the elementary schools.

In all she said it was easy to see that Miss Sallie Jones believed that the present system was right; that the present tendencies slant the proper way; and that if the results are not as gratifying as they might be, the children are to blame, the children and their parents.

"There must be a definiteness in education, a correlation, a holding together," she said, dropping into the patter of pedagogy. "And we must overcome retardation. That is the great danger in the very young. Get them started right. Here the child labor laws and the juvenile court are of great assistance to us."

"Does a boy leave the grammar school as well equipped today as he did twenty years ago?" I asked, thinking of the distinguished men in our midst whose school days ended when they left the Lincoln and other fine old schools.

"More is demanded of the boy today," was Miss Jones' reply.

(Continued on Page 23.)

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The Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Your new correspondent Celt is as intemperate as his predecessor Hibernicus, but as he supports what I have said and Hibernicus denied I should have no quarrel with him. You will remember that I said that as the Irish loved to disagree and were in perpetual disagreement (or words to that effect) it was to be expected that they should disagree over their drama; also that those who were intolerant of the Abbey Theatre drama were not influenced by questions of art but rather by inherent aversion to the other faction. This Hibernicus denied. Celt uses up a whole page proving my thesis. Perhaps I should let them fight it out. Meanwhile permit me gently to reprove the fiery Celt. He says that if certain persons chose to "desecrate and scoff at what is nearest and dearest" to Ireland they "deserve castigation from everybody in whom there is a spark of decency and honor." I suppose this means me. I must be the galled jade, for I wince. But as there are others who like the Irish drama I am constrained to say in their behalf that perhaps they find it as difficult as I to sympathize with the faction represented by Celt in its fury against the dramatists. Perhaps like myself they do not scoff at what is nearest and dearest to Ireland. Perhaps their critical faculty is finer than Celt's and they are able to see the big merits of the drama while Celt is able to see only its trivialities. Perhaps Celt views the works of men he hates as Voltaire viewed the works of Shakespeare. Voltaire, you know, regarded Shakespeare as a barbarian.

Yours truly,

—L. R. F.

Aked for Mayor

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Have you ever stopped to think that before long the auctioneering, pulpiteering and domineering Aked will be electioneering? If I don't miss my guess that man is going to run for mayor. Just consider some of his actions, and you'll find they all point that way. He preaches on everything from original sin to the conduct of the district attorney's office. I shouldn't be surprised if he preached a sermon on Hetch Hetchy one of these days. When the woman's suffrage campaign was on he jumped into the middle of it. When the women uplifters wanted the municipal clinic and the segregated district abolished he wanted the same thing. When the women uplifters got out to recall Judge Weller he was with them every step of the way. I tell you, the man is a natural born politician who realizes the importance of the vote feminine. And now he has broken into yellow journalism. The reason is plain. He wants to have the Examiner on his side when he runs for mayor. The Examiner is sure to throw Mayor Rolph overboard pretty soon. Would it surprise you if the Examiner got behind Aked as Rolph's successor? It wouldn't surprise me a bit. Just you watch and see. Meanwhile study Aked's doings with this notion of mine in mind, and you'll understand him much better than you do now.

Clairvoyantly,

—E. B. B.

Muley Bill's Successor

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Mr. Hearst says he is going to start a Radical party wherever there isn't any. I suppose that means we shall have one in California. If so I nominate Rolph for Governor on the Hearst ticket. Seems to me that "Our Jim" ought to be considered the logical successor of "Muley Bill" Langdon, late candidate of Hearst's Independent Leg.

Sincerely,

—Thomas R. Dougherty.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

Cost of Balkan War

A Roman correspondent now in Macedonia, who has visited all the chief centers of the Balkan war, has sent to the newspaper he represents an approximate table of the losses in men and money up to the present of the combatant nations. For the first war his estimate is as follows:

Bulgaria—350,000 soldiers mobilized; 80,000 dead; $300,000,000.

Servia—250,00 soldiers; 30,000 dead; $160,300,000.

Greece—10,000 dead out of 150,000; $70,000,000.

Montenegro—8,000 dead out of 30,000; $4,000,000.

Turkey—450,000; 100,000 dead; $400,000,000.

For the second war his figures are:

Bulgaria—60,000 dead; $180,000,000.

Servia—40,000; $100,000,000.

Greece—30,000; $50,000,000.

When the number of persons massacred and the victims of the cholera epidemics are added to the totals it is reckoned that nearly 400,000 must have perished. The monetary loss all told is said to be $1,360,000,000. The Boer war cost England 20,000 dead and $1,000,000,000.

We Lead in Crematories

There are at the present time thirty-four crematories in Germany and nearly as many in England and in Italy. France is considerably behind with only five. Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Portugal and even the most conservative Catholic nation, Spain, the now building crematories. There remain only Russia, Austria, Belgium and Holland without such institutions, since in these countries it is forbidden by law to incinerate the dead. Oustide of Europe, it is in the United States that cremation has the most considerable vogue. There are in this country forty-one crematories, of which two are electric.

John Barleycorn's Progress

Regardless of the fact that the Colonel never drinks anything stronger than buttermilk and tea except upon the advice of his doctor, a little after a fatiguing outing, some for courtesy's sake, and a little before retiring to make him sleep, and that Secretary of State Bryan taboos everything except grape juice, old John Barleycorn is gaining ground. The returns in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that up to the close of business May 29 the increase in beer and fermented liquors over last year was $2,250,000. Receipts from wines, whiskies and other spirituous liquors were $7,000,000. Cigarettes showed $300,000 excess and tobacco in all its forms $5,500,000 more.

Favor Vivisection

The Seventeenth International Congress of Medicine which was held recently in London went on record as being in favor of vivisection The resolution declared that "experiments on living animals have proved of the utmost service to medicine in the past and are indispensable to its future progress." The infliction of unnecessary pain was deprecated but it was stated that "in the interests alike of man and animals every facility should be given to competent persons for the performance of such experiments under adequate supervision."

Our Trade With Japan

Yokohama figures indicate that imports from the United States increased from twenty per cent. of the total in 1911 to nearly twenty-four per cent. in 1912. There was a considerable increase in the imports of iron. The value of leathern imports continues to advance as do those of galvanized wire and woolen yarns. The United States leads in the automobile and motorcycle trades. Imports of some of the better grades of cotton goods have increased, as have also linen tissues. The sale of iron nails has more than doubled. Japan is buying more goods from us all the time, and the United States is also increasing the volume of its purchases from Japan. Trade relations between the two countries are therefore becoming more cordial and satisfactory, despite the offensive utterances of jingoes in both countries.

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A Moral Victory

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

My aunt Alexia, whom I remember vividly, though she died more than forty years ago, was a type of the Yorkshire gentlewomen now long extinct. Short, and dark-haired, with eyes that seemed to be upon the point of starting from her head, she had a strong and wiry mustache, and when by chance she did not pull it out a growth of beard upon her chin, which used to make me shudder when as a boy she kissed me and they grated on the skin. I do not think this outward, visible sign of masculine interior forces gave her much trouble or annoyance, for she would say with pride, "My cousins the Fitzgibbons all have beards, both women and men alike." Family pride was a strong point with my good aunt, as she was nearly related to almost all the county families of Yorkshire, which interparentage a Scottish aunt of mine used to term scornfully in speaking of her "Alexia and her fatiguing relatives." She always dressed in black, carried eternally a bag embroidered with steel beads, and was a little deaf, but never used a trumpet, saying that nearly all her Yorkshire cousins were as deaf as she was, with considerable pride.

She was a churchwoman, not because of any special partiality for the ritual of the church; but because, born as she was a member of a county family, it would have been impossible for her to belong to any other faith. Ladies and gentlemen, as a rule, were churchmen, unless they happened either to be eccentric in their tastes or Roman Catholics. The latter faith was, as it were, a visitation from on high which they had inherited from birth, in the same way as a harelip or a big purple blotch on one side of their face. To be eccentric was permissible —if one was either born a Martin, or a Fitzgibbon, or any other of the hierarchy of the West Riding, such as a Mundell of a Milton-Rounde. A gamekeeper might be a dissenter, but not a coachman or a butler, for it was painful to sit behind a man who was not properly baptised, or to drink wine poured out by one who did not walk up the church on a Sunday as it were strewed with eggs.

My Aunt Alexia, either by reason of her deafness or descent, had a hard temper, much like the disposition of an Airedale terrier; in fact all her relations said that she was "varmint," a term which in their mouths was laudatory, for they applied it indifferently to dogs and horses, animals at least as sacred in their eyes as was the cat to the Egyptians, as well as to mankind. Still she was kind-hearted, though brusque and masculine, and not without a vein of tenderness. As a child I stood in awe of her, partly on account of her exterior, partly because she was so deaf; but she had humor, a gift that always wins the confidence of children in a way older people seldom understand.

As fate would have it, this lady, a pattern of propriety and commonplace, with all the virtues and the failings of her class, her strong self-will and great austerity of face and bearing, had for a mate a man as different from her as the day is from the night, or, as she would have said, as chalk from cheese, in her old-fashioned speech.

Born in a military prison at Verdun, General Hickman Currie had grown up, not only speaking French, but quite a Frenchman in his ideas and ways. Short and well-made, he must have been in youth what he called "un joli garcon;" but in the days when I remember him he was a wizened little man, alert and active, and with a chestnut wig that could have taken nobody in, and least of all a boy. Well over seventy, I remember him rolling his eyes and playing the guitar, as he sang love songs in the Spanish tongue, which language he had acquired in youth, and spoke it wholly in the Gallic fashion, accentuating every syllable alike, so that it seemed a kind of gibberish more than a human speech.

His wigs were my delight, for he had three of them, and now and then, when he was staying at a country house, he would appear with one a little longer than the last, and after looking in the glass would say, "My hair is growing ridiculously long," and go off into town.

All his upbringing and his military life, for he had served with credit in several campaigns, were not much calculated to make him what is called "domesticated," and his chief object to the last day of his life was what he euphemistically styled gallantry, being, as he said, "equally at home with any one of them." How such a man, with all his graces and his wigs, his songs to the guitar, his love of women, and his way of looking at the world, could have endeared himself to Aunt Alexia, always puzzled me. They seemed to pull together passably, for he, no matter what his practice may have been, always was outwardly discreet, and treated her with deference, and though he made no secret of his tastes, never gave cause for scandal, and yet one felt that there was something not quite right between them, rather divined than seen. Their marriage had been one of inclination, for Aunt Alexia was by report in those days not ill-looking in an Amazonian fashion and possibly not deaf. Money they neither of them had, though each had something, and of course the general had his position, for in the days when I remember him he had long turned his sword into a walking stick, and had become a pillar of the club in a small watering place.

Nothing restrained the general from his universal love-making; but by the time that I remember him it had become rather an affair of making compliments and eyes than of what he called "pushing the attack." Still the old spirit lingered in him, for at a picnic, when a lady had got into some difficulty, he turned to me and told me to go to her assistance, and when I, boy-like, said she did not seem to need my help, rejoined "A woman always is in need of help, my boy, especially on occasions when there is no need." My aunt looked upon his vagaries leniently enough in those days, though in the past they must have been of some annoyance to her, as I learned from another aunt of mine, whom report said the general had offended, either by making or not making love to her.

"My dear," said this good lady, "your Aunt Alexia has had a good deal to put up with from the general."

I could not help thinking that perhaps the general also had had something to put up with, but said nothing, knowing that if I did my aunt would not impart the information that was trembling on her tongue. "You see, my dear," she said, "your Aunt Alexia was one of those who understood when it was polite not to see everything." No one could possibly have accused my Aunt Margaret of not seeing everything. She was an Ogilvy, she used to say with pride, in the same way she might have stated she was vertebrate, and one of the mammalia, and certainly she could weigh a person in the balance and find him wanting at a glance.

Aunt Margaret resumed, "Your Aunt and General Hickman, a person whom I never liked, for I could not abide his airs and graces, respected and possibly loved each other, for now that all is past see what a happy pair they are. Still, dear, your Aunt Alexia once was young, although to look at her today—" Aunt Margaret was a good seven years senior to my other aunt, and took snuff freely, drying her handkerchiefs before the fire after the operation, and at no epoch of her life could possibly have been attractive; but still remained a woman at the heart in matters that affected others of her sex. "You know it is galling for a woman to have her husband running after everyone, even if you have a moustache yourself, my dear." I agreed, and she resumed, "Your aunt always kept up appearances, and I think, in her secret heart, was rather proud of the general's reputation in the abstract; you know, my dear, no one likes concrete things,, no matter what they say. Your Uncle Arthur, though he said he was a Buddhist, swore fearfully when he had an attack of gout. So, dear, when any of her friends—you know what fearful gossips your dear Aunt Charlotte and your cousin Rachel are—used to come to your Aunt Alexia with tales about her husband, she always said they were all lies. Still, like a prudent woman, she did not say much, biding her time. You recollect our Scottish proverb, "Juke and let the jaw gae by?"

I thought my aunt kept, so to speak, her finger on the trigger for an unconscionable time; but knew that once primed she would fire at last and hit plumb center, for I knew her well, so I merely nodded, saying, "What a memory you have for proverbs, Aunt Margaret! Better than Sancho Panza, I believe." "Ah yes, Sanco," she rejoined, and set about to gather up the disjointed fibres of her tale.

"Where had I got to? Oh yes, your Aunt Alexia always kept a stout heart to a stae brae, as the saying is, and never noticed many a thing that perhaps was not worth the noticing. Perhaps she never saw, and what the eyes do not see the heart does not grieve for, so it may be that she was wise enough. Deaf people are hard to understand.

(Continued on Page 22.)

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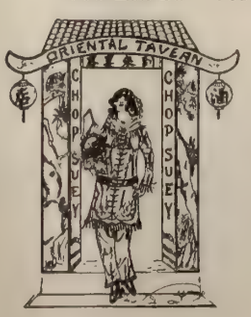

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Poems About San Francisco

CVIII—THE SPIRIT OF '49

By Wallace Irwin

[illegible]

There wasn't no Parlor Knights when we and Joe came here
The nat'ral laughs was on Mormon whims with each dozen lot and tear,
There wasn't no limits nor police' comforts nor railway systems when
We was all Fifties on the battle and stiff and on hurry again.

The Argonauts and "Argonotts" we laughed them frankly to scorn,
They just kept through the desert lands and never turned nor knew
We lived the brushes with our guns, the hillsides with our bones,
When "Times was a-rootin'" some we had the corner stones.

Then to that pleased the Thoroughfares and built the shipping by day,
Then to that formed the Fightwaits to drive the wolves away,
We built the schools, we made the laws and made that stand for
Got settled with a shotgun—but they got it on the square.

[illegible] Joe gave the boy a wave and sang,
The accountancy is in the streets, the churches crowded down—
But there's the same old Argonaut a-cryin' in our men,
"We built 'er up in Forty-nine—and we'll build 'er up again!"

The Spectator

Was Because Privacy!

[illegible] Justice Joseph Ralph Welch presided at the case of Tom Fox with a kind of men in the habit of the Tom Willard in Washington. Senator Hughes of New Jersey, Congressmen Kent and Nolan of California and Tom Finn, the publicity director of the Democratic National Committee, were among those present. Tom Fox occupied Rudolph Spreckels' old seat. Before I went to Prince Rupert it was proposed to Tom Fox to withdraw the nomination of Tom Fox. He said no, for now it was a case of principle, and he would go a step further. "Because they may have to be a President." Fox said. "Please do not withdraw the nomination of Tom Fox for the purpose of the Democratic Prince Rudolph Spreckels of San Rudolph Spreckels Building & Loan."

Alternative Bill

What a curious fascination has alternative for the Hon. William Randolph Hearst! He appears to regard it as the savior of humankind in the pit of society. The Examiner tells us that the telegram to the Independence League of Texas was delayed in transmission. I don't believe it. The lure was delayed in process of construction. Mr. Hearst was in labor bringing forth a succession of multiple copies by means of the typewriting letter and his overall must have been greatly embarrassed. I would suggest to Mr. Hearst to remember that the alphabet has many letters, so that he might have greater facility in alternation and get his telegrams off on time. Why make a blank of the letter g? There is [illegible] it has a liberal bend? So the first paragraph of the telegram be edited: "I cannot promise to accept the party policy, but personally I can see myself [illegible] against." And again: "Promises to protect the people in the possession of their public property." Once more

"The name of such a party is of no importance. Its purpose and its principles are all important." And again: the "post-pose positiveness of a visionary and redemptionist principle." Turned out a [illegible] back again "not a preacher but a prophet" and so it pops up prominently the interpretive p that counts for pre-pal and pithy and point proper and pronounce which is probably why it is paramount and pleasing to our pronouncing publicists, and why apparently to prepare it into print till repetition plagues and the whole procedure performance smacks of pilaver and pally. We pay on the jaded appetite of the infant prodigy.

The Sardine Style of Living

Los Angeles is getting many low advertising these days, but it is of a kind that will not enhance its reputation for private dealing with movement conditions in Los Angeles, which recently appeared in The Survey, it young the results of the Harvard group. From this article it is to be inferred that the people of Los Angeles are not strong for communal party when compared with the problem of keeping down the cost of living. It appears that in the city where the suburban rate mounted to one expensive pinnacle designed a new style of tenement or human packing box in which there is more congestion than may be found anywhere else in the world. The tenement in Los Angeles is called a "bungalow court." There are 600 of them comprising 5,776 shacks sheltering 15,000 people. William H. Mathews, the author of the article in The Survey, now describes a court recently constructed:

> It runs through from street to alley. It has a frontage of 44 feet and a depth of 170 feet. Twenty-two one-story habitations, closet on each side, open on the 30 per cent vacant space required by law because persons do not get other building rights on adjoining lots, there being nothing to prevent other party building to the lot lines. The houses are in a solid row, the rough battened board wall being the only separation of one family from another. Light and air come only from the front. Two-room dwellings they are called—11 feet wide, 12 feet deep; each is the total floor space in each house. A rough board partition, extending but part way to the roof, with a hole for a door, separates five of these feet from the remaining ten. This is called the kitchen, and hence the two rooms. The ceiling is the shingled roof, almost flat. Great boxes are they with in as the sun beats down upon them. Water closet accommodation conforms with the law. "There shall be," it says, "in every court, one men's closet for every ten men, and one women's closet for every ten women." They are here, three on one side of the court for women, three on the other side for men. The entire building cost of the twenty-two two-room habitations was $1,000. The rent is $6 a month each, $132 in all. There are worse courts near. Some of the one-room "homes" are occupied by families of nine. Families of four or more are usual in the one and two room shacks.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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A City of Disease and Degeneration

According to Mr. Mathews the congested living conditions in Los Angeles are unparalleled anywhere in this country. He says that he has heard gruesome stories of conditions under which children were born in the "packing boxes" of Los Angeles. He thinks that the inevitable result of the lack of privacy and family life in them is physical and moral degeneracy. How remarkable that such things should be in a city where good, pure and pious people abound, where the idea of segregating prostitution shocks sensitive church circles, and where the guardianship of morals is a continuous performance! Judging from what Mr. Mathews says of Los Angeles it is a city comparable only in some respects with the City of Dreadful Night that Kipling wrote about. Speaking of the "packing boxes," he says: "Hospitals, juvenile courts, reformatories, jails, homes for the dependent and semi-dependent, orphan asylums, and other like institutions will increasingly draw their inmates from them. Here will infectious and contagious disease find place to propagate, breed, and spread. Such has been the plainly writ record of rotten and evil housing conditions in other cities—so will it be in Los Angeles." Mr. Mathews thinks it amusing that Los Angeles should be looking forward to the opening of the Panama Canal and dreaming dreams of grandeur, of becoming the most beautiful city in the world.

Speaking of Los Angeles

"There is no doubt about it," said the lady from Los Angeles; "there are a lot of very queer people in our city. Perhaps I notice the difference because I was born and raised in San Francisco. Between San Francisco and Los Angeles there is the same difference as between day and night. They stand at opposite poles of city life, and you can't reconcile their ways. Although I have lived in Los Angeles for a long time I am not yet used to many of the conditions down there. I cannot, for instance, overcome my astonishment at the extreme to which many Los Angeles people carry their notions of economy. The Italian who supplies me with vegetables from his wagon every morning has told me that he has some customers who take one head of lettuce a day. In three days they have purchased five cents worth of lettuce. I was in the butcher shop one morning when a woman asked for ten cents worth of stew meat. The butcher was deaf and he asked: 'Did you say twenty cents worth, ma'am?' 'No, I said ten,' replied this customer; 'do you think I want it to last me all week?' Another time I saw a woman buying ten cents worth of boiled ham in a delicatessen shop. When it was being weighed she turned to me and said: 'In Illinois where I come from they give you honest weight, but here the tradesman puts his hand in the scale.' And I know from my iceman that housekeepers who order ten cents worth of ice every day weigh it in their own scales, because my iceman is in a fluster all the time from the quarrels he has when these women accuse him of shortweighting them."

In The Shops

"Just to show you what kind of people settle in large numbers in Los Angeles," continued the lady from Los Angeles, "let me repeat one or two shop incidents. One day the shoe clerk who waited on me had a broad grin on his face. 'I have just sold a woman a pair of men's shoes,' he told me. He said a woman came in and asked for the biggest pair of shoes in the shop. She seemed ashamed to show her feet. He brought her a pair of ten-and-a-halfs just as a joke, but she sent him back for a bigger pair. Her feet were so large because for years she had lived on a farm where she wore no shoes summer or winter. Prosperity brought her to Los Angeles. My hands are rather small and I had difficulty one day in obtaining gloves of a proper fit. 'How would you like to be turned away from this counter because we didn't have gloves large enough for you? asked the salesgirl. 'Has that happened?' I asked her. 'It happens every day,' she said. One day at a bargain sale I saw a woman buy a pair of fifty cent gloves. 'Do you give trading stamps?' she asked. The glove girl replied that they did not. 'Don't you give any thing at all?' asked the woman. And she went away dissatisfied. Do you know that they had to post notices in the lobby of the biggest hotel prohibiting the use of toothpicks? And yet I never saw guests of the St. Francis or the Palace stand around the lobby picking their teeth. I agree with one clever saleswoman who said to me, 'Los Angeles is San Francisco's Sunday school.'"

A College Banquet

What the lady from Los Angeles said reminds me of an incident that happened in a Los Angeles newspaper office. A man went to the city editor and explained that he was the secretary of the Los Angeles alumni association of a middle western university. He said that the alumni had just had their annual banquet and requested that the paper mention the affair. He gave the names of the officers, the list of speakers and so on. "Where was the banquet held?" asked the city editor. "In Soandso's Cafeteria" was the answer.

"Our Jim" Not There

A week ago when Chaplain Aked of the Examiner preached his last sermon in the First Congregational Church he announced that while the old church was being pulled down and the new edifice erected, he would occupy Temple Emanu El. He stated that Dr. Meyer, the pastor of Emanu El, would be present at the first Sunday service in the synagogue; also that Mayor Rolph would be on hand to say a few words about the happy accident which brought people of the Hebrew and the Protestant faiths together under one roof. Those who went to Chaplain Aked's first service at Emanu El to see Mayor Rolph in a pulpit were bitterly disappointed. "Mission Jim" did not "show." Did he get an attack of timor politicus, or was he too busy leading his people into bondage?

Governor-General Harrison

Francis Burton Harrison, the new Governor-General of the Philippines, is no stranger to San Francisco. It was from this city that he derived the wealth which will enable him to live in style and splendor in the Philippines. He inherited it from his wife Mary Crocker whom he married in 1900. She was killed in an automobile accident in Long Island City in 1905. Some months later he married Mabel Judson Cox, daughter of Henry L. Judson of Brooklyn, who had been separated from her husband Dr. Rowland Cox Jr. by divorce. Mr. Harrison has been a prominent leader in tariff matters in the House, and he was in charge of the wool schedule when it was under debate. He made a trip to the Philippines with Mr. Taft when the latter was Secretary of War, but during the Taft Administration he was snubbed by the President in the heat of the Ballinger scandal. The President flatly refused him admission to a White House conference when he was a member of a visiting delegation. Mr. Harrison is a lawyer by profession, by politics he is a New York City Democrat of the "silk-stocking" variety. He is the son of the late Burton Har-

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rison who was private secretary to Jefferson Davis during the days of the Confederacy; and his mother is a well known novelist.

A Popular Governor General

When Cameron Forbes steps down to make way for Francis Burton Harrison, the new Governor General of the Philippines, the islands will lose the most popular man who has ever held that high office. Cameron Forbes is a Bostonian of fine family and of great wealth, and it is said that he spends the amount of his salary every year in charitable endeavor. He is an enthusiastic polo player, and has always picked polo players for the positions immediately around him. But he is not in the first rank of polo players, and the cavalry teams take his measure regularly. Cameron Forbes has written a book on the great game which is a standard work. The players down Burlingame and San Mateo way study it assiduously.

Glynn of Albany

Martin H. Glynn, the Acting Governor of New York, is a man with many friends in this section of the country. Those with whom I have talked hold him in high esteem, and their appraisement is not at all extravagant if one may judge from the satisfaction that is felt by the leading newspapers of New York at the prospect of his succeeding the thoroughly discredited Sulzer. Mr. Glynn is a self-made man. Starting from the bottom of the ladder he worked his way through Fordham College and graduated an honor man in 1894 when he was twenty-three years of age. In 1897 he was admitted to the bar. He then went into the newspaper business and became editor of the Albany Times-Union which he now owns. He was elected to Congress for the session of 1899-1901, and President McKinley appointed him a member of the National Commission to the St. Louis Exposition of which he was elected vice-president. He was State Controller of New York in 1906-08. Last fall at the Syracuse convention he was one of the leading candidates for Governor. At the election in November he received 18,000 votes more than were cast for Sulzer. Mr. Glynn is a man of studious habits, an able writer and orator, and a most zealous and efficient public servant.

The Making of a Monster

Patrick Calhoun having resigned the presidency of the United Railroads the mob-inspiring press will have to construct a new Ahriman. Mr. Calhoun served them well as an embodiment of evil. In the public mind they created the impression that his was a very ugly personality, that he was the very incarnation of hostility to the public interests. In other words he was made to typify to the people of San Francisco what Charles S. Mellen typifies to the people of New England and what E. H. Harriman and John Pierpont Morgan typified to the people of the whole country. There are many thousands of people in San Francisco who believe that Patrick Calhoun exercised a most baneful influence on the city and that he pursued a policy antagonistic to the interests of the city out of sheer meanness. The truth of course is that by reason of the treatment he received at the hands of demagogues of the press and politics his whole career in this city has been a struggle for existence. He has been abused for not giving us better street railroad service; but the service is precisely what he has been permitted to give. The wonder is that in view of the calamities from which the United Railroads Company has suffered it has been able to give any service at all. The truth is our politicians and our mendacious press have been doing all in their power to cripple the United Railroads that they might vindicate their sympathy with organized labor. The corporation has been severely punished for daring to oppose organized labor, but San Francisco has been punished also.

The New President

Mr. Jesse Lilienthal, the new head of the United Railroads, is a man whom the newspaper artists in vilification will have some difficulty in discrediting. He has not the air of the corporation magnate who figures in newspaper cartoons. He is more of a philanthropist than a plutocrat. A man of kindly impulses is Mr. Lilienthal, more active in the affairs of charitable institutions than the affairs of the several corporations of which he is a director. A lawyer by profession, it is from lawyers and judges that one hears the highest praise of Jesse Lilienthal. He ranks at the top of his profession, and in the practice of it he has won the esteem of his adversaries, even of those over whom he has triumphed.

A Victim of Alice Smith

The Bulletin has treated us to the touching stories of the fallen women who picked themselves up after reading "A Voice from the Underworld." Judging from what has been told us there were several magdalenes in our town who needed only the inspiration of Alice's yarn to lift them from the half to the whole world. But what about the brainless girls who found the career of Alice Smith attractive and made up their minds to follow it? Are there such girls? I know of one at least. Carrie McKeon is her name. Carrie was taken from the Maria Kip Orphanage and given a home by the Rev. E. B. Hart of Petaluma. She ran away a few days ago, and the police were asked to look for her. The police of San Francisco found her Monday night in a rooming house at 1334 Stockton street. When Carrie was asked why she ran away she told the police that she had been reading the story of Alice Smith in the Bulletin and had made up her mind to pursue Alice's career. The voice from the underworld called to Carrie and she answered the call.

A Hobo's Regrets

Henry T. Scott and George E. McFarland of the telephone company started out the other day

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on a tour of inspection of the company's western stations. Templeton Crocker placed his private car at their disposal. While the car was lying in the yards at Sacramento waiting to be hooked on to an eastbound train, Scott and McFarland, glancing out of the window, saw a hobo let himself into a freight car.

"That gentleman is going on a long trip," said Scott.

"Yes," assented McFarland, "and the chances are that he hasn't dined properly."

Whereupon McFarland summoned a servant and told him to take a cold fowl and a plate of sandwiches to the hobo. Scott added a cold bottle of wine and a fifty cent cigar. In due time the servant returned grinning broadly.

"Well, what did the gentleman say?" asked Scott.

"He said," replied the servant, "that he cannot offer you the hospitality of his car because his chef is off duty and he can't thank you in person because his valet hasn't laid out his afternoon clothes."

But when the private car rolled out of the yards the hobo was at the door of his freight car to wave Scott and McFarland a friendly goodbye.

Burgess and the 1915 Play

It seems that Gelett Burgess is not going to write the Bohemian Grove Play for 1915 after all. At least he won't write it unless the directors of the club change their minds again. Burgess was asked to write the play for next year. Instead of accepting gratefully Burgess told the directors that he'd prefer to write the grove drama for the World's Fair year, a request which showed that the years which have passed since Burgess lived here have abated naught of his well known modesty. The directors signified their willingness, and the announcement was made. There was an immediate storm of protest. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Burgess isn't the most popular member of the Bohemian Club, and men who have been active for years in making the annual grove drama a success roundly declared that they'd be hanged if they lent a hand to Burgess. These were men upon whom the club leans heavily for help. Without them a successful high jinks would be almost impossible. So the directors decided that it would be necessary to get some other than Burgess to do the 1915 book. That's where the matter stands now. Burgess' friends in the club have gone to the front for him, but so far they have not pulled him out of his awkward predicament.

An Insomnia Cure

I dropped into the Palace bar the other day and named my favorite quencher to "Cocktail" Boothby, the mixological litterateur. Then it struck me that Boothby wasn't looking extra well, and I said so.

"I'm suffering from an insomnia cure," he said.

"You mean from insomnia," I corrected him.

"No I don't," he insisted. "It's the cure that knocked me out. I told George here (indicating the only German Count who tends bar in this city) that I couldn't sleep. 'Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed,' he advised me, 'and I'll warrant you'll be able to sleep within half an hour.' I did as he suggested."

"Did it work?" I asked.

"I've written down what happened," answered Boothby wearily.

Result of Peanuts and Milk

Here is what I read: So far as I am able this

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morning to recall the details, first let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in mid-air. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the well and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountainside the brakeman came in and I asked him when the train would reach my station. "We passed your station four hundred years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket. At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the center pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, up, up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. While I was wondering whether I should ever meet myself again, and whether it would be quite polite for me to speak to myself without an introduction, the stage driver announced that his horses had turned to stone, and before I had time to ask him what he was going to do about it, I discovered that my legs had grown so long that I couldn't see my feet without a telescope. I was seated on a horn of the moon shortening my legs by tying bow-knots in them, when a young woman came out from behind the candy counter and said she had been looking all over creation for me, and now she had found me she would never, no never, let me from her sight again. At this instant I looked both ways from the middle of the bridge where I was standing and saw a train coming towards me from both directions. Then just before the trains met, I looked over the edge of the basket and saw that the balloon was upside down and rushing toward the earth with terrible velocity. So I opened the cellar door and went downstairs until I came to the attic, where I sat on the bank of a river and knitted a pair of woolen socks for a rattlesnake. Then I awoke and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.

At the Mission Play

The most interested man at the first local performance of McGroarty's Mission Play was R. F. Del Valle, and the most interested woman was his charming white-haired wife. It is not likely that Del Valle's thoughts were distracted even for a moment from the play to the important Mexican mission which he recently completed for President Wilson. For Del Valle's daughter Lucretia, a beautiful girl, had the most important role in the drama, and her parents were eager to see her score a success. They beamed when the audience applauded, which the audience did with unusual warmth. Miss De Valle wore a beautiful old gown and a superb shawl which belonged to her Spanish grandmother in the olden days. She is going to follow a theatrical career, and she starts under favorable auspices. The part she plays was first essayed by the Princess Lazarovich, the former Nellie Calhoun of San Jose. Later Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith of Los Angeles tried it. But McGroarty was not satisfied that the proper actress had been discovered until Miss Del Valle was engaged. Others who watched the play with interest were Joe Redding, the librettist of "Natoma" and Martin Merle, author of "The Mission Play of Santa Clara."

Boosting the Harbor

There is a scene in McGroarty's play where the superiors of all the Californian missions gather at San Carlos to report to Father Junipero Serra as to the progress of their missionary work. He calls upon them one by one. When the superior of San Gabriel reports he mentions that the Indians under his care have built a fine ship which is now used "in our beautiful harbor of San Pedro." I heard some irreverent people snicker at this boost for the Los Angeles harbor.

A Careful Barry

The employes of the Custom House are in the habit of referring to the Naval Officer as "Commodore" or "Admiral." Thus John P. Irish used to be Commodore Irish and Admiral Irish. When General Stone got the job he lost his military title among the federal officials. James H. Barry was told of the two titles when he took office the other day, and immediately issued an ultimatum. "I don't mind being called Commodore Barry," he said, "but I object strenuously to being called Admiral Barry. This is a case where I shall insist on the lower rank."

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His Stroke of Genius

Mr. John F. Cunningham, the popular manager of the safe deposit vaults of the Crocker National Bank, is credited by advertising men with a stroke of genius. During the big Portola parade in this city a photographer snapped the American flag that was one of the big features of the pageant. The flag, made by a young lady in Newark, N. J., covered nearly the whole of the street alongside the Crocker bank building, and the building appeared in the background. Cunningham saw the picture, and at once appreciated its value for advertising purposes. Coining the phrase "the acme of protection," for the purpose of expressing the solidity of the bank vaults, the symbolic significance of the picture has served him well as an advertisement, and advertising men enthuse over it. But Manager Cunningham is not ambitious of distinction as a publicity promoter except in so far as he may spread the fame of the bank vaults. Mr. Cunningham is a prominent Olympian, and for years he has taken an active part in the affairs of the club.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Two Lords Coming

More of the British nobility will gladden Burlingame this winter. Lord Tweedmouth is returning and with him Lord Innes-Kerr, called the handsomest man in London and the hero of many romances. They will be at Coronado early in the season and will come north to be guests at the Burlingame Club where Lord Tweedmouth has visited before. Lord Innes-Kerr is one of the favorites of London society and a matrimonial catch even in his native land where lords are thick. It's a rare opportunity for Burlingame belles. Considering it, however, Burlingame belles don't seem to go in for titles very much. There are the de Guigne girls, Viscomtesse de Tristan and Viscomtesse de Dampierre, but no others that come to mind at the moment. The Burlingame belles seem strangely to prefer the Burlingame beaux.

Town and Country Buys

Last week the Town and Country Club purchased the building it occupies, or a portion of which it occupies, in Stockton street facing Union Square; and the very considerable sum paid is said to have been $200,000. It is an attractive colonial structure ideally located for a club, and the members are very well pleased at owning their own home. Extensive improvements are planned, I hear. A story will be added to the building and this will be given over to a large dining room overlooking the Square to replace the smaller room across the back of the building now in use. There will also be more sleeping chambers for the accommodation of members who care to live at the club or put up there for a few days in town.

Saw His Own Pictures

Arthur Payne, the boy-millionaire-moving-picture-producer, went to Hammerstein's in New York the other night and saw the Diggs-Caminetti films. He observed them with a professional eye because it was his picture company which had made them. With Arthur Payne were his mother and his brother Clare. They all three enjoyed the pictures immensely, and Mrs. Payne glowed with pride to think that her youngest boy should be so enterprising. Mrs. Payne went to New York to buy furnishings for her magnificent new home at Menlo Park. It has taken six years to build and all the work has been done under the personal supervision of Mrs. Payne.

The Lilienthal Carriage

Jesse W. Lilienthal, the new president of the United Railroads, is one of the few men in San Francisco who can afford an automobile but sticks to a carriage. It is a common sight to see Lilienthal's open carriage draw up to the curb in front of the Flood Building. The charming lady in the carriage is Mrs. Lilienthal. Her husband joins her and they drive off for a breath of fresh air in Golden Gate Park. Perhaps this carriage is a reflection of Jesse Lilienthal's character. He is an ultra-modern man in the practice of his profession and in his corporate activities; but in his personal habits and in his private life he loves the good old graceful, leisurely ways that made life so delightful before storm and stress became the prevailing mode.

Entertaining Lady Balfour

Down the Peninsula they have been falling over one another to entertain Lady Balfour. The favored hostess seems to be Mrs. Scott who has dined and teaed the distinguished visitor and the other day had her in town lunching at the St. Francis. Lady Balfour's simplicity and poise are charming and her serene indifference to fashion is a revelation. She looks like a lady of the Victorian period which if it wasn't so very long ago counted in time, was removed from the present by cycles of styles. She was a striking contrast to her hostess the other day. Or rather Mrs. Henry T. was the striking contrast in her smart attire and perennial youth. Lady Balfour has none of the dashing youthfulness of modern matrons. She is obviously a middle-aged gentlewoman and dresses as middle-aged gentlewomen dressed a decade ago. Her gown the day I saw her was a plain black cloth suit with none of the new "lines." On her head was a black straw bonnet with strings and her hair was smoothly parted. A perfect picture of British conservatism in dress. Lady Balfour who is the wife of Sir Robert Balfour is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, the Alexander Balfours, at San Mateo. They are friends of the Harry Hastings who have made their home in America for several years. She is immensely pleased with California, and her two young daughters who accompany her are having the time of their lives.

Crocker Picnic Preserves

The Will Crockers have established picnic preserves near La Honda. It's an excellent idea. Ordinarily, of course, people must picnic in more or less public places. A motor trip from Burlingame to the sea-shore may take them to remote forest places or quiet beaches, but there is no assurance that wayfarers may not intrude. But with private preserves the set may picnic all day in grateful seclusion. The Crocker girls are especially fond of picnic parties and have given any number of them for the younger set this summer. The young hostesses usually ride as do some of their guests. But the older people drive, and of course cooks and luncheons must be conveyed by motor, so a good road to the preserves is a necessity. The Crocker land at La Honda is said to be picturesque and wild, an ideal spot for picnics and the owner plans to improve the roads to make it easy of access. Mrs. Crocker, by the way, was one of the week's hostesses for Lady Balfour, giving a large luncheon at New Place.

Latest Dances

The new dances mutiply and spread,—or is it only new names for the old dances? There is the Valse Hesitation at Burlingame this week. It's no more than the slow "half-time" waltz that was danced years ago, and revived down on the Coast to vary the monotony of the rag. It found its way to Paris where they gave it a French label and sent it back the way they do our wines. As the Valse Hesitation it is a great success in society. Even the rag wasn't taken up by conservatives until it went to London to be rechristened the one-step. By the way, they are calling the tango a dance of the American negroes in London, though nothing about it suggests cake-walks or the characteristic rag-time steps. Over here we are told it comes from Buenos Aires; and down there they say it was imported

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from Paris. The man who invented the tango ought to come forward and settle it. Apropos of dances and dancing there has been a sad uncertainty in our parish set over the name of the "the dansant" which incontrovertibly does come from Paris. The first given at the Burlingame Club early in the summer was called simply the dansant by the bavardes and unenlightened of the set who missed the accent that made "the" mean "tea." It was rather awkward and didn't seem to mean anything, so we gave it up to speak of matinee dances, when we meant terpsichorean affairs of the afternoon. "Matinee dances" is safe and means what we mean. But we might have remembered "bridge teas" for a clue to the meaning of the dansant.

Felton a Tea Host

Felton Elkins is the latest the dansante host in the set. He gave one of these gay afternoon parties a few days ago in San Mateo where he is occupying a place with his mother Mrs. William Delaware Neilson. Mrs. Neilson has spent this summer in California as she has every year since she first left Menlo Park a bride, while William Delaware Neilson has been rusticating somewhere in the East. However, she will probably return to Philadelphia in the fall. As to the plans of Felton, I am told he has foresworn romance and intends to devote more of his time to playwriting. The gossip that rumored his engagement to a certain clever and charming belle was idle gossip, nothing more, and Felton is still one of the matrimonial prizes of society for some lucky girl of the future.

San Franciscans at Munich

There were at least twenty Californians at the Prinz Regent in Munich the first night Maud Fay sang this season. It was a brilliant gathering that did honor to the San Francisco song bird, and her success was of equal brilliance. After the opera Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a supper at which the score of guests were all prominent in and about this city. James D. Phelan was there, and Mrs. Downey Harvey and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels motored from Carlsbad for the evening.

Going to Georgia

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden and Mrs. Emory Winship lunched in town together the other day and spent an afternoon in the shops. They are devoted friends who have been much together here and in Georgia where the Winships have a winter home and where Mrs. Breeden spent several winters for the benefit of her little son's health. This summer the Winships leased a place near the Breedens' at Burlingame. Mrs. Breeden looked especially smart the other day in a close fitting blue cloth gown with rather wide collar and cuffs of stiffly starched linen. It would have been trying to any woman of less individuality than Mrs. Breeden who has the gift of wearing anything well. The Winships are planning to return to Georgia in the fall and Mrs. Winship's sister, Miss Margaret Casey, a debutante of last winter, will probably accompany them for a season of society in the South.

Hotel Del Monte Notes

Del Monte continues the favorite resort of our pleasure-seekers, as is evidenced by the many motor parties arriving during the week to join the happy throng now domiciled at the hotel. The golf links have been crowded all week. Many of the Bay City golf enthusiasts are attempting to perfect their game before the big annual tournament in September. The course is being rapidly put in excellent condition for the big event. The exceptionally dry year has necessitated a great deal of additional work in keeping it up to its standard. A big twenty-ton roller has been going back and forth over the fairways and many lengths of hose have been stretched to reach some of the particularly dry spots. The polo field is in excellent condition for the tournament. In order to have the field in the best possible condition the Presidio team have refrained from using the field, doing their practice work at Moss Beach. Monterey is busy preparing for her big celebration commemorating the landing of Junipero Serra in the Bay of Monterey. The celebration will consist of four days of drama and pageantry. The railroads are planing special excursions into Monterey from surrounding communities to witness this celebration. Altogether the Peninsula of Monterey will be the scene of much gayety with the events that have been scheduled to close, as is most fitting, one of the most successful seasons that has been experienced in this beautiful section of California.

Social Doings at Castle Crags

The Richard Girvins of San Rafael are guests at Castle Crags. After a pleasant two weeks' stay Mr. and Mrs. McLeish and Mr. Duncan McLeish returned to their home in Burlingame. Miss M. Grace Snyder of Los Angeles who has been a guest, climbed to the summit of Mt. Shasta twice in one week. During the first trip a snow storm obstructed the view, so a second trip was made. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kirkland of Oakland are spending their third season. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rodgers motored from their home in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Linden Smith and Miss Maud Braugh motored from their home in Pasadena. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Price of Oakland are having excellent sport during the hunting season. Mr. and Mrs. Searles of San Francisco entertained with an automobile party in honor of the William Clifts and Mr. and Mrs. Burnham. Mrs. Edwin Ogden Child joined her mother Mrs. William Richard Heilborn. Mrs. Child will accompany her mother to Honolulu in October. Mrs. C. W. Waller and Mr. Lawrence Waller of San Francisco motored up. Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher entertained at luncheon in honor of Mr. Sachs of San Francisco. The table was garlanded with cut flowers and ferns. Among those present were Mrs. Black, Mrs. Walton, Mrs. Waller, Mr. and Mrs. Bean, Lt. Hixson, Mr. L. Waller and Mr. Coate.

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Doings at Casa del Rey

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. McKenzie and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson of Fresno are at Casa del Rey for a few days. They motored from San Francisco and will go on to Fresno from Santa Cruz by way of Los Banos. Mr. McKenzie is associated with F. H. Griffith in the erection of the McKenzie Griffith Building in Fresno, the only skyscraper in the San Joaquin Valley. Commodore Wm. J. Hogg of the Corinthian Yacht Club is at Casa del Rey. Mr. Hogg is one of the regulars at the beach resort and rarely misses an opportunity to spend the week-end in Santa Cruz where he has a host of friends. He is associated with F. W. Swanton in the amusement concessions of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company. Mrs. O. V. Walker and Miss Elinor Tay have returned to Redwood City after a delightful summer at Santa Cruz. Mr. J. F. Shingle and Mr. Warren Spieker are down from San Francisco to try their skill on the wonderful golf course run in conjunction with the Casa del Rey. Both are pastmasters of the game and have been playing thirty-six holes a day since their arrival, hardly taking time for lunch so enthusiastic are they over the game. Owing to the extreme heat for the past week in the San Joaquin Valley a number of motorists are arriving daily from the valley towns.

Pacific Grove Hotel Notes

The necessity of a railroad or highway from the peninsula to the San Joaquin Valley has never been more fully demonstrated than in the last few weeks when the hotels, cottages and camping grounds at Pacific Grove have been filled with valley people, most of them coming in autos and willing to endure the hardships of the long, uncomfortable trip over the mountains to get to the delights offered so bountifully. The last week's registrations included J. Sub Johnson and family of Visalia, S. F. Williams and family of Coalinga, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Storguard of Herman, Mrs. D. C. Sample and daughters of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Baier of Visalia and J. M. Shipp of Fresno. John W. Ryland of San Jose returned in his handsome Franklin to join his family, bringing with him J. W. Findley, Miss Ryland of San Jose and Miss Bowman of Kansis City. C. E. Gilman and wife of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Blick and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Graff of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kile of Stockton and their guest Mrs. L. Glide of Berkeley, Mrs. W. G. Crocker of Oakland with her mother, Dr. J. C. Hollister and party of Altadena, Mr and Mrs. S. Wright Jewett of Bakersfield, Porter E. Lamb with his guests W. A. and M. F. Brown and M. A. Green of Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Ray of Berkeley, were auto arrivals together with a big party from San Francisco and San Diego.

The Singing at Tait's

There's an especially fine entertainment bill at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe this week. The singers performing at this popular cafe have voices of rare quality. "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well" is the motto of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. Everything about the place reaches the superlative in quality. The cafe is always crowded to its capacity, which is not to be wondered at considering the music, entertainment and faultless service which patrons enjoy.

In the Social Spotlight

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs: H. E. Chambers, F. W. Smith and wife, Harry Block, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. McCarthy, R. Van Brewster, R. E. Collins, J. M. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hope-Johnstone, Mrs. A. T. Dunphy, Mrs. M. Frankman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Schuline, W. J. Sexby and wife, Frank Howard, E. J. Wickson, Mrs. C. H. Howard and family, C. H Howard, J. F. Elliott, wife and son, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Woolsley, O. Reynard, wife and daughter, Francis Murphy, Herbert G. Henning, Paul N. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Jeffries, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hilborn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stone of Hillsboro motored to the Hotel Vendome at San Jose this week. A delightful party of San Franciscans to motor to the Hotel Vendome this week was that of Mr. Henry S. Crocker Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard arrived at Hotel del Coronado on Monday on the yacht "Venetia," having made the trip as the guests of J. D. Spreckels. Miss Grace Gibson is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Reed Dilworth at Coronado. Much sympathy is being expressed for the widow and family of Mr. Martin Chase of Riverside who died in San Diego on the 25th after an operation for appendicitis. The costume ball given recently at Hotel del Coronado was a brilliant success, there being over five hundred persons in attendance, and the costumes for the greater part most original. The ball was preceded by a costume dinner given to sixty of the younger set. Miss Marjorie Dilworth was hostess at a "rag" dance in the ball room at Hotel del Coronado on Friday evening, to which were invited some sixty young friends of the hostess. Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann of San Francisco was called home from Coronado where she has been for several months, by the illness of her father Mr. John Siebe. Mr. S. M. Shortridge of San Francisco is a guest at Hotel del Coronado. Among those who spent the week-end at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco were Garton Donald Keystone, G. F. Garritt and Geo. F. Shaner. The tea dance on Tuesday afternoon was most enjoyable and dancing was kept up until dinner hour approached.

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CASTLE CRAGS

Closes for the Season of 1913
on September 1st

Will Reopen June 1st, 1914

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Mission Play"

Before John Steven McGroarty began to write "The Mission Play" he probably dipped his finger in holy water and blessed himself. This is said in no flippant tone. "The Mission Play" could not be more thoroughly informed with the spirit of Catholicism if it were the work of a priest. An innate reverence for holy things, a knowledge of churchly ceremonial and of the language of piety have been of great help to McGroarty in his successful attempt to reproduce the life of the old missions. It is apparent that McGroarty has mingled with priests, that he has gone to church and has said his prayers. He has the devout attitude toward religion. There must be strong faith in McGroarty. If I am wrong in this his "Mission Play" is an amazing tour de force, and I do not think that McGroarty's is the order of intellect that achieves a tour de force. "The Mission Play" bears every sign of being the spontaneous flowering of his everyday thoughts. He believes, and finds it easy to write what he believes. There is an immense sincerity in the man. We have known sincere believers who were also great artists. The world is just now exalting one such in Francis Thompson. McGroarty is not a great artist by any means, either in his poetry or in this play. But he scores just the same. "The Mission Play" is a pageant of religious faith. The faith of it appeals most strongly to those who are of McGroarty's belief; but must also impress men of other beliefs as well as unbelievers, there is such undeniable sincerity in it. Its beautiful pageantry gives it a still wider popularity. Its pictures are highly colored, its action is stirring, its people are interesting. We cannot fail of attention when we are shown the return of Don Gaspar de Portola, the baptism of an Indian baby, the arrival of the ship from Mexico, the display of Indian industry, the fete with its Indian and Castilian dances and finally the mission in its day of desolation. This is our early history that is set before us, and we were cold indeed did we not warm to its presentation. Unlike Martin Merle who wrote the beautiful and stirring "Mission Play of Santa Clara," McGroarty did not confine himself to a single mission or to a single incident. He wrote his pageant around the whole history of the missionary era. While his play lacks dramatic unity it has historical coherence, and no more is needed in such a production. Theatrically speaking the first two acts possess inherent vitality, but they also owe much to the fine acting of George Osborne in the role of Father Serra. The third act is lacking in dramatic quality, but its talkiness is offset by the graceful presence and the musical voice of Miss Lucretia Del Valle in the part of Josefa Yorba.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Molasso at Empress

Next week the Empress will offer a bill of the highest quality. Mons. G. Molasso, the great pantomimic dancer and his own company in "La Somnambule" will be the feature offering. The beautiful Anna Kremser is leading danseuse. "The Watch," a one-act play, will be presented by Charles W. Bowser and company. It is by Oliver White. Two musical comedy favorites are Jules Bernard and Florence Searth who will present a rapidfire dancing and singing turn. Lew Palmore juggles hats of every size and style. Luciano Lucca sings soprano and baritone. Henry Frey is a character monologist. Two added features and the Essanceescope make up a good program.

Second Week of "The Mission Play"

There is no questioning the success of "The Mission Play" at the Columbia, for every seat is being sold for the performances. Many out of town orders have been received for the second week of the engagement, and as the Southern Pacific has arranged for special rates there will be some large parties from the surrounding cities, especially as the play is not to be seen anywhere but in San Francisco, arrangements having been made to return to San Gabriel at the close of the San Francisco engagement. There are over one hundred people on the stage in this magnificent production. Matinees are given Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinees are given at special prices ranging from 25 cents to $1.

Margaret Anglin in "Electra"

Professor William Dallam Armes of the University of California announces that there is already a very widespread interest being manifested in Margaret Anglin's appearance at the Greek Theatre on Saturday night, September 6, in a special performance of the "Electra" of Sophocles. The event will mark Miss Anglin's second appearance in the Greek Theatre. The preparations of the past three months are now practically complete with the exception of the special rehearsals which will take place on the stage of the Greek Theatre the early part of next week. Miss Anglin and her company will arrive by special train from New York this Saturday and will immediately begin the final preparations. The small scenic equipment necessary has already arrived and is stored in Berkeley. Mr. William Furst, the well known composer who has written a special musical setting for Miss Anglin's revival of the "Electra" will accompany the actress here to superintend the choral rehearsals. Mr. Furst will also select the instrumentalists for the special orchestra, which will comprise about fifty pieces, composed chiefly of wood-winds and brass, thoroughly rehearse them and conduct the orchestra on the night of the performance. The costumes for Miss Anglin's production were especially designed by Livingstone Platt who also accompanies the actress to San Francisco, and will arrange the general color scheme and lighting effects for the tragedy. The sale of seats will open on next Tuesday morning at the offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. in San Francisco and Oakland, and also at the students' co-operative store in Berkeley.

Last of Summer Music Matinees

The summer series of Music Matinees at Kohler and Chase Hall will be concluded this Saturday, and the regular winter season will follow immediately. The soloist for this closing event of the summer season will be Robert D. McLure, baritone, who will sing several ballads and operatic arias. Mr. McLure is one of the busiest and most artistic concert singers on the Pacific Coast. He filled numerous engagements during the summer months, and just finished a four weeks' season at a local theatre where he appeared in short grand operatic scenes. In addition to the solos by Mr. McLure there will be a number of instrumental selections on the Knabe Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ.

"Madame Sherry" at Alcazar

After devoting three weeks to painstaking preparation of "Madame Sherry," the Alcazar management will offer the famous musical com-

SCENE FROM "THE MISSION PLAY" NOW AT THE COLUMBIA THEATRE.

edy at an extra matinee next Monday (Labor Day) and every evening throughout the week. A brilliant performance is assured through the strength of the company, headed by Ralph Herz, and the experience invested in conducting rehearsals, Paul Steindorff directing the vocal numbers, Fred J. Butler the acting and Joseph Fogarty the dances. A sumptuous scenic production is promised. Mr. Herz will be seen as Theophilus Sherry, a role originated and played by him with great success on Broadway, and leading his associates in the cast is Maude Amber, as Catherine, the Irish housekeeper. Louise Brownell, Laura Vail, Lois Meredith, Bobby Woolsey, Clarence Lydston, Wallace McDonald and Burt Wesner are others in the cast. A chorus composed of pretty girls who sing melodiously and dance with poetry of motion will contribute to the stage pictures and to the ensemble harmonies. And the West, Theodore Babcock and William H. Travers. Ed Flanagan and Neely Edwards will appear in their new act "Off and On" which is a sequel to their former skit "On and Off" and shows the routine of a song and dance team. Redford and Winchester are two very clever eccentric jugglers. A pretty girl with a violin and a voice is Charlotte Ravenscroft. G. S. Winslow and Gladys Duffy, the Matinee Girl and the Professor, will be seen in "A Skating Flirtation" which is about the best roller skating act in vaudeville. Next week will be the last of W. L. Abingdon and his company; Kenney, Nobody and Platt; and Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor.

Another Week of Balfe

So great has been the success of "The Bohemian Girl" at the Tivoli and so many the requests for its continuance that it has been decided to repeat Balfe's masterpiece for a second and last week, commencing Monday evening. "The Bohemian Girl" which has ranked as the most popular opera ever written since its initial production in 1843, has always been a prime favorite with patrons of the Tivoli and never before has it been accorded so thoroughly satisfactory a presentation at the San Francisco "home of opera." Nothing has been left undone to make the production noteworthy, both from a vocal and scenic standpoint, and the large audiences in evidence at every performance always leave the theatre with many cheerful words of commendation. Rena Vivienne makes an ideal Arline, her rendition of "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls" being one of the gems of the performance, while John R. Phillips scores heavily as Thaddeus, singing "Then You'll Remember Me" and "The Fair Land of Poland" in splendid style. The big baritone of Henry Santrey is afforded an excellent opportunity in the numbers of Count Arnheim and his "Heart Bowed Down" invariably receives repeated recalls. The rich contralto of Sarah Edwards shows to good advantage in the music of the Gypsy Queen, a part which she acts with distinction, and Charles E. Galagher could not be improved upon as Devilshoof. Robert G. Pitkin makes much of the small part of Florestein and the big chorus sings well and looks most picturesque in gypsy garb. The Basy troupe of Russian acrobats, dancers and instrumentalists, gives a pleasing interlude in the fair scene. The only matinees at the Tivoli are given Saturdays and Sundays. "The Beggar Student" will follow "The Bohemian Girl."

LOTTIE MAYERS AND HER DIVING NYMPHS WHO WILL APPEAR AT PANTAGES

orchestra is to be considerably augmented. That this venture of the Alcazar will be splendidly rewarded is presaged by the advance demand for seats. Which is not to be wondered at when the attraction and the prices charged for the privilege of witnessing it are taken into consideration.

Blanche Walsh at the Orpheum

Blanche Walsh who comes to the Orpheum next week with her newest success "The Countess Nadine" needs no introduction to San Francisco audiences. She ranks among the best emotional actresses of the American stage, and is recognized as the best exponent of the Sardou dramas since the days of Fanny Davenport. She also created an immense sensation in Tolstoi's "The Resurrection." At length like Bernhardt and other great actresses she hearkened to the call of vaudeville and played a tour over the Orpheum Circuit, giving a splendid characterization of a Sioux Indian in "The Thunder Gods." This season she has in "The Countess Nadine," written especially for her by Joseph Gordon, an intensely dramatic play, which affords her in the name part a splendid opportunity for the display of her great histrionic gifts. Her support includes Harry

"Ready Money" at Cort

"Ready Money," the brilliant comedy from the pen of James Montgomery, will be presented by William A. Brady, Ltd., at the Cort tomorrow night. A special matinee will be given on Monday, Labor Day, in addition to the regular matinees Wednesday and Saturday. "Ready Money," we are told, is full of bright and witty dialogue, and there is not a suggestive line or situation in the entire play. It is a clean, snappy comedy that refreshes and invigorates its auditors and sends them away happy and contented. The play contains four separate and distinct love stories, each delightfully worked out and lending the spirit of romance to the comedy. Manager Brady has provided a company of unusual excellence to interpret the comedy, and a scenic environment of artistic beauty. The cast includes Robert Ober, Frank Mills and Nena Blake who have the three leading roles. Important characters are played by Adelaide Hastings, Mary Carlisle, Estelle Wynne, T. E. B. Henry, John C. Brownell, Maurice Barrett, Clyde North, Walter Fredericks, John C. Fenton, Clarke Silvernail, Albert Mattison, Graydon Fox, Clarence Rockfeller, and others.

The Symphony Orchestra

San Francisco's interest in its Symphony Orchestra is growing as the time for the opening of its season approaches. The management has practically completed preparations for the season's start and the musicians who will shine in this season's programs, are constantly practicing and preparing for the work laid out by Conductor Hadley. With the return to San Francisco of Mr. Hadley to start rehearsals some interesting announcements regarding the works to be given will be made. The concerts, as heretofore, will be given at the Cort and the guarantors and subscribers of the Orchestra have the privilege of purchasing the same seats as they held last season. The season will consist of ten symphony concerts, all on Friday afternoons, the dates being October 24, November 7, November 21, December 5, January 9, January 23, February 6, February 20, March 13. The soloists already engaged include Mme. Schumann-Heink, Clarence Whitehill, Fritz Kreisler, Jean Gerardy and Josef Hoffman. As a tribute to Conductor Hadley the first symphony concert will be given over entirely to the orchestra and no soloist will appear. Mme. Schumann-Heink who will appear on November 7 has the honor of being chosen as the first soloist of the season. Clarence Whitehill who made a splendid and lasting impression upon San Francisco music lovers by his magnificent voice and artistic work during the recent operatic season of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, will be the second soloist of the season. Mr. Hadley visited with Mr. Whitehill in Europe and arranged for the Whitehill offerings. The Board of Governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco state that they have every reason to believe that the coming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be one of the most interesting events in the musical history of San Francisco and that the concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will become a fixture in musical life in this community.

Diving Nymphs at Pantages

Topping one of the best balanced vaudeville programs which Pantages has offered in many months are the six diving nymphs with Lottie Mayers and Vivian Marshall as leaders. The girls dive from the rafters of the stage into a huge glass tank, and their shapely figures make the act most inviting. Lottie Mayers bears honors as the champion fancy diver of America, while Miss Marshall has been seen here recently in a tank act with Nell Schmidt. Mlle. Tojetti who appears with Wallace Bennett in an artistic dancing number entitled "The Dream Dance," is a local girl who has achieved fame in the East. Edward Tojetti, the well known artist, creator of the Cupid heads, objected to his daughter's calling, but the girl won his favor by jumping into popular favor. "The Dream Dance" is a combination of the toe dance and the turkey trot. Clayton and Lennie have a bit of hilarity called "The Happy Chap and His Johnnie." Bimberg,

BLANCHE WALSH

The famous emotional actress who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Marion and Day are called the masters of rag. "The King of Cannonballs" is Alfredo Marschall. The Vice-President of Minstrelsy is Billy Mann who has a new line of humor and patter. Harold Browne and company will present for the first time here a playlet of the old Mission days entitled "The Cross and the Dagger."

THEATRICAL NOTES

Quite a contingent of residents of the town of San Gabriel engaged a special car and came to San Francisco to be on hand for the opening performance of "The Mission Play." The little Southern town has certainly been well advertised through the success of John Steven McGroarty's "The Mission Play."

Stella Mayhew and Billy Taylor are creating quite a furore at the Orpheum. For next week, which will be the last of their engagement, they promise novelties.

Coming to the Empress soon will be the famous Seven Bracks, acrobats and equilibrists. This act is said to be remarkable, with seven stalwart athletes tossing one another about the stage like so many chips.

The New Song Birds, a satire on the latest phase of the grand opera craze by Victor Herbert and George V. Hobart, will shortly be presented at the Orpheum by William Burress and a company of thirty.

CONCERNING SOLANO FARMS

The Oakland, Antioch and Eastern's through electric service of eight trains each way a day between Sacramento and San Francisco is scheduled to begin on September 3. The new line runs like an arrow up the Sacramento Valley and expects to cut so much from the running time between the capital and the bay that it will draw the bulk of the passenger traffic. It is the first of the promised transportation facilities for the Solano farms region and will be a great factor in the development of that area and in the growth of Solano City. A fine mission type depot for the new city will be built at once and hereafter the weekly land buying excursions of A. J. Rich & Co. will be run over the electric road. Last Sunday's sales of lots and farm lands gave the agents a good start on their second million dollar record which they say will be accomplished in six weeks. The entire frontage of twenty-one business blocks has already been sold and the side streets are now receiving the attention of purchasers. Rush orders have been given for the work on the sewer and water systems and contracts will be let at once for the street and sidewalk improvements on the main street of the city. Plans are progressing for the immediate construction of several business buildings.

CAESAR REDIVIVUS

"Veni, vidi, vici" one reads on the new menu card at Caesar's, and the proud boast is not unwarranted. Caesar has come to life again. Caesar has recrossed the Rubicon. Once more Caesar will have about him men that are fat, not to mention men that are lean, and by no means omitting beautiful women. In other words Caesar's has reopened at the old stand in Columbus avenue. Last Saturday night witnessed the auspicious comeback, and the revival was celebrated with fitting libations and hearty pouring forth of good wishes.

"HURRIED LUNCHEON" AT TAVERN

There is no doubt that Techau Tavern is a most satisfactory cafe at all times, and during the noon hour its popularity is so great that it is always filled to capacity. On Thursdays the fifty cent hurried luncheon excels even the customary standard of the Tavern. Last Thursday, in addition to the usual delicious portion of chicken which forms the chief item of the hurried luncheon on this day, a side dish of I. X. L. chicken tamale was served. Beyond question this is the most desirable luncheon, for busy men, to be found in the city.

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OTHER FEATURES
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—More favorable crop reports from the corn belt, scattered showers having fallen where needed and the belief that all the damage that could, happened to the crops in the west and southwest gave the stock market a better tone the past week and prices generally advanced. Southern Pacific, however, was weak. Traders believed that too much stock is in the market and that some of the underwriters are making sure of their profits and are insuring themselves against loss by selling the stock short. This sort of selling is hard on holders of the stock, though it makes no difference to the earnings or dividends. Union Pacific acted firm all week though little was said about paying an extra dividend out of the proceeds of the Southern Pacific stock. The only gossip on this was that Union Pacific may yet use the money to buy the Central Pacific line from the Southern Pacific and thus acquire its connection between Ogden, Utah and San Francisco. Steel common was strong in spite of the heavy selling by one large house that handles the accounts of big operators. Westinghouse General Electric and the railway supply company stocks were active and buoyant. Copper metal was firm and selling agencies were asking 16 cents per pound for it. Canadian Pacific was strong and higher though its weekly report showed declines in gross earnings as compared with last year. The losses are not serious but they indicate a halt in the boom in western Canada. Crops in that territory are improving and the province of Saskatchewan will break all previous records. Northern Pacific has just come through the most prosperous year in its history with a surplus of $7,000,000 over dividend requirements. Money was easier on account of the competition of interior banks and large corporations that have surpluses to lend in the New York market. The decline in rates for long time loans proves that the banks think that Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo's deposits will keep the market easy for the balance of the year.

Wheat—The market continues a narrow scalping affair and there is nothing in the news to warrant any change of price other than local pit conditions. The weather in our northwestern States has been a little too wet for harvesting but the quantity is there if not the quality. New wheat arriving at Minneapolis is showing an excellent quality and the bulk of it grades No. 1 Northern. The Canadian northwest is not yet out of danger and there is talk of frost catching some of it but as yet there has been no frost and another ten days will put the Canadian northwest out of danger and one of the largest crops ever raised by Canada will be harvested. Receipts of winter wheat have fallen off considerably owing to the drouth in the southwest where it is said wheat is being fed to live stock as corn is selling higher than wheat. Export clearances have been large for the week but new business is said to be small owing to the larger offerings from Russia and the brilliant prospects in the Canadian northwest. Milling demand shows some improvement especially for the No. 2 red variety and flour sales were somewhat larger than last week. Outside speculative trade is very light and the market is entirely in the hands of the local element who scalp the market for eighths from day to day. If the run of spring wheat to northwestern markets which promises to be large next week is not taken care of prices will drag lower as foreigners seem to be out of the market at present and stocks are accumulating and are already very large.

Corn—Corn advanced moderately on continued dry weather in the southwest. Realizing sales are liberal on all rallies. Country offerings of old and some new are increasing, although still small News is mainly a repetition of sensational reports received last week. The scattered short interest has been pretty well eliminated and the larger shorts are showing a more aggressive tendency selling May and December quite freely on the strong spots. Increasing country sales will have a tendency to check further upturn. More than ten cent advance in the September option and almost as much in the deferred options offset a lot of damage. In the big central States where a fairly good crop is assured much old corn will be for sale. The cash situation is strong but it is mainly because receipts are light and manufacturers will pay fancy prices for small quantities rather than close plants. Any sharp increase in the movement would cause depression in the September option which other deliveries would reflect, but until farmers sell freely many good rallies are likely.

Cotton—It was a weather market in cotton the past week and prices at the close of the week showed an advance of three dollars a bale from the low point. The weekly weather report issued by the Government was as follows: In the cotton region weather of the past several weeks over central and eastern portions of the belt continued generally throughout the week. Temperatures were moderate and local showers frequent but the rainfall was mostly insufficient and more would be beneficial. In the western States of the belt high temperatures continued as for several weeks previous and rainfall was generally insufficient. In Texas moderate showers occurred at many points and good rains in some localities, but with the continuance of high temperatures the amounts received afforded only temporary relief and more is generally needed. In Oklahoma and Missouri it was hot and dry the entire week, and such rain as fell afforded but little relief from the severe drouth. Sentiment in the market is less bearish owing to the more favorable news from Washington as regards the probability of the Clarke bill being killed, and the continuance of dry weather in the northern half of Texas, in Oklahoma, western Arkansas and in Tennessee is converting many trades to the bull side, as are the reports of their being more demand for cotton goods in New York, where it is said there are more buyers than for the past five years. It is also pointed out that rain is beginning to be needed in the cotton belt east of the Mississippi river. On the other hand many traders are of the opinion that reports of crop deterioration in the southwest are exaggerated; they point to the large visible supply of all kinds of cotton, to the large receipts of new cotton in Texas, and talk of unfavorable trade advices from Manchester, England.

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A Moral Victory

(Continued from Page 9.)

You never know what or when they hear; but seeing is a different thing, and your aunt had a vision like a lynx. Well, well, the general was appointed to a command in India. In those days the passage round the Cape took ninety to a hundred days. All of a sudden he became so attentive to your aunt that everybody was surprised. He used to bring her flowers, and walk about with her just as he must have done before their honeymoon. Your Aunt Alexia never seemed at ease when, as she used to say, her husband was too French in his behavior. Anyhow the general said what could he do in India alone without his 'chere petite Alexie,' and discoursed on the hardships of the voyage, for as the appointment was for a short time your aunt thought it was hardly worth her while to go so far afield. It was arranged that all goodbyes were to be said at home. The general said he could not bear to see his wife standing upon the shore and waving a wet handkerchief—a woman with her pocket handkerchief rolled up into a ball, red eyes, and hair flying in the wind—he used to say decoiffee, but always translated it and every other French word that he used, for your Aunt Alexia spoke no language but her own."

My aunt turned towards me, and looking at my expectant face, said, "I am not sure if it is altogether charitable to go on with my story, but it may serve you as a warning some day, so I will just go on." Aunt Margaret, being a Scotch woman, had the saving gift of humor, so with a twinkle in her eye she went on with the story that she was bursting with desire to tell. "For several weeks—a voyage was a serious thing in those days—the general seemed to live down at the docks. He used to come back home to dinner worn out, as he said, with making proper preparations for his men. The soldier, he would say, lives through the stomach; feed him and he will follow you through fire; starve him and he will leave you in the lurch. Your Aunt Alexia, who I think had been captivated in the past by her husband's 'bonhomie,' his easy manners, and his air of the complete man of the world, and who had always clung to him in spite of all his 'fredaines," as he called them, saying 'men will be men,' to which he answered, 'Yes, my life, and women women,' for he had no illusions as to woman's soulful love, now really began to respect him, as in her mind's eye she saw him laboring for the welfare of his men. As the time of sailing drew nearer day by day it seemed to Aunt Alexia as if she had been acting meanly in letting her husband take the voyage all alone. Though it had been agreed she should not come down to the ship to spare the general's feelings and her own at parting, as the day of his departure drew near, whether she suspected anything or whether she thought she ought to go and see if he was confortable on board, she took a sudden resolution and drove down to the docks upon the morning of the day before the vessel sailed. The steward met her at the gangway, and as he ushered her below remarked, 'We was on the lookout for you, mum; the general's had the cabin done up beautiful, and only half an hour ago he sent a barrowful of flowers.'" What my aunt thought no one but she herself could possibly have told, but she was "varmint," and made no sign, and quietly followed the steward down below.

The first glance round the cabin must have shown her how the land lay, for evidently the general did not contemplate a solitary voyage. Fresh chintz and flowers with plate and pictures gave the cabin an air as of a yacht and two seacots standing beside each other, an air of domesticity unusual in the cabin of a transport in those far-distant days.

My aunt looked round, as if she had expected everything, just as she found it, said, "It is all very nice, though the fresh paint and varnish is a little overpowering; send me a cup of tea." The plan of her campaign must have sprung to her brain at once intuitively, as to the brain of a consummate general in the field, for, taking off her bonnet and her wrap, she wrote a letter, which she sent back by the cab. After an hour or two the cab returned bringing her boxes, which she instantly unpacked. In the afternoon the general came down, whistling a little air, to see that all was right before he went off home to take a tearful farewell of his wife. What passed between them when they found themselves together in the cabin none ever knew but the two principals, and they never divulged a word.

Later in the afternoon another cab arrived piled high with luggage, but a mysterious note handed in by the steward caused it to turn about silently to town. Early next morning the vessel put to sea, and as my aunt was a bad sailor, perhaps the general had an easier time for the first week than by all rights he had deserved. As the mysterious lady who was to have occupied the cot in which my aunt reposed had never shown herself abroad, matters remained in a vague condition of conjecture, and my Aunt Margaret when she told the story always declared that she thought Aunt Alexia most probably never let her husband really know that she suspected anything was wrong. How she explained her unexpected presence in the ship Aunt Margaret had no idea; but she opined there must have been some awkward moments at the captain's table when conversation flagged, and when the cabin door was closed, and they retired to rest.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHRISTIAN KOCH, Deceased—No. 15,722, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Sine Koch, administratrix of the estate of Christian Koch, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Attorney at Law, 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Koch, deceased.

SINE KOCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Christian Koch, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 30, 1913.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, Deceased. No. 14,791; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Margaret Handley, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 13, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 23rd day of August, 1913.
S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Administratrix.
Room 802, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
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OAKLAND: Broadway and Thirteenth St. Phone Oakland 162
Sixteenth Street Station. Phone Lakeside 1420

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

It was a cryptic reply. It left me to guess for myself whether the boy rose to the demands made upon him. I do not think the boy does. I doubt whether the average boy is equal to the demands which the new educational system makes upon him.

But I did not say so to Miss Sallie Jones. One listens while she talks and does not argue with her. She is too tumultuous in her exuberant pedagogical enthusiasm to pause for opposition. I can understand therefore why this charming woman is the empress of the school department. For the life of me I don't understand why that anonymous cartoonist didn't put the diadem on her head instead of on Dr. D'Ancona's.

The photograph of Mr. Seumas O'Brien used in "Varied Types" last week was from the gallery of Terkelson and Henry.

Letters

An Exasperating Book

Algernon Blackwood has gone roaming in the realms of mystery with "A Prisoner in Fairyland." Truth to tell, he appears to have lost himself amongst the clouds and stars. His hero, Henry Rogers, a dreamy fanciful boy who might have developed into a poet, if he had not had an equally strong strain of practical and mechanical ability, was about twelve years old when his attention was directed to a lame youth, and the disability of the little cripple so affected the other lad that he determined then and there to make a fortune and found an institution for the care and protection of the disabled. When Rogers was forty years old he disposed of his business and his patents to such good advantage that he determined to retire and to devote his moderate fortune to the long-contemplated charity. This was possible at all only because he was without family attachments and had personally the most frugal taste; and he had, moreover, a quixotic idea that his wealth should go directly to the beneficiaries, without the intervention of salaried officials. The first thing the philanthropist did was to run down to a suburb where he had lived as a child, and take a look at the old home, with the immediate result of a resurrection of his old childlike fancies of a "starlight express" and a cave where the unused starlight was accumulated, and much more of the poetic moonshine of his early years, strengthened by a conversation with the old rector who had been his tutor, and out of which grew a decision to visit a little Alpine village where he and a favorite cousin had resided for a while in order to acquire a speaking intimacy with French. This cousin, now married and with a growing family, was living in Bourcelles himself, an unsuccessful author, who however persisted in writing books that would not sell, while the family lived in haphazard fashion. Rogers, on his arrival, found that the children of this cousin, especially the younger ones, a boy of ten and a girl of twelve, had many of the same fancies concerning starlight that he had entertained in his own childhood, and now began a play in which neither he nor they nor the reader can distinguish where original thought, implanted suggestion or the natural outcome of environment and sympathy began or ended. "Dady" suddenly became possessed of a new idea or a book which, it developed, was made up of these selfsame fancies and imaginiigs. He at last achieved a real masterpiece. Not only did the book succeed miralulously, but an Austrian Countess who read it came on a visit to the Alpine height to disclose the fact that she herself had had the same ideas all her life, but had not been gifted with the power of expression. Cousin Henry now made another visit, coincident with that of the Countess and the result was inevitable. They recognized each other as invisible playmates, but Rogers had dropped out of the game to make money and had been lost sight of by his soulmate whom, of course, he had never before met in the flesh. And the wonderful philanthropic scheme? That went glimmering along the star paths to somewhere or other, for after all there is no real necessity for doing things. One need only to think them seriously and persistently and the lost thoughts will find lodgment in some other brain! "A Prisoner in Fairyland" is a mixture of fancies, new thought, telepathy and comfortable shirking of responsibilities in the security that something will turn up to avert disasters. The three children who play a part in the development of the fairy plot are all subnormal. It is an exasperating book because the author so evidently had a certain effect in his mind to produce and he has so widely missed his mark. From the Macmillan Company.

"The Inside of the Cup"

The question about which Winston Churchill has built his novel "The Inside of the Cup," has been debated in all circles of society for a number of years past, but the solution of the difficulty has not yet been reached. The title will, or at least should, suggest to the intelligent reader the subject of the exegesis—what is the matter with the church of today? Why is it that the children of even the leading parishioners drop out as soon as they are old enough to act of their own volition? Why do even those beneficiaries who profit by the institutional charities refuse to attend the services? In spite of all the inducements and the enormous sums spent in maintaining religious industries, why it is that the churches do not pay? Taking a typical instance, the most fashionable church in a large Western city, Mr. Churchill has attempted to show us just what is the matter, and how one man solved the problem. Whether his solution is a satisfactory one each reader will have to determine for himself. One can always fill a church or a hall when there is a prospect of something sensational, and there is nothing quite as lively as a schism in a church, while it lasts. People who never attended services before will flock in then, but the question is, will they keep on coming after the excitement has died down? It is comparatively easy to talk of the joys of communism and socialistic brotherhood, but nobody yet has offered a practical plan for starting the beautiful theory in operation. A church or any other institution is like a house which, deprived of supports, will not stand. The spiritual exaltation of Reverend John Hodder and his intended wife, for of course there has been a love story and much more besides religious controversy—this spiritual exaltation is very "uplifting," but will it survive the bread and butter worries when there is no salary coming in and no one to guarantee expenses? "Man may have the sun for his friend and for his guide a star," but how long will a wife put up with that sort of existence even if she is enthusiastic at first? After all, the question is one that every man must settle for himself. The arguments and proofs set forth as so satisfying to Hodder and the most worthy members of his congregation, and the plan of a new heaven on earth will probably have little if any influence on the average reader, but none the less "The Inside of the Cup" is a long stride in advance of any of Winston Churchill's preceding works and a book that will command attention From the Macmillan Company.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXII. No. 1098 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1913 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXII. San Francisco, September 6, 1913 No. 1098

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Bounding Ambition

Two far-flung hats are in the ring—Phelan's and Heney's. And badly battered mazard covers they are, easy of recognition, for in time a man gets to look like his hat. As you look at Heney's instinctively you listen for the bray. Unoccupied though the Phelan hat be assuredly it shelters a smirk and surmounts a mask. With agreeable emotion we hail these two candidates for the job soon to be vacated by Senator George C. Perkins. Knowing full well, by reason of the Bulletin's authoritative assurance, that their energies are all agog for the struggle, nevertheless we feel nothing of disquietude. Yet we are under no delusion regarding the intellectuals of the commonwealth. We do not console ourselves with the fond reflection that perhaps the people have "come back," regained their mental equilibrium, been restored to sanity. No, the explanation of our serenity is that we know that at worst only one of them can be elected. The State may be represented by Works and Heney or Works and Phelan, and in either event the humor of the situation would serve as an emollient. But—speculating seriously—there is this happy consideration, that two of a kind are likely to divide the constituency of the elect, a circumstance that ought to inure to the advantage of one of the unregenerate. The predominance of asininity is not so great in the electorate of this State as to make election to the Senate a certainty for one of two soiled doves. Suppose that Samuel M. Shortridge should shy his castor into the ring? What then? Is there not enough of decent, rock-ribbed Republicanism left in the State to justify him in making it a three-cornered contest?

The Swatting of Jim

Has the Hon. "Mission Jim" read and pondered the words hortatory and critical touching the police department which appeared in the Examiner about the time that he was receiving felicitations on the gratifying outcome of the bond campaign? If so he was probably reminded of words that appeared in Town Talk in the midst of the campaign when he was working shoulder to shoulder with the Hon. William R. Hearst to induce the dear people to embrace the great journalist's hobby. These were the words: "Serve thy master and win his battles for him yet wilt thou bear thy burden. Whom Hearst loveth he chasteneth." A political intimacy incurred by Mr. Hearst he abhors as soon as he becomes aware of its infructuosity. He embraces the first palpable pretext that presents itself to wrench himself free and cast off the burdensome connection. For the politician who salaams at the editorial door he has nothing but contempt. He knows such a one to be a self-seeker, and takes pains to let him know that the Hearst papers are not to be used in his interest. So we that know so well the ways of Hearst, that have witnessed many violent and illuminating disjunctions effected by our premier publisher, kindly adumbrated the inevitable for the Hon. "Mission Jim"; and now, we believe, he has had a prelibation of what is in store. It was offered in an editorial informing the readers of the Examiner that the Rolph police commission is the worst San Francisco ever had, that the police department is foul and should be cleaned, and that "Mayor Rolph should take the first broom in his own hand and begin sweeping vigorously." Which means after all that "Mission Jim" is not close up and that the hammering of him is about to begin. Of course he may delay it by appointing the man the Examiner wants, but the more subservient he proves the higher will he pile the evidence of his unworthiness as estimated by the Hearstian standard. It's a pretty game to watch, and we have taken a front seat.

Our Frail Clergy

Now that the woman's movement is an established institution as evidenced not only by the diaphanous skirt but by a thousand and one equally transparent phenomena our sympathy is with our own frail sex wherever and whenever it is threatened with the dire consequences of seduction. And therefore it is that we applaud the verdict of the clerical tribunal that acquitted the Rev. Claude Kelly of "criminal immorality." Aside from the acquittal we are pleased with the verdict because of the naive use of the adjective which implies a differentiation of immorality with special reference to romantic diversion, for Dr. Kelly, his judges say, was guilty of indiscretion. Thus is the question left open as to how far a man may go, what degree of moral turpitude he may involve himself in without making of himself a criminal. It is well not to be exact in these matters. Some degree of latitude should be allowed in these parlous times, especially for the benefit of clergymen who, be it said, in this case stood nobly together as demanded by curbstone proverb. We are concerned about clergymen because we have inferred their susceptibilities not only from their vehement protests against the temptations accruing from the feminist movement but from the frequency of scandals that besmirch the pulpit. Almost every day we read of a Kelly case somewhere. Here for instance is the Rev. MacMurtry of Omaha who sent his wife to Oakland that he might make love to his affinity; also, the Rev. O. H. L. Mason of Long Beach who is on trial at this writing before a clerical tribunal for "indiscretions" due to the persistent sex appeal. One cannot read the papers these days without realizing the importance of leniency toward clergymen and sympathizing with the attitude of the pulpit on the sex question. Satan is making a desperate fight against the church. He is taking advantage of conditions in a world that has not yet been adjusted to the woman's movement, the heroine of which has become so contagious that the average clergyman is in a quandary as to whether he should take to the woods or stay and fraternize with the enemy. The truth is we are all struggling against odds, and we are not all Kellys—able to give dalliance the rein and recoil from the very gates of conquest. This is the day of dress, as pious clergymen declare, of dress that doth intend the winning of the mind from virtue to wickedness, nay, even to criminal immorality, and presently, unless Satan desists, it will be necessary to supply every clergyman with a chaperone.

The Commoner Chasing the Dollar

Mr. William J. Bryan may be, as the London Standard asserts, an amateur in diplomacy, but it is not to be denied that he is a thorough and successful business man. No man ever combined business and politics more profitably than the thrifty Nebraskan. It was as a politician through the years that he exercised a drawing power in the lecture hall and won sympathetic support for his somewhat arid weekly paper. He is now worth over $100,000, and he is adding to this snug fortune by capitalizing his prestige as Secretary of State. No man ever worked a high official position at Washington for the fattening of his bank account more assiduously and gratifyingly than William J. Bryan. The other day he changed his paper from a weekly to a monthly, and over his own signature he recommended it to Democrats everywhere as the organ of the Administration. "I am brought into contact with international problems," says the great Tribune; "as a member of the Cabinet, too, I enjoy the opportunity of participating in the discussion of such problems as the President sees fit to bring before that body"; also, "The Commoner will be able to present the Government's side of the questions under discussion." And all this for one dollar a year or fifty cents a month.

Mr. Bryan's candor is of an exceptional flavor. It compels admiration, and therefore we regret to find that certain dignified and influential journals of the East while describing his frank appeal as an "extraordinary performance" also characterize it as an "outrage on official propriety" that ought to "break the back of patriotic self-restraint." Evidently the homely and hereditary genius of the Yankee is as far beyond appreciation in some quarters as Mr. Bryan's talent for diplomacy. As a diplomat the Secretary is provocative of irony all over Europe, and even the solemn London Times discusses contemptuously his grape juice banquets and the moving picture apparatus rigged up in his office "so that the West might see him transacting affairs of State with foreign diplomats." The "back of patriotic self-restraint" is tough enough to warrant the presumption that its muscles were developed at the bricklayer's trade.

Tickling the Court

The Court of St. James was wiping its eyes after the last hearty laugh over a specimen of Secretary Bryan's awkward diplomacy when it was again thrown into an uproar by a representative of our cultured President. This second aid to imperial digestion was furnished by our Ambassador Mr. Walter H. Page. Speaking before an assemblage of English judges and lawyers, he took occasion to praise the Common Law of England, and he said that the day on which the United States took over and adopted this law "was one of the greatest days in American civilization." Naturally the speech convulsed its hearers, all of them being very well aware that there is no such day in American history. The Common Law of England was never adopted by the United States by a formal enactment. The Common Law became the fundamental law of all the colonies by means of charters in which there was an express restriction that no laws should be made repugnant to those of England. In all the colonies as they came into existence the Common Law so far as it was applicable to their situation was made the basis of their jurisprudence, and the Continental Congress in 1774 unanimously resolved that the respective colonies were entitled to the Common Law. That is as near as we ever came to having a day certain for special laudation on account of the blessing that came to us from England.

What Brieux Has Done

Ever since Brieux's play "Damaged Goods" was put on the stage in New York there has been rejoicing among all high-brow sociologists who lament the diffidence that came down to us with original sin. The production of the Brieux play in their judgment was a triumph of the propaganda that advocates frankness and freedom in the discussion of once forbidden topics. Well the Brieux play has had a long run. For months it has been gratifying the curiosity of the prurient, and the effect has just begun to dawn on the perceptions of men that write of the drama in New York. It is not the effect that was predicted by our pedantic propagandists. Their idea was that the play would rouse public sentiment and inspire a movement for the abatement of a terrible evil. There is no sign that public sentiment has been quickened. Nobody has heard of anybody taking any more precaution against infection than was taken before the play came to the country. The play has been seen and the play has been read but men are marrying as before and daughters are given in marriage upon the old familiar principles. The one important thing to be done Science has attempted to do before and since Brieux put his tract in the form of a drama and Puritanism has called a halt. Then what has been the effect of the play? The play has wakened in theatrical managers a sense of the receptive mood into which folk have been put by incessant agitation of so-called sex problems. As a result of the run of "Damaged Goods" the lid has been taken off the drama in New York, and there is a demand for plays of deliberate salacity. It appears to be generally understood that no topic is tabu provided the treatment be serious. So all that is required of the playwright is an affectation of seriousness. And now the drabs and lechers of the underworld are parading before the footlights in all their restless vicissitudes, and it is no longer necessary to go slumming for the study of expert harlotry in its hideous haunts. Apparently "Damaged Goods" spells soiled drama. If the prophets of concealment are old-fashioned, there is certainly compensation for reticence, while on the other hand frankness is but a step removed from vulgarity and licence.

A Plea for Kissing

When good comes out of Chicago in justice to that fuliginous city let the glad tidings be widely disseminated. A plea for kissing is to the credit of the metropolis of the Middle West. Dr. Young, Health Commissioner, has issued a bulletin urging that a halt be called in the campaign against kissing which medical journals have been conducting for many months. Not that he is insensible of the activity of unromantic germs, but that there are greater evils to which his profession might attend before striving to discourage kissing. Verily, as Dr. Young shrewdly asserts, "men and women have kissed since the world began, and yet here we are doing business on the old earth and giving a fair account of ourselves in statistics of health and mortality." We are glad to have Dr. Young confirm our conviction with true Chicago dogmatism that kissing is coeval with creation. There have been dry-as-dust scientists who insisted that primitive man knew not of the delights of kissing. By way of proof they pointed to the Tahitians, the New Zealanders, the Papuas, the aborigines of Australia and the Esquimaux, among whom it was entirely unknown. They argued that the obtuseness of a savage's nerves is such that he cannot experience the subtle thrill of a kiss. But this line of argument is as absurd as Spencer's theory that the primitive delight of osculation was due to the gustatory sense. Poor old matter-of-fact Spencer knew as little about kissing as he did about music. Darwin was nearer the truth when he said that it was contact that produced the pleasure, but even he did not perceive the part played by the imagination. If kissing is not universal, at any rate it was instinctive very early in the world's history. We know that among idolatrous nations it was the custom to throw kisses to the gods, and that in ancient Greece husbands made their wives eat onions whenever they were going from home, while the Romans had special names for three kinds of kisses—the kiss of politeness, the kiss between friends and the lover's kiss. And the Romans, as we learn from Ovid and other poets, were familiar with the lover's kiss in its infinite variety from the humid and the dewy to the impassioned, ravishing and inebriating. There was only one kiss they didn't know, a kiss of modern invention—the campaign kiss that babies suffer, which really ought to be tabu.

Men of Narrow Minds

According to the New York Post there are men who admit the worst that is alleged against Governor Sulzer, yet who, in the same breath, declare that he ought to be supported because Tammany is fighting him. The New York Sun, corroborating the Post, says that the amount of loose reasoning that has been uttered on the subject "is a very serious comment on American character and intellect." Which is true enough, but is it not a continuous performance in this country, the conflict with specious reasoning and dangerous sophistry? Judging from the arguments one hears on almost every public question, and that often prevail, our school system has not done much toward disciplining the mind and training it to the use of its powers. As a people we have not yet learned how to think. The clear, manly intelligence to penetrate through sophisms and give to conventional illusions their true value is as rare in this great country as those gifts of thought and feeling which make the dignity and happiness of human nature. The people who argue that so big a scoundrel as Sulzer should be retained in the gubernatorial office because he has incurred the hostility of a boss whom they hate are of a vast tribe of well-meaning souls, slaves of their petty likes and dislikes who cannot detach themselves from their prepossessions in forming an opinion and who require the most elaborate demonstrations of the simplest truths. These folk do more than furnish "a serious comment on American character and intelligence"; they make the nation itself ridiculous and the rest of us uncomfortable, availing themselves as they do of cowardice in public office to compel the acceptance of their views. They are really the source of a great deal of mischief. Most of our unpleasant social and political anomalies may be attributed to them without doing them injustice. The closing of the army canteen by way of rebuking the Demon was an achievement of our tribe of loose thinkers. If the Demon has been chastened he has made no sign, but as to the soldier he gets drunk oftener than before on a poorer quality of booze that he had ever known. Nevertheless according to the temperance logi-

cians they won a great battle in the cause of morality. The logic that leads to this conclusion is of the same general character as the logic that supports the theory that Justice is to be improved by taking a club to her ministers. From the very same men whose habits of thought lead them into the dangerous sophistries which the Sun and Post complain of emanated the argument that to recognize prostitution is to encourage it, and that as a clinic to prevent the spread of the social plague implies a recognition of the social evil therefore the clinic should be abolished. These folk are always for expurgating science and history and sneaking around the facts. Openness and flexibility of mind are virtues that Heaven denied them. They never get at the reality of things, for they never look at things straight, but they appear to be our most influential citizens. If so it is precisely what learned philosophers predicted of us when the nation was young—that we were bound to come under the rule of mediocrity.

Aked on the Missionaries

The narrow sectarian spirit is the hardest thing in the world to hold in check. It breaks out in the most unexpected places. It betrays itself not only when the mind is most alert, most vigilant, but even when it is simulating large and liberal views. A case in point is that of Dr. Charles F. Aked, a gentleman with a Calvinist mind and an hereditary aversion to the Catholic Church. Sent by the Examiner to report a performance of the Mission Play at the Columbia Theatre, what does he have to say about it? Does it suffice for him to describe the performance, to tell us of its beauties and charm? What was the deepest impression made by the Mission Play on the mind of this non-conformist clergyman with the puritan conscience? It is a sweet play, he tells us, and deeply religious. For the heroic figure of Father Junipero Serra he has much enthusiasm, and it is befitting he tells us that Catholic and Protestant should unite to keep green the memory of the noble padre. But enough of panegyric. The clerical scribe having disarmed suspicion with fine sentiments after the manner of Joseph Surface, presently comes to the thought that is uppermost. He has seen the play, but he has also read history, history that does not present Junipero Serra and his colleagues in the romantic light in which they were viewed by the playwright. So he pauses in the midst of his enthusiasm for the play to call attention to a disputable point, which he says is reached in the third act. Here there is a protest against the Mexican policy which laid the Missions waste. Dr. Aked switches from dramatic critic to sectarian dialectician. He feels it important that he should inquire whether the Missions should not have been destroyed. Similarly a critic writing of Julius Caesar might stop to argue that Brutus was not the noblest Roman of them all but on the contrary an ingrate and a cold-blooded assassin. Dr. Aked quotes an up-to-the-minute historian to support his theory that it was right to drive the missionaries out because they had retarded colonization, grown enormously rich and kept the Indians in a condition of peonage. Now that Dr. Aked has inquired as to the Missions let us inquire as to Dr. Aked. We shall first ask whether it is not the narrow sectarian spirit that inclines him to the views of the historian rather than to the views of the playwright. He implies of himself concern for the welfare of the Indians who were kept "in a condition of peonage" and not fitted for anything but "a dependent position." Yet in the same breath he says that the missionaries discouraged colonization, and he quotes the historian to the effect that land for farming purposes could not be obtained from the Government without the written consent of the missionaries, who had large herds and bursting granaries, and therefore did not consider it to their interest to promote colonization. How easy it is for one to agree with a historian who gratifies one's prejudices! Far be it from Dr. Aked to account for the discouragement of colonization in the Mission days on any hypothesis other than the one suggested by his favorite historian. Missionaries according to his notion are men who spread the gospel of commerce, who go forth to strange lands under the joint banner of religion and country to open up new avenues of trade. It is home and country that his ideal missionary thinks of. This is the missionary who drapes himself in his country's flag, and never ventures far from the garrison. He is the advance guard of colonization. Dr. Aked is incapable of understanding the minds and hearts of the missionaries of Latin America. They were men whose ideas and ideals were utterly irreconcilable with the ideas and ideals of the missionaries who supplied pretexts for England's conquests in India and Africa. The Spanish missionaries were religious enthusiasts. Theirs was the quest of souls, and the only civilization they considered worth establishing was a civilization conducive to spiritual welfare. If Dr. Aked would get a faint conception of the motives and impulses of the Spanish missionaries he should read William Prescott, a historian far from partial to the Catholic Church, but nevertheless capable of doing justice to the pious and zealous men who strove to safeguard the Indian against European civilization, and who incurred imperial disfavor by their protests against the greed and cruelty of Spanish colonists. And if Dr. Aked would understand why the missionaries of California discouraged colonization he should read the works of one of his own countrymen, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, a Protestant and a Socialist, who has written many works dealing with the peoples of South America. He will learn from Cunninghame-Graham that the Spanish missionaries learned from their experience in South America that colonization was fatal to the Indians. He made a very exhaustive study of the Missions, and he tells us that the missionaries have been censured not for what they did but to justify what was done to them. Of them as well as of the missionaries of California it has been said that they grew very wealthy, but it is known of the Jesuits of Paraguay at least that when they were expelled their buildings were first ransacked and nothing was found. "They were not self-seekers," says Cunninghame-Graham, "they accomplished much good, endured great perils and hardships, and were the only people whose mere presence did not bring mortality to the Indians." The missionaries of South America as well as those of California have been charged with keeping the Indians in a state of peonage, and apropos thereof this is what Cunninghame-Graham says: "It may have been that their scheme of government would not have satisfied Sir Thomas More, Karl Marx or Plato. Still, there were then Indians to govern. Where are they now? Where are the well-built churches, and the happy simple folk who worshipped in them, believing all things?" He adds: "When the ruin of an institution or of an individual is decreed, reasons are never wanting," and he argues that the missionary policy of discouraging colonization "was not a bad one, for it left them at least Indians to govern." Let us return to California and to Dr. Aked and ask that reverend gentleman, Where are the poor Indians who were "kept in a condition of peonage"? Is he delighted that they were rescued from those rich missionaries with the "bursting granaries!" Perhaps it will interest him to know that the Digger Indian was the laziest Indian that ever lived, and that even the subtle missionaries if they had to depend on a million of the tribe to supply one Mission with food would perish of starvation.

The Dead Youth

An Albanian Folksong

Over the grave where a lad lies dead,
A black raven sang, and said:
"Ye passers-by, that come and go,
His dead mother must not know.
Tell her not that he is dead,
Tell her that the lad is wed.
With what woman doth he rest?
He took two bullets to his breast.
The black earth is his marriage bed,
A stone the pillow 'neath his head.
What women came and sang songs o'er him?
The fowls of the air and the crows that tore him.
Oh! weeping mother, be brave, be brave,
Thy boy in truth is in his grave."

Translated by M. E. Durham.

Varied Types

CXLII—JACK WOLF

By Edward F. O'Day

All the forty-four years of his life Jack Wolf has lived in San Francisco. For just one-half of that time he has been a professional gambler. For the past twenty-two years Jack Wolf's profession has been poker, and he couldn't have followed it with more ardor or more pride if it had been law or medicine. When Jack Wolf started as a professional gambler he opened poker rooms over the old California Cafe at 21 Powell street. For the past seventeen years he has been a tenant of the Pabst Brewing Company in Ellis street near Powell. Before the fire his poker rooms were known as the Merchants Club; since the fire they have been called the Ormonde Club out of compliment to W. O'B. McDonough's great horse. Millions have changed hands in the Merchants and the Ormonde Club. Some of the most prominent men in San Francisco have sat into the game. The losses were at times very great; the winnings also. Jack Wolf has been able during the past seventeen years to pay his landlord $77,000 in rent and still live very comfortably indeed.

Jack Wolf is quitting his profession. The Ormonde Club has been dismantled. If you're a friend of Jack Wolf he'll give you a set of chips for that poker table you have at home. For the first time since he quit McMahon Brothers' one-ring circus twenty-two years ago, Jack Wolf is going to work for a salary.

It may not mean much to you who play your poker at home of a Saturday night, but to the men about town, the sports who have no homes but hotels and to whom poker is as much a passion as bridge or golf is to you, the retirement of Jack Wolf is a calamity. For Jack Wolf stands at the head of his profession, and when he gives up his profession others must follow. The gambler's established order has been overturned; his world has been tossed topsy turvy. The action of Jack Wolf is to him a sensational reminder that something is very wrong with the commonwealth.

"I am quitting," says Jack Wolf, "because the police say I must. When you know in your heart that you are not violating the law, and when your attorney tells you that you are not violating the law, and when, in spite of that, you are unable to get a fair hearing in a court of law, it is time to quit. I defy anybody to show from the police records that there has ever been a word of complaint about my place in the past twenty-two years. I am sorry that I have to quit. I shall miss the congenial companionship of the good fellows who were the patrons of my place. But I quit with a clear conscience, for nobody was ever ruined in the Ormonde Club but myself. Yes, I retire with a clear conscience, without a regret and without a dollar."

The professional gambler is the most close-mouthed of men. Reticence is as much a part of his professional ethics as it is of the ethics of medicine. But the retired gambler unties his tongue. Jack Wolf is allowing himself the luxury of reminiscence. On the eve of quitting his independence to work for a salary in a business house he is reviewing the past. But it is principally to the days of his early youth that his thoughts revert. He sees more romance down the perspective of the years than in the immediate gambling past.

"Thirty-five years ago," says Jack Wolf, "when I was nine years old, I went to work for Tom Maguire at the old Baldwin Theatre as cloak room and opera glass boy. W. E. Sheridan was playing 'Louis XI' at the time. He was the greatest Louis XI the world has ever seen and one of the greatest Shylocks, but he was an awful drunkard. Dave Belasco was assistant stage manager. He was a great stage manager but a rotten actor. I was at the Baldwin when he staged his first success, 'Hearts of Oak' which he had written with James A. Herne. Theatrical people didn't make the money in those days that they are making now, for the world wasn't play-crazy then. I recall a night when James O'Neill refused to go on unless he got fifteen dollars in advance. And I remember very well a certain day when Dave Belasco wanted three dollars and had to wait at the box office for two hours until I sold two

JACK WOLF

tickets in order to get it. It was when E. T. Stetson who couldn't act any more than my stick, was playing 'Neck and Neck.'

"I was at the Baldwin when the first musical comedy came to San Francisco. It was Jarrett and Palmer's 'Fun on the Bristol,' and the company made the run in four days and fourteen hours from Chicago which was considered a wonderful record in those days. Maybe the girls in that company weren't popular with the johnnies of San Francisco!"

(I omit here certain particulars, because the johnnies Jack Wolf told me about are all staid fathers of families now.)

"The Baldwin owed the gas company $3800 at that time," continued Jack Wolf, "and Jarrett and Palmer owed the railroad a big transportation bill when they arrived. The railroad put a man into the box office to take the money as fast as it came in. The house was packed the first night, and just before the show began the gas company sent a metre man to turn off the gas unless the bill was paid. It was a ticklish state of affairs, for of course there was no electricity then. Tom Maguire winked at me and told me to take the gas man to the metre. I took him downstairs, shoved him into a little room and locked the door on him. He stayed there till the show was over.

"The next day Tom Vivian gave the show an awful roast in the Chronicle. When Tom Maguire came around I asked him if he had seen the paper. I knew he hadn't because Tom Maguire couldn't either read or write.

"'Let me see the paper,' said Maguire.

"Holding the Chronicle upside down Maguire said, 'What do you think of that blanketty blank who calls himself a dramatic critic.'

"'Mr. Maguire,' I said, 'you're holding the paper upside down.'

"'You're fired for being too fresh,' said Maguire.

"Charles Goodwin was the treasurer of the Baldwin, and he and Maguire were always fighting. When Goodwin came around that day I told him I was out of a job.

"'Who fired you?' asked Goodwin.

"'The old man,' I answered.

"'Then I re-engage you,' said Goodwin.

"I stayed at the Baldwin for two years. Then Maguire lost out and Al Hayman took charge. Hayman didn't like the way I ran the opera glass and cloak room concession. I suppose my work was pretty rough. When a man entered the theatre I'd grab his overcoat and force an opera glass on him. When he left I'd collect six bits or fight him all over the lobby. So Hayman gave me five hundred dollars to quit.

"I guess I was one of the first monopolists in the country, because I next got hold of the opera glass and cloak room concessions at the old California and the Grand Opera House. The old California was run by Haverley and managed by Charles F. Andrews. When I went to work they were producing Kiralfy's 'Excelsior' with a big ballet, and 'Snowflake' was playing at the Grand. I wasn't really hired by Haverley. I hired myself. I went to Meussdorffer's and had a cap made with 'Haverley's Private Messenger Boy' lettered in gold. Then I stationed myself at the box office. Haverley came along and looked me over.

"'Kid, who hired you?' he said.

"'I ain't been hired yet, Mr. Haverley,' I answered.

"'Where did you get the idea?'

"'It's my own idea.'

"'Will you keep that cap on all the time?'

"'I'll sleep in it, Mr. Haverley.'

"Haverley took me to the box office and hoisted me up so Charlie Taylor the treasurer could see me.

"'Pay this kid four dollars a week,' he said.

"Dave Warfield and I had been boys together south of Market. He was getting seven dollars a week as an usher at the California, and he was a very good usher. I'll never forget the night he went on at the Wigwam to give a burlesque of Bernhardt. It was the rottenest burlesque I ever saw. The audience threw everything but cobblestones, but they didn't really aim at Dave so he escaped with his life. I was at Dashaway Hall

(Continued on Page 21.)

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A Hint to Professor Stephens

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that the reigning sensation of the literary world is the announcement in Paris of a colossal literary prize, the largest on record, to be awarded in 1925. The prize amounts to $1,540,000. It is to be given for the best history in any language dealing with the Czar Alexander I. The fund was created in 1833. It amounted to 50,000 rubles ($25,000). It was to be left at compound interest for ninety-two years. I am calling your attention to it in the hope that you may urge our earthquake historian, Professor Henry Morse Stephens, to go after the prize. Professor Stephens is one of the most deliberate of writers, as evidenced from the fact that the history of the earthquake is still in the making. Now deliberation is what the historian requires to win this prize that is to be awarded in 1925. If Professor Stephens will go to work at once on a biography of the Czar Alexander he may be able to avoid premature delivery by tinkering at the same time with his great masterpiece, the history of the earthquake.

Yours truly,
—Thomas Sutton.

Palo Alto, September 2, 1913.

Root with the President

Editor Town Talk, Sir: It may be of interest to some of President Wilson's critics who do not like his policy of non-intervention in Mexico to know that he has the support of Senator Root, the ablest international lawyer in Congress and a public man whom President Roosevelt regarded as the most brilliant of all his advisers. When Senator Root left the State Department after four years of constructive work, the relations between the United States and Mexico and the States of Central and South America were more cordial and friendly than they had been in our generation. I am glad to see that though you are not an admirer of President Wilson you are broad enough to approve his foreign policy in a critical matter.

Sincerely yours,
—Louis R. Weston.

A Disease Breeder

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The prophets of municipal ownership are now pointing with satisfaction and elation to our municipal swimming baths. It is to be hoped they will never have reason to change their views on this particular subject. Public swimming baths may be good things, but in some cities experience has tended to persuade people that they are a great evil. Many epidemics have been traced to public swimming baths.

Respectfully,
—A Physician.

The Whitaker Confessions

Editor Town Talk, Sir: What odd creatures there are in the pulpit! Have you been reading the confessions of the Rev. Robert Whitaker? He confesses that the only thing wrong with him is his goodness. Can any sane man seriously and in full faith, say to and of himself—I am good and virtuous, I am good at this moment; not only what I do is good but I am good in doing it? The assurance of virtue, innate or achieved, is not compatible with rational humanity. The vainest mortal, the most confident self-deceiver knows better. If Dr. Whitaker would tell us what he really thinks of himself his confessions would probably be worth reading.

Respectfully,
—Subscriber.

Dress Reform for Some Women

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The agitation for modesty in woman's dress meets with my half-approval. What I mean is that if the physical exposure resultant on the latest styles robs certain women of their modesty the women so robbed should go back to the old-fashioned amplitude of covering. If the low cut waist and the tight slit skirt do not make a woman immodest, by all means let her cling to them as tenaciously as they cling to her. Now, how are we to judge whether the prevailing fashion makes a woman immodest? I have answered this question to my own satisfaction, for like Carlyle I am something of a philosopher of clothes. To my mind a woman with a beautiful figure is never immodest, no matter how unclothed she may be. The Venus of Velasquez is not immodest because she is transcendently beautiful. But the Olympia of Manet is immodest because she is very ugly. The girl in "September Morn" is no more immodest than a water lily; the black wench in the caricature "September Night" is immodest because she is hideous. Passing from art to artifice the same holds true. Who are the women that shock us on the streets? Are they the women whose low cut waists reveal alabaster bosoms or whose slit skirts expose dainty feet, slender ankles and gracefully curved calves? A hypocritical pulpit-puncher may say "Yes" but the honest man will say "No" and say it most emphatically. These don't shock us; they fill us with the joy of life. Admit that you never get tired looking at them. The women who really shock us on the streets are those who show us scrawny necks, big feet and impossible legs; the fat women on whom their modistes have played cruel jokes; the skinny women who should always go covered from chin to toe. In such women exposure is immodesty, for what is immodesty except the violation of good taste? So I say, make the women who have nothing beautiful to reveal cover themselves, and give the others all the liberty of undressing they desire. This is the only dress reform I advocate.

Sincerely,
—Modestus.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

Low German Birth Rate

Genuine concern has been awakened among patriotic Germans by the disclosure that the birth-rate throughout the empire is sinking far more rapidly than had been supposed. An authority on the subject has now published some figures which reveal the extraordinary fact that the decline in the birth rate of Germany is greater than that of any other European country, with the possible exception of Belgium. Altogether the annual increase of population is between 60,000 and 70,000 less than it would be if the birth rate of fifteen years ago were maintained. The revelations have become the subject of anxious discussion, especially in military and official circles, where it is recognized that the continuance of present conditions must soon make the maintenance of the military defenses as difficult a problem in Germany as it has become in France.

The Channel Tube

Are England and France to be connected by a Channel tunnel? This old question is again being seriously considered. As long as thirty years ago a violent campaign was waged against this scheme. At that time a protest against it was signed by leading peers and dignitaries of all churches, by members of Parliament and other prominent men, by the great London editors, by army men, and by the heads of the Admiralty. The result was that the scheme was for the time buried, but it was not dead. It was brought forward again in 1906 and in 1907 and found some friends, but none of great importance who would go wholeheartedly for it, and the London newspapers where they were not hostile were uncertain in tone. Meanwhile French approval of the scheme became practically unanimous. The entente cordiale was of course used as an argument in its favor. The main arguments, however, were purely economical. The project for a tunnel is now seriously revived. The arguments opposing it are also revived. The supporters of the scheme declare that financiers are sufficiently well disposed toward it to facilitate the finding of the capital required.

Good News from Ireland

Several gratifying facts regarding the condition of Ireland are contained in the report of the Irish Registrar-General for 1912. Last year Ireland had the lowest death rate since 1871 The death rate from tuberculosis was the lowest on record. There were 1101 more births than deaths and emigrations during the year. The infant mortality was the lowest on record. The percentage of persons who married under age was far below the percentage in England and Scotland.

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Perspective Impressions

Why not change the Arizona senator's name to Ashearst?

A ready power of conjuring up possible contingencies makes some men shirk easy duties.

It does not require as much genius to avoid mistakes as to nullify them.

Rudolph is getting ready to put the President in Hiram's class.

There are remedies for all political ills but most of them are worse than the malady.

Father Ricard predicts a warm September. Will the pretty maid of "September Morn" please stop shivering and stand straight?

The Treasury Department warns us to be on the watch for spurious ten-dollar bills. Why discriminate in these hard times?

"Long ago," says Senator Gallinger, "I asked myself why should not a woman vote." But "long ago" the Senator did not ask the question aloud. He is now asking it at the top of his voice.

The much vaunted dignity of labor would be more impressive if our warring unionists didn't hold two distinct celebrations on Labor Day.

If there were no law excluding obscene matter from the mails the Bulletin would give the publisher of The Evening Call a great run for his money.

"We are in favor," says Secretary Lane, "of doing anything for the people that is wise." Unfortunately the politician finds it easier to be wise for himself than for others.

If women are so eager for equality why don't they demand that the Mann law be amended so that both parties to the pastime may share responsibility?

"How comes it that the church is losing hold in this country?" asks Vice-president Tommy Marshall. One reason is that the preachers share their pulpits with the Tommy Marshalls.

It is easy to recall our finest performances but hard to remember the persons to whom we have repeatedly related them.

The Stanford Medical College is to open a free clinic in this city for deformed children. But the Municipal Clinic which treated the diseases which deform children has been closed.

The Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry advises the people to cut the price of meat by eating oysters. Which reminds us that when Marie Antoinette heard that the people couldn't get bread she advised them to eat cake.

When asked what he thought of our Geary street line Secretary Lane replied: "I don't see any reason why San Francisco should not progress." Because of, or in spite of, municipal ownership?

Supervisor Payot is going to lecture to school children about "Paris, Queen of Beauty, Culture and Romance." Wonder if it has occurred to him that most of the things that gave Paris that distinction are against the law in San Francisco.

It is to be hoped that the letter carriers had a good time during their convention in this city. They are the hardest worked and worst paid servants of the Government, and are entitled to all the fun they can get.

The Woman Who Thumped Her Lap—A Sketch

By James Stephens

She was tall and angular, her hair was red, and scarce and untidy, her hands were large and packed all over with knuckles, and her feet would have turned inwards at the toes only that she was aware of and corrected their perversities.

She was sitting all alone, and did not even look up as I approached.

"Tell me," said I, "why you have sat here for more than an hour with your eyes fixed on nothing and your hands punching your lap."

After I had spoken she looked at me for a fleeting instant, and then, looking away again, she began to speak. Her voice was pleasant enough, but so strong that one fancied there were bones in it.

"I do not dislike women," said she, "but I think that women seldom speak of anything worth listening to, nor do they often do anything worth looking at. They bore and depress me, it is true, and men do not."

"But," said I, "you have not explained why you thump your lap with your fist."

She proceeded: "I do not hate women, nor do I love men. It was only that I did not take much notice of the one, and that I liked being with the other; for, as things are, there is very little life for a person except in thought. All our actions are so cumbered by laws and customs that we cannot take a step beyond the ordinary without finding ourselves either in jail or in Coventry."

Having said this, she raised her bleak head and stared like an eagle across the wastes.

After I had coughed twice, I touched her arm, and said "Yes?"

"One must live," said she, quickly. "I do not mean we must eat and sleep: these mechanical matters are settled for many of us; but life is thought and nothing else, and many people go from the cradle to the grave without having ever lived differently from animals. Their whole theory of life is mechanical. They eat and drink, they invite one another to their homes to eat and drink, and they use such speech as they are gifted with in discussing their food and whatever other palpable occurrence may have chanced in the day. It is a step, perhaps, towards living, but it is still only one step removed from stagnation. They have some interest in an occurence, but how it happened and what will result from it does not exercize them in the least, and these, which are knowledge and prophecy, are the only interesting aspects of any occurrence."

"But," said I, "you have not told me why you sit for a full hour staring at vacancy, and thumping your knee with your hand."

"Sometimes," she continued, "one meets certain people who have sufficient of the divine ferment in their heads to be called alive; they are almost always men. One flies to them as to one's own. One abases one's self before them in happy humility. We crave to be allowed to live near them, in order that we may be assured that everything in the world is not nonsense and machinery —and then, what do we find—?"

She paused and turned a large, fierce eye upon me.

"I do not know," said I and I tried vainly to look anywhere but at her eye.

"We find always that they are married," said she; and she lapsed again to a tense and worried reflection.

"You have not told me," said I, "why you peer earnestly into space and thump at intervals on your knee."

"These men," said she sternly, "are surrounded by their wives. They are in jail and their wives are their warders. You cannot go to them without a permit; you may not speak to them without a listener; you may not argue with them for fear of raising an alien and unnecessary hostility, scarcely can you even look at them without reproach. How, then, can we live, and how will the torch be kept alight?"

"I do not know," I murmured.

She turned her pale eye on me again.

"I am not beautiful," said she, and there was just a tremor of doubt in her voice, so that the statement became packed with curiosity, and had all the quality of a question.

"You are very nice indeed," I replied.

"I do not want to be beautiful," she continued, severely. 'Why should I? for I have an interest only in living—that is, in thinking, and I demand access to my fellows who are alive. Maybe I did not pay those others enough attention. How could I? They cannot think, they cannot speak. They can make a complicated verbal noise, but all I am able to translate from it is that something called lip-salve can be bought in some particular shop one penny cheaper than it can in a certain other shop. They will twitter for hours about the way a piece of ribbon was stitched to a hat which they saw in a tram-car. They agitate themselves, wondering whether a muff should be this size or that size. I say they depress me, and if I do turn my back on them when men are present I am acting sensibly and justly. Why cannot they twitter to each other, and let me and other people alone?"

She turned to me again.

"I do not know," said I, meekly.

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CIX—A CITY OUTLOOK

By Ella M. Sexton

(The following sonnet is from the pen of Ella M. Sexton, a woman well known in local literary and club circles. It is taken from "The Green Star," the 1913 annual of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. Mrs. Sexton is a prominent member of this association.)

From eyrie lifted high o'er clamorous ways—
And so remote the hurrying throng below,
Mere puppets in some strange, fantastic show,
Play on their silent parts—the far, clear gaze,
Caught here by spires that pierce a crowded maze
Of roofs and lofty towers, seeks there the glow
Of gilded domes through veiling vapors low.
Flung on the west winds, stream along the haze
Long wavering plumes, snow white, or dusky gray,
Or black as night; each smoky pennant flies
And marks where, close imprisoned, breathes and sighs
The giant Toil, still urging day by day,
Unwilling slaves. Beyond, brown hills arise
To meet the bending arch of deep blue skies.

The Spectator

Throwing Money To The Birds

Now Mr. Taxpayer, otherwise known as Mr. Easymark, you whom our dear friend the editor of the Examiner has been addressing in terms of endearment, urging that more money be put into the hands of our taxeaters, what do you think of the appointment of another special attorney to attend to municipal litigation? Of course you are aware that the cost of running our municipal law department under the management of that grand young Native Son, Master Percy Long, has increased one hundred and thirty-three per cent in about five years. Of course you know that we are spending about $90,000 a year on the law department. Well what do you think of the action of our lovely Mayor and our dear impeccable crew of Supervisors last Monday? They appointed Thomas Haven a special assistant to Mr. Long at twelve thousand a year. Now, mind you, Long himself gets less than half that sum, and damned glad he is to get it too! Mind you, also, Mr. Haven used to be a deputy in Mr. Long's office, getting about two hundred and fifty dollars a month. He was drawing down that modest sum so recently that hardly anybody outside of the tight little circle of taxeaters knew that he was out of a job until they read of his new appointment last Wednesday. In other words he was a deputy at two hundred and fifty a month until a few months ago, and now under a new title he is to get one thousand a month. Can you beat it, Mr. Taxpayer—I mean Mr. Easymark?

Percy on Exhibition

It is worthy of note that only one man in the Board of Supervisors protested against Haven's appointment. The protestant was Andrew Gallagher. He suggested that the taxpayers might object to spending more money for legal talent, and he pointed out that Haven had quit the employ of the city only a few months ago. Why he pointed it out I do not know, but Andy is a man of some wit, alert of apprehension, and it probably occurred to him that in minds of a suspicious bent the thought might arise that when Haven resigned to make room for another deputy he knew that in a few months the city would need another assistant attorney at about a thousand dollars a month. Mr. Gallagher's protest was in vain. He was urged to withdraw it, and by way of argument he was reminded that he had voted for an appropriation of $50,000 to pay for assistance for Long in the Spring Valley litigation. In other words it was argued that assent to extravagance in one instance justified assent to extravagance in another. But Gallagher pleaded that he had repented and had solemnly resolved not to throw any more money to the birds. Then followed eulogies of Haven by Murdock and the inimitable Koshland, after which Master Long appeared for the purpose of saving his face. He is quoted in the Chronicle as follows: "There is no desire on my part to ask for special counsel. I have done so at the request and on the advice of some of the Supervisors." Again Mr. Easymark, I ask, what do you think? What about the spectacle Mr. Long made of himself? He does not desire special counsel, but he asked for special counsel. Why did he ask for special counsel? "Because," he says, "some Supervisors told me to." Poor Percy! Some day a Supervisor may ask Percy to walk down Market street in a diaphanous skirt.

The Mayor Stands In

But the story is not half told. As soon as Percy sat down up bobbed Alex. Vogelsang to splash a little color on the proceedings. Alex. was amazed at the stinginess of the Board with the people's money. "A man like Haven," said Mr. Vogelsang, "should be given a vote of thanks by the city for coming into a fight of this kind. The compensation we offer to a man of his ability is ridiculously small." Mayor Rolph also took a hand in the debate, but he did not attempt to improve on Mr. Vogelsang's sentiment. Probably he thought it would be a little raw to suggest that one thousand a month was inadequate for a man who but the other day was satisfied with a fourth of that sum. He did not propose a vote of thanks for Mr. Haven, but neither did he take cognizance of Percy Long's statement that he didn't need assistance but had asked for it to please a few Supervisors with public money to burn. Perhaps Jim thinks this is a matter for the consideration of the Grand Jury. However, notwithstanding Percy's naive confession our spendthrift Mayor was heartily in favor of putting another taxeater at the trough, and the job went through.

The Judge and the Plain Citizen

Louis E. Hanchett, the capitalist, has been receiving the felicitations of his friends on the backbone he exhibited when examined before Judge Van Fleet as to his qualifications to sit as a juror in the Caminetti case. Hanchett expressed the opinion that the Mann act was not made to cover such immorality as was charged against the defendant, his idea being that it was intended to put a stop to the white slave traffic. Judge Van Fleet told him it didn't matter what his opinion of the law was; that if accepted as a juror he would be required to render a verdict in accordance with the law as defined by the court. Now doubtless the average citizen if he had taken Hanchett's position would have been quick to recede therefrom on being sternly "called down" by the court. But Hanchett is not so easily overwhelmed. His opinion he intended to stick by, the stern and frowning and somewhat vehement judge to the contrary notwithstanding. And certainly it was not because he was trying to evade jury duty. There are more ways than one of getting excused or challenged, and it would have been easy for Hanchett as he is from Sacramento and very friendly with counsel in the case. He preferred to tell just what his sentiments were regarding the law, and it was not that he had any sympathy for the defendant. Judge Van Fleet gave him a long lecture on the error of his opinion, but all in vain. Mr. Hanchett wished it to be distinctly understood that if sworn as a juror

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he would not yield his opinion in favor of anybody's, not even in favor of Judge Van Fleet's. The rebuke failed and the court with all its sanctity and dignity and power had to bow to the inalienable, however deplorable, right of private judgment.

The Incredible Hamilton

The judge, according to Ned Hamilton is somewhat "touchy" about the interpretation of the Mann law, "which," says the Examiner man, "he has called a good law covering just such cases as those of Caminetti." Mr. Hamilton is a most veracious journalist, but he taxes my credulity when he says that Judge Van Fleet is "touchy" about the law and also when he adds that one of the attorneys for the defense "is manifestly on the judge's nerves." From all that Mr. Hamilton says one might infer that Judge Van Fleet had lost his poise. Mr. Hamilton goes so far as to say that in reproving the attorneys on both sides for trying the case in the newspapers "he was noticeably more severe in his remarks on Attorney Woodworth than on Attorney Roche." What would Mr. Hamilton have us believe? In his comments there seems to lurk something of innuendo. Judge Van Fleet is not of the Lawlor type. He would rather censure the prosecuting attorney than the attorney for the defense for trying a case in the newspapers. There might be some excuse for a breach of the proprieties by the attorney for the defense in the interest of his client, but there can be no excuse for a hired prosecutor who ignores his obligation to deal as justly with the defendant as with the people. But to such length do I go in my scepticism that I am inclined to challenge the statement that Judge Van Fleet in anywise reproved the attorneys for trying the case in the newspapers. For if I were to believe Hamilton I should feel that to be consistent the judge ought to censure himself inasmuch as I find, according to Mr. Hamilton, that the judge says the Mann law "covers just such cases as those of Caminetti." That, too, seems like trying the case in the newspapers, but perhaps I am splitting hairs, or perhaps the more I read accounts of the trial the more bewildered I become. The other day I read that when the attorney for the defense remarked that the little bunch of sinners lived not on the outskirts of the town but in a populous neighborhood, the court observed, "And unashamed." From this one might suspect that the judge was not only presiding but volunteering testimony. No wonder the newspaper reports are bewildering.

The Letter Carriers Snubbed

When the letter carriers paraded on Labor Day they paraded without the police escort which is usually provided for any sort of parade. And Mayor Rolph was not in evidence anywhere along the line of march to extend them the courtesy of an official review. In fact, the letter carriers have been practically ignored by officialdom during their stay in this city. One thousand of them came hither for the annual convention from various sections; one thousand substantial, hard-working citizens with their wives and daughters. Their brothers of the leathern pouch in this city gave them a whole-hearted welcome. But our city officials did not deem it worth while to assist in their entertainment. The snub was accentuated on the occasion of the Labor Day parade. As a result the local postmen are saying unkind things about Mayor Rolph.

Hearst Has Them Guessing

Mr. William R. Hearst is enjoying a long sojourn in these parts. He has been flitting in and out of town for several weeks. But of course he keeps in close touch with the political situation in New York which he disturbed considerably when he sent his long telegram to the Independence League. That telegram had the effect of a bomb explosion. Hearst has an unerring instinct for the dramatic. The Fusionists of New York, with Norman Hapgood at their head, thought that they achieved a masterly bit of strategy when they nominated John Purroy Mitchell for Mayor and John J. Hopper for Registrar. Hopper is a protege of Hearst's, one of the leaders of the Independence League. It was thought that by Hopper's nomination Hearst's support would be insured. It was known that he felt friendly toward Mitchell on account of that gentleman's radical views, but with McAneny and Prendergast on the same ticket Hearst might be disinclined to stand for fusion. To cinch matters Hopper was put on the ticket. And when Hopper was nominated he announced that the Independence League would stand for the whole Fusion ticket from top to bottom. Then came the telegram from our gallant and recalcitrant Native Son. It was like the proverbial bolt from the blue. Fusion became confusion worse confounded. And now the Hapgood coterie are panic stricken, somebody having suggested that perhaps Mr. Hearst would run for Mayor himself. Read the New York papers these days and you will find that the Californian newspaper magnate is a man whom the politicians reckon with in campaign times.

Tammany Puts One Over

Since the receipt of the Hearst telegram the plot has thickened, greater has grown the confusion and disorder of the Fusion camp, and Colonel Roosevelt has been called in by his

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friend Norman Hapgood to restore harmony and straighten out the tangle. This appears to be a bigger job than the Colonel is able to handle. The Fusionists are hopelessly at sixes and sevens, and chiefly as a result of a Tammany stratagem. After the Fusionists nominated District Attorney Whitman for re-election he was put on the Tammany ticket and he accepted the nomination. There was at once an uproar among the Fusion nominees. They demanded that Whitman resign from the Tammany ticket. They argued that as the Fusion movement had been organized to crush Tammany it was preposterous for a Fusion nominee to accept a Tammany nomination. They thought it particularly unfortunate that Whitman should be the man to accept favors from Tammany as it was he that inspired the Fusion movement by his successful prosecution of corrupt police officials. But Whitman was not to be induced to snub Tammany. Then the Fusionists talked of striking Whitman's name off their ticket, but as he is sure of election with or without the Fusion nomination the threat has only excited laughter. To make matters worse the Gaynor faction talked of putting McAneny and Prendergast on the Gaynor ticket. They were begged to announce that they would not accept, but this they refused to do. Mitchell pleaded with them, but in vain. He pointed out that he had repudiated Hearst on their account. Nevertheless they would not repudiate Gaynor. Then Colonel Roosevelt took a hand with no better result.

Why Hearst Lingers

It has been surmised that Mr. Hearst may linger in California until the close of the trial of Governor Sulzer. For vagrant rumor has it that Mr. Hearst can a tale unfold quite pertinent to the issue raised by the impeachment of New York's corrupt Executive. During the gubernatorial campaign, so the story goes, Sulzer had a private car that was often hitched to a special engine. In the midst of the campaign he complained of lack of funds to defray his railroad expenses, and the generous journalist came through with eleven thousand dollars to settle the bill. Before the close of the campaign the news leaked out that the private car and special engine had been provided by Tammany, and Sulzer was compelled to disgorge. This is but one of scores of stories in circulation illustrative of the greed and mean dishonesty of the man under impeachment, and he appears to have no defense save that it is Tammany that is prosecuting him.

A Terrible Mistake

Ned Hamilton of the Examiner supped in Tait's one night with Harrison Fisher the illustrator and Haig Patigian the sculptor. He met a friend next day who said to him: "I saw you in Tait's last night, and I recognized Maury Diggs with you. Was the dark, handsome fellow Drew Caminetti?" Harrison Fisher wasn't a bit flattered when he learned that he had been mistaken for Marsha Warrington's paramour. Nor was Patigian tickled to death at being confused with the swain of Lola Morris.

Two Ways of Love

An amorous swain named Maury Diggs
Loved Marsha, frail but fair;
Drew Caminett' and Lola were
Another amorous pair.
They loved in Sacramento town
Till tongues began to prate;
And so they fled to Reno where
Their love was interstate.
And being interstate their love
Was judged a lawless fact,
An odious violation of
The Mann White Slaving Act.

Bob Widney was an amorous swain
Who left his wife to live
In purple passion's fever bonds
With a light o' love named Viv.
They kissed and rowed in Frisco Town,
They mixed their love with torts;
Exchanging shots and billets doux
Till romance reached the courts.
But their trouble wasn't serious—
'Tis true what I relate—
Their scandalous concubinage
Took place within the State.

Trouble Was Averted

Three governors attended the good roads convention held recently at Eureka. They were Johnson of our own fair State, West of Oregon and Lister of Washington. Colonel Charles Mifflin Hammond was also there, and the way he tore into the good roads program of the present State administration made the hair of some of our Progressives stand up like pompadours. That was not part of the regular order of business, and Jim Coonan of Eureka who presided made up his mind that the exceedingly frank speaker from Clear Lake should not get the floor a second time. So the next time Colonel Hammond arose Coonan said with more warmth than parliamentary courtesy, "You sit down! Governor Johnson is going to address the convention." "I was merely going to suggest," said Colonel Hammond with the utmost suavity, "that this convention show its respect for Governor Johnson by rising as he goes to the platform." But the equivocal smile on Hammond's face indicated that he would have said something entirely different if given a hearing.

A "GRAND PRIX" CHAMPAGNE

Italian Swiss Colony GOLDEN STATE Champagne was served exclusively at the banquet given to Secretary of Navy Daniels at the St. Francis Hotel.

(Advertisement)

Evening Newspaper Competition

Now that we have four evening papers where formerly but three were struggling for existence it is but reasonable to expect something to happen. Competition may be the life of trade, but it is often the death of the unfittest. With all the evening papers selling for a cent a copy what is to become of the little News? This paper may have been worth a cent when no other was to be had for less than five cents, but it can hardly be said to be worth a cent now. A great change has been wrought in the value of newspaper properties. Profits have been cut down, and associate press franchises are not worth now what they were worth a week ago. No wonder Mr. Crothers emitted those harrowing and horrendous screeches when he heard that he was to have a new competitor. Affecting to be scornful of the coming rival, he lost no time in cutting the price of the Bulletin to one cent. That was an expedient that Mr. Crothers did not come to without sweating blood. A few years ago he cut the price of subscriptions to twenty-five cents a month, and he found that he lost money on circulation. He raised it to thirty cents, and then he broke even on his paper bill, but that was with the paper selling for five cents in the street. He

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now loses money on every paper he sells, and there is before him the prospect of losing some of his advertising too. There is much wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Bulletin office. Mr. Crothers is the hardest of hard losers. Of course the Post is also affected by the new comer, but the Post, being a conservative paper has a clientele of its own, and as the newsies are now selling three papers for a nickel the Post being one of them may gain rather than lose. Besides the Post never made the enemies that the Bulletin has to reckon with. Several big advertisers welcomed the advent of the Call in the Bulletin field. One big advertiser, Alfred Lilienfeld, who withdrew from the Bulletin months ago on account of his aversion to its principles was one of the first to take space in the Evening Call.

Launching the New Call

It was a merry night the men of the Call spent as the guests of John D. Spreckels when the new evening paper was launched and generously christened in champagne. John D. Spreckels and F. W. Kellogg made a point of insisting in their speeches that the current rumor of Hearst ownership was without foundation. When John D. said that the retention of all the men who had served the paper so faithfully was made a condition precedent to the change, the boys cheered him lustily. Jack Spreckels made his bow as an after dinner speaker and explained how he had once "scooped" Tom Bellew, the Call's hotel reporter. There was great excitement when a young woman employed on the paper entered the banquet hall attired as a nurse with what looked like a new born infant cuddled in her arms. This was the new evening Call, and the babe received its name from "Parson" Samuel M. Shortdige who thereupon made one of the best and happiest speeches of his career. The manner in which he described how the Call was like Minerva, the goddess of wisdom who sprang full grown and beautiful from the brain of Jove, is described as magnificent. Burt Waterman, the poetical secretary of Jack Spreckels, wrote a poem for the occasion which he called "Evolution" and which contained the following quip:

Nothing dies in all creation
But a paper's circulation,
And that expires when Alice takes a hand.
As time passes we get colder;
We are surely "getting" Older!
(Too bad we must grow Older in this land.)

A Bulletin Council

Speaking of Older, the indications are that that managing editor is going to "hump himself," now that the Evening Call is fighting him to the threshold of the Bulletin office. Last Sunday witnessed a strange and unusual gathering in the local room of the Bulletin. The members of the staff were called together by messenger boy from all parts of town, routed out of their seats at the matinee or the ball park, summoned from church (?) and called in from late breakfasts at the Press Club. They thought some awful disaster had occurred and that they were expected to get out an extra. But that was not the purpose. They were assembled to hear an announcement from Fremont Older. "From now on," was the burden of the editorial utterance, "we are going to get out a real newspaper." The staff heard the message with various emotions, but the boys have been working like beavers ever since.

Blaine's Narrow Escape

"It is not generally known," said James G. Blaine Jr. to a group of friends in the lobby of the St. Francis, "that my father had a narrow escape from death at the hands of Charles Guiteau. He probably owed his life to the accident that he wore a slouch hat instead of his usual tall hat on the fateful day when President Garfield was assassinated. Just why he wore a slouch hat that day my father himself was never able to explain. It was a sudden fancy. As you probably remember, he stood beside the President at the station when Guiteau fired. Guiteau had been pestering the third assistant Secretary of State who was a relative of my father, for a position. Knowing this the men who examined Guiteau after the assassination of Garfield asked him, 'Why did you not shoot Secretary of State Blaine instead of President Garfield?'

"'I intended to,' was Guiteau's answer, 'but he was not there. Standing next to Garfield was an old gentleman wearing a slouch hat.'

"The familiar tile was missing and Guiteau did not recognize my father."

They Were a Bit Peeved

A distinguished party of southerners spent a day in this city last week, and unfortunately some of them went away with a feeling not the kindliest toward the directors of the World's Fair. The party of men and women were the guests of Congressman Harry Lee Maynard of Virginia who was taking them on a visit to his apple ranch in Washington. Among others were General and Mrs. Albert Estopinal and General J. Floyd King of Louisiana. Estopinal is a member of Congress and of the committee on naval affairs. General King is a former congressman. Of course the party paid a visit to the World's Fair grounds. But they had to hire their own machines and when they reached the grounds there was no representative of the World's Fair to show them around. For some reason or other there was a hitch and the party did not receive official courtesies until rather late in the afternoon of the single day they stayed here. It was particularly unfortunate that this should have happened in the case of distinguished people from New Orleans, the city which was our rival for the World's Fair. I am sorry to say that some members of the party expressed themselves in a way which indicated that they were peeved.

Gavin on Rudolph

Gavin McNab doesn't take too seriously Rudolph Spreckels' threat to drive him out of politics. Commenting on Rudolph and his dire determination Gavin told the reporters in Los Angeles, "The trouble with Spreckels is that he is not sure whether God made him or he made God." And to his friends here McNab has remarked, "Spreckels is the Emperor Norton of the present day in San Francisco."

Familiar with the Great

A politician just back from the Mecca of office seekers tells me that no man is more at home in Washington than Ray Baker of Oakland and Reno. When Ray lost his job as warden of the Nevada Penitentiary he jumped into Key Pittman's fight for the United States Senate, and he now figures at the national capital as Pittman's confidential adviser. Baker has the freedom of the marble room of the Senate, a chamber to which the ordinary citizen is only admitted at the express invitation of a senator. Ray not only lounges freely in the marble room but he calls Senators and Congressmen by their first names. Senator James of Kentucky is "Ollie" to Ray; Speaker Clark is "Champ"; Secretary Tumulty is "Joe." It is freely asserted in Washington that one of these days Ray will be slapping the President on the back and calling him "Woodrow."

Dickerson for Senator

Speaking of Baker reminds me of former Governor Dickerson of Nevada who succeeded Ray as warden of the Nevada Penitentiary. Dickerson was lieutenant governor and became Governor of the Sagebrush State on the death of Governor John Sparks. At the next election Dickerson was beaten by Oddie. That by no means quenched Dickerson's thirst for political honors, and he is now preparing to make the race against Newlands for the United States Senate. He has many friends, and knows how to cultivate esteem. It is said in Nevada that the convict road builders are put to work where the construction of good roads will strengthen Dickerson's hand and that prison supplies are bought from contractors who have political influence. There is no hint of graft in the charge; it is merely pointed out

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that the warden who would a senator be is not overlooking any opportunities to cultivate powerful Nevadans. When Senator Newlands came west recently he looked into the Dickerson preparations and immediately began mending his fences.

Two Local Playwrights

Peter B. Kyne, the short story writer and Franklin B. Morse, the sporting editor of the Post are receiving the congratulations of their friends in the Press Club with becoming modesty. A play that evolved itself from their joint labor has been accepted by Joe Howard and will be produced simultaneously at his theatres in New York and Chicago. Howard who has just been playing an engagement at Pantages, is both writer and producer and has many successes to his credit. In the producing end of the theatrical business he is associated with Harry Frazee who is also a live wire. The Kyne-Morse play is founded on Kyne's short story of the desert "The Three Godfathers." Howard is enthusiastic about it, and promises to spend a lot of money in preparing it for the stage. Theodore Roberts is spoken of as likely to head the New York cast at the Long Acre Square Theatre.

Backstairs Philosophy

Out on Lake street a lady was arranging with a Swedish contractor about hard-wood floors in her house. "Now about borders," she said. "What is your opinion,—with or without?" "Well madam, the price will be the same and it is the same to me whether you have borders or not." "Yes?" she said, "but which is the more artistic?" "Oh, there again you suit yourself,—it is all how you like 'er. Over on Broadway they like 'em plain, and then again over in Sunset, I can't get 'em fancy enough." She took hers plain. The same lady engaged a German gardener. The first day she told him to be sure not to throw the cut grass into a neighboring vacant lot as his predecessor had been arrested for doing so. "Vell it's lucky you told me dot," he said. "I was going to do it but I don't want to be arrested. Before dere vas only a few dings to be arrested for but now dere is only a few dings not to be arrested for."

Elusive Turkey

Here is a story which the New York papers missed. It comes to me in a letter from the metropolis. When President Wilson offered to make Henry Morgenthau, the New York millionaire who was chairman of the Democratic finance committee, ambassador to Turkey, Morgenthau asked for time to think the matter over. His inclination was toward refusing the post. The President got wind of this and therefore requested a well known New Yorker who is a friend of the President and of Morgenthau to use his good offices in persuading Morgenthau to accept. The President pointed out that this friend's intervention would be peculiarly timely as he had just returned from the Near East and could descant to Morgenthau upon the charms of life in Turkey. In reply this New Yorker wrote to President Wilson: "My observations while traveling impress me with the fact that what America needs is a good detective to find Turkey rather than an ambassador."

Solano Campaign in East

With Chicago as headquarters, the middle west will be the next field of action for A. J. Rich & Co. in their Solano Farms campaign. The entire advertising and sales organizations of the company will be moved over the Rockies early in the fall and, according to those who know, the advertising will be on a greater scale than was ever undertaken by a land concern in the eastern press. The idea is to acquaint the 50,000 colonists who are coming to California this season with the advantages of Solano and Northern California in general, before they leave home. Northern California should appreciate this sort of advertising. This section of the State is entitled to its share of the settlers and has land aplenty, with endless opportunities to offer them. The south has heretofore prospered by carrying its boost into the east and land values have advanced accordingly while the population increased. San Francisco, as the business and financial center of the coast, has a deep interest in the development of the agricultural area and will watch the Rich campaign with approval. With the beginning of regular service on the Oakland and Antioch electric line to Sacramento, the Solano excursions hereafter will be run over that road. The first will be Sunday and another on Admission Day.

"Hurried Luncheon" at Techau's

Manager Morrison of Techau Tavern has always maintained a progressive policy in the management of the cafe and is foremost in providing the public with the best that can be obtained. The "hurried luncheon" which is a feature of the Tavern, is always particularly attractive on Thursday, when a half chicken forms an item of the menu. On a recent Thursday, when an I. X. L. boneless chicken tamale was added as a side dish, several hundred people were unable to find accommodation, such is the popularity of this excellent luncheon, which is served for fifty cents and which will be duplicated on some Thursday in the near future.

Does It Hold Water?

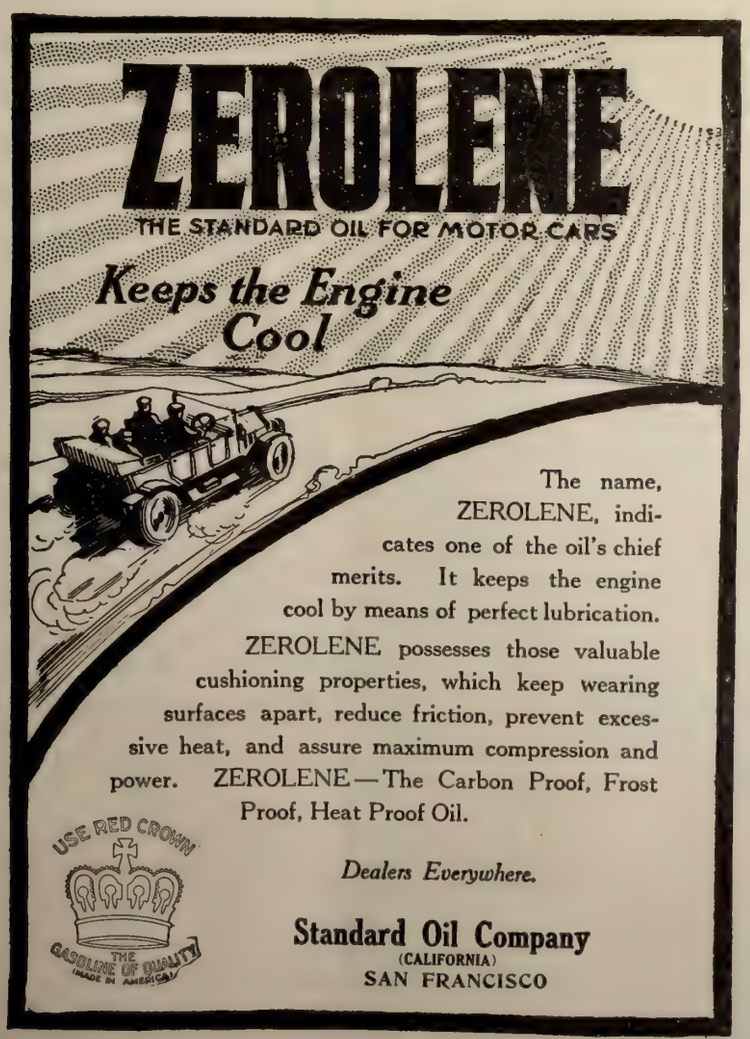
A country barber cut a customer's cheek four times while shaving him.

"Oh, dear me! How careless!" exclaimed the razor wielder after the infliction of each wound.

When the shave was over the customer took a glass of water, and at every mouthful shook his head from side to side.

"Anything the matter?" the barber asked.

"No," was the reply. "I only wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking."



Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

"Margy and Her Millions"

The wealthy and the penniless, the haughty who have arrived and the humble who are climbing—these and all the others who have summered at Santa Barbara have watched with interest the progress of an absorbing game called "Margy and Her Millions." Watching this game has been the favorite pastime of the summer; playing it has been, not a pastime but a most serious business to the participants. For love is serious, even if blase observers do not treat it seriously. What Santa Barbara calls a game is really a romance. The Margy of the game is Miss Marguerite Doe, the wealthiest single girl in California. Miss Doe has a bungalow at Santa Barbara and spends most of her time there. She has entertained house party after house party there this summer, and at nearly all her entertainments three suitors have been present. These suitors are the gamesters who are striving for the prize in the game of "Margy and Her Millions." One is the son of a well know editor and poet who died not very long ago. A second is the nephew of this first. These are residents of Santa Barbara, and the fact that they are uncle and nephew does not decrease their friendly rivalry in the game of "Margy and Her Millions." The third suitor is a San Franciscan. At present it looks as though this young man will win the game of "Margy and Her Millions."

Santa Barbara Anxious

The natives of Santa Barbara take an interest in this game of "Margy and Her Millions," but they are less concerned with the romance than with its practical implications. The people of Santa Barbara hope that either uncle or nephew will win the game, because then Miss Doe will not withdraw her charming self and her charming millions from the mission town. If the San Franciscan wins the game Miss Doe will probably return to San Francisco. The young suitor from this city is helped in his romance by his sisters and his sisters' friends who have spent a good deal of time in Santa Barbara this summer and have taken up Miss Doe with cordial friendliness.

Mrs. Henry's White Hair

Society has lost one of its brilliant blonde beauties in Mrs. Kate Henry who is wearing white hair this season, the fashion introduced at Newport by Mrs. John Astor. It's strikingly becoming to the classic grace of Mrs. Henry, and before long other women will discover its advantages and from a hirsute point of view we may have a white winter. In Paris they are powdering the coiffure in the eighteenth century manner. In London a number of smart young matrons wear their hair white, the Duchess of Marlborough among them. A few are naturally gray no doubt. It is said Mrs. Astor's hair turned white several years ago after an illness. But artificial bleaching is the popular way of attaining the desired effect. The henna locks of two or three years ago will whiten with the same ease they reddened from black or indiscriminate brown. It's a rather wise fashion, to take time by the forelock. With whitened tresses no woman need endure that psychological tragedy of the first gray hair that we read of in books. Mrs. Henry is wonderfully effective with her white hair and the black picture hats retained from her golden blonde period. She is tall and dignified and carries it well. Miss Robina Henry who is one of the belles of Mrs. Detrick's junior assembly dances is to make her debut this year and it may be merely that her handsome mother decided white hair was more becoming than gold for her first appearance as chaperon to a debutante daughter.

Discretion at the Ticket Office

David Bachmann, the stock broker, Charles A. Son, the oil magnate and Miss Rosa Walter of the well known family, are three lifelong friends who have been members of a merry party sojourning at Lake Tahoe. One day recently the trio decided to pay a visit to Reno, Virginia City and the old Comstock lode.

"You get the tickets, Dave," said Charley Son; and Bachmann started toward the ticket office at the Tavern. Suddenly he stopped, turned back and looked thoughtfully at Miss Walter and Charles Son.

"I'm blest if I will!" he exclaimed. "I don't mind buying them as far as Truckee, but a fellow can't be too careful about interstate transportation these days."

Speaking of Jewels

If Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was one of the best gowned women at the Harvest Moon fete, Mrs. Folger wore the most lovely jewels. She is fond of them and wears them on all occasions. I have seen her shopping in the mornings with a pearl necklace clasped with diamonds, earrings, bracelets, and very likely rings galore on her gloved hands. Wearing jewels at all hours is of course the proper thing in this enlightened age though a generation ago it was the mark of vulgarity—usually of American vulgarity. However at Dinard and Trouville where fashionable Paris bathes, they are wearing pearl necklaces with their bathing suits. It can't be good for the pearls unless the jeweled bathers keep out of the water, which it's likely they do. Speaking of jewels, they say that Mrs. Sydney Cloman's collection of turquoises rivals the famous collection of Mrs. James Flood who dazzled society at a ball two years ago with her black gauze gown thickly sown with the blue stones. Mrs. Cloman's collection was gathered in many places. Some of the stones are from Mexico and many are from South Africa. She never wears them all at one time, though embroidered into a gown they might be as effective as Mrs. Flood's.

Tango for Old and Young

While it was only the younger set that danced the tango last winter, this season will see everyone doing it. When Harriet Pomeroy, Louise Janin and half a dozen other girls and men introduced it at the Sharon ball there were no more than a score of dancers to follow them in the steps. It was quite a sensation. But during the summer they have been practicing faithfully down the peninsula and over in San Rafael where the morning classes are attended by older matrons and there is evening instruction in terpsichorean intricacies for men. So at the first ball of the winter everyone will do the tango. Among the most graceful of the matrons are Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock. A set in town has for its stars Mrs. Edward de Witt Taylor who rivals Enid Gregg, they say, and Mrs. Gus Boyer. The latter in a vivid American beauty satin gown was a graceful figure at a recent informal affair.

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The Secret of Their Attention

When I attended the excellent performance of "The Bohemian Girl" at the Tivoli a few nights ago and saw the livestock with which the fair scene was garnished I was reminded of an incident that happened in the old Tivoli some years ago. Goldmarck's "Queen of Sheba" was being given, and the singers were surprised to see the little Kreling boys (the sons of Mrs. Leahy) behind the scenes. The youngsters were there without fail every night, and during the temple scene their eyes were fixed with fascination upon the altar where beautiful white doves hopped about. One night the majestic Henri de Vries said to them:

"Boys, you never came back of the scenes before. 'The Queen of Sheba' must be your favorite opera."

"It is," they gravely replied.

"Ah! You have a high standard. But tell me why you like it."

"Because," said one of the lads, "there are doves in the temple scene, and when they take the opera off we are going to have them."

To Be Guests of Tevis

Madame Emma Eames and her husband Emilio de Gogorza are on their way to this city for a somewhat lengthy stay. They will be the guests of Dr. Harry Tevis at his beautiful country seat at Alma. Madame Eames and Dr. Tevis are old friends, and the doctor will give some of his famous entertainments for the distinguished singers. De Gogorza will open the musical season here under the management of Will Greenbaum, but Madame Eames will not be heard, except in private. When she stepped off the steamer in New York a few days ago she announced that she had retired forever. "I am happy with my husband, and the quiet of domestic life appeals most strongly to me," she said.

Another Song-bird?

Is San Francisco going to contribute another song-bird to her notable list? The forthcoming departure for New York of Miss Ramona and Miss Alvita Hamberger leads some to believe that the beautiful voice of the latter is destined to soar out of the restricted precincts of society. Her stay in New York will be for an indefinite period and she will place herself under the tutelage of a celebrated vocal teacher. That sounds like the first step toward a career. At any rate this charming girl is ambitious and her parents are in full accord with her desire to give her talent the benefit of the best training. The sisters have been very popular in their society set, and their vivacious charms will be missed from the winter's gaieties.

A Bizarre Coiffure

We are growing accustomed to the new way of doing the hair with a deep point drawn over each cheek and plastered down with Chinese shavings. The Gregg girls affect it and so do others of the younger set. But the most extreme points are worn by Mrs. Clarence Walker. Her dark hair is drawn over her face on either side until the points almost meet at her nose. It's bizarre, but becoming.

Society Chaps in the Air

The Walkers by the way have rented the cottage they built in San Mateo soon after their marriage and have gone to live with Mrs. Walker's mother, Mrs. Bivens. Clarence is still aviating but has a rival in Ferdinand Thieriot who has ordered an aeroplane from the East and intends to fly to his engagements in San Mateo hereafter. While others motor or drive over country roads, Ferdinand Thieriot will soar aloft to light gracefully among his friends at the Country Club piazza or in their gardens.

Who's a Hogg?

Miss Ima Hogg, the attractive daughter of a former governor of Texas, was a guest at the Stewart last week and several San Francisco girls who had been her classmates at school in the East gave teas and luncheons in her honor. The Hoggs are prominent in society in Austin where the two girls are favorites though their names are decidedly disconcerting. Miss Ima's sister was christened Ura Hogg and she's quite as attractive as Ima. Their brother was christened Willby Hogg and doubtless the paternal ingenuity would have extended to a fourth name had there been another child. Governor Hogg was a genial personality who was one of the most popular governors of the Lone Star State. In his long career he suffered patiently the wit of opponents and friends who couldn't resist the temptation of his name and in a determination to spare his children like experiences, he disarmed the cheerful joker with their given names, Ima Hogg, Ura Hogg, and Willby. The story is sometimes discredited out of Texas, but the young Hoggs and their names are well known at home and a number of San Francisco belles are friends of Ima and Ura.

The Stars at Del Monte

The annual rodeo of society at Del Monte is a brilliant spectacle this year, more colorful than ever before. It may be a black season in town but in the country color reigns from hosiery up. Lavendar stockings and white pumps are a favorite combination for the Burlingame belles. Mrs. Will Crocker with the two spirited Crocker girls, is lending the glamor of her presence. Last season there were the conservative Alexanders of New York and in other years Jennie Crocker Whitman has represented the clan, but Ethel May and Helen are inspiration for the gayest season of good times Del Monte has known. They are assuredly stars of the splendid aggregation gathered for this unparalleled display of California's social and sartorial resources.

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Polo Holds Sway at Del Monte

Del Monte has been very gay this past week and from all accounts will be more so during the next two or three. For once golf is in the background, and polo has the whole field. The game on Friday was a victory for the army, much to the surprise of many, as the army men had never played together before. Sunday is scheduled for another game which promises to be a hard fight. Among those who are at Del Monte for polo are Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Christian De Guigne Jr., Felton Elkins, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. De Sabla, Miss Vera and Miss Leontine De Sabla, Miss Ethel Crocker, Helen Crocker, Will Crocker and Charles Crocker, Mrs. George Howard, George H. Howard 3d, Henry Howard, Mrs. William Sproule, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and many others. Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters entertained at a delightful tea in the private dining room on Friday. The guests were seated around two tables which were artistically decorated with pink dahlias. Among those who accepted their charming hospitality were Mrs. James A. Murray of Monterey, Mrs. Bowen, wife of Colonel Bowen of the Presidio, Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mrs. C. E. Worden, Mrs. A. Towne, Mrs. A. W. Simpson, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Mrs. B. G. Simpson, the Misses K. Meggs, Geraldine Forbis, Dorothy Foster, Jane Hotaling, Margaret Casey, Alice Warner, Dorothy Fries and several others Pebble Beach Lodge is the mecca for all the golf and polo enthusiasts who finish the day by motoring over the Seventeen Mile Drive and Scenic Boulevard and every afternoon the driveway in front of the Lodge is packed with automobiles.

Admission Day at Santa Cruz

Although the Native Sons celebration will be held in Oakland this year, many other cities are preparing celebrations of their own over Admission Day. Probably one of the best of these will be held at Santa Cruz, where an elaborate three days' celebration will be held, commencing Saturday, September 6, and ending Tuesday, September 9. Assurance is given by those having the celebration in charge that there will be never-a-dull-moment from the time the first rocket soars aloft on Saturday evening until the band plays "Home Sweet Home" at the close of the Forty-niner ball Tuesday night. Santa Cruz has always had a reputation for lavish hospitality and entertainment and the Admission Day celebration will be no exception to the rule.

Gayety at Coronado

The hot weather through the interior has driven the Angelenos and Pasadena people to the ocean breezes, and Coronado seems to have been their mecca. Gaiety keeps up, and the past weeks have been humming. A delightful dance given to about sixty of the younger set at which Miss Doris Skinner of Denver was hostess wound up the frolics of Labor Day. Tuesday there was the usual tea dance on the terrace. On Wednesday Lieutenant-Commander Mark St. Clair Ellis of the Maryland entertained at a "rag" dance on board ship, and the same evening Mrs. Frank Von Tesmar was hostess at a dance at the boat club. Thursday afternoon Captain William Wirt Gilmer of the U. S. S. "Pittsburg," now in the harbor, entertained the friends invited to meet Mrs. Gilmer. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson are among those who have recently arrived at Coronado and are accompanied by their son and daughter. Mrs. John Jackson and Mrs. Frank Godfrey were among those who were invited to the auction bridge given by Mrs. Reed Dilworth at the Coronado Country Club on Monday. Arrivals from San Francisco include Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. MacKenzie, H. Cavanaugh and Dorothy Cavanaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Knoll, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Barron and Miss D. S. Barron of Ross Valley.

An Exquisite Display

One of the most attractive window displays for the Fashion Show this week is the Market street frontal of Geo. Haas & Sons. The background is hung with heavy rose colored plush embroidered with dainty rosebuds and their foliage. The floor of the window is carpeted in Japanese air moss from which spring exquisite fairy-like La France rose bushes in Empire garden effect. Spaced among the bushes are the handsome boxes for which the Haas shops are famous.

Portola Scenes at Tait's

There's an unusually fine number of musical feasts at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe this week. And in addition the management is showing advanced Portola scenes. These are extremely interesting and will be viewed with keen interest. The cafe is still offering down-town shoppers and sightseers its famous special luncheon at fifty cents. It is served daily from 11:30 till 2 and is one of the daintiest and most appetizing noonday meals served in San Francisco. And of course the music and entertainment that accompany it are the best obtainable.

In the Social Spotlight

Guests at Paso Robles recently included: Mrs. K. Heyman, Mrs. E. A. Bresse, Miss M. McMahon, Mrs. Philip Bancroft, Taxib Doot, Jos. James and wife, Mrs. M. E. Spencer, C. L. Chusman and wife, G. Carlston, M. Girke, Mrs. Ben Bentley and maid, Mrs. M. H. Smart, Mr. and Mrs. Spring and children, Mr. and Mrs. de Pasquali, Mr. and Mrs. George Fonener and boys, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dalton, Wm. Dalton, Miss Cooper, O. F. Brent, Harry L. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hughes, Mrs. S. Hememan, Ernest J. McNulty, Carlton W. Greene, E. G. Lewis, John L. Sullivan, Mrs. G. M. Shrieve, Miss Elizabeth Shrieve, Miss Agnes Shrieve, Mrs. Arthur L. Whitney, Mrs. S. J. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sharples, J. S. Walker, wife and son, Robert Husbands and H. S. Wrad.

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"Why not?"

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Witter Bynner's "Tiger"

By Edward F. O'Day

"Viereckless ness," Witter Bynner said to me when he was out here a year ago, "Viereckless ness is not the quality I like best in poetry." The remark is so far true that Witter Bynner has never struck a pose before the public and has kept his pen away from the empurpled perversities that have made George Sylvester an ink-and-paper de Sade, a literary Gille de Retz frightening little boys. At the same time it is doubtful whether Viereck has not been out-Vierecked by Bynner in this brothel playlet called "Tiger." When "Tiger" was published in the Forum it shocked a great many people, and now that Mitchell Kennerley has clothed its nakedness in book covers it is going to shock a great many more. The imputation of motives so often makes for injustice that I shall not say that Witter Bynner wanted to shock his readers, but however lofty his motive in writing "Tiger," the effect on most of those who pick up this book will be such as to stir envy in the breast of the shilling shocker aforementioned. Viereck would have written "Tiger" if he had thought of it. But Bynner thought of it first, and despite the mental discipline that commends his poetry to the lovers of artistic selection and restraint, he couldn't resist the temptation to set it down.

With the English-speaking world hysterically wrought up over white slavery "Tiger" is bound to get a serious hearing from those who seek to vindicate their superior intelligence by being "dans le mouvement," the sort of people to whom the sordid and smutty story of Alice Smith seemed of epochal importance. And so we find Edwin Markham saying of "Tiger" that "it carries its lesson with more of art than any of the Brieux dramas and is as effective—a perfect bit of work"; while others rise up to praise it in terms of equal extravagance.

What is this "perfect bit of work," this "Tiger" which is prefaced by a misquotation of William Blake's four most famous lines? It is a short dramatic sketch written in unrhymed pentameters more colloquially and slangily prosaic than any of John Masefield's. Tiger is a Mrs. Warren whose bagnio is near Times Square in New York. This Mrs. Warren is called Tiger "on account of her hard, lithe brilliance." She is thirty-five, handsome and well dressed. Once Tiger had been an honest woman:

"The only other man I ever loved
Married me, and he used me like a dog.
The time I wasted moping for that boy
Would have set me up by now in Easy Street.
I hung on fourteen months. He did'nt hand
Me coin enough for food—there were other girls
More business-like who hadn't married him—
Then cussed me when I couldn't buy his friends
Big eats at home. One of them helped me out
The last two months. He liked me. And I ran
Away with him. I learned a lot from him.
A man's an easy mark unless you love him.
I love that first one yet."

The "hard, lithe brilliance" that illuminates these words made Tiger a success in the role of Mrs. Overdone. She has pretty girls and rich patrons. Of course she has a "man." On account of his "class" he is called the Baron. He is thirty, "with somewhat refined features, a suggestive pallor and flush, and a habit of biting the skin on his red lips and of rubbing his thumb over his finger-tips. He is over-dressed, over-mannered and wears several bright rings, but might pass with the young for a gentleman." He wears a wrist watch. The Baron is madly infatuated with Tiger and is continually saying to her, hungrily, fiercely, "Kiss me, kid!" The price he pays for the favors he receives from Tiger is the procuring of girls for Tiger's bagnio. In other words the Baron is a white slaver, a macquereau. In the prosecution of his business he has made love to an innocent girl of sixteen and has induced her to run away from her father and her aunt at home. Of course he has promised marriage. He brings her to the bagnio and introduces her to "his aunt" Tiger. The innocent girl doesn't suspect the character of the "boarding house" she is in until she has been doped and Tiger tries to make her submit to the lewd embraces of her customers. The girl resists and has been a starved prisoner for two days when Willie comes to Tiger's brothel. Willie is "of later middle-age, a stout, prosperous-looking, pleasant gentleman." It is time to use force with the refractory white slave and Tiger decides that Willie is the man for the job. Willie goes into the room of the prisoner. "There is a pause," the stage directions read, "then, inside the bedroom, a scream of mingled terror and joy from the girl, and a moan from the man." Then the girl's voice is heard:

"Father! Father! I knew you'd come! Father!"

Such is "Tiger," the revamping of a stock story that has been told in the tenderloin of every large city since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In San Francisco they used to tell such a story of a man once prominent and popular who afterwards fell from grace by embezzling the money of his company. In New York, I suppose, they attach the yarn to some one else. It was an excellent story to make into a play of white slaving at a time when any sort of brothel horror passes current on the strength of a "moral purpose," when silly sentimentalists like Edwin Markham are prepared to hail literary indecency as "perfect work" and when prominent clubwomen with a passion for uplift are cajoled into sponsoring the nasty sentimentalism of an autobiographical harlot like Alice Smith.

That the harpies of magazinedom should take advantage of the contemporary hysteria to spill their nastiness upon the public is not to be wondered at, but it is saddening to see an able writer like Witter Bynner soil his armor in such dirty lists. "Tiger" will not add anything to Bynner's fame. But it will put money in his purse, for there is always a demand for off-color riskiness among the prurient, and it is principally the prurient who will take "Tiger" to their hall bedrooms and their boudoirs.

Yes, it will put money in Witter Bynner's purse. When a miserable starveling of Grub Street named John Cleland wrote the Memoirs of Fannie Hill, his publisher made £10,000 out of that scandalously indecent book. No doubt "Monk" Lewis made a great deal of money out of his libidinous story "The Monk." Both "Fannie Hill" and "The Monk" were written for a "moral purpose"; their authors had the brazen hardihood to say so. Bynner doesn't have to say so; his admirers say it for him. I wonder what Bynner really thinks about his performance? He is an artist, and he must know that this is not art. He is a poet, and he must know that this is not poetry. He is a man of the world, and he must know that "Tiger" is not going to correct any evil, rescue any fallen woman, blast any macquereau.

"Viereckless ness is not the quality I like best in poetry," said Bynner. That quip made Viereck very angry. Now he may be avenged. In "Tiger" Bynner has stooped to Viereckless ness.

Gossip of the Theatre

"Ready Money," a Very Good Play

In the geography of the theatre "Ready Money" is situated on the border line between comedy and farce. It is bounded on the north by surprise, on the south by laughter, on the east by excitement and on the west by romance. A stream of plot flows through it from end to end, bubbling and sparkling as it flows. It enjoys sunny weather most of the time, but there are occasional storms that are over almost as soon as they begin. "Ready Money" is comfortably populated with interesting people, most of them very prosperous. The average of intelligence is high, and the principal pursuits of the inhabitants are love and money. As they are quite successful in both pursuits it will be seen that "Ready Money" is a very nice place to live in. But enough of geography. In plain words this play by James Montgomery is one of the most amusing entertainments we have had in a year. "Ready Money" is not horse-powered for speeding, but it keeps up a steady pace of fun that makes for continuous enjoyment. Montgomery did not try to write a roaring farce, any more than he essayed to produce a polite comedy. He seems to have thought that if he gave us a play which insinuated itself into our good graces we would be willing to forget that its situations were improbable and that its characters pursued a course they'd never think of pursuing in real life. In so thinking he foresaw our attitude correctly. "Ready Money" yields so much pleasure that its implausibility is quite negligible. We don't question anything that gives us a hearty laugh. We don't argue about a complication that induces a thrill. There are lots of laughs in "Ready Money" and almost as many thrills as laughs. The interest is maintained up to the very last moment, for Montgomery knows how to keep his audience guessing. I defy the most lethargic first nighter not to get excited during the second act where the action is deftly twisted and turned this way and that with admirable craft. The cast is a well-balanced one, although Robert Ober and Frank Mills stand out a bit from their associates.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Madame Sherry" Scores

There is nothing equivocal about the hit scored by the Alcazar's production of "Madame Sherry,"

for the merry and melodious offering is announced to run a second week, with an extra matinee Tuesday (Admission Day), and the advance sale of seats presages another series of crowded audiences. For this agreeable condition of things the responsibility is rather evenly divided between the fame of the comedy itself and the excellence of its interpretation by Ralph Herz, Maude Amber and their stage associates. No vehicle of its kind surpasses "Madame Sherry" in all-round drawing power, for its memory-haunting melodies pertinently embellish an interesting plot entertainingly unfolded, nor has it ever been better acted and sung than by the coterie of artists in the O'Farrell street theatre. Their individual and team work is reflective of esprit du corps and genuine talent competently directed. Sharing credit with them are Fred W. Butler who coached the playing; Paul Steindorff who managed rehearsals of the vocal numbers; Frank W. Healy who drilled the chorus, and Joseph Fogarty who taught the dancers. The augmented orchestra led by Ed. W. Lada has contributed in no small degree to the entire success. To describe the triumph achieved by Mr. Herz as "sensational" would not be improper use of that hard-worked adjective, for as Theophilus Sherry he has exceeded the most sanguine expectation of those who were prepared to greet a fun-maker. His comedy method in speech, song and action, came to San Francisco as a revelation of unique drollery, as its like had not before tickled the risibles of a laughter-loving people. Miss Amber's former local popularity has been more than renewed by her impersonation of the Irish housekeeper in "Madame Sherry," and the reception and encores tendered to her at each performance are spontaneous and enthusiastic. And that Louise Brownell's long absence from this city did not lessen her in favor has been demonstrated applausively. As for the other principals—Louis Meredith, Laura Vail, Bobby Woolsey, Clarence Lydston and Burt Wesner—they deserve all the nice things that have been said about them by press and public. Ask anyone who has witnessed "Madame Sherry" at the Alcazar for his opinion as to the pulchritude, singing ability and terpsichorean grace of the chorus, and if it is not wholly eulogistic you may set him down as impossible to please.

—The Play Weigher.

Southern Beauties at Empress

Beginning Sunday afternoon the Empress announces "The Girls and the Jockey" with R. N. Cory and Vincent Erne and a notable company. Ten people comprise the cast, most of them southern beauties selected for their fascinating appearance and talent. Ben Ryan and Henrietta Lee are two clever performers billed as "The Somewhat Different Mirthmakers." Miss Lee is a splendid dancer and vocalist. Mae Franciss is known as the girl who made Philadelphia sit up. "The Sunshine Girl" is a dainty miss with a contralto voice and five gorgeous gowns. Two old timers of burnt cork are Evans and Vidocq who sing their own songs and parodies and have original stories. A genuine novelty called "Paint-o-graph Spectacle" will be presented by the Lelands. Walker and Ill have a playlet "Just a Girl." Frederick L. Kerke and company present "One Christmas Eve." The Essanceescope and the Empress special motion pictures of patrons complete an excellent bill.

FRANK MILLS

One of the principal members of the cast of "Ready Money," the merry Montgomery comedy which is now at the Cort.

"The Beggar Student" at Tivoli

The last performance of Balfe's masterpiece "The Bohemian Girl" will be given at the Tivoli this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Beggar Student" will begin an engagement of one week. This delightful and melodious comic opera by Carl Millocker was the first of this famous composer's great successes and when it was originally given in Vienna in the early eighties it ran for one solid year. "The Beggar Student" has always been a great favorite in this city and whenever it was given the Tivoli was always crowded to the doors. The cast will be very strong, including John R. Phillips, Henry Santrey, Charles E. Galagher, Robert G. Pitkin, Rena Vivienne, Myrtle Dingwall, Sarah Edwards and a dozen others. The big chorus will have much to do and stage director Charles H. Jones has prepared a march with twenty-four girls that will create a sensation. The production will be up to the Tivoli standard in every particular and the only matinees will be given Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Martin at Kohler and Chase

The season of 1913-14 of the Kohler and Chase Music Matinees will begin this Saturday afternoon and the soloist for this occasion will be Miss Mary Martin, a very talented and unusually well equipped young pianist. She is a pupil of Georg Krueger. She will play compositions by Raff, Reinhold, Sinding, MacDowell and Leschetitzky. There will be a number of exquisite works rendered on the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

Third Week of "The Mission Play"

That "The Mission Play" at the Columbia is going to make a remarkable record is now apparent, for already the advance demand for seats for the third week of the engagement presages enormous audiences at all times. So great in fact is the demand for seats that arrangements have been made to give four matinees during the coming week. A special holiday matinee is announced for Tuesday, (Admission Day). This will be given at special prices as will also the matinee on Wednesday. The usual Saturday and Sunday matinees are announced as well.

William Gwin Jr. to Sing

William Gwin Jr., the young California tenor, announces a concert at the St. Francis Hotel for Wednesday afternoon, the first of October. Wonders have been told of this singer's success in the French musical circles of Paris and Monte Carlo, and an artistic treat is assured.

Elsa Ruegger at Orpheum

Next week will be the last of Blanche Walsh at the Orpheum in her great success "The Countess Nadine." Elsa Ruegger, the world's greatest woman 'cellist assisted by the celebrated conductor Edmund Lichenstein, will be heard in a splendid program. Miss Ruegger's career has been a series of triumphs. She has played in this country and in Europe with the leading symphony societies, and has also distinguished herself on various concert tours. Her appearance in vaudeville is one of the most noteworthy achievements of the Orpheum Circuit. Jack Kennedy and his company will appear in a little comedy entitled "A Business Proposal" written by Daniel D. Carter, author of "The Master Mind" and staged by Edgar Allen Woolf, one of the most capable providers of vaudeville material. Ethel

Kirk and Billy Fogarty will offer a bright melange of patter and song. An attractive feature will be the Twelve Olympia Girls who will be seen in novel, artistic and original numbers, including "The Mirror Dance" and "The Inquisitive Moon." They hail from London where they are established favorites and have danced their way around the world. Manning, Moore and Armstrong are a trio of young Americans who sing exceptionally well. Buckley's Animals include the roller skating bear and the smallest skating monkeys in existence. Next week will be the last of Flanagan and Edwards.

Mrs. A. W. Scott at Tivoli

A theatrical event of unusual interest will be the appearance of Mrs. A. W. Scott, well known in society circles of San Francisco, and a carefully selected company of professionals at the Tivoli for six nights only, commencing Monday, September 15. Mrs. Scott who has often given her talents to charity and society entertainments,

ELSA RUEGGER
The world's greatest woman 'cellist who will be heard next week at the Orpheum.

has been for some time past perfecting elaborate productions of Sudermann's wonderful play "Magda" and Maeterlinck's masterpiece "Mary Magdalene" under the capable direction of that artistic veteran, McKee Rankin, and the net proceeds of the presentations will be given to the Happy Day Home, that most deserving and worthy institution on North Beach. Manager W. H. Leahy has entered heartily into the scheme of charity by allowing his theatre to be used, and will send his opera company on tour during the time of Mrs. Scott's engagement. The costumes of Mrs. Scott in "Mary Magdalene" have been prepared from her own original studies and are said to be absolute revelations, while in "Magda" her costumes as a great operatic star represent the last word in European fashions of the present day, and are the latest Parisian models imported especially for this occasion. In each performance of "Magda," on Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights, she will appear in an entirely different combination of most beautiful modern gowns. "Mary Magdalene" will be played Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Prices will range from $2.00 to 50 cents, except at the Wednesday matinee, when a reduction will be made, and seats will be ready Monday morning at the Tivoli box office.

Another Week of "Ready Money"

"Ready Money" will continue at the Cort for one more week. A special matinee will be given Admission Day in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The last performance will be given on Sunday night, September 14. On September 15 come the famous motion pictures of Captain Scott's Polar Expedition for six days only. A graphic lecture will be delivered by Charles B. Hanford.

Strong Drama at Pantages

The stellar attraction at Pantages next week is "Destiny," a powerful drama played by William Shilling and a cast of four principals. It revolves around Bryant's lines, "No man or woman, coward or brave, can shun his destiny." A big "girlie production" is Menlo Moore's "Sorority Days." Dainty maids and dapper lads appear. Two dusky comedians are Marshall and Trebble who have chatter and song. A couple of swagger maids known as "Those Nifty Girls" introduce bright new songs and dances beautifully costumed. "The Moonlight Serenaders" is a catchy musical offering presented by Carmen and Clifton. Thomas Dalton, "Editor of the Daffydille News," is a monologist. The acrobatic feature of the bill is the Four Victors. Comedy motion pictures round out the program.

Stuck

Oh, lovely, sweet Pamelia mine,
When round your waist my arms I twine,
And feel that you are all my own,
A sharp pin sticks me to the bone!

From toe to locks that frame thy face,
On brow and hat and tie and lace,
Concealed with subtle, cunning art,
Lurk spear and pin and polished dart!

Oh, sweet Pamelia, lovely fair,
I fear to stroke thy lovely hair,
I fear to toy with lace or bow,
For sharpened lances lurk below.

And so, as if you were a star,
I must adore you from afar,
Though you have said you would be mine—
My sweet, my lovely Porcupine!

AMUSEMENTS

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Week Commencing Monday Night, September 8th, with an Extra Matinee Tuesday (Admission Day)
The Eminent Comedian
RALPH HERZ
Assisted by Maude Amber, the Alcazar Company, a Number of Specially-Engaged Artists and a Pretty and Talented Chorus of Girls in the Tuneful Comedy
"MADAME SHERRY"
Splendidly Sung and Competently Played
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Starting Sunday, September 7th
The Most Talked of Dramatic Playlet in Vaudeville
"DESTINY"
With William Shilling, the Legitimate Star and a Great Cast
Menlo Moore's Musical Comedy
"SORORITY DAYS"
A College Study in Black and White
A STUPENDOUS BILL OF 8 ACTS
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
Last Week of BLANCHE WALSH and Company in "The Countess Nadine"
In Conjunction with a GREAT NEW BILL
ELSA RUEGGER, World's Greatest Woman 'Cellist, Assisted by the celebrated Conductor Edmund Lichenstein; JACK KENNEDY & CO. in "A Business Proposal"; ETHEL KIRK and BILLY FOGARTY, Patter and Song; THE TWELVE OLYMPIA GIRLS in Novel and Original Dances; MANNING, MOORE & ARMSTRONG, a trio of Singing Lads; BUCKLEY'S ANIMALS introducing Teddy, the Roller Skating Bear and Tiny Skating Monkeys; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES, Showing Current Events. Last Week—Immense Hit, FLANAGAN & EDWARDS in their new act "Off and On."
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phone Douglas 70.

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Sunday Afternoon and Evening Last Times of "The Bohemian Girl"
Commencing Monday, September 8th—One Week Only
Elaborate Revival of
THE BEGGAR STUDENT
Millocker's Famous Comic Opera
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Tivoli Orchestra
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Popular Prices: 25c, 50c and 75c; Box Seats: $1.00.
Starting Monday, Sept. 15th—Six Nights Only—Mrs. A. W. Scott Jr., in "Magda" and "Mary Magdalene."

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Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
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SECOND AND LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY
Regular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Special Holiday Matinee Admission Day
William A. Brady, Ltd., Presents a Real Comedy of Love and Romance
"READY MONEY"
By James Montgomery
Prices—50c to $1.50. $1.00 Wednesday Matinee.
Commencing Monday, September 15th THE UNDYING STORY of CAPT. SCOTT in Motion Pictures.

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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 7th
THIRD ENORMOUS WEEK
Special Holiday Matinee Tuesday, September 9th
Matinees Also on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
POPULAR PRICES FOR TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY MATINEES 25c to $1.00
John Steven McGroarty's Pageant-Drama
"THE MISSION PLAY"
100 People in the Great Fiesta Scene
Spanish Songs and Dances

Empress Theatre

Direction Sullivan & Considine Sid Grauman, Manager
Week Commencing Sunday, September 7, 1913
EXTRAORDINARY VAUDEVILLE
Sullivan and Considine Announces
"THE GIRL AND THE JOCKEY"
With R. N. Cory and Vincent Erne and a Notable Company of Dashing Girls and Jolly Boys
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Little of importance happened in the stock market during the past week. The Mexican situation and damage to the corn crop helped the bears, and the tendency was toward lower prices as a rule, but trading was dull and the pressure of offerings was not heavy. Money was much easier at home and abroad. It is significant that this tendency to greater ease in money began when Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo began to talk about what he would do. What he has done in putting $50,000,000 at the service of the interior banks has confuted all predictions of the New York bankers. We have not exported gold and credits have not been restricted by New York or other banks. On the contrary New York banks have been buying commercial paper freely and money has been loaned in New York in large amounts from Philadelphia and other large cities. As a central bank the treasury of the United States seems to be a great success. It has checked a rise in rates and a stringency of money at the beginning of the crop moving period. Early in the week stocks were depressed by the threatening aspect of the Mexican situation but there was a good recovery in the last days of the week under the leadership of steel and the coppers. Since the underwriting syndicate was completed New York banking interests have not supported Southern Pacific with much vigor and the price dropped below 90 at one time. Those who subscribed to the underwriting will have to do their share hereafter according to appearances. If they sell short to protect themselves instead of supporting the market they will have to take care of a lot of stock one of these days. As a rule both foreign and domestic trade were favorable despite the uncertainty regarding the tariff. The new currency bill also seems to be gaining favor in banking circles. The Bank of England and the Bank of France made favorable reports although the Bank of England's discount rate remained unchanged at 4½ per cent.

Wheat—Wheat trade the last week has been without any important feature, and with no very great incentive to change prices radically in either direction. Weather in the northwest has been very wet for some time, and has delayed harvest. The reports from there, however, indicate a great improvement, and conditions are now favorable for harvesting and also fall plowing. One feature, however, that is well to note, is the falling off in the arrivals of wheat at the primary markets, which are now running smaller than a year ago, while the export clearances are very materially larger, and at the present rate our wheat and our exports will be away above the record for any previous year. Since the showers in the winter wheat country farmers are able to do their plowing, which was delayed on account of the dry weather. The tendency of the farmers in the southwest seems to be to hold back the balance of their wheat crop, which will go far to make up the deficiency in the coarse grains, and while there is, of course, plenty of wheat in sight to supply all wants, we don't believe the surplus at the end of the year will be at all burdensome, and we expect to see the market respond to the active demand which exists for the cash grain. Believe there will be very few opportunities to buy wheat any cheaper than it is now and later in the season in all probability it will be materially higher.

Corn—Corn has suffered a reaction during the past week, the scattered rains in the corn belt have in almost all localities worked to wonderful improvement, and with no further bull news which can possibly be brought to the attention of the trade, the market has very naturally worked lower. The situation, however, is not weak as the market is now within two cents of the highest prices on the movement. There is no question but that the present price of cash corn is proving very attractive to the farmer, and with the large reserves of old corn, there is a good deal being sold and contracted for at primary markets.

Cotton—During the past week the market broadened as a result of trading having become more active owing to the belief gaining ground that Congress will not legislate against the American Cotton Exchanges and the Southern cotton interests. Influenced by such an impression, and the continuance of drouth in Texas and Oklahoma the cotton market developed into an old fashioned bull market and prices were marked up well above the 12 cents level for all options. Unless relief is had in the way of general heavy rains over the southwest in the near future further deterioration of the crop will occur west of the Mississippi river and higher prices will undoubtedly follow. There is very little complaint, if any, from the eastern part of the belt and crop conditions are considered exceptionally good for this season of the year which will offset to some extent the damage in Oklahoma and Texas. Liverpool seems to take an indifferent view of our crop reports and as yet has failed to become excited over the news from this side. Prices over there have only partially responded to the strength on this side and as yet the foreign spinner shows no disposition to climb for cotton as spot sales have been very small and futures have not kept pace with our advancing market. Domestic trade has been good and spinners here have advanced prices accordingly although there is a feeling among the trade that damage by drouth has been exaggerated and a change to better weather would cause a quick reaction as the market has been pretty thoroughly liquidated of the short interest and with hedging sales on the increase and a small outside speculative trade, prices will hardly advance further from this level until more is known regarding the damage in the southwest. Receipts of new cotton at all ports are on the increase and are running ahead of last year. It will be a weather market for the next thirty days as all other factors that should affect the market have been forgotten for the time being.

"It is said that more than one person has been killed by kissing."

"Yes; but isn't it great stuff if you live through it?"

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 9.)

on Post street the night they gave Dave a benefit to send him East. Years afterwards when Dave was a great man Sam Loverich published the program of that benefit performance in one of the papers and it made Warfield sore. What is that quotation about scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend?

"William A. Brady was about eighteen then and was assistant prompter at the California. Bill had the nerve of a highwayman. One night J. H. Stoddard was to play Seth Preen in 'Lights o' London,' but was taken sick at the last moment. There was nobody to understudy him. The audience was waiting. I went to Brady and said:

"'Bill, you're a natural actor. You know the lines. Ask them to give you a chance.'

"'Do you think I could get by?' said Bill.

"'Sure you can,' I told him.

"So Bill Brady played Seth Preen. After the show he said to me:

"'How was I?'

"'You didn't get hissed, did you?'

"Bill admitted that he didn't.

"'You did fine, Bill,' I told him. 'You're a wonder.'

"As a matter of fact he was awful, but that put the bee in his bonnet. That started him as an actor.

"The only time I ever acted was when I played the waves in 'Shadows of a Great City.' I was business manager for Morrison, Osborne and Stockewll when they toured the Northwest in that play. It was the first traveling company that ever left San Francisco, and we carried our own scenery. Rose Wood, Lewis Morrison's wife, and his daughter Isabel were in the company. At Port Townsend the property man got drunk. Somebody had to throw salt in the air to imitate waves splashing when Stockwell escaped from prison by jumping into the water. So I lay on my back behind the scenery with two handfuls of salt. I missed my cue and was still lying there when Stockwell came over to me.

"'Haven't you thrown that salt yet?' he said.

"I admitted that I hadn't. Couldn't do anything else because I still had it in both hands.

"'Well, I'm drowned by now,' said Stockwell.

"I never acted again.

"After that I became master of transportation for McMahon Brothers who had the greatest onering circus in the West. There were three McMahon Brothers and a sister. Pat became a lawyer in Portland, and I don't know whether he's living or dead. John died of tuberculosis. Joe was killed by the sheriff of Waco, Texas. Joe had a bad habit of carrying his handkerchief in his back pocket, and he'd reach for it whenever he was excited. I told him time and again that it was a dangerous place to carry a handkerchief, but he paid no attention. When he got into an argument with the sheriff at Waco he reached for his handkerchief and the sheriff pumped a bullet into his stomach.

"Great old days those were. I remember when Frank Mayo was a super at the California, carrying the banner at fifty cents a night. And I'll never forget John T. Raymond, a great comedian. He had a habit of matching dollars. He'd walk up to you with a dollar in his palm without saying a word. He always won. John McCullough was the greatest actor I ever saw, even greater than Booth, I think. Madame Janauschek was the greatest actress. The most beautiful actress was Christine Neilsen, and the best emotional actress Clara Morris. Nobody could touch Jeffreys Lewis in an adventuress role.

"I made lots of money in those old days, but I lost it all shaking dice. Gambling was in my blood. My father was a successful business man but he lost all his money gambling. I suppose gambling is a disease. But it is certainly not immoral, and you can't suppress it. People will still be gambling when you and I are dead and gone.

"In those old days when gambling was permitted people were better than they are today. Now everything is done on the quiet. Gamblers are not more immoral than other men. They are the most charitable men in the world.

"Why should men be allowed to gamble in the Pacific-Union while the Ormonde Club is legislated out of business? The man in a tuxedo has no more right under the law than the man in jumpers. People give a place like mine a bad name, but there is never any cheating in such places. I have told men to leave my rooms when I knew they had as much as $20,000 in their pockets. I put them out simply because I was suspicious of their honesty and couldn't afford to let them stay. It's not in these places but in hotels that the sucker is trimmed. Another thing —in all my twenty-two years as a professional gambler I've never had a policeman ask me for money except once, and that time I answered him in such a way that he apologized. The success of my business was that it was run on the square."

Those who know Jack Wolf will tell you that he speaks the truth.

The Woman Who Thumped Her Lap—A Sketch

(Continued from Page 8.)

"And," she continued, "the power they have, the amazing power they have, to annoy other folk! All kinds of sly impertinences, vulgar evasions, and sneering misunderstandings. Why should such women be allowed to take men into their captivity, to sequester, and gag, and restrain them from those whom they would be naturally eager to meet?"

"What," she continued fiercely, "had my hat to do with that woman, or my frock?"

I nodded my head slowly and grievously, and answered, "What, indeed?"

"A hat," she continued, "is something to cover one's head from the rain, and a frock is something to guard one's limbs against inclement weather. To that extent I am interested in such things; but they would put a hat on my mind and a black cloth on my understanding."

We sat in silence for a little time, while she surveyed the bleak horizon as an eagle might.

"And when I call," said she, "their servants say,

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'Not at home,' and they close the doors on me."

She was silent again.

"I do not know what to do," said she.

"Is that why you beat your lap with your hand, and stare abroad like a famished eagle?"

"What shall I do," she said, "to open these doors?"

"If I were you," I replied, "I'd cut off my hair, I'd buy man's clothes, and wear them always. I'd call myself Harry, or Tom, and I'd go wherever I pleased, and meet whoever I wanted."

She sat looking fixedly at herself in these garments and under these denominations.

"They would know I wasn't a man," said she, gravely.

I looked at her figure.

"No one in the world would ever guess it," said I.

She rose from her seat, she clutched her reticule to her breast.

"I'll do it!" said she, and she stalked away gauntly across the fields.

The Sign of the Cross

By Bernard Capes

Davy's Aunt Sophy was not a very spoiling Aunt. She had not at all approved of Davy's father's marriage with a pretty penniless worldling, and when Davy, through the death of first one, then the other, of his parents, came to be an enforced encumbrance on her hands, she was inclined to visit the sins of that connection upon its very innocent fruits. Not that she was actively unpleasant to the child—and, indeed, in her inmost heart she was jealous of his affections—only her way was the way of the "I told you so's," and she had to justify her prophecy of moral catastrophe by fitting Davy into its scheme of retributions. He had to be a tiresome boy, a boy of some natural depravity, before she could hope to vindicate her system of reforms on his small person. Therefore, she often made him out to be what he was not, a backward and stubborn infant.

Aunt Sophy was, to begin with, a highly religious woman; and Davy, sad to say, at six years old knew nothing of religion. What stories he had heard tell of the child Christ presented the little Saviour in nowise as a proselytising phenomenon, terribly above the heads of such small folk as himself; but rather, after his father's imaginative method, as the sweetest and most natural of playmates, divinely considerate and fair, never cheating, never telling tales, only illustrating the superfluity of all tale-telling in his own candid and innocent conduct. Aunt Sophy's presentment of this dear Comrade failed lamentably, on the other hand, to tally with Daddy's portrait.

"At twelve years old," she would say, "He argued with the learned doctors in the Temple. At six, you cannot even write your own name. Is that to qualify yourself to be His true comrade and emulator?"

Davy's cacography was indeed sinful. Yet he tried hard, with his little finger-nibs crumpled anyhow on the pen. This severity was amazing to him, so wont to petting and indulgence; but he really did his best—and for more reasons than one. He wanted to please Aunt Sophy; he wanted particularly not to be refused admission into Heaven when his time came. "How would you feel?" she had said, in a transcendent flight of fancy, "if, when you presented yourself at the Celestial gate, and were told to write your name in the Book, you could only put a mark for it, like the poor ignorant people when they sign their pension and insurance papers? A nice companion you would be thought for Him who, at twelve, disputed with Rabbis. They would never let you in."

It was that forecast which came to haunt the child's imagination. It really got upon his nerves, and affected for the time his bodily constitution. That he would not be able to write his name, when summoned to do so by the Keeper of the Celestial gate, and would in consequence be turned back into the cold illimitable darkness, where no love was, and no pity, and no dear Daddy and Mummy waiting to welcome him, was a terrifying thought. He felt it, not specifically, but in general terms of wretchedness. And the more he felt, the more he tried; and the more he tried, the more he failed. The very terror made success impossible; the way was long and difficult enough without such a burden to hamper him. With Christ, the Christ of his old copybookless confidence, developed into a formidable Metaphysician, what hope could he have of being excused his criminal childishness. Presently, though no one guessed it, he was wrought to that state of nervous susceptibility when any wandering germ might strike favorable ground in his tissues. It was measles that found him out.

Then Aunt Sophy was sorry; she was quite desperately sorry and alarmed, though Davy knew nothing about it. He was beyond anything but grievously tossing and babbling when the worst time came. And he let out things—enough to betray, clearly and monotonously, what the trend of his thoughts had been—or his thought, rather, for that haunting terror about the signature appeared to possess him. How wretchedly, then, the strict mind repudiated its own unwitting cruelty. She would have given her soul to recall this other from its torture. If he died, surely she must die too—of a broken heart.

Let us not dissect remorse. It is in bad taste; and Aunt Sophy was always such a stickler for the proprieties. Besides, it is not necessary, because Davy recovered, quite orderly and sensibly. She was watching him, bending as near him as allowed, when the crisis came and passed, and on the topmost of the mad struggle the blessed dew of life broke out, and there followed a sweet exhausted smile, and the profound relaxing of demon-exorcised limbs.

"O God bless you, God bless you, my baby!" she whispered, for she really believed him to be her baby at last.

But what had evoked that dear revivifying smile? Not bodily ease and relief alone? Most certainly not. Davy remembered perfectly well, and told her about it by and by. He had gone to Heaven—up a long ladder that was dreadfully difficult to climb—and there were clouds, and music, and an old man, with a face like a dog, waiting for him to sign his name in a book. And then he knew that the test had come, was actually upon him, and a mortal terror of his incapacity seized him, and he stood unable to cry, unable to move. And at that moment there had come following him up the ladder such a dear little boy, rosy and golden like a cupid, and of about his own age. And the boy had laughed to him as he turned to the Keeper—so that in some wonderful way he seemed to explain everything—and, "I want to come into Heaven," said he. Then the Keeper held down his book, barking, "What name, please? You must sign here first." And the boy answered: "Jesus Christ—but I cannot sign my name, for I am only six." And instead he put a cross, shaping it awkwardly with cramped little fingers, and the keeper let him through.

"So you see, Aunt,"—but she had seen long ago, though she sat with her hand over her eyes.

"Don't you think we should have a more elastic currency?" asked the Old Fogy.

"It is elastic enough," replied the Grouch. "Why don't they make it more adhesive?"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHRISTIAN KOCH, Deceased. No. 15,722, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Sine Koch, administratrix of the estate of Christian Koch, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Attorney at Law, 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Koch, deceased.

SINE KOCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Christian Koch, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 30, 1913.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, Deceased. No. 14,791; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Margaret Handley, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 13, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 23rd day of August, 1913.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Administratrix.
Room 802, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON MORTGAGE OF REALTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2079; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an Incompetent Person.

L. M. Hoefler, guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition for an order to mortgage certain realty, hereinbelow particularly described, belonging to the estate of the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, and good cause appearing,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the above-named Court on Tuesday, the 7th day of October, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, at the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why the said realty should not be mortgaged for thirty-five thousand dollars ($35,000), or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, in accordance with said petition on file, reference whereto is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is further ORDERED that this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The following is a particular description of said realty:

An undivided one-half interest in and to that certain parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot bounded on the south by Clay Street; on the east by the boundary line of the water front; on the north by a line to be drawn parallel to and distant northerly from Clay Street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and on the west by a line to be drawn at right angles with Clay Street to the line last above described, at such distance from the above mentioned boundary line of the water front of said city that the area of the premises above described shall be exactly equivalent to the area of one-half (½) of a fifty (50) vara lot, as the same are laid off upon the official survey and map of San Francisco, excepting, however, out of and from said premises above described a strip or piece of said premises running along the whole northerly side thereof twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches in width, which last mentioned piece or strip of land is reserved and excepted out of and from said premises above described, the same being part of Merchant Street, as laid out and dedicated to public use.

Dated September 2, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

FINLAY COOK,
Attorney for Guardian. 9-6-5

Letters

Story of a Pioneer

"California—1849-1913" is a brief sketch of the life and experiences of Lell H. Woolley, a resident of Oakland and one of that numerous and hardy band of adventurers, the California pioneers, of whom there are surviving at the present writing not more than one hundred and forty all told. Mr. Woolley crossed the plains from Independence, Missouri, and with the exception of brief visits to his old home, has been in California continuously for sixty-four years. His eighty-eighth birthday will occur in September of this year, and until very recently he has been an active and energetic citizen, a worthy specimen of the fine type of the men who made the West. He tells of some interesting experiences in mining and merchandising, and as a member of the Vigilante Committee of 1856 his information concerning the doings of that body are first-hand evidence. Having known many of the bearers of historic names before they became historical, he has a fund of anecdotes to relate, and this too brief outline of his experiences will prove a welcome addition to the libraries of collectors of Californiana. Published by DeWitt and Snelling, Oakland.

"Hagar Revelly"

In writing "Hagar Revelly" Daniel Carson Goodman has avoided the suggestive by boldly stating everything in plain words. A lettered diagram could not make some of its pages more open. For this reason the book is liable to do less harm than one in which facts are draped in veiled allusion. Hagar Revelly's case is not a problem, for the bald truth is that there are some girls born with a bent in a certain direction and they find the downward path inevitable. Clever mothers who are wise enough to detect the truth, manage to marry them off before there is an open scandal and simply shift the responsibility to the shoulders of some unsuspecting youth impounded as a husband. Daniel Carson Goodman may labor under the delusion that his Hagar was an innocent and unsuspecting young beauty who, not having had the advantage of a college or a high school education, and being moreover an employee of a department store, is a candidate for the sentimental gush which it is the fashion of the hour to pour upon the heads of the "white slaves," but he will have to make out a much better case for his victim than he has done in this book. Every action of Hagar's life life goes to show that she is sensual, vain, selfish, untruthful and useless, yet we are to believe that she reformed and is to be set up in a niche and worshipped as a saint, but is she? Listen to her plea: "I want a home. I want to be loved, but I want a home more. I want you to marry me. I don't really love you, Ben, I honestly don't. I don't really love anybody. I can't love now. It seems like there ain't any time for that. I just want some place to be in," and so on. Girls of the Hagar Revelly type, and there are plenty of them, simply give the thing they value least for what they most want. They may conclude later on that they have made a poor bargain and wish they had held out for a better price. They can be very sorry for themselves when their schemes go awry, but that is the extent of their remorse or repentance. They fling their misdeeds behind them, as Hagar did her father and sister and her child, her "Bennie," when she thought she saw something better ahead. In one of F. Marion Crawford's novels he introduces a charitable lady whose scheme of reformation is simply the paying of a good income to a certain number of girls who are willing to be "good" as long as they are paid enough to keep them in idleness, but not one day more. Mitchell, Kennerley, publisher.

A Hough Romance

When Emerson Rough writes a novel it is safe to expect a historical romance with at least as much history as romance, and fairly reliable history at that. This time he has chosen another course, and "The Lady and the Pirate" is a delicious bit of play. Indeed it was not one pirate, but three of that lawless brotherhood who took unceremonious possession of the lady, the yacht and all it contained, and led them all perilously near to dire disaster, but even a bold pirate cannot be held accountable for the vagaries of gulf storms, and there is a special providence which looks after the undaunted adventuress (in books). Henry Francis Drake—suggestive name—was a wealthy man of somewhat less than thirty years. An only son of a wealthy father, he was not the typical millionaire's offspring, but had been trained in the legal profession. His first—in fact his only disappointment—came when he was unable to win the girl he wanted, and Helena's dismissal of his suit came as the result of a misunderstanding. It is a good thing that the responsibilities of the novelist cease with his last page. One cannot conceive of much peace or comfort with a bundle of whims like the imperious Helena, for of course the hero wins her after many exciting adventures. It is good light reading, and the Bobbs-Merrill Company has done well by it.

He Had a Bite

Some men were hoisting a safe into a tall building on Third street near Market the other afternoon when an intoxicated fellow came along. The safe was up about two stories and was moving slowly. The inebriated one saw it dangling from the rope and showed much interest. He stepped off the curb and, making a funnel with his hands, shouted upward:

"Hey, there!"

A man on the eighth floor, to which the safe was going, stuck his head out of a window.

"What is it?" he called.

"Pull in yer line," shouted the drunk. "You've got a bite."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the will of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, deceased.

ROSE CARLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Alfred Brusadelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 6, 1913.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-6-5

Office Phone: Kearny 711
Residence Phone: Franklin 277
Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXII. No. 1099 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1913 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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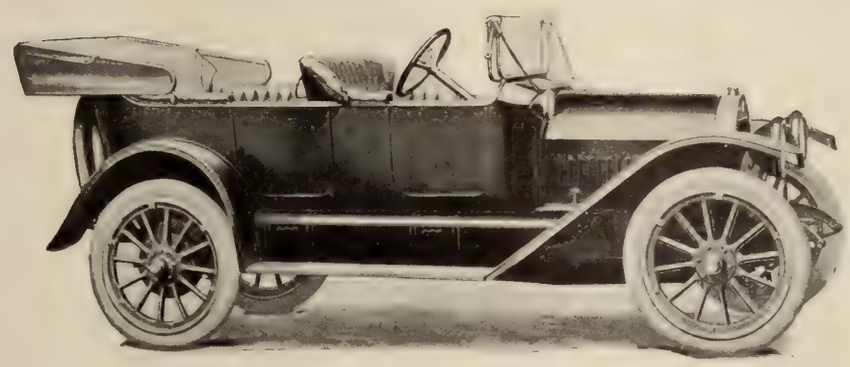

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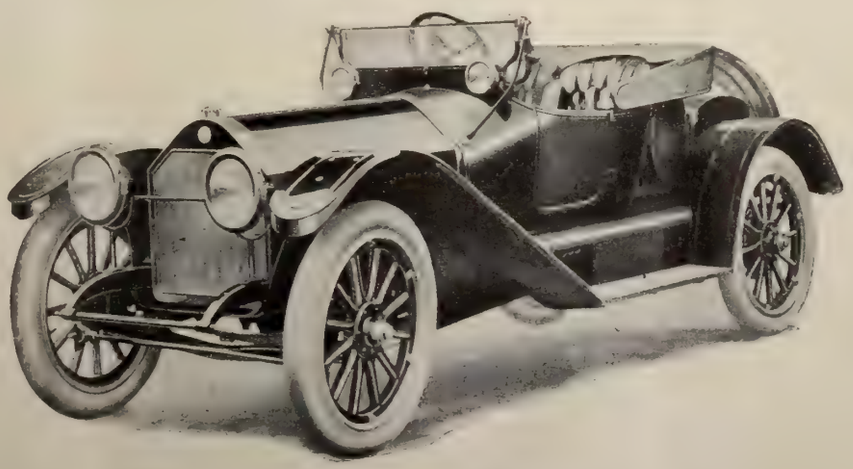

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Elementary Politics

In a country such as ours where the dissemination of learning is a national duty and the cultivation of morals a State industry it would seem that solving so simple a problem as the supplying of pupils with text books should be as easy as falling off a log. If the popular theory of democracy is the correct one this is the very first step in the business of self-government. For it is supposed that the State teaches the young idea how to shoot so that we may have an enlightened electorate. But this initial step we have not yet learned how to take. When we bought text books from the trust our leading educators, the men who conceive our ideals for us, were seduced and parents were swindled. Now the burden is on the taxpayer, parents have nothing to worry about, and the State is robbed. Where there were five hundred thousand volumes sold a year ago when parents had to pay, now, that the books are supposed to cost nothing, over one million volumes have been distributed and they are of an inferior quality and there is a great shortage. The problem, simple as it appears to be, is more perplexing than ever. As a self-governing people we don't appear to be able to start right. Yet our politicians tell us we are the most enlightened people in the world. They assure us that there is nothing we are not able to do, and all the while, under the delusion that we are taking more power into our own hands, we are putting more power into the hands of our politicians.

The Splurging Taxeater

The diligent fostering of a candid habit of mind, even in trifles, is an exercise always to be applauded. Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the rarest of virtues, and the Hon. Aleck Vogelsang may boast of it as one of the ornaments of his distinguished personality. Urging his confreres of the Board of Supervisors to quash a protest against creating another job Mr. Vogelsang unbosomed himself in the light of day. Why quibble over such a trivial matter? he asked; why assume that it is a favor to the people to spend their money sparingly? In the Vogelsang philosophy the people should be grateful for the spending of their money lavishly and in a lordly way. And in the fulness of a manliness that disdains disguise this candid Supervisor tells his confreres that instead of debating whether they should create another job they should give a vote of thanks to the patriotic gentleman who had condescended to attach himself to the payroll. A sentiment this reflecting the spirit of an Administration that enjoys the unbounded confidence of the dear people. San Francisco has broken the yoke of tradition that came down from the silurian age of the dollar limit. Once a piker, the great metropolis of the Golden West has loosened up and filled its treasury to overflowing, and now that old proverb, the larger the income the harder it is to live within it, our darling servants are illustrating before our very eyes, felicitating themselves the while on their fine facility in splurging.

The Cabal Against Chief White

In the present management of the police department we take no more interest than the average citizen. It will make no difference to us whether Chief White be retained or removed, and neither, perhaps, will it make any difference to the community. But having a repugnance to cant and humbug we find it difficult to sit idly by while the cabal now agitating for Chief White's removal awkwardly simulates indignation at his delinquencies. A little finesse might induce complaisance, but we revolt at manifest insincerity, transparent pretense and the use of the bludgeon. First the honesty of the Chief was impugned, now only his ability is challenged. Statistics, the readiest of evidence on either side of any case, are produced to show that more arrests were made in Chief Crowley's day than in this era, thus pointing the inference that the police under Chief White are apathetic. In Crowley's day we had a Chinese colony of thirty thousand, we had "cribs" on half a dozen streets, the Barbary Coast was the playground of heterogeneous crews from the world-circling windjammers of old, and the general character of the city was somewhat more primitive, more wild and wooly than it is today. But to belittle White any kind of evidence will do. Gamblers have been gambling, and therefore they must have been tolerated! Gamblers have never been idle for a whole month in the history of this city. In the days of Pat Crowley of revered memory faro was a popular pastime, and faro dealers were among our leading citizens. Pat Crowley was the most liberal of police chieftains, and the newspapers were unremitting in their abuse of him. It is not to be gainsaid that Pat Crowley was both honest and efficient, yet it was well known that police officials grew rich in Chinatown when he was Chief. When James D. Phelan became Mayor he appointed a Chief, to whose credit be it said that he kept the lid off and permitted the old town to maintain its reputation for carefreedom. In Phelan's day there was a "gambling hell" in Market street, right off the sidewalk, big enough to accommodate all the gambling games that have since enshrined the fickle goddess hereabout, and the clicking of the chips that was never hushed was music in the ears of the neighborhood. We are not reciting ancient history for the enlightenment of the anti-White cabal. Its members have long as well as reverent memories, and there is no need of prodding them. Our only purpose is to indicate that to any one in the slightest degree sophisticated the agitation against White rings about as true as a Supervisor's pledge on the eve of election. True, there has been some corruption in our police department. It has not yet qualified for heavenly ascension. So also has there been corruption in New York under the most efficient administration the department has ever known. And the consequent hullabaloo prompted the Montreal Star to remark recently, "We have had our own troubles here, and the much-bepraised bobby of London was recently besmirched, and Paris has learned that among her police are grafters who outvie Becker and overshadow our own embryonic practitioners." Police scandals are constantly occurring in all large cities, and the Chief of Police with the ability to keep his men incorruptible is yet to be born. If the newspapers that are affecting deep concern about our police were moved by zeal for the public interest they would not be magnifying the delinquencies of the Chief; they would be urging that the Charter be amended with a view to providing for an independent police commission, one through which no Mayor could employ the police department for political purposes. If we have an honest Chief we ought to be thankful, and we ought to give him a chance to attend to business instead of pestering the life out of him and giving our timid Mayor the false impression that sentiment is in favor of the transformation of San Francisco into a lonesome town. We hope Mayor Rolph will be able to stiffen his backbone that he may have the courage to ignore the inspired clamors of our newspaper tyrants, not to mention the little coterie of anemic reformers who are supplying heat to the warming pan of Commissioner Kuhl's riotous ambition.

Hailing An Epoch

The spring of a new era is in the air—an era of chastity; not the chastity that bespeaks a chaste temperament or the renunciation induced by virtuous self-discipline, but a compulsory chastity, the triumph of man made law. This we learn from the bounding moralists, lay and clerical, now contributing tone and solemnity to the daily prints. These folk have been made hysterical by the conviction of Diggs and Caminetti. The Mann Act having been made to apply to plain, commonplace cases of fornication it is assumed that the circumstance marks the close of a particular type of civilization. Special writers for the press are tense with consciousness of the coming of change. Their eyes are gladdened with the spectacle of a spiritual sunrise. They are rhapsodizing over the coming realization of an ideal. Apparently these impetuous folk are of the opinion that statutes can dissolve the essence of things. It has not occurred to them that idealism might go too far. The sex instinct like any other might die away if not indulged, and as we cannot all be married except on the Turkish plan there is the awful prospect of becoming a nation of celibates. But we that have become tolerably familiar with this old world and seen many enthusiasms wax and wane are not to be affrighted by the terrible optimism that would hail an abnormal consummation. In addition to a natural cynicism there are those other impediments to the outlook optimistic—a fairly good working knowledge of history and a recollection of laws that gave promise in their infancy of metamorphosing mankind and that were gathered to deadletterhood before their prime. The Mann Act may make men more cautious and prudent for a time, but it will hardly transform beasts into angels. It is not such a drastic law as some folk imagine. It is not a law absolutely in restraint of illicit intercourse. It merely makes morals more a question of geography than ever. If it were essential to the success of a Walpurgis night to spend it in two States then the Mann law would make bachelorhood inconceivable, but the truth is that the Mann law to the contrary notwithstanding Lust is free to run without his muzzle, we are becoming more and more a law unto ourselves, the icy conventions of moralists are melting away as frost in the sun, and the liberated souls of men and women laugh in the joyous developments of their animal natures as God made them. The Diggs and Caminetti cases have no significance. To say that the verdicts of the juries reflect public sentiment and conclude that public sentiment is for making a convict out of every man who proves himself a son of Old Adam is to betray an insensibility to the essential viciousness of the convicted men. Diggs and Caminetti are exceptional in their depravity. They revolted public sentiment by their treatment of their wives and children, and besides they were unlucky in serving as the pretext for a political upheaval and in being tried before a judge who was at once stern and witty. But their trial instead of giving impetus to a new puritanism has drawn attention to the anomalies of the Mann Act which newspapers all over the country are now denouncing.

Inviting the Man on Horseback

The innovating temperament of the half-baked American statesman with an intuitive sense of the science of government was rampant at the recent annual pow-wow of Governors. Apparently it was the consensus of opinion that our government is not yet on a plane with bachelors' wives and old maids' children; that is, it has not yet been made perfect. But our Governors are not discouraged, and they will not be while new-fangled quackeries hold out the promise of the triumph of human intelligence. New Thought was on its hind legs at the pow-wow, making confused noises, and many novel schemes of improvement were suggested. All were solemnly debated, even the proposal of the Governor of Arizona, the modern home of Minerva, that State legislatures be done away with and the State governed by a select commission of five including the Governor. This suggestion certain commentators have seen fit to ridicule, but we are disposed to regard it with favor. The American legislature (State and national) has fallen into disrepute, and we have emancipated ourselves from the superstition as to the importance of checks and balances. Concentration of responsibility is the principle of the hour, and the Executive should govern with the big stick or by means of patronage bribery whichever he may deem most expedient and effective. The agitation for the short ballot is significant of the trend of opinion. With the legislature in our system of government it is too cumbersome, and the Executive is prevented at times from having his way. We are beginning to perceive the advantages of one-man power, and the commission form of government is a step in that direction. Old-time philosophers versed in the science of government know what it means to simplify the democratic form of government, but the people don't, and it may be just as well not to tell them. Indeed we doubt whether it would be of any use, since it is hardly likely they would believe us. If as Mill once said, a large portion of the truths of political philosophy are and must always remain to all but those who have specially studied them paradoxes as contrary in appearance to common sense as the proposition that the earth moves round the sun, how foolish to try to bring them home to the perceptions of the tormented and disgusted multitude!

The Indiscreet Miss Bock

A woman of more courage than discretion is Miss Annie Bock who put herself on the public tongue by asserting that the extension of the franchise in California has caused men to lose their respect for women. It was a bold assertion, and the lady will probably be made to repent her rashness. Already she has been challenged to everything but mortal combat, and as her record is now being investigated she will be very fortunate if in the busy hands of ruthless inquisitors her reputation is not filled with blowholes. Though sorry for the lady we are not at all inclined to endorse her statement. Like most generalizations it goes more or less beyond the strict truth. Miss Bock enunciated her view in a more unqualified manner than the truth warrants. There has been no change in the attitude of the male sex toward the female sex since the extension of the franchise. Women have not lost their power of inspiring respect. To assert that the Californian male of the species shows less respect than formerly for the being who gave him life and makes it worth living is to bring against him a terrible indictment. It is an impugnment of his manhood, and it implies his degradation, for as a great poet tells us, "It is the low man thinks the woman low." As a matter of fact the good and womanly women of California have suffered no loss of respect. They still wield the invisible sceptre and exercise an imperious and inexplicable sway over the imagination and hearts of men. California has not yet become the island so wild

> Where women might smile, and
> No man be beguiled

The fact is that with all the progress we have made under Progressive and Petticoat rule, with all the legislation that has been enacted for the curtailment of personal liberty and the aggrandizement of our pothouse politicians the women of California have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws. Of course it is not to be said that there are not exceptions. Perhaps the worst to be said against the extention of the franchise is that it has made the exceptions conspicuous; which is probably why Miss Bock received the impression she so unqualifiedly enunciated. The franchise has enabled the exceptions to come to the front and bask in the limelight. To women passionate for social recognition and unable to achieve it, and women condemned by unkind nature to colorless and obscure routine, the ballot has proved a great blessing. It has provided them with a field for disportment. For them the wheels of the universe no longer drag heavily. Politics has supplied them with interests and enthusiasms. Now it is among women of this sort that we find agitators clamoring for the single standard of morality, all unmindful of the truths of biology and the inference they warrant, and it may be that toward such women some men of vulgar mind affect an attitude of indulgent contempt, but how absurd to generalize from so inconsequent a phenomenon! If some women make the judicious mourn, it is not to be supposed that men confound them with the great majority of the sex. Nor is it to be said that even the unprepossessing agitators go without respect in California. As a matter of fact women of the coarse type to whom the fragrant political pool is not repugnant get more respect now than before they obtained the franchise. We are employing the word "respect" not in the sense

of appreciation of high excellence but in the sense of deferential regard. This our political ladies command in great abundance, if not from men of the highest character, from our powerful and beloved politicians and from our most successful editors.

Preachers of Divergent Views

A gentleman in whom we are deeply interested, who keeps us busy trying to set him right, has earned our gratitude by reminding us of certain noble and impassioned remarks on the subject of English justice made by the Rev. Sydney Smith in a sermon preached in the Cathedral of St. Peter at York. The gentleman to whom we are indebted is the Rev. Charles F. Aked. He, too, is a lover of England's system of justice, and it was by his remarks thereon coupled with animadversions on the American system that he brought to our mind the eloquent tribute of the Rev. Sydney Smith, at the same time moving us to reflection. Dr. Aked, it appears, does not love the English system of justice for the same reason that Dr. Smith loved it. What Dr. Smith most admired in the system was the "impartiality of the judgment seat." He conceived it to be especially advantageous that the judgment seat should be amenable to the influence neither of the crown nor of the people. Dr. Aked thinks justice is to be best administered by a judge with his ear to the ground. Great minds sometimes run in channels widely divergent. We learn from the Smith sermon that the celebrated divine and critic regarded justice as the life of government, the vital principle of civil society, the bread of the nation, the ligament that holds civilized beings together. It is because of the English system of justice, said the Rev. Sydney Smith, that Englishmen feel they have a country, something worth fighting for. That system he pronounced the bulwark of the nation, because, as he said, "every man's happiness is guarded by fixed rules from tyranny and caprice." He added: "The attributes of justice give strength to the English people, duration to the English name; they turn the animal courage of the people into moral and religious courage and present to the lowest of mankind plain reasons and strong motives why they should resist aggression from without and bend themselves a living rampart round the land of their birth." These sentiments do not appeal to Dr. Aked. He has great admiration for the English system of justice and great contempt for the American system of justice, but he'd rather be an American than an Englishman. Is it not odd that a man of intelligence should forswear allegiance to England and become the citizen of a nation which has a system of justice which he regards as the "laughingstock" of the world? It would not be odd if the man frankly confessed that he was concerned chiefly for his material welfare. It is odd in Dr. Aked's case because he is an idealist, moved chiefly by spiritual considerations. This reverend gentleman tells us he forswore allegiance to England because he has a prejudice against kings, from which we infer that he does not acquiesce in the sentiment of a poet whom he quoted the other day:

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

If an excellent system of justice, one that inspires true patriotism, making a country beloved and worth fighting for is not incompatible with the monarchical form of government; if on the contrary it is the very offspring of a monarchy, why should the monarchical principle excite aversion? Dr. Aked passeth our comprehension.

Information For the Doctor

In view of Dr. Aked's opinion of our system of justice it is hard to justify his change of allegiance, almost as hard as to reconcile superficial knowledge with the prestige of culture and learning. We suspect that Dr. Aked himself must feel the need of justification, and we shall endeavor to help him out. Our task is somewhat lightened by the circumstance that he has no admiration for the principle that excited the enthusiasm of the Rev. Sydney Smith, the principle of impartiality. We cannot say of this country as the Rev. Sydney Smith said of England that somewhere there is "a check to human passions," a tribunal, "in whose placid equity and mediating wisdom we can trust in the worst of times." Dr. Aked thinks it is well there is no such check. He thinks it well that human passions should be subject to the appeals of pulpit pounders who riot in gratuitous assertion, and who if they care to become yellow journalists find an auxiliary advantage in the church that gives them an adventitious distinction. Hence Dr. Aked is for the recall, and because we have the recall he must feel that to that extent the Californian system of justice is an improvement on England's. Now out of kindness to Dr. Aked we shall endeavor to show that England's system of justice is not exactly what he thinks it is, and that America's system of justice is really not the laughingstock of the world. It will probably astonish him when we tell him that England's system of justice has been somewhat altered since the days when he was acting as auctioneer for the sheriff of Nottingham. The fact is that Dr. Aked has been saying things that are not true, reminding us once more of what George Eliot said,—"The clergy are the most irresponsible of all talkers." Dr. Aked is under the impression that there is no appeal in criminal cases in England. There is a prodigious amount of misinformation on this subject. Dr. Aked has absorbed a lot of it. He has been reading college professors and sophomoric members of the legal profession who write to the magazines urging us to follow the English custom in criminal cases. Now the truth is that England has followed the American custom. A shocking state of affairs, to be sure, but lamentably unalterable. In Dr. Aked's Nottingham days the only remedy for an innocent man convicted of a crime in England was to petition the Home Office for a pardon. The function of the Home Secretary was not to administer justice but to dispense mercy. This system, which has been approved even by jurists in this country, was not viewed with complacency by Englishmen. They realized that terrible wrongs were inflicted through defective workings of the machinery of justice. During the greater part of a century an agitation was carried on to secure to a convicted defendant a right of appeal. As early as 1843 a bill dealing with the matter was introduced in Parliament, but it was not until 1904 that the fallibility of English courts was brought home to the British public in a way that roused sentiment against the prevailing system. In 1896 a man of the name of Beck was arrested for a series of forgeries. The crimes resembled the crimes committed by a man who was convicted in 1877 under the name of John Smith, and who served a term of penal servitude. Beck offered to prove an alibi, but was not permitted to do so. He was identified as John Smith, convicted and sentenced. After coming out of prison he settled down to a quiet and industrious life. Presently it was reported to the police that the crimes of 1877 and 1896 were being repeated with all their peculiarities of method. Beck was again arrested, tried and convicted. A little later the John Smith of 1877 was arrested, and then it was found that Beck was an innocent man. The Government offered him ten thousand dollars as a solatium which he refused and then the offer was increased to twenty-five thousand dollars, which he accepted. The Beck case gave a new impetus to the movement for the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal, but before the reform was effected another case of terrible injustice was brought to light, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle made the country ring with denunciation of that barbarous system so much admired by Dr. Aked. On August 28, 1907, an act establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal was passed, and this court, as it will probably amaze Dr. Aked to learn has broader jurisdiction than our Appellate Courts. It has jurisdiction upon questions of both law and fact. So we see that the laughingstock system has been the object of the sincerest form of flattery. And it has been imitated in more respects than one. Dr. Aked speaks of it as a "system inherited from England over three hundred years ago." He is probably thinking of the Common Law. As a matter of fact our system of procedure which he says has been abandoned by civilized nations, is a system of our own invention and it, too, has served as a model for England. English lawyers long felt the need of a practice act, and they now have one, and it came to them by way of New York. They have simplified the practice, but it bears the American brand. So perhaps if Dr. Aked will quit pursuing the dollar for awhile and devote himself to the study of our institutions he may find that after all there is something over here to which he may conscientiously swear allegiance, something that may compensate even an idealist for turning his back on his native country.

Varied Types

CXLIII—JESSE W. LILIENTHAL

By Edward F. O'Day

"I am the happiest man in the world."

Looking at Jesse W. Lilienthal, the new president of the United Railroads, one sees instantly that he is a very happy man. Hearing him expound his philosophy of life, one understands easily just why he should be happy. If Jesse W. Lilienthal were not happy I wonder who in the world would be.

Jesse W. Lilienthal is one of the leaders of the San Francisco Bar. He is the president of one of the biggest corporations in the West. He is generously favored with this world's goods. To say that these are not elements in the composite of his happiness would be to write cant. Position and wealth may always contribute to happiness. But they do not make happiness, and in the case of Jesse W. Lilienthal they are not the basis of happiness. When he said to me that he was the happiest man in the world he referred to something nobler, as the context of his remark will indicate.

Jesse W. Lilienthal is so happy because he has the power and the inclination to confer happiness on others. But let us not call him a philanthropist, for that is a word of many odious implications Rather let us say that Jesse W. Lilienthal is a charitable man.

Jesse W. Lilienthal has the look of a happy man. There is in his face that appearance of peace and content which is the reflection of a clear conscience. It is a handsome face in the first place. The lines of this face and the modeling of the features show the beauty of masculine strength. The brown eyes are clear and keen; the nose shows character; the mouth is firm above a firm chin. There is an agreeable contrast between the healthy brown of the complexion and the silver of the hair thinning over a fine brow. If Jesse W. Lilienthal were a stern man he would still be handsome; but not so attractively handsome as he is with kindly gentleness and intelligent sympathy announcing themselves to all who read a man in the man's physiognomy. Here is a man, I should say, whom children love at first sight.

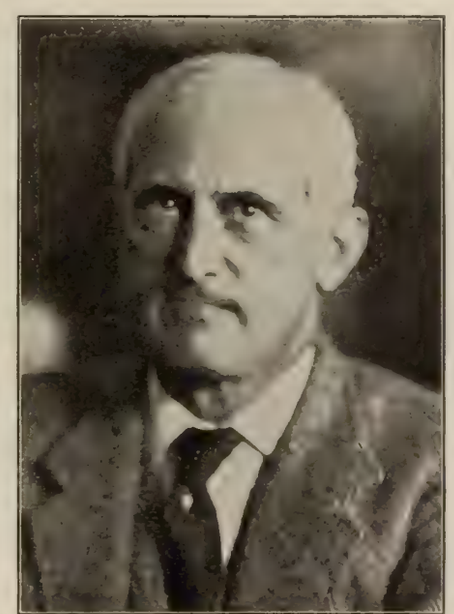
Granting that the public has the right to know something about the president of a public service corporation, Jesse W. Lilienthal talked quite freely about himself. He talked about himself frankly and with a charmnig lack of self-consciousness. He explained his way of life so that people might know about him and so that other men might be induced to follow his example.

"Four years ago," he told me, "I made a formal announcement to my wife and son. I announced to them that thereafter I intended to spend my entire annual income by the thirty-first of every succeeding December. I told them that I had invested enough money to guard them against want in the event of my death, the failure of my law practice or any other accident which might prevent my contributing to their support. I told them that we should continue to live well, not depriving ourselves of any of the comforts we were accustomed to; but that no surplus would be carried over from one year to the next. All that we did not need would be spent for the good of our neighbors. My wife and son approved of this arrangement, and I have carried it out ever since. At the end of every year the last cent of my income has been spent.

"This arrangement has made me the happiest man in the world. It has solved the problem of life for me. It has so altered my attitude toward life that when a man comes to me for help in rounding a bad corner I do not feel that I am doing him a favor but that he is conferring an obligation on me. He is helping me to live my life the way I want to live it."

At first blush this all seems quite amazing. The idea of a man getting rid of his money by the end of every year and starting afresh on the first of January is apt to disturb our set notions of life and the way to live it. But properly considered the amazing thing is that more prosperous men do not solve the problem of right living the way Jesse W. Lilienthal has solved it. It is a truism that the rich render themselves miserable by striving to accumulate more and more every year.

"Why cannot men know when they have enough?" asks Lilienthal. "For one man enough may be ten thousand; for another it may mean



JESSE W. LILIENTHAL

one hundred thousand dollars. But let every man fix a term to his desires, and spend everything over and above the amount that makes him independent. I think that by so doing he will discover the secret of happiness."

It is reasonable. But how many will find inspiration in Lilienthal's words? How many will follow the example of this president of a corporation who finds peace and content in giving? Are there other Lilienthals in this day of mad scrambling for greater and still greater riches? Let us hope so, even if we hope against hope.

The example set by Jesse W. Lilienthal would be less impressive if he were a man who had reached the climax of his mental resources and exhausted his physical capacity for hard work. But he has not. He is fifty-eight years old, in the flower of a vigorous maturity. His life has been one of hard work; and so far from quitting work, he has just assumed a responsibility which doubles the demands upon his time. As he follows the rule laid down four years ago with scrupulous exactitude this means that he has more to give away than before.

"One of the papers," said Lilienthal, "in commenting on my new position as head of the United Railroads said that I was a glutton for work. I suppose I am. I haven't any inclination for play. I go to the theatres occasionally, I love music and pictures; but I don't golf—in fact I haven't had any regular diversion since I left off the baseball and tennis of my boyhood days. Frequently when I go home tired after a day's work I find that a light novel has been left invitingly open where I may see it. I pick it up and turn over a few pages, but before long I lay it down and reach for a law journal. My happiness is in my work. Since my new duties began I arrive at my law office at half past seven in the morning; sometimes I don't reach home till a quarter to seven and then, as likely as not, I take a bundle of legal papers with me and work till ten in the evening. For I do not intend to give up my law practice. I still want to talk to a judge once in a while. But my law business is well organized. I have splendid partners and efficient clerks, so I can find time for this additional work.

"Why did I take up this additional responsibility? That is difficult to answer. I must say I was surprised when the offer was made to me last spring. I locked myself in my office and thought it over. I could come to no decision, so I went to two friends, men whose names I should like to mention to you because they are men of the highest standing here. I laid the matter before them, explaining that I had not yet made my decision. They considered it and urged me to accept. I went East and talked with the New York people who had made the offer. I asked them whether they expected me to be a mere figurehead, saying that I could not accept the offer if that were the case. They replied that I was not to be anything of the sort; that they had gathered proxies for every share of United Railroads stock and that these would be turned over to me so that I might pick out my own board of directors and my own subordinates. I told them finally that I would accept if they would postpone my taking charge for sixty days. They agreed and I took a vacation in Europe, a splendid vacation most of which was spent in picture galleries.

"The meeting was to take place on the twenty-eighth of August, just two days after the bond election. It was necessary for me to explain the situation to the men I wanted to serve with me on the board. When ten men or so know a secret it is pretty hard to keep it from the papers. Reporters began making inquiries. That is why the announcement was made at that particular time. The news could not be kept secret any longer.

"The manner in which the news was received was very gratifying indeed. My work starts under happy auspices. In three months I may be

(Continued on Page 21.)

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The People's Forum

A Question of Value

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Maybe you do the Supervisors who advised City Attorney Percy Long to ask for another assistant an injustice in assuming that they only wanted to create another job. The fact that Percy said he didn't desire another assistant doesn't prove that he didn't need one. Perhaps the Supervisors know better than Percy what he needs. It would seem at least that they haven't any confidence in the talent now in Mr. Long's office. The office bulks large in human freight, but is the office capable of taking care of important litigation? I think you should have confined your criticism to the estimated value of Mr. Haven's services. Shortly after the fire William T. Baggett was employed by the city to attend to the Spring Valley business. That veteran attorney was glad to get the job at three hundred a month. It does seem therefore that Mr. Haven's services are appraised at an exorbitant figure. But it should be remembered, however, that the city has grown rich since Baggett's day. The people are no longer stinting their servants. The treasury is overflowing, and the Administration will have to tax its ingenuity to devise ways and means of lightening the burdens of Mr. McDougald.

Yours truly,

—Thomas Mason.

Our Town Crier

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Marvelous and manifold, men and brethren, are the blessings which Providence has bestowed on San Francisco. For example, there is Dr. Aked, who adds to personal pulchritude and perfect purity, an amazing combination of the activities of a pulpiteer and a town crier. God has sent us Dr. Aked as a monitor and exemplar, and if the heavenly visitation cannot attract enough attention as a parson he has shown himself perfectly capable of procuring results as a press agent. Perish the thought that the ambassador of a justly infuriated God numbers his publicity stunts among the profits.

The admirable doctor has extended his activities of late, and not only expounds the secret counsels of the Almighty, but freely dispenses admonition to judges, advice to jurymen and information to all concerning the superiority of British courts—any one of which, by the way, would clap the discursive parson in jail if he attempted similar advertising stunts in an English newspaper.

As an offset to her superior handiwork upon the surface of Dr. Aked, Nature has done a slack job upon the inside furnishings of his dome, and the result is that as a logical critic the parson resembles an enthusiastic pup in hot pursuit of his tail. There is plenty of noise and excitement in his press performances, but they seldom get anywhere.

The doctor heard the cases of Diggs and Caminetti tried and has arrived at the conclusion that the Mann law puts an end to desire and performance without previous application to a parson. The impression made upon the doctor by the pleadings and other proceedings is that the Mann law makes it henceforth unsafe for any curious inquirer to investigate the way of a man with a maid, which, it will be recalled, stumped the wisdom of Solomon and has been a problem to which many philosophers have since addressed their earnest attention.

One hesitates to interrupt the sermons, communications, editorial thunderings and pedagogical soliloquies of the learned doctor. For one thing, parsons are accustomed to do all the talking. And for another the effusions of Dr. Aked have such a deliciously godelmity air of finality that it is too bad to spoil the tout ensemble, as the original Greek expresses it. But if the Diggs and Caminetti trials established anything in law, they established the one fact that a man and woman can do pretty much as they jolly well please if they confine their activities to the limits of one State. The interpretation put upon these legal proceedings by Dr. Aked is simply ludicrous, and would do no credit to the thinking performances or logical abilities of a high-school boy.

The parson should confine himself to his pulpit. There he is under no obligation to be logical or correct. Adoring females will not heed bad logic in the visible presence of such a mustache. And the men who go to church, for the most part, would not know whether the parson's fulminations dove-tailed with facts and reason or whether they did not. Theology and reasoning capacities seldom get so far as even a speaking acquaintance.

Still, I suppose we should be thankful for God's providence in the form of the real presence of Dr. Aked. Without his profound discourses upon things heavenly and things of the earth, earthly the gayety of nations would lack much of its recent promotion. And it is terrifying to think how our courts would perform if the doctor should cease to inspire, enlighten, chasten and guide them. In fact, it is to wonder how the devil Columbus had the impudence to discover this country before Dr. Aked was on hand to run it with infallible wisdom.

Respectfully,

—Ann Unburnt Hammer.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

The Barber and Baldness

At least one matter of interest to the mere layman engaged the attention of the British Medical Conference at Brighton recently. Dr. Barendt, a skin specialist, suggested too much hair cutting as a cause of baldness. "Why is it there are so many bald men and so few bald women?" he asked. "I believe it is because men will not let their hair grow to a proper length. The average man wears his hair about an inch long, whereas it should be at least thirteen or fourteen inches." Dr. Barendt explained that he considered nature was affronted by frequent cutting of the hair. "If it is not allowed to grow to the length I have mentioned it becomes dry and loses its strength, much in the same way that the muscles of the body become flabby and weak if they are not exercised."

Parisian Divorce Brokers

A new business has recently been invented in Paris, namely, that of the "divorce broker." This is a logical sequence of the marriage brokerage practice which has thrived exceedingly for half a century past. In England it may be doubted whether the divorce broker would meet with much success, as the divorce court is a costly piece of machinery to set in motion, and much resembles a public pillory. In France, however, divorce proceedings are private and publication of the proceedings is not allowed. The modern divorce broker can offer a good sound divorce at the reasonable price of $125, everything included.

The Weed Unaffected

The war in Turkey was very considerately waged away from the tobacco districts, so the crop of Turkish tobacco will not be short. This is expected to give joy to smokers who prefer the Turkish brands of cigarettes. The crops are intact, but laborers are hard to get, most of them being in the army. So the wholesale price will go up, but not the retail price. The reason is that importers keep such a large stock on hand that the newly harvested weed does not reach retailers for three or four years. The Bulgarians burned several tobacco warehouses, but the loss was only about one thousand pounds of tobacco.

Garlic for Longevity

Eat garlic and live to be a hundred. That's the word passed out by a Croatian medico. He thinks that garlic is, so to speak, the breath of life; the strong breath of life, one might say. But the medico is no joker; he is in deadly earnest. Having studied the Bulgarians who are famous for their long lives, the Croatian pundit finds that the secret of their vitality is garlic and garlic soup. This diet makes the Bulgarian as strong as his breath, and that's the maximum of strength. It is no wonder the Turks couldn't stand up before the garlic eating Bulgars. The Bulgars probably breathed on their Moslem foes and then despatched them at their leisure. It is expected that garlic will now become a very popular food. Doubtless tete-a-tetes, soul kisses and dances wherein partners are clasped close will pass out of fashion as garlic comes in.

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Anyway, if there is a violet trust, it's not an ill-smelling one.

The Paris style arbiters say crinoline is coming back. Hoops, my dear!

Isn't it discourteous to women to call it the Mann Act?

As the society girl comes back from the summer resort her circle of acquaintance automatically contracts.

When the dailies have a man to put into a job how easy it is for them to find reasons for firing the incumbent!

What is it Mr. Matthewson will do for the dailies if they land him in Chief White's job? Tell us, and perhaps we may stand in.

In 1935—"Why does Millionaire Jones always eat in a cafeteria?"—"Force of education. He went to Lowel High."

In several churches tomorrow Heaven will be importuned to make Bible reading part of the public school curriculum. Wouldn't it be better to pray to Dr. D'Ancona and Miss Sallie Jones?

Dorothy Dix thinks that parents should make their children respect them. As though parents would care to become old-fashioned!

"Secretary Lane says that San Franciscans should stand together."—Newspaper headline. Mr. Lane is a plagiarist.

A noiseless soup spoon has been invented in Chicago. But an invisible napkin to be worn under the chin has not yet been put on the market.

So the City Hall is going to cost $150,000 more than the original estimate! If that is all let us be thankful, but it would be wise to wait till the pile is finished.

A Brooklyn magistrate has decided that women may wear trousers if they wish. When Brooklyn becomes truly enlightened the ladies will get a decision to the effect that they need not wear anything if they wish.

Occasionally Dr. Aked exposes himself in the nude; as, for instance, when he tells us that he used to encourage the militant suffragettes but now censures them for their crimes. The gentleman thinks it possible to sow dragons' teeth and reap a harvest of soft-shell crabs.

If you wanted to hire a chef or buy a bulldog or employ a lawyer or engage a physician or invest some money, and you had the privilege of taking counsel either from Police Commissioners Kuhl and Cook or from Roche and Shumate, how long would it take you to make up your mind?

The New York World says that under the Van Fleet ruling in the Diggs-Caminetti cases Alexander Hamilton was by his own confession a white slaver. But Alexander Hamilton was a bad man anyway. If he had had his vicious way it would have taken a much longer time to sacrifice the rights of the individual to the hypocrisy of the mob.

Team work is not a distinguishing feature of the Examiner these days. Here we find Dr. Aked criticising American, and boasting of English, justice, and on the same page with him we find an editorial writer speaking of "this highly vaunted British justice of whose super-excellence we sinful Americans are so frequently reminded": also, "of those swift and admirable forms of legal procedure which are so smugly—not to say superciliously—compared with our own halting and feeble methods." Wonder if the gentleman's hide is impervious to irony!

The Soul of a Bottle

By Bernard Capes

Bricklayers, for some eccentric reason, will occasionally introduce the heel of a broken bottle into the surface of a course. Such an one caught my drowsy eye, as I lay in the hammock over against the walled garden. I watched it, and it watched me; until presently, conscious that it was about to speak, I yielded myself to its bright hypnotic stare, and, closing my eyes, prepared to listen:

"There was the melting-pot, and within was molten chaos—lime, and alkali, and most of all sea-sand. A man thrust in an iron tube, thin as a reed, and detaching me, clinging to its end, placed me within a brass mould, and blew with his lips, blew with his soul, so that his soul entered into my being, becoming one with it. Thenceforth I was a bottle, an entity, imbued with the man's soul, with his imagination. A crumb of vitalized chaos, I knew consciousness and memory—memory as a dream of immemorial sands, trodden by uncouth and monstrous leviathans; consciousness, as form and individuality. The man, opening the hinged mould, severed me from the tube with a touch of cold iron—as it were cutting the umbilical cord—gave me a neck and a mouth, and I was complete.

"Softly translucent, aquamarine, like the sea from which I drew, I believed myself to be a very noble work, destined for high honors. What was my sorrow upon discovering presently that I was, like the man who had conceived me, a fine spirit condemned to ignoble uses. I had inherited, in the breath of a glass-blower, the soul of a Knight-errant; and I was carried away, with a gross of others, and filled with British brandy.

"No. 1870 vintage, no pure distilled grape, even; but an adulteration and a fraud. That British brandy was the keynote of my destiny. So in this base world are the noblest spirits made the fools to circumstance, and forced by it to live the lie to themselves. The man, blowing his bottles in that sorry place, had roamed meanwhile in fancy on wide adventurous wings. So my own imagination, deriving from his, had filled me with dreams of 'the blushful Hippocrene,' of rare vintages, ruby or topaz, every drop of which should count to some illuminated brain for its genius and inspiration. And, instead, here was I deposited on a bar-shelf in a low pothouse, and used to inflame the minds of boors to squalid and insensate violences.

"Abortive aspiration—such, it seemed, was to be my eternal sentence. My last three-pennyworth, before I was returned, in a mixed company, to the bottlers, drove a fool to suicide. There are men, and women, suffering imprisonment because of me to this day. I have divided lovers, and ruined whilom modest girls; yet I never opened my mouth to deliver myself, but the message I sought to convey to a responsive brain was all of fine thought and goodly effort. O, in truth, the bottle is not answerable for its wine! If only once I could be used to some fruitful end, I could die, I thought, happy.

"I was shipped at last, re-filled, on board a barque trading to Nova Scotia. The captain and owner died, with my help, in mid-voyage, a raving maniac, and the mate, conspiring with the crew, placed written messages in bottles, reporting the imminent sinking of the vessel after foul weather in such and such a latitude, purposing to sell her all-standing in some obscure port, and thereafter scatter with the profits. I sailed the seas, with many another, that lying message in my belly. Six weeks I sailed, borne merrily on the north-east drift, nosed by great fish, hammered by tinkling hail-stones, buoyant and alone. It was a free time, a wonderful time; I could have felt it a happy, had it not been for that inner sense of abuse. But so were my lines decreed; of the soul of the man was I—a soul to be for ever misrepresented through its deeds.

"One day I was scooped up in a bucket by a lubberly deck-hand on a passing brigantine. He drew the cork, cursed me for my contents, flung the message into the sea, and me upon his bunk below for future service. So even in falsehood was I denied consistency. Arrived in port, I was half-filled with rum, and carried by train Londonwards in the sailor's pocket. But now at last my time was at hand; and in the blow that finished me—and another—was to be writ my triumphant epitaph. The sailor emptied me, and, while the train was running at full speed, flung me from the carriage window. Perhaps you may recall the Lane-End affair?"

Recall? To what tragic colophon had this thin flinty voice been conducting me? Recall? Had I not witnessed the act: had I not been one of that unsuspecting train-load whom its illegality had providentially, miraculously, saved from instant and terrific destruction? I had observed how the passenger, having sped his missile from the window, suddenly leaned back in his seat with a very sick white face; I had observed how that garrulous, somewhat aggressive jaw of his ceased in a moment to work. And then had come the abrupt grinding of brakes, and, the train being brought to a standstill, the gruff sharp question

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CX—SAN FRANCISCO DESTROYED

By Lenore Croudace

(Miss Lenore Croudace, the author of the poem from which the following stanzas are extracted, used to be a newspaper woman of distinction and is prominent in the more intellectual women's clubs. Miss Croudace has published three volumes of verse, lyrical and dramatic. The following is from her volume "A Misty Day" published in 1907.)

What portent makes the air of Spring so drear,
When Easter bells wake gladsome sound to hearts
But just released from Lenten rigors sere?
What shadow lurks e'en where the sunlight darts,
And throws a chill of doom o'er money's marts,
Mocking the smile that breaks on merry lips?
The zephyr of a kindled spirit parts
The throng of singers blithe, and darkly dips
Into the whirl where folly endless pleasure sips.

Oh, restless sleep of sated beauty's bed,
You were so brief that dazzling April night,
Before the dawn that woke with crash so dread,
To break in bits the City's pride, and light
The sky with torch that flamed from every height,
Proclaiming ruin while, rapture-thrilled, each sense
Of man beat high in wonder at his plight.
Pierced through the cloud of fire and smoke so dense,
An awe superb, to hold the world in waiting tense.

What does God mean that thus his wrath he hurls
From horrid gases of the under-earth?
Poor babes and weaklings helpless, dazed, He whirls
To thoughts far-dreamed, and Hope's primeval birth.
Where noble stone and marble in stately girth,
Reared up proud fronts to tell of commerce gain,
Where flowers wound in every guise of mirth,
Now stands the mammoth funeral pile of pain,
The billowy hills, revealed, but one lamenting stain.

The charred remains are not unlike the past,
Whose graves are wisdom's vain research, the veil
Of death's concealment, held forever fast,
As dark to sight as this fair land, when pale
The fogs of ocean sweep o'er every dale,
And crown in filmy mist the hills' proud crest.
The sea's unburied ghosts, condemned to sail
Through roaring surf, rebelling, rush from the west,
The hidden dead by storm or fire are one at rest.

A murmur grows, a whisper tingling life,
A sense of joy vibrates through all the crowd,
The voice of hope is strangely, clearly rife;
Consigned, it seems, to dust, the ashen shroud
That cloaks the streets where bellowed fierce and loud
The avenging flame, while only hearts beat bold
With pristine strength, sublime, again too proud
To measure life by any creed or mold
But one divinely free from servile love of gold.

The Spectator

Rowell Versus Heney

If the people had as little confidence in their politicians as their politicians have in one another there would be fewer of the misunderstandings that complicate the business of government. All politicians are under suspicion in their tribe, and none more so than the vociferous prophet of righteousness. At this very moment our excellent Governor, a man in whom the people have unlimited confidence, is under suspicion in the house of his friends. The other day when the Hon. Chester Rowell, a man of neurasthenic irritabilities, subject to shallow excitements and sudden inflammations, read in the Bulletin that the Hon. Francis J. Heney was grooming himself for the Senate he threw a conniption fit right on the ground floor of the Palace Hotel. What he said then and there about the Governor of the State was horrifying to all true and tried Progressives. It appears that Mr. Rowell, who once ran for Mayor of Fresno and was buried by his opponent, who was most appropriately an undertaker, now aspires to the Senate of his country. He says he will run even though the Governor backs Heney. The news reached the wild ass while he was sojourning in San Jose, and he waxed Thersitical on the spot. Also he suspected treachery. This little man, ready receptacle of irreconcilable rancors, has a mind haunted by suspicion. Some months ago, so the story goes, when Heney and Johnson were at daggers drawn, some of the leading Progressives got together and patched up the quarrel. It was then agreed that Johnson should run for Governor again, and that Heney should run for the Senate. Now when Heney heard that Rowell was to enter the race he opined that perhaps the Governor was in sympathy with the man from Fresno. But Francis J. is in no fear of being dished and damned for good. He is going to run, and I hear that the Kent barrel will be broached for him. For the Democratic nomination, I hear, there will be two bidders—Theodore Bell and James D. Phelan. It is also rumored that the Examiner will be behind Bell, and that it will support M. F. Tarpey for Governor. Samuel M. Shortridge will doubtless be in the race for the Senate, a movement having already been started for him both in the northern and southern sections of the State. The situation is such that it might be thought to have been specially designed for the eloquent attorney. Indeed the suspicion appears to be warranted that Johnson put both Heney and Rowell into the race for the benefit of Shortridge.

The Governor's Health

Will Governor Johnson be prevented by ill health from entering the campaign for re-election? The question is raised by a despatch from Sacramento which appeared recently in the New York Sun. The despatch dwells upon the disintegration of the Progressive party in California which is attributed to the disappointment of wouldbe office holders and "the inactivity and apparent lethargy of the party leaders." This in turn is explained by the state of the Governor's health. "For months," we read, "Governor Johnson has been slowly but surely declining in health, and it is a matter of but a short time when he will retire from politics on this account. His ailment is of a nervous nature. . . . He looks old and lacks the life both in his action and speech that stamped him before the Chicago convention. It is believed that it would be suicidal for him to enter the next campaign. . . . Governor Johnson denies that he will quit, but admits that his present physical condition is slowly pressing him into retirement from the active political field." This of course may not be true. Such stories are apt to be exaggerated as they pass from mouth to mouth. It will be recalled that before he accepted the gubernatorial nomination last time the statement was made that Johnson would positively refuse to run as he feared that he was going blind. There could not have been any truth in that story, for Johnson ran and his eyesight is not impaired.

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A Jolt For "Mission Jim"

Mayor Rolph appears to be on the Examiner's nerves these days. There was a time when the Examiner reserved space in every issue for the celebration of our Mayor, and being a resourceful man "Mission Jim" kept the paper supplied with heart-interest stories in which he figured either as the good Samartan, or as a paragon of self-abegation, or as an all-round pee-pul's friend. Who can forget the touching story of the Mayor's withdrawal from a banquet board at midnight that he might speed himself to Portsmouth Square in quest of a poor beggar for whom he found shelter and food? Does not the mind's eye of every mother's son of us retain the image of the benevolent Mayor as a volunteer nurse in the Emergency hospital? Is there not preserved in the files of the Examiner the picture of the Mayor driving the last Sutter street horse car up Market street? From reading the Examiner the average citizen must have long since received the impression that our Mayor was a reincarnation of that sweet, paternal ruler, the good and vigilant Haroun Al Raschid. But the inevitable change has came o'er the spirit of our capricious contemporary, the change which I predicted more than a year ago when I warned "Mission Jim" not to put his trust in his favorite journal. Mayor Rolph went to Oakland last Tuesday and distinguished himself for his unparalleled humility. He might have had the finest charger in the parade, or he might have sat in an automobile and been titillated by the plaudits of the groundlings all along the bannered and blithesome line of march, but he preferred to sequester himself among the plain, perspiring pedestrians, and thus by affecting an inclination to obscurity he became as conspicuous as the piece de resistance of the procession. Now if this master-stroke of modesty had been pulled off before the bond election the Examiner would have freaked the Mayor across the front page. But according to newspaper philosophy, everybody becomes a chestnut after awhile, and besides it's well for the newspaper that makes heroes to keep in mind Mary Shelley's story of Frankenstein. So Mayor Rolph was given only twelve lines, and four of them served for this cruel, satirical thrust: "Thrills were experienced throughout the parade because of the lack of such forethought on the part of prominent citizens."

When Doctors Disagree

Sounds of a fearful racket are coming from our medical practicioners. Dr. Fell is in a fury at Dr. Sangrado, and Dr. Sangrado is shouting, "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." Such a pother has not been these many years, and dire indeed would be the results were certain of our medicos permitted to prescribe for certain others. All because our amiable friend Dr. C. F. Buckly has been writing about "Contemporary Medical History" for Dr. Winslow Anderson's medical journal. The history Dr. Buckley writes is not exactly contemporary; most of it is dead and buried stuff which Dr. Buckley snatches from its grave to frighten the present generation with. A most uncomfortably acute memory has Dr. Buckley. He remembers matters which many would prefer to forget; hence the gnashing of gums among his fellows of the prescribing fraternity. When two installments of his serial story had been published Dr. Cadwallader hurried into print with an impassioned protest. Dr. Cadwallader thinks that Dr. Buckley should be restrained from writing aught but prescriptions, and even as to his ability that way Dr. Cadwallader entertains doubts. Referring to Dr. Buckley's attacks upon certain dead doctors Dr. Cadwallader says: "It is not decent at this late date to assail their memory, especially when it is done by one who had no comparable reputation in the years of their activity and who in the following years never became prominent even in this one city. The whole tone of these articles savors of jealousy and a bitter personal animus that is wholly selfish and which should be condemned. The steam roller of medical opinion will attend to this, should the doctor stir up enough dust to attract attention." Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?

Buckley on Toland

Dr. Buckley was a member of the original staff of the Toland Medical School. His reminiscential references to Toland are far from reverent. The hands of Toland offend him in retrospect. "This remarkable pair of hands," he writes, "which certainly did not conform to the requirements of the French ideal as to the needs of the surgeon, "A lion's heart, and eagle's eye, and a lady's hand,' were in fact such as would make a Scandinavian lumberman weep with envy, but they subserved their peculiar purpose." Then we are given this story: "A very simple illustration of the great disinterestedness of the professor and an additional reason why his name should be plastered upon a great institution of learning was this: when brought together one day at his office after our Scholastic Association, he proceeded to open some letters in my presence and then informed me that this mail was all from patients residing in the country, the greater majority of whom he had never seen, and he stated that in this way he was in the habit of gaining fifty dollars a day, by sending medicines C. O. D. through Wells Fargo Express Company accompanied by a letter explaining how to use

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them. He was delighted to feel that he had such a profound knowledge of their requirements from the few scattered incoherent letters they sent to him. This was true greatness and quite worthy of our friends of the Anatomical Museum, etc., but Toland saw nothing unusual about it."

Early Graduates

Dr. Buckley describes the first examination for diplomas conducted after the Toland Medical School became a department of the State University. The Regents of the University were asked to select outside physicians to assist in the examination. "It was so ordered and we graduated some twelve men, more than half of whom could neither read nor write common English. These candidates came from every walk of life and so did some of the outside examiners, and probably so did several of the regents who selected them. . . . The examinations were a perfect farce; with two honorable exceptions the students were quite unacquainted with the preliminary studies in all the departments. In Therapeutics and Anatomy—my branches—more than one could not tell how much castor oil or magnesia should be used as an ordinary dose, and several could not tell a humerus from a femur nor tibia from ulna, but the most ludicrous side to the question was that the examiners (selected) were mostly in the same boat." Dr. Buckley says that he and Dr. Stillman protested against the graduation of these ignorant students. "The die was cast, however, and Dr. Toland and his selected group of sycophants from the Regents' Board sent them abroad to do or die or kill."

His Respects to Beverly Cole

The anecdotal doctor proceeds next to pay his disrespects to the late Dr. R. Beverly Cole who joined the Toland staff after Buckley and others had resigned from it. "Cole," he writes, "had a somewhat intimate knowledge of petty politics. He served his country in the board of supervisors and because of his florid and boisterous efforts in that body he got known to the press and public as 'Backbone Cole.' . . . Cole invariably sought all the publicity possible and one of his most conspicuous efforts was to float around the flash bar-rooms of the town, chew tobacco ad nauseam and brag of the many curious, interesting operations he had done that day. These were retailed by the hearers and not a few of them returned to the medical fraternity who measured them as idle jokes." How these doctors do love one another!

The Carrie Dimond Case

These amenities are not calculated to increase the general reverence for medicine as it is practised in our midst. Dr. Buckley is better in the story telling vein. He recalls a forgotten story connected with the death of Carrie Dimond, a milliner who was found dead in her lodgings. "A man named Manchutz, who was frequently seen in her company, was left by will the sole beneficiary of her considerable estate. He was arrested and tried for his life. She was claimed to have died from chloroform poisoning and the drug was supposed to be given by him. The coronor then was Dr. Letterman who shortly before had been medical director of the U. S. Army. He and Dr. Maxwell, with whom he was then associated, unhesitatingly gave the opinion that death resulted from chloroform because forsooth her bed room on their entering it was strongly impregnated with the odor of the drug and the autopsy revealed a clot in the left ventrical of the heart. My friend Elliot was subpoenaed as a witness for the defense. As I was professor of therapeutics he asked me many questions relating to it, but my information on the subject was very limited. I suggested our making some experiments on cats which we readily obtained. In those experiments, about a dozen in all, we observed that by quickly killing the cat with an overwhelming dose of chloroform the cat's heart contained no clot, whilst the clot was invariably present when the animal was allowed to proceed slowly to the goal. The large court room on this occasion was filled to the door by the medical profession. Cole gave very positive testimony as to the distance at which the odor of chloroform could be observed. Elliot was primed and loaded with his recent experiment when suddenly the district attorney arose in a very dramatic way and asked him if he were not aware that he, the counsel, was the chairman of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Then Elliot backed down and announced that he merely witnessed the experiments. Meanwhile Isaac Rowell, who had a way of his own of getting at results, held conspicuously in his hand in the hall a four ounce vial full of colorless fluid carefully corked. He then openly carried this to an open window and then removed the cork where the wind was blowing quite freely into the room. He then went around to several doctors, not less than twenty at varying distance from the window and asked them if they smelt the chlorform. Some did and some did not. Rowell was called to the stand and with his fine high pitched piping voice related a little experiment he had just made in the court room. He carried a little bottle of water to that window yonder and half the learned gentlemen in court smelt chloroform at different distances from the window. Rowell had crushed all the savants and the accused was acquitted immediately."

Hapgood In Default

Harper's Weekly has made four appearances under the editorship of that renowned journalist Mr. Norman Hapgood, and it has yet to tell its readers the thrilling and dramatic story of the fight that is being waged against Tammany in New York. A more interesting political situation than the present was never before known in the history of New York politics. Among the protagonists of the drama are some of the most prominent figures in American politics, and doubtless there are millions of people who would like to know something of the parts the big fellows are playing, but the only source of information is the New York daily press from day to day. Yet it is supposed that one of the functions of the weekly papers of New York is to keep their readers throughout the country posted in affairs of nation-wide interest. Editor Hapgood is asleep at the switch. Either he doesn't know a big piece of news when it towers alongside of him or he has had a brainstorm as a result of his futilities as a political reformer. For Mr. Hapgood himself is in the very centre of the political stage. He is the captain of the Fusion movement. He was on the bridge when it began to drag its anchor, and he has been

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dictating all the wireless messages for help, and therefore he cannot plead ignorance in extenuation of his default, which I, as one of his readers, deeply deplore.

Hearst For Mayor

The New York political situation is of especial interest to us on the Western verge because our darling native son, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, though still with us is in the very midst and marrow of it. Though fanned by Western breezes whether on the stage of the Greek Theatre or sipping coffee in the Palace ladies' grill, he is not insensitive to the heat of the political conflict in the nation's metropolis. Almost every day he receives hurry-calls to New York from his liegemen of the Independence League. They want him to run for mayor on a municipal ownership ticket, and though he has assured them that he craves not either the abuse or the applause of a campaign they are confident that he will run, and they figure that he can win. It is pointed out that out of 595,159 votes cast for mayor in 1909 Mr. Hearst received 154,187 and that as there will be four candidates in the field this year and as his followers can be depended on to stick together he has a good chance of being elected. I hear that he will be back in New York September 20 and that he will then declare himself. But it is also reported that he is at work composing another telegram to be sent over the longest leased wire.

The Colonel On Deck

Even when Mr. Hearst is far away from New York the touch of his fine Californian hand is felt by the politicians. The newspapers of the metropolis credit him with having exerted no small influence on the Fusion conference at which John Purroy Mitchel was nominated for mayor. The Republicans in the Fusion movement wanted to nominate District Attorney Whitman for mayor, but the Hearst influence was thrown with the Progressives for the benefit of Mitchel, the New York Collector of Customs appointed by President Wilson. When the Fusionists nominated Prendergast and McAneny to the Board of Estimate against Hearst's wishes he jumped the ticket, and thereupon Mitchel deemed it the part of wisdom to repudiate Hearst in order to conciliate Prendergast and McAneny and keep them from taking any other nomination. And Mitchel has been heading for the rocks ever since. Whitman, who supplied the present inspiration for the fight against Tammany, accepted a Tammany nomination, and ever since the Fusionists have been denouncing him. And their sentiments have been approved by Colonel Roosevelt who is in the thick of the fight. He has emitted a blast of censure in these words: "No Fusion candidate can accept a position on any other ticket that does not include the other Fusion candidates and be considered to have remained loyal to the Fusion movement and to the combined decent efforts of the citizenship of the community to overthrow Tammany." Incidentally the Colonel speaks of Mr. Mitchel's "most manly and high-minded way of refusing to run on Mr. Hearst's ticket because Prendergast and McAneny are left off."

The Colonel Boosts Gaynor

As a result of his activities the former President is having his motives challenged by New York editors. They point out that in questioning the loyalty of Fusion candidates who accept other nominations, he makes an exception of candidates for judgeships, forgetting that the office of district attorney is in a sense and in some of its functions quasi judicial. They think that the Colonel doesn't want a Republican district attorney to prosper politically, and that as Progressivism is the most of what's left of Fusion, he wants to keep the movement narrow and safe. The Colonel appears to be getting very much mixed in his principles and his ideas. He, too, inadvertently, has taken some of the wind out of the Fusion craft's sails. The Fusionists did not think Mayor Gaynor good enough for renomination, but Colonel Roosevelt thought him good enough to be nominated for chief judge of the Court of Appeals. He wanted the Progressives to nominate Gaynor for that high office, and though Hapgood pronounces the mayor politically immoral he could have had the nomination, but he preferred to run again for his present job. The other day this man whom the Fusionists turned down in favor of the young Socialist whom President Wilson appointed to high office, was the motif of a big public demonstration when on the steps of the City Hall he fronted a crowd of five thousand people and voiced his acceptance of an independent nomination for re-election. The objection to Gaynor which the Fusion papers voiced was that he could be controlled by Tammany. But it is now apparent to all New York that Gaynor is absolutely independent. Tammany will have nothing to do with him, and when he accepted the nomination the other day he compared the meeting of citizens before him with "the little scene in a room in Delmonico's one night a week ago" when Charley Murphy and the Tammany chiefs met to name a ticket, or as the Mayor said, "to cast lots for the garments of the city." Undoubtedly Tammany would like to do to Gaynor what has been done to Sulzer, and the fact that the Mayor can defy Tammany with impunity ought to be food for reflection to those persons whose sympathies are with the Governor because it is Tammany that is dragging him down.

The Clergy and Alice Smith

I note with mild interest that the Rev. J. Narver Gortner, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Arroyo Grande, has been preaching a panegyric on the Bulletin for publishing the story

Johnnie Mackenzie's Discovery

JOHN D. MACKENZIE
Discoverer of New Medicinal Mineral.

WHEN JOHNNIE MACKENZIE, former member of the State Harbor Commission and former State Labor Commissioner, discovered a mineral of medicinal value in the Sierras a few years ago, his many friends little dreamed of the importance of the find.

After nearly four years of experimenting in laboratories and hospitals, Mr. Mackenzie has surprised the medical world by the curative virtues of the mineral. Early this year he placed the mineral on the market under the name Akoz. From the start the success of the new remedy has been phenomenal. Cases of rheumatism, stomach, kidney and bladder troubles, catarrh, piles, ulcers, eczema and other ailments that have failed to respond to the treatment of physicians and various remedies yielded very quickly in a great percentage of cases when Akoz was tried.

Mr. Mackenzie's fame as a discoverer of a wonderful remedy has already spread to nearly all parts of the world. The great success attendant on the introduction of Akoz in San Francisco and vicinity has shown the commercial as well as the medicinal value of the discovery. As a result, the Natura company, of which Mr. Mackenzie is president and manager, is now preparing to introduce Akoz in all the big centers of the United States, preparatory to entering an even greater field in the near future.

Akoz is a new mineral similar to radium but contains nothing injurious. It is free from alcoholic ingredients and is pleasant to the taste. The testimonials of hundreds of citizens of veracity who have been benefited by Akoz is convincing proof that it has all the curative merit claimed for it by Mr. Mackenzie. Akoz is sold by all druggists.

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of Alice Smith. This reverend gentleman must have sent his manuscript to the Bulletin office, for that journal modestly reproduces a column of his pulpit praise, and I hardly think there was a reporter on hand at Arroyo Grande to take it down. Meanwhile the equally Reverend E. B. Hart of Petaluma is engaged in punishing a white slaver who put a girl of sixteen in a house of ill fame. The girl had been taken into the preacher's family but ran away. And why did she run away? Well, the reverend gentleman who pulpiteers where the chickens come from is also an admirer of the Bulletin and the little girl read it every night while the Alice Smith story was appearing. The preacher himself says that she intimated to him that it must be pleasant to get nice clothes as easily as Alice Smith got them. So she ran away to San Francisco and was amenable to the suggestions of the first white slaver she met. Why don't the two preachers from Arroyo Grande and Petaluma get together and compare notes about the moral value of the tenderloin story of Alice Smith?

An Adaptation of Schnitzler

Mrs. Emil Pohli has done much toward making folks hereabouts familiar with the dramatic works of some of the greatest of modern dramatists, and as she is therefore entitled to much gratitude I deeply regret that I am not able to speak enthusiastically of her adaptation in English of Arthur Schnitzler's comedy, "Professor Bernhardi." It has been published by Paul Elder and Company, and it is a very pretty little book, but it is not the Schnitzler play. According to the publisher's announcement it is an "artistic rendering." I must dissent from that characterization. Mrs. Pohli says by way of introduction that her adaptation is a re-cast of the work of the author, and that she "took the liberty of reducing the original text to one-fourth," and that often she let her "personal interpretation take the place of many pages of dialogue." Now a rehash of a play may hardly be called artistic. History may be rehashed artistically, but not drama if it is a work of art. If the rehash of a drama is artistic then the original work must have been inartistic. If one-fourth of the Schnitzler play is sufficient, then the other three-fourths must have been superfluous, and there can be nothing superfluous in art. What one gets from Mrs. Pohli's adaptation is the story of the play, but it is an unconvincing story. Before reading Mrs. Pohli's introduction I read the play as adapted and I was amazed, for I am not unfamiliar with Schnitzler. Naturally I wondered what had become of the deft playwright's technique. Nowadays people are reading plays to study technique, and it would be worth Mrs. Pohli's while to give us complete translations. She is a scholarly woman and she has the ability to give us translations equal to those of the Poet Lore Society of Boston for which there is at present much demand.

VERGA and DOROTHY
Late of Gus Edwards Song Revue who will appear at Pantages.

Jake Shaen Retires

Down at the Custom House they are making plans to banquet Jake Shaen. Small wonder. Jake Shaen has served the federal government in our Customs department for twenty-five years, and you'd have to go a long way or think a long time to find a more popular employe of Uncle Sam. A staunch, old-line Republican, Jake Shaen worked for the ticket through good years and bad, and was first appointed assistant appraiser by President Harrison in 1889. For the four years of the second Cleveland term Jake was out of the Custom House, but was appointed to his old post by President McKinley and reappointed by Roosevelt and Taft. His has been faithful service, conscientious and courteous. He goes to make way for a Democrat, and will enter the insurance business with the certainty of making good, for few local men have more warm friends than he.

A Dainty Souvenir at Techau's

The long expected shipment of Perfum Mary Garden has been received at Techau Tavern and was again presented to lady patrons last Saturday. Of all the souvenirs which the management of the Tavern distributes there is, perhaps, none which meets with such general approval as this dainty perfume.

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BROWN LABEL

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Grand Duke at Newport

"This is the most beautiful American woman I have ever seen." The remark was not made at Newport the other day, but it should have been. Query: Why should it have been made? Answer: Because there was a Grand Duke at Newport. That remark is always expected of a Grand Duke. When Grand Duke Boris, the naughtiest of the Grand Dukes, was in San Francisco he made that remark about Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran who was at that time Mrs. Sterling Postley of the Cook-Scoofey family. The statement made a great sensation, so great indeed that I seem to remember that Boris repeated the remark in other cities, referring to other beautiful women. But Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch didn't rise to the occasion at Newport. And what an opportunity he had! Among those who basked in his Muscovite smile were Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. Peter Martin. Just suppose he had made that remark of Mrs. Oelrichs or of our Lily, the wife of Peter! How we should have preened ourselves. But the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch disregarded the opportunity.

In a Brilliant Gathering

Mrs. Oelrichs whom we claim by right of her long residence here, and Mrs. Peter Martin whom we claim by right of her marriage to our own Peter, were in the brilliant gatherings which did honor to the Grand Duke who is really a Duke Grandissimo since he is brother to the Czar of all the Russias. First of all there was luncheon at Stone Villa where Alexander broke caviar sandwiches as the guest of the Russian Ambassador, M. Bakhmeteff and his wife who is a Beale. Mrs. Oelrichs was there, and so was Mrs. Peter Martin. There were mauve dahlias on the tables, perhaps because mauve dahlias are Alexander's favorite flower. A flock of niggers patted juba, cakewalked, ragged and coonshouted to the great delight of the Grand Duke who exclaimed "Greatski! Encorevich!" or whatever is the polite Newport equivalent of those Russian words. Then everybody went to the horse show. After that there was dinner at Mrs. Robert Goelet's, and once more our Tess and our Lily were among those present. After that there was a dance at Mrs. Herbert Shipman's, a small dance but such a smart one! Our Tessie and our Lily danced with the Grand Duke. Louis Bruguiere whom we haven't seen for years, so devoted is he to Newport, was also at this dance. Altogether it was a great day, and cemented the entente sociale between Newport and Petersburg. But one can't help wishing the Grand Duke had said of Mrs. Peter Martin: "This is the most beautiful American woman I have ever seen." Perhaps he did, when no reporter was around to put the remark down in his little note book.

The Debutante List

The 1913 list of debutantes will be sadly reduced if Gertrude Hopkins and Helen Keeney stick to their intention of going East for the winter. They are the beauties of the set and the two who might be counted on to keep things going. Everyone hopes they will change their minds. They were scheduled for this year and all sorts of plans have been made for them, but after a gay summer with its climax at Del Monte they've decided to do a season of travel instead of society. Miss Hopkins who is the latest beauty of the clan has no desire for Greenways this year, though her mother Mrs. Ebright would prefer to launch her daughter at home rather than send her traveling abroad. On the contrary Helen Keeney would rather come out, but her parents would rather she didn't. She is only eighteen and Mrs. Keeney has planned a winter in the East with Europe in the spring, and no formal grown-up parties for another year. There is still, however, a fair array,—Miss Ruby Bond, a niece of Mrs. Gus Spreckels who took her to Paris last spring, Miss Dorothy Doe and Ruth Zeile of the Hopkins tribe. Miss Gertrude O'Brien whose mother was a Buckley can also be counted on, and the imposing brick mansion at Pacific avenue and Buchanan street will see elaborate entertainments in her honor. Also Marie Louise Black, daughter of popular "Cap" Black with Marie Louise Bryant and Marie Louise Winslow to make an interesting trio of Marie Louises. As for Helen Crocker and Flora Miller, they are both going back to school and Emily Tubbs is going abroad. With all these there will certainly be a brilliant season a year or two hence.

Ragging at the Presidio

Colonel Gardiner who was something of a social martinet wouldn't allow the persecuted but beloved rag on Uncle Sam's military reservation, and ingenious were the subterfuges resorted to when maids and soldiers wanted to syncopate at a Presidio hop. Now all that is changed. The present commandant is amenable to reason on this delicate point, and all the army dancers are going in enthusiastically for the latest steps. A class has been formed under the auspices of Mrs. Cecil Marrack, and the name of Colonel Philips, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, leads the roster of dancing students. There are also Mrs. Philips and her charming daughter, Captain and Mrs. Chapelear, Captain and Mrs. Geary, Captain and Mrs. Greer, Captain and Mrs. Martin Quinlan and ever so many others. There will be lessons once a week with Annette Peters expounding the mysteries of the latest foot-hysterias.

Felton Flits Suddenly

Quite suddenly last week Felton Elkins packed his things, or had his valet do it for him, and started for Philadelphia. Fled Del Monte in the height of its gayest season, and turned a resolute face Eastward. He was somewhat somberly garbed on the day of his departure; a dull brown suit and dust colored felt hat on which a vivid green band relieved the monotony of his costume. It was an interesting hat. I have seen green ribbons on green hats, and on tan hats, but none so vivid as the band that stood out boldly on the Elkins chapeau. Uncle Charlie Felton came to town with his nephew to see him off, but the Christian de Guignes remained at Del Monte. The flight of Felton inspired the gossips who insist that the richest bachelor of the younger set is a hero of romance. But they forgot that the source of Felton's millions is in Philadelphia, and that occasionally his large financial interests demand his attention. There was no other reason for his departure. It was not to circumvent fate nor to rush into his destiny that Felton went away. When business affairs are concluded he will return to his play writing in San Francisco.

Studious Henriette

Miss Henriette Blanding will be among those missed at the first Greenway. She is going abroad with her aunt Mrs. Coleman and will spend the season in travel and study. Miss Blanding has always cared more for her books and literary efforts than for society. She made her debut to please her parents and dutifully entertained the younger set for a season. But this year she will follow her fancy and do the things she likes best to do. Writing poetry is one of these. There is not the least doubt that this charming girl has a rare poetic gift. Three books of her verses have been published for her friends, and she has nearly completed the most ambitious of her works, a translation from the German of a German translation of an old Greek epic, never before done into English.

Dignitaries as Sprinters

The picture of two dignitaries of France racing madly about the crest of Mount Tamalpais is

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difficult to conceive. Yet they did it. Monsieur Albert Tirman, officer of the Legion of Honor, etc., and Gaston Pellerin de La Touche, president of the Paris, Lyons and Meditteranean Railway, also vice-president of the Companie Generale Transatlantique, threw dignity to the winds and sprinted for honors like two school-boys. It was the occasion of the French commission's visit to the mountain top. When they reached the summit the observation path that encircles it appealed to M. Gaston Pellerin de La Touche.

"I will bet you I can beat you in a race around the path," he said to M. Tirman, who bowed and accepted the challenge. At the starting point they bowed to one another again and were off. It may have been the "After you, Gaston" spirit that kept Tirman back at first but half way round politeness failed and it was "Before you, Gaston" at the finish. The commissioners had a merry outing that day. They lunched at Pastori's and returned to town with their chapeaus adorned with small American flags. Try to fancy President Sproule of the Southern Pacific doing a foot race with any American personage and reflect upon the differences in racial characteristics. The French do know how to play.

A Society Versifier

Still another of our smart setters has been dallying with prosody and matching rhymes. The latest of our charming women to essay versification is Mrs. Ambrose Madison Willis, author of "The Social Rubaiyat of a Bud." Mrs. Willis comes of a long line of distinguished ancestors, having both Southern and New England blood commingled in her veins. She is the widow of the late Ambrose Madison Willis and was formerly Maud Bagley, the niece of the well known pioneer David Bagley. Mrs. Willis comes naturally by her talents because Margaret Fuller, William Cullen Bryant and Harriet Hosmer the sculptor were among her forebears. Mrs. Willis' book has been brought out in beautiful dress by Paul Elder with colored drawings by Elsie Harrison of London.

"Our Set" Satirized

Mrs. Willis is rather hard on the frivolous girls of "our set." She finds them pleasure-loving, money-hunting sirens with no aspiration beyond fine clothes, cigarettes and ragtime.

Quite obsolete have grown the Bow and Dart,
And, not unfortified, the Modern Heart
Unlocks at will, but—with an Aureate Key,
While Cupid weeps to play so lame a Part.

When love comes discretion is in its wake, and the maid of today, full of guile, reasons thus, according to Mademoiselle Omar:

Ah, but to Live and Love! No Lamp doth give
On this its Light, however Fugitive,
For would I Live—it's odds I cannot Love;
And do I love?—it cost too much to Live!

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Go East to a Wedding

The many friends of Mrs. William A. Lange will miss her vivacious personality at the smart affairs of the early part of the season. Mrs. Lange left for the East this week in company with her mother Mrs. Anna M. Giselman and her brother Marshall W. Giselman to attend the wedding of Mrs. Lewis Smith, the widow of Colonel Smith, and Mr. Franxton of Baltimore. The ceremony will be performed in Washington. "Bill" Lange was unable to accompany Mrs. Lange and the others owing to the stern demand of the law. He is on the venire for jury service and was unable to have himself excused.

Only Woman on Realty Board

Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam, president of the M. V. B. MacAdam Co., Inc., has the distinction of being the only woman member of the San Francisco Real Estate Board. The increasing volume of business in this firm's residence leasing department and the leasing of handsomely furnished homes in particular, has become such a factor Mrs. MacAdam has found it necessary to assume personal charge of this department and has opened another handsome office adjoining the present suite on the second floor of the Russ Building. With the able assistance of two experienced young women the residence leasing department is so thoroughly equipped that clients are receiving, at their hands, the most prompt and satisfactory service.

Del Monte Doings

The qualifying round of the State and Del Monte Championship is now over and it is now a case of elimination. E. S. Armstrong and A. A. French tied for first place; they split the pool. Aside from golf there has been a great deal of entertaining both at the hotel and Pebble Beach Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Fred McNear were hosts at a dinner at the hotel on Saturday night, after which they attended the dance given at the club house by Mrs. Walter Martin. Mrs. C. De Guigne, Herbert Payne, J. Redding and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling Jr. entertained at the Lodge during the week. Miss Alice Warner had a dinner for fourteen on Monday evening. Her guests: the Misses Jane Hotaling, Margaret Casey, Sally Fox, Otillia Laine, Josephine Johnsen and Helen Dunning; Messrs. Chapin Tubbs, Harry Davis, H. Frink, Jack Neville, Jack Hartigan, Clinton La Montayne and Al Coogan. Ed. Greenway also gave a dinner for forty on Monday evening. Society at Del Monte has been greatly interested in the graceful and artistic dancing of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane. They have formed quit a large dancing class and spend nearly every morning in the ball room.

Portola Preparations at Tait's

Some unusually beautiful advance Portola scenes are now being shown at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. The management is making elaborate preparations for the coming festival and patrons of the place are assured of many pleasing and novel attractions. The special luncheon served there at fifty cents is an epicure's delight. It's the daintiest and most varied collection of food ever offered in San Francisco at the price.

In the Social Spotlight

Among the guests at Paso Robles recently may be mentioned: Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lindley, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Petrie, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter, Miss Nina Jones, Mrs. C. H. Gorrill, Mrs. C. Hitchcock, Mrs. J. D. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. F. I. McBride, Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker and family, William T. Kirkman Jr. and party, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Skelly, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fish, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dempsey, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bennett.

Mrs. J. H. Hough of Stockton, accompanied by her son Hewlett, registered at Casa del Rey recently. Mrs. Hough has been going to Santa Cruz for the past twenty years. Mr. William H. Crocker, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Vera de Sabla and George H. Howard 3rd motored from San Mateo to spend a few days at Casa del Rey. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Higgins, Miss Higgins and Miss Carmen Ghirardelli motored down from San Francisco. Mr. Higgins is a crack golfer and manages to take a cup or two from nearly every big tournament in California. He is enthusiastic about the Casa del Rey links. Mr. J. L. Nagle with a party of friends which included A. Van V. Phinney, W. G. Houston and D. L. Stuart motored down from Sacramento. E. M. Greenway was at Casa del Rey recently. Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Green, A. W. Turpin and Miss Ruth Turpin went down in a big Winton.

Among the Bay City's arrivals at Pacific Grove during the week were Mrs. F. M. King and son of Berkeley, A. L. McKenzie of San Francisco and Mrs. G. Hauser and daughter; H. C. Piculell, E. G. Knapp, Mrs. Francis L. Hartley who has as her guests Mrs. Emma Bone and two daughters of Berkeley, Mrs. J. Sturtevant and Mrs. L. J. Stedman, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sampson and Earl E. Rogers, all of San Francisco. Sacramento arrivals were Dr. F. H. Metcalf and daughter Hortense, Mr. and Mrs. E. Schweitzer and Mrs. A. Rath, Mrs. M. Mahoney, Mrs. M. E. Wittenbrock and Miss Liola Wittenbrock. Col. E. M. C. Whitney and wife, with Ex-governor Warren S. Porter as their guest came down in their new Regal.

A very brilliant Coronado ball was that of the Army and Navy given Saturday evening for which some four or five hundred invitations were issued. The music was furnished by the brass band of the U. S. S. Maryland which has twenty musicians. Several dinners preceded the dance at which were entertained officers from the ships as well as the army officers, all of whom were in full dress uniforms and made a bright contrast to the black evening dress of the civilians. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas S. Watson spent several days during the week at the hotel accompanied by their son and daughter. J. D. Spreckels arrived at Coronado on Saturday morning on his yacht "Venetia" and had as his guests Erastus Brainerd and Miss Betty Brainerd of Seattle, also F. W. Kellogg and Miss Ellen Kellogg of Altadena. P. F. Coyle of San Francisco is spending some days at the hotel.

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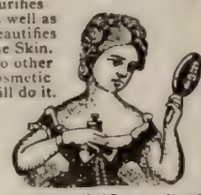

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The "Electra" of Sophocles

By Edward F. O'Day

This tragedy thrilled the Athenians with horror twenty-three hundred years ago. Today, after the lapse of all those centuries, it still works its spell of horror upon an audience of Californians.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?

What to us is the doom of Atreus' seed; what care we for "all the ills of Pelops' line that are or shall be"? The curse on the house of Agamemnon is none of our concern. Orestes at the Delphic oracle, Orestes imbruing his hands within the blood of his mother and of his mother's adulterous consort, Orestes fleeing the Furies and succored by Pallas Athene—he is a name rarely pronounced, a shadow that seldom darkens the chambers of our mind. But with his sister Electra it is different. Electra makes this antique tragedy of Sophocles vital to our modern understandings. Electra is one of the compelling figures of poetry. Electra is immortal by right of her overmastering humanity. Electra is one of those fair women whose beauty shall never fade. Electra is "the bright one," but the brightness of her face and of her mind is gloomed by wrong unrighted, by murder unrevenged. Electra is a virgin fury perishing of grief unassuaged by vengeance. Enespoused, childless, forlorn, she bears each night to her "chamber drear and bitter bed" a crushing weight of woe. Her reason almost overwhelmed by sorrow for her father falsely, foully murdered she importunes the Furies and Hades and Proserpine, Hades' queen, for the bloody retaliation which alone can satisfy her tremendous desire. Her days fade in hopelessness; she has no parent to cherish her; no husband's love to defend her. Like an alien, disgraced, she lives in her father's blood-stained halls. She cannot forget that most hateful of days; she cannot shake off the sorrows of that ghastly festival when villainous murder was done on her sire. She nurses her wrath and is near to madness. She storms at the injustice of the world and at the decrees of Fate. She cries aloud in an agony of hate at the sight of Aegisthus seated on her father's throne, pouring libations on the hearth by which he slew her father, lying by her mother's side in the bed of blood. She hates the mother that reviles her, and her "long-standing hate" is "well worn in." Quick to act herself, though weak with a woman's weakness, she scorns her sister's time-serving prudence. She has the will to avenge, and will muster her strength for the awful deed if her brother Orestes does not return to take the task from her hands. That he does not come fills her with bitterness, but she loves him so that she cannot abandon hope. Bereft of all else to cherish, her love concentrates upon that brother; her thoughts play about him like a ravishing flame. He is her darling; her more than brother, almost her son—for did she not nurse him? did she not save him from the fury of the murderers? All the passion in her breast that does not cry aloud for vengeance yearns toward her Orestes. Her maiden soul knows no other love but this, may never know any other. And when she hears that he is dead, what woe unutterable! what furious resentment of this supreme calamity! And when he comes, armed for his dire purpose, what "insatiate crying out for joy"! She is torn between a sister's affection that clasps her arms about his neck and will not let him go, and the irresistible promptings of a swift revenge. She urges him to the matricidal horror. And when Orestes strikes, and the mother's voice screams out for mercy: "O child, my child, have mercy on your mother!" all the fierceness of her implacable hate breathes in her words: "Thou hadst none on him, or on his father who begat him!" Insatiate, she bids Orestes: "If thou be a man, strike twice!" and that the deed may be completed: "O for Aegisthus too!" Was ever any other woman's fury as relentless as this? Never. Electra stands alone, a woman to shudder at across the centuries, a woman beside whom Lady Macbeth pales to weakness and Ibsen's Viking woman becomes insignificant. Her blood lust is sanctified by the consciousness of a filial duty. She will have her mother die that her father's shade may be appeased. She does not need the oracle of Apollo to keep her to her terrible determination. There is no bewilderment, no hesitation; her fearful course is plain before her. A father's blood has been shed, and a mother's must wash the stain. She is grim but undisturbed. No Furies shall shake their snaky locks at her as at her brother. No court of Pallas need absolve her from a guilt she does not feel. She will sleep now, bloody, terrible but smiling; her maiden tenderness going out only to the racked conscience of her brother. We look at her and our blood freezes; but we admire too. She was the handmaiden of a Fate that needed her encarnadined hands to point the ways of those old gods to the men who worshiped them. She is not all inhuman; rather there is in her a humanity burdened with an abhorrent duty but so far uncrushed that it flowers in a chaste passion of sister's love for brother the like of which we find nowhere else in all those ancient tragic histories. At the sight of her even gods must have trembled, but Orestes loved her and when he struck he struck not only for their father but that her turbulent soul might find peace at last.

VALERIE SERICE
The famous French comedienne who will appear in "The Little Parisienne" next week at the Orpheum.

* * * * * * *

Was Margaret Anglin this Electra at the wonderful performance in the Greek Theatre? Did she give us all of this virgin fury, this Argive maiden towering above her sex? I cannot say so. In a wonderful performance Margaret Anglin did not stand forth as one would have liked to see her stand forth. She did not dominate her fellows as Electra dominated the house of Agamemnon. She was wonderful but not supreme. One felt the effort to overtop, and when one is conscious of effort the effect is spoiled. Miss Anglin felt the role poignantly, but her feeling was not conveyed to the audience with the perfection of art. In the tremendous episodes she fell short of great achievement. Her voice was not under constant restraint and at times, as when she interpolated that call to Clytemnestra within the palace, one heard a jarring note. This is not to say that hers was not a fine performance. Indeed it was. It was so fine that one would have liked to see it finer. But Miss Anglin is not one of the great queens of tragedy. Her boldness in essaying this most difficult of roles was acclaimed by a great audience that showed profound appreciation; it is therefore justified. She commands our gratitude. But when one looks back to this production of "Electra," one will think first of the whole stirring, marrow-freezing tragedy. Miss Anglin was a part of it; the success of the play was greater than her individual triumph.

Gossip of the Theatre

"Madame Sherry" Another Week

From the Alcazar comes the unusual announcement that the ordinary two-week run of a piece is to be exceeded. Tuneful, funny "Madame Sherry" is to be given for one week more. Considering the great hit it has made during the past two weeks the announcement is not surprising. The Alcazarans have outdone themselves in "Madame Sherry," demonstrating once more that there is no sort of stage entertainment in which they cannot vie successfully with the most carefully picked traveling company from New York. Of course Ralph Herz has a great deal to do with this. His is a style of comedy of which the theatergoer never tires. It is dry, crackling and convulsing. His interpretation of the queer old uncle is a fine character sketch, consistent throughout. He doesn't even "let down" when he appears before the curtain after repeated calls to make one of his inimitable speeches. To miss Ralph Herz is to lay up a store of regret. But judging from the crowds at the Alcazar not many regular theatergoers are missing him. Then there is our dear old friend Maude Amber. How the cherished memories of old days in O'Farrell street come flooding into the mind when Miss Amber sings the well-remembered "Bedelia" and

"The Rose of Killarney"! And she sings them with the same sweetness, the same vivacity as in the days when Fisher's was still a living institution. It would indeed be hard to better Miss Amber's interpretation of the role of the Irish housekeeper who poses as Madame Sherry. Her dalliance with the wine cup is a splendid bit of restrained comedy. Dainty little Lois Meredith is another who scores a personal triumph. She is grace personified, her voice is sweet and appealing and she dances in a way to make a debutante envious. The whole company enters into the spirit of the good-natured fun that fills "Madame Sherry." They enjoy it as much as the audience. "Miss Nobody from Starland" is in rehearsal.

—The First Nighter.

Another Week of McGroarty's Drama

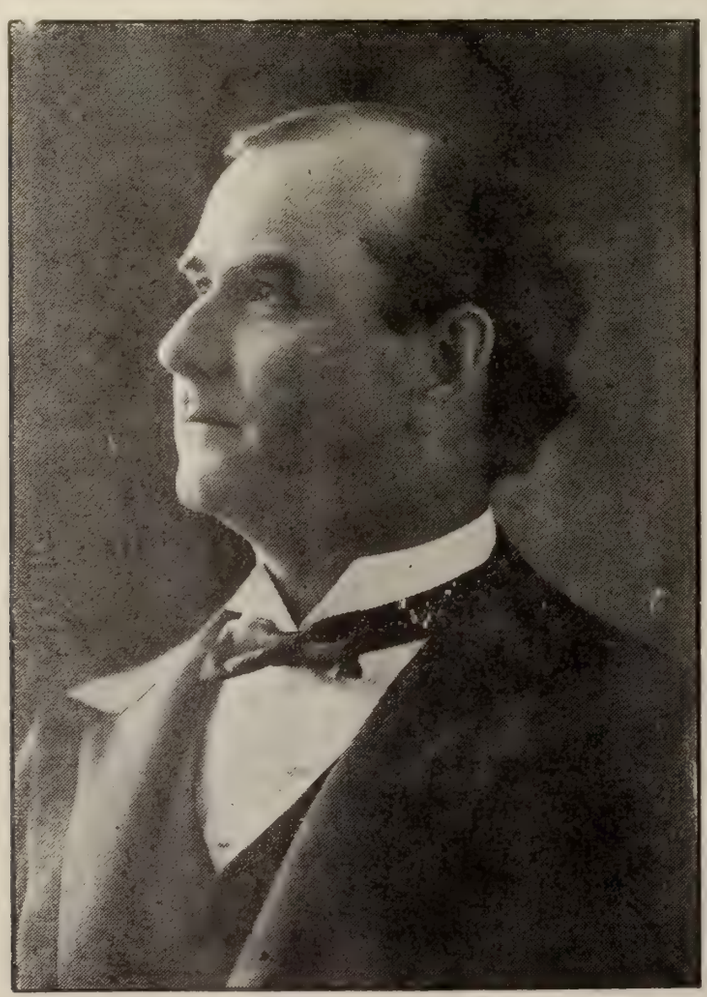
"The Mission Play" is having a remarkably successful run at the Columbia and on Sunday night enters upon the fourth and final week of its stay. Few plays in recent years have been able to fill any of the local playhouses for four weeks, but "The Mission Play" will be able to do this, the advance sale of seats for the closing performances already indicating the attendance of large audiences right up to the close of the engagement. It has interested all California and served to attract the attention of theatergoers from all parts of the world while at its playhouse in San Gabriel Mission. In San Francisco it is being seen by people from all parts of the bay counties, for it has been announced that at the conclusion of its stay here it is to return to San Gabriel. There will be matinees on Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday matinees being given at popular prices, ranging from 25 cents to $1.00. The formal opening of the regular combination season at the Columbia is announced for Monday night, September 22, on which occasion Margaret Anglin will begin a two weeks engagement in a series of magnificent Shakespearean revivals including "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "As You Like It." Seats sale begins Thursday.

Mermaids at Empress

The feature offering for next week at the Empress is the appearance of the Mirthful Mermaids, Miss Anna Morscraft, England's champion swimmer and diver, and Miss Helena Gandreau, America's perfect physical culture girl. The agile misses perform in a glass tank visible from every portion of the theatre and their feats always bring forth prolonged applause. May Ward, "Vaudeville's Live Wire Comedienne," will bring a new line of delightful songs. She is a beauty and wears gorgeous gowns. "His Nerve" is a dramatic sketch. Clark and McCullough are grotesque funsters. Klein Brothers are German comedians. Thomas and Gertrude Kennedy who won the waltz contest at Madison Square Garden, will offer classic and ball room dancing. The Essanceescope and the Empress motion pictures showing the crowds entering the theatre will complete the bill.

Greenbaum's Coming Season

With the return of Impresario Will L. Greenbaum from his vacation comes the announcement that he has everything in readiness for what he considers will be the busiest musical season he has ever had. He has selected the popular baritone Emilio de Gogorza to start the season in a series of song recitals during the week of October 12. A noted engagement will be that of Mme. Frances Alda, the famous new prima donna of the Metropolitan, in private life the wife of Gatti-Cazassa. Mme. Alda has scored noted successes in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and European opera centers in many roles, her most notable achievements having been her recent creation of Roxane in the Damrosch-Henderson grand opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," and her interpretation of Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello." The master-accompanist Frank La Forge who was practically a co-star in the late Sembrich appearances, is now supporting Mme. Alda, and the young Russian 'cellist who also distinguished himself with Sembrich is assisting. The great student of the piano Harold Bauer will be an early November offering. Of all the instrumental soloists to visit us the coming season none stands higher in the estimation of real musicians than Bauer. A most important November attraction will be the great and only Schumann-Heink, peerless contralto and grandest singer of them all. She will give two recitals at the Cort on the Sunday afternoons of November 9 and 16 and Mr. Greenbaum has also arranged to have her appear as a special soloist with the San Francisco Orchestra. By coincidence two of the foremost of the world's woman pianists, Mme. Theresa Carreno and Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, will be heard within a week of each other. The wonderful combination of Mme. Melba and Jan Kubelik, the famous violinist will be the last of Greenbaum's 1913 attractions. This combination is probably the most important that has ever been arranged for concert purposes, for both Melba and Kubelik are at the very head of their professions and are peerless in the world of art. Melba's marvelous soprano has just been firing London with enthusiasm, and her American tour with Kubelik, Edmond Burke the Irish baritone and other supporting artists will be a great event. They will appear in Dreamland Rink, the only auditorium in the city large enough to accommodate the crowds. Greenbaum's 1914 attractions presage a most successful second half of his season, and include such well-known artists as Kathleen Parlow, violiniste, Wilhelm Bachaus, the noted English pianist, the great Paderewski and Josef Hoffmann, the return of Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford, appearances by the great Irish tenor John McCormack, and the return after many years of Jean Gerardy, the world's greatest 'cellist who will be supported by Gabriel Ysaye the violinist. Pavlowa and her augmented ballet company, one hundred and fifty strong, will spend a week in this city under Greenbaum's banner in January. The brilliant Russian dauseuse will be supported by M. Novikoff, a wonderful aggregation of dancers and a complete symphony orchestra. Negotiations are pending for more attractions, and at least one big symphony orchestra may come west.



CHARLES B. HANFORD

Eminent Shakespearean actor, who delivers a graphic lecture with the Scott Antarctic Pictures, beginning Monday at the Cort Theatre.

Musical Oddity at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as its headline attraction the musical oddity "The Little Parisienne" with Mlle. Valerie Serice and an excellent company. Mlle. Serice is a product of the Parisian music halls and has won success in nearly every city of the world. In "The Little Parisienne" she has a role which enables her to display her ability in acting, singing and dancing. The production is handsomely staged and gowned under direction of Jesse Lasky. The book is by William Le Baron and Cecil De Mille, and the music by Deems Taylor and Robert Hood Bowers. Hoey and Lee are character parodists who satirize national conditions and timely events.

They sing remarkably well. Charles A. Delmore and Ben Light will present "A Whirlwind of Ragtime." Delmore is a pleasing vocalist and Light has few rivals as a ragtime pianist. Ethel McDonough is a versatile singer of popular songs. Weiland, the dexterous humorist assisted by Mlle. Carlotta will exhibit his skill as a juggler. Next week will be the last of Jack Kennedy and company, and Buckley's roller skating bears and monkeys. It will also conclude the engagement of Elsa Ruegger, the world's greatest woman 'cellist who will be heard in new numbers.

Grand Opera at Tivoli

The Western Metropolitan Opera Co. will give an opera season at the Tivoli commencing Monday, October 13. The promoters, W. H. Leahy, E. Patrizi and E. D'Avigneau say that for the first time the chorus and orchestra will be entirely composed of local talent, and only the leading artists will be brought from Europe, selected from Covent Garden, La Scala, the Boston Opera House and the Metropolitan. These will include Lucia Crestani, an idol of the Italian opera-goers; Maria Moscisca, a charming soprano

(Continued on Page 21.)

CARMEN MELIS
The famous and beautiful soprano who will appear at the Tivoli Opera House next month in the grand opera season given by the Western Metropolitan Opera Co., in her greatest interpretation, "Thais."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Another professional market in stocks with price changes small although generally at advancing prices. One of the leading financial institutions in New York sums up the general conditions as follows. There is an excellent volume of business still being done in most sections of the United States. Recent advices from the west have been eminently optimistic both in respect to the volume of orders which is now being turned in, and also as to the outlook for a very much better business in the autumn. It is also evident that the situation at many of the manufacturing centers is better than it was a month ago, and that in spite of the hesitant tone which will prevail in some industries until the new tariff law is enacted present conditions are, on the whole reassuring. There is abundant basis for the feeling expressed in many quarters that there will be a further revival in business activity as soon as the new tariff law is placed on the statute books. The investment situation is improving. There is a better demand for bonds both from private and financial institution buyers, and it looks now as if the inquiry would broaden further to the betterment of the whole investment market. What is also reassuring is the indication that investors are gradually evincing an inclination to take up long term bonds rather than such securities as have only one or two years to run. This marks a definite change for the better, in that it shows confidence is returning and that the time may not be far distant when normal conditions may prevail. It is, however, not yet a normal bond market for the reason that investors are still timid and hesitating, but the uncertainty is not nearly as great as it was a month ago and the chances are that the recovery now under way will continue. One reason for the improvement has been the moderation shown by the bankers in the output of new securities. There has been no glut in the bond market here in the sense that there has been abroad. The recent flotations have been for comparatively moderate amounts and were fairly well taken. Although the stock market inquiry has been largely professional, there has been some excellent buying of high grade securities based on the theory that the seasoned dividend paying shares had declined as low as they could reasonably be expected to go.

Wheat—At one time last week it looked as if wheat had finally gotten out of its rut when prices advanced 1½ cents in one of the trading days. However it proved to be only a flurry in sympathy with the strength in corn and oats. Foreign news was more favorable to higher prices as the Liverpool market was decidedly strong and a number of the larger shorts were forced to cover at advancing prices. Outside trade, however, was very small and when corn weakened wheat lost all its firmness and prices were allowed to drift back again. The trade were a little surprised at this unexpected reversal of action and sentiment in Europe, as it was generally supposed that they were getting heavy contributions from exporting nations and had sufficient supplies to tide them over. Their markets certainly were showing considerable animation. In our own country there was nothing especially new and nothing can be expected now for the harvest both in Canada and the United States is about completed and will be gathered without any damage to speak of. While the strength in corn undoubtedly has something to do with the advance here, it looks as if the wheat market had merit, and that purchases on breaks would prove profitable.

Corn—Continued high temperatures and drouth in the west and southwest caused an advance of some importance in corn, but the trade is in the condition to accept anything of this kind and act upon it quickly. It is difficult to find anybody that does not believe corn will sell at 90 cents. The Iowa crop was slowly being killed last week and it is difficult to determine how far this destruction will go on paper. We are of the opinion, however, that caution should be used in following advances such as we have had during the past two or three weeks.

Cotton—It was a very irregular market in cotton the past week, and at times the market was fairly boiling with bullish enthusiasm only to change front again and drop fifty points on the action of the Democrats in caucus in which they voted in favor of the Clarke bill imposing a tax of $50 per 100 bales on all sales of cotton on which delivery is not made. Another upturn took place when it was announced that the bill even if it did become a law would not take effect until September 1, 1914. This gave the bulls courage again and with more damage reports from the southwest prices again turned strong and all the decline was quickly wiped out. The feeling at the close of the week was bullish and the bulls were predicting much higher prices the coming week. If trade conditions should prove as good the coming season as they were last season, it would seem that the trade would require an American crop of 15,000,000 bales. At the moment, however, trade advices from Manchester are not as good as they were recently. In the United States trade reports are not satisfactory either, still we find that the consumption of raw cotton the past season to have been the largest on record by 362,000 bales. According to official reports, prospects for a large crop this year are not at all encouraging. As a matter of fact the Bureau report showed the average condition of the crop to be 68.2 which is the lowest, with one exception, in the past ten years. Oklahoma lost 36 points last month and shows the lowest condition 45, on record for the State. Texas lost 17 points during the month and shows the lowest condition 64, since 1902 with one exception when it was 59 in 1909. The Bureau report denotes good crop conditions in the south Atlantic States, but the valley States are somewhat less favorable than a month ago, due to the hot weather and weevils. The opening of the Panama Canal will probably play an important part in the commerce of the world the coming season, and there will be a shifting of the trade routes in favor of the Gulf.

Mr. Property Owner

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

from the Imperial Theatre of Warsaw; and Carmen Melis, the great favorite of New York, Boston and London, a magnetic and fascinating singer. Among the tenors will be U. Chiodo, one of the greatest impersonators of the Verdi Othello. Another of Italy's most magnetic tenors, Pietro Schiazazzi, has been engaged also. Luca Botta is a very young lyric tenor who came to the front about two years ago. The baritones will include Carlo Montesanto and Giovanni Grandini. Ruggiero Leoncavallo, the world-famous composer of Pagliacci will direct "I Zingari," the greatest operatic success of recent years, of which San Francisco will enjoy the first performance in America. He will also direct the Verdi operas and two of his other operas, "Zaza" and "Pagliacci." The repertoire will include operas of the Italian, French and German schools from the old and modern composers. In celebration of the Verdi centennial "I Lombardi," "Ernani," "Ballo in Maschera," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "Aida" and "Otello" will be given. "Carmen," "La Boheme," "Madame Butterfly," "La Tosca," "Mignon," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Thais" are in the list. The Wagner Centennial will be celebrated with a splendid revival of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" and with special performances in which selections of the most popular Wagnerian compositions will be given. The season will last six weeks commencing Monday, October 13. Fifty-four performances will be given: forty-two evening performances and twelve matinees. The prices will range from 50 cents to $2.00. For the boxes season subscriptions are now open.

MRS. A. W. SCOTT, JR.
Who will appear as "Magda" and "Mary Magdalene" for the benefit of the Happy Day Home at the Tivoli Opera House next week.

Mrs. Sharp at Kohler and Chase's

At the regular weekly Kohler and Chase Music Matinee this Saturday Mrs. Lena Henderson Sharp, violoncellist, will be the soloist. Mrs. Sharp has recently returned from a successful concert tour in Europe and this will be her first public appearance since her arrival. Mrs. Sharp has been giving concerts since childhood, having been presented to the Queen of England and a number of prominent noble families at the age of eleven. She is a graduate from a famous English music school. She will interpret works by Popper, Thome and Grieg. As usual there will be a number of interesting instrumental composition on the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

Mrs. A. W. Scott Jr. at Tivoli

Millocker's tuneful and jolly comic opera "The Beggar Student" has made a big hit at the Tivoli and will conclude a highly successful week with the performances of Sunday afternoon and evening. For the six nights commencing Monday the Tivoli will be the scene of a series of benefit performances in aid of the Happy Day Home, that most commendable institution for the day care of poor children, located on North Beach. Many ladies prominent in society and the general affairs of San Francisco take an active interest in the Happy Day Home and when Mrs. A. W. Scott Jr. offered to give the net proceeds of eight performances of Sudermann's great drama, "Magda," and Maeterlinck's Biblical play, "Mary Magdalene" for the institution, the proffer was cordially accepted. Mrs. Scott will have the support of a carefully selected company under the experienced direction of McKee Rankin, the veteran actor, and productions are promised that will compare favorably with any ever made. "Magda" will be the bill on the evenings of Monday, Thursday and Saturday and "Mary Magdalene" will be given the remaining nights and at the Saturday matinee. A special matinee of "Mary Magdalene" will be given on Wednesday, when the prices will range from fifty cents to one dollar. The Tivoli Opera Company will return Sunday afternoon, September 25, in an elaborate revival of "Maritana."

Captain Scott Films at Cort

"The Undying Story of Captain Scott" and "Animal Life in the Antarctic" as recorded by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S., official photographer and chronicler of the ill-fated Polar expedition, will be the attraction at the Cort commencing Monday night, for six days only. The remarkable nature of these pictures and the manner in which they are shown make them the most imposing ever exhibited. Every scene is graphically illuminated through an intimate lecture by Chas. B. Hanford inspired by the expert who took them. There are soul-stirring dramas of human life, thrilling and laughable comedies of the animal kingdom and exciting adventure, following one another in rapid succession, each vying with the other for supremacy. One scene alone will forever perpetuate the life of this animated record of the greatest scientific Polar expedition ever organized; it is that which shows the heroic

little party in action for the last time, headed for the Pole, just 12 degrees distant.

Bonnie Lassies at Pantages

Six Bonnie Lassies from across the seas are the leading feature on the new bill at Pantages. Three sets of scenery are used in the production. The lassies play the bagpipes and brass instruments. Nick Verga, late leading singer with Gus Edwards' "School Days," and a beautiful young actress styled "Dorothy" are pleasing features. Verga's Italian specialties receive many recalls. The Rondas trio, one man and two women, have a wheeling act with a genuine novelty. Alf Goulding, a well known English comedian, with a cast of twenty people will revive "In Mexico," one of his successes. Tilford is a ventriloquist. Sport specialties in song and dance are given by Becker and Adams. Walter Montague will present his best effort "The Point of View."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

the most abused man in the city, but my mistakes will not be of the heart. That I shall make mistakes of judgment I do not doubt, for I have made plenty in the past. One is apt to err in solving problems, and I have been attempting to solve them all my life. This which I am attempting now is an interesting one. There are animosities to remove and I shall try to remove them. I shall try to meet the public half way. Of course we shall not be able to give everything that is asked, but shall do our best."

I hazard the guess that Jesse W. Lilienthal would not have accepted the presidency of the United Railroads if the acceptance had involved the discontinuance of his charitable activities. He is a member of the probation committee of the Juvenile Court and is one of the most active workers among the delinquent and dependent children over whom that court has jurisdiction. This, I think, is his favorite work of charity.

"If there is any of the milk of human kindness in a man," he says, "this work will bring it out."

Jesse W. Lilienthal is also president of the Recreation League, president of the Tuberculosis Society, president of the Society for the Study of the Exceptional Child, and a director of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society and of the Remedial Loan Association.

Plainly, the man who has a law practice and the business of a public service corporation to take care of and who can still find time for all these good works is a remarkable character. But he has assistance.

"Fortunately," says Jesse W. Lilienthal, "my wife is in a position to spare a great deal of time from her domestic duties, and she is sympathetic

The Soul of a Bottle

(Continued from Page 8.)

ing of a guard's voice from door to door. Something, gathered as the voice approached, some foreshadowing of the truth, focussed all other aghast eyes in the compartment on those of the mute livid creature. And then came the denunciation. The bottle had struck a platelayer on the temple, killing the man instantly.

"You were that bottle," I murmured luminously to the glitter on the wall—"an instrument, certainly, in the hands of Providence. It happened during the great railway strike, and the victim, at the very instant of his being killed, had had his hands upon a point lever, with the purpose to send us crashing and smashing into a siding fifty yards further on. The truth came out at the inquest, and the sailor was discharged. A savage, ghastly time! I give you my compliments."

"I was that bottle," came proudly from the wall. "The bricklayer had me from the gardener, who had me from his cousin the policeman, who had me from the guard who picked me up on the track. A hundred living today owe their lives to me! I died to save them. If only the man my parent might know!"
with all my work."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHRISTIAN KOCH, Deceased. No. 15,722, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Sine Koch, administratrix of the estate of Christian Koch, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Attorney at Law, 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Koch, deceased.

SINE KOCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Christian Koch, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 30, 1913.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, Deceased. No. 14,791; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Margaret Handley, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 13, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 23rd day of August, 1913.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Administratrix.
Room 802, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON MORTGAGE OF REALTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2079; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an Incompetent Person.

L. M. Hoefler, guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition for an order to mortgage certain realty, hereinbelow particularly described, belonging to the estate of the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, and good cause appearing,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the above-named Court on Tuesday, the 7th day of October, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, at the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why the said realty should not be mortgaged for thirty-five thousand dollars ($35,000), or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, in accordance with said petition on file, reference whereto is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is further ORDERED that this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The following is a particular description of said realty:

An undivided one-half interest in and to that certain parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot bounded on the south by Clay Street; on the east by the boundary line of the water front; on the north by a line to be drawn parallel to and distant northerly from Clay Street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and on the west by a line to be drawn at right angles with Clay Street to the line last above described, at such distance from the above mentioned boundary line of the water front of said city that the area of the premises above described shall be exactly equivalent to the area of one-half (½) of a fifty (50) vara lot, as the same are laid off upon the official survey and map of San Francisco, excepting, however, out of and from said premises above described a strip or piece of said premises running along the whole northerly side thereof twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches in width, which last mentioned piece or strip of land is reserved and excepted out of and from said premises above described, the same being part of Merchant Street, as laid out and dedicated to public use.

Dated September 2, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

FINLAY COOK,
Attorney for Guardian. 9-6-5

Westcott Automobile Specifications

Following are the specifications for the Westcott 4-cylinder cars:

Motor—Westcott-Rutenber; four-cylinder; cast singly; 4½-inch bore by 5-inch stroke; 2-inch valves enclosed; 48 horse-power at 1,600 revolutions per minute.

Cam Shaft—Best case-hardened steel accurately ground and fitted. End bearings: diameter, 1 inch; length, 4 inches. Center bearings: diameter, 1-inch; length 3-inches.

Crank Shaft—Drop forged carbon steel, accurately ground to size. Five bearings. Front bearing: length, 1¾ inches; diameter, 1⅝ inches. Rear: length, 4 inches; diameter, 1⅝ inches. Center bearings: length, 2¼ inches; diameter, 1⅝ inches.

Timing Gears—Drop forged steel, completely enclosed in crank case and operating in oil.

Lubrication—Automatic by troughs to all main bearings, insuring constant, equal and positive distribution. Splash to other portions of motor.

Carburetor—Schebler.

Cooling—Fan and gear-driven pump.

Radiator—Cellular type.

Frame—Heavy Channel section, with insweep in front.

Springs—Front, semi-elliptic, 40 inches long; rear, 56 inches long.

Front Axle—Timken I-beam section. Timken bearings.

Steering Gear—Warner worm and worm wheel type.

Control—Standard silent friction sector above steering wheel. Special Westcott foot accelerator and muffler cut-out on floor board. Starter and lights operate from seat.

Transmission—Warner; selective type. Three forward speeds and reverse. Annular ball bearings.

Clutch—Steel cone; leather-faced; spring cushioned.

Rear Axle—Timken; full floating type; V-shaped torsion arm. Timken bearings.

Brakes—Extra large. Equipped with equalizers of approved construction. Raybestos brake lining.

Wheels—Artillery type; selected hickory. Wheels mounted on Timken bearings.

Rims—Firestone, 36x4 Q. D. Demountable. One spare rim.

Tires 36x4, Goodyear.

Starting and Lighting 100 per cent efficient. Operates independently. Consists of controller, motor generator and storage battery.

Ignition Independent system consisting of ignitor supplied by automatic charged storage battery.

Wheelbase—120 inches, 56-inch or 60-inch tread.

Body Long straight line (metal).

Upholstering Deep backs, reinforced by best curled hair, flexible coiled springs, and upholstered with highest grade black leather. Deep cusions, soft and durable.

Trimmings Black enamel and nickel.

Standard Color Specifications—Five passenger body and wheels, Roman green; hood, fenders and chassis, black. Four and two-passenger bodies and wheels, gray; hood, fenders and chassis, black.

Standard Equipment—Westcott black mohair top. Top envelope and side curtains which fasten inside of bows and are numbered. Electric cranking and lighting device; wind-shield; electric horn; speedometer; dash light; portable lamp; gasoline gauge; cocoa mat; coat rail; foot rest; tire carrier; full set of tools; tire kit, and jack.

Prices—Five-passenger touring, $1,985; four-passenger touring, $1,985; two-passenger roadster, $1,985.

All prices F. O. B. Richmond, Indiana.

Following are the specifications of the Westcott Six Cylinder:

Motor—Westcott-Teeter; six cylinders; cast en bloc; T-head; 4-inch bore by 6-inch stroke; 2½-inch valves, enclosed; 67 horse-power at 1,600 revolutions per minute.

Cam Shafts—Special alloy steel, mounted on four bearings. Outside bearings: Diameter, ⅞ inch; length, 2 inches. Center bearings: Diameter, ⅞ inch; length, 3⅛ inches. Note additional bearings in front gear case cover, insuring rigidity and absence of noise.

Crank Shaft—Drop forged carbon steel, especially constructed for running and standing balance. Mounted on four bearings. Outside bearings: Diameter, 2 inches; length, 4¼ inches. Center: diameter, 2½ inches; length, 1¾ inches.

Timing Gears—Cam shafts driven by wide-faced hellical cut gears, operating in oil bath and lubricated from main oil reservoir.

Lubrication Automatic by troughs to all main bearings, insuring constant, equal and positive lubrication. Splash to other portions of motor by means of oil scoops on connecting rods.

Carburetor—Rayfield.

Cooling—Fan; centrifugal pump, gear driven.

Ignition Bosch coil and high tension magneto.

Starting and Lighting—Independent; 100 per cent efficient, consists of controller, motor generator and storage battery.

Radiator—Cellular, honey-comb type.

Frame—Heavy channel section, with insweep in front.

Springs—Front, semi-elliptic, 40 inches long; rear, 56 inches long.

Front Axle—Timken I-beam section. Timken bearings.

Steering Gear—Warner worm and worm wheel type.

Control—Standard silent friction sector above steerling wheel. Special Westcott foot accelerator and muffler cut-out on floor board. Starter and lights operate from seat.

Transmission—Warner, selective type. Three forward speeds and reverse. Annular ball bearings.

Clutch—Steel cone; leather faced; spring cushioned.

Rear Axle Timken; full floating type; V-shaped torsion arm. Timken bearings.

Wheels—Artillery type; selected hickory. Wheels mounted on Timken bearings.

Brakes—Extra large. Equipped with equalizers of approved construction, Raybestos brake lining.

Rims—Firestone 36x4 Q. D. Demountable. One spare rim.

Tires 37x4½, Goodyear.

Wheelbase—128 inches, 56-inch or 60-inch tread.

Body Long, straight line (metal).

Standard Color Specifications—Body and wheels Imperial maroon. Hood, fenders and chassis, black.

Upholstering—Deep backs, reinforced by best curled hair, flexible coiled springs and upholstered with highest grade black leather. Deep cushions, soft and durable.

Trimmings—Black enamel and nickel.

Standard Equipment—Westcott black mohair top. Top envelope and side curtains which fasten on inside of bows and are numbered. Electric cranking and lighting device; wind shield; electric horn; speedometer; dash light; portable lamp; gasoline gauge; cocoa mat; coat rail; foot rest; tire carrier; full set of tools; tire kit, and jack.

Prices—Seven-passenger touring, $2,535; five-passenger touring, $2,485; two-passenger roadster, $2,485.

All prices F. O. B. Richmond, Indiana.

Dillon-Goodwin Co., 349 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, are the local agents for the Westcott cars.

Overcome

In cold disdain the princess received the gift from the messenger.

"More diamonds, I suppose," she sighed wearily.

Laughingly she raised the lid of the richly wrought casket.

"Heavens!"

She was transformed upon the instant.

"And all for me, all for me!"

"Violets," she gasped.

With clasped hands and suffused eyes she stood.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the will of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, deceased.

ROSE CARLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Alfred Brusadelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 6, 1913.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-6-5

Office Phone: Kearny 711
Residence Phone: Franklin 277
Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

Julius Calmann

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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After the Devil Once More

Once again are we moved to cry out in our uncontrollable admiration for the Examiner's genius for taking the spotlight away from its contemporaries. When the Call entered the evening field the contest for supremacy therein threatened to absorb public attention. The evening papers began to sell like hot cakes. Presently they were in everybody's hands and on everybody's tongue. Mr. Hearst, premier American journalist, sojourning in our midst, at once perceived that something had to be done to restore the Examiner to the public eye. It did not take him long to hit upon a plan of action, one that would insure the co-operation of the Pulpit, otherwise known among the cynical wits of the Examiner as the Big Noise. Then was the horrendous slogan shrieked from the embattled editorial page—A Clean City for Clean People! Which means: Let us eradicate the one thing venerable left in a celestial city of vanishing vice. The poor old Barbary Coast! it must go again. How many times has it been put out of business forever! The purging of it has been a continuous performance ever since certain memorable and tumultuous days in '53 when the first Vigilance Committee raided the reeking haunts of the "Sydney Ducks," nautical sons of Belial. How many generations of incipient reformers, of adolescent prophets of public righteousness have qualified for their great mission of civic salvation in this historic field! Here is always Satan's last stand, the Gibraltar of all the imperishable sins that came down to us from Old Adam. The Examiner has besieged his Satanic Majesty in his warrens of wickedness at least a score of time, and always with the assistance of the Big Noise. On innumerable occasions blinded by the translucent beams of reform and overcome by volleys of resolutions fired by committees of the Good and Pure, the Evil One has been seen to totter from his throne. Indeed the going of him has been proclaimed many a time and oft, but like Cataline he goes resolved to return and he is firmer in his resolutions than Dille or Aked or Hearst.

A Newspaper Nude

"Lady Constance coming in purple and gold." So runs a headline across three columns of the Sabbath Examiner. Beneath the caption is Lady Constance herself giving the lie to the headline. The pose is purple, but there is no sign of purple raiment, nor of gold unless it be her hair. To be quite frank, Lady Constance has nothing on but a veil which exposes the body under pretense of clothing it. The picture is a representation of Lady Constance standing on one bare foot, which is attached to one bare leg visible to the hip joint. The other bare foot is raised to the level of the bare knee, and, the bare thigh, visible through the veil is at right angles with the lady s stripped torso. The picture is without any intellectual signification, without anything but vulgar suggestiveness. It is, indeed, wholly inartistic, frankly indecent. Now our purpose is not to censure the Examiner for its obscenity. We only wish to draw attention to the apparent lack of perception in this enlightened country of the objects of art, and also to the prevalence of unblushing and unashamed hypocrisy. There are chaste nudes and there are indecent nudes, and it is easy for a person of healthy mind and sound understanding to differentiate them. The idealized figure based on life is never vulgar or offensive. When an artist forces the introduction of the nude figure in impossible circumstances just for the sake of painting it he is guilty of an offense against art. There are matter-of-fact nude studies, labelled with the names of goddesses and nymphs that are far from decent; at best, the vulgarization of legendary figures. If such pictures are objectionable how shall we characterize the Lady Constance of the Examiner? There is nothing of idealization in this picture. It is the reproduction of a vulgar photograph of an indecent pose. Yet it is permitted the privilege of the mails. And it was but the other day that a chaste nude known as "September Morn" was banished by the postal authorities. In this picture is represented an idealized figure of a young girl. The composition has all the charm of pictorial quality—the healthy human body in picturesque relation with light and water. It is inconceivable that any clean-minded person could find anything of indelicate suggestion in this picture. But the fact is that through the discolored eye of the Puritan that perverts sincerity into evil it conveyed a terrible shock. How are we to account for this curious discrimination against "September Morn" among a people who are tolerant of Lady Constance? The Examiner to be sure is not the only daily that prints ugly and indecent nudes, but the Examiner is one of the chastest of all newspapers. If Lady Constance had appeared in the Bulletin nobody would have been astonished, and it might have got by even in the Examiner had it not been for the circumstance that the Hearst paper is now intent on improving the moral tone of the city. What will it avail the community to close the dance halls on the Barbary Coast if Lady Constance may dance naked in the Examiner?

The Gloomy Colonel

Colonel Roosevelt continues to suffer disappointment in politics and to observe with respect to the party of his own making melancholy tendencies towards relapse and reabsorption. When the campaign was on in the Third Maine Congress district a few weeks ago he sent to the Lewiston Journal a message of earnest hope for the election of the Progressive candidate. There can be but one kind of amalgamation between Republicans and Progressives, he said. The Republicans must swallow whole without gagging the entire Progressive platform and retire from leadership "the old-type bosses." The Colonel expressed the belief that "the great majority of Maine voters are Progressives." It soon appeared that the Maine Progressives are not different from their brethren in other States. They have seen that it did not pay to wreck the Republican party at Armageddon. The Republicans of the Third Congress district polled 15,106 votes, electing their candidate by a plurality of 553. Their total vote was more than double that cast for Mr. Taft last fall. The vote for Colonel Roosevelt in that district was 13,236 but the Progressive candidate for Congress polled last week only 6,437 votes, while the Democratic candidate polled 14,553, only 159 below the vote given to Woodrow Wilson in November. Naturally the Colonel was disappointed. Meanwhile he is very active in New York municipal politics, but there, too, developments are productive of nothing but gloom. The Fusion movement started for the purpose of crushing Tammany has been disintegrating ever since the ticket was nominated, and now that Mayor Gaynor is dead the indications are that Tammany's mayoralty candidate will be elected by an overwhelming majority.

The Boor and The Bulletin

Knowing that between minds addicted to cant there is a strong bond of sympathy we were not astonished to find the Bulletin applauding Secretary Franklin K. Lane for reproaching the women of the Civic League in a canting strain. Invited to a luncheon of the League and called upon for a speech, Mr. Lane put this question to his hosts: "Do you women not realize that most people are unable to sit down to a meal like this?" And he added: "The girls in the shops and stores should be a part of your assemblage—and not in a spirit of condescension, but in a spirit of friendship." The Bulletin compliments Mr. Lane for his bravery, and calling the women of the League "pink tea reformers," tells them that if "they want to help working girls they must first admit to themselves that working girls are their sisters," and they "must have working girls at their luncheons." All of which is a very inferior quality of cant. It is such bald cant that there is no attempt at argument to support it. As to Mr. Lane's performance we see nothing in it to admire. Accepting the

Bulletin's description of it we should say that Mr. Lane made an insufferable boor of himself by way of vindicating his democracy. There might have been some justification for his reproaches if he had uttered words of wisdom, but his remarks as quoted are sheer nonsense. Why should he have called the attention of the ladies to the fact that the luncheon they were eating was beyond the means of the average citizen? Did he mean to rebuke them? Mr. Lane himself is not accustomed to dining like a pauper. He has been living well at public expense for many years, but we have never heard of his reproaching himself for not sharing his meals with the plain people to whom he consecrated the best years of his precious life. Yet we find him telling women who would improve the lot of working girls that they should have working girls at their luncheons, and we find that this is a sentiment that transports the emotional editor of the Bulletin. Now we do not pretend to know whether the women of the Civic League would object to eating at the same table with working girls, but why raise such a question? Why not assume that the women of the Civic League who are trying to do some good in the world are good, broad-minded women, actuated by the most generous motives and inclined neither to snobbish condescension nor to silly aloofness What have they done to earn the characterization "Pink-tea reformers," or to warrant the presumption that they have some petty prejudice against having working girls at their luncheons? Why not indulge the amiable presumption that it has not occurred to them that working girls would care to partake of league luncheons? They are not approaching working girls in the attitude of dispensers of charity. As we understand it they are trying in behalf of working girls to win recognition for the only true principle of humanity, which is justice. Justice toward the feeble is protection and kindness. Free luncheons will not advance that principle one step. The probability is that self-respecting working girls don't want free luncheons, and that they would feel far from comfortable at a luncheon of the Civic League. Also the probability is that when Secretary Lane reproached the ladies who were giving him a free lunch he was only speechifying for the gallery. Mr. Lane has the habits of all political reformers, the habits of loose-thinking and indulging in meaningless generalities. Men of this type have nothing to offer besides their indignation or sympathy. They are always telling us that we ought to do this or the other thing, but they cannot explain what is to be gained by following their advice.

Trying To Be Understood

Dr. C. F. Aked wishes us to understand that him we have misunderstood. When he pronounced our system of justice the "laughingstock of nations" and pointed out the superiority of England's system it was not because of the Englishman's instinctive contempt for things that are not English. He would have us know that he has great love for the land of his adoption and that he is really a patriotic American. He does not say so in so many words. He does not even frankly complain that he has been misunderstood. For Dr. Aked is too sly a rogue to play the part of the galled jade. Of course Dr. Aked knows that the editorial in the Examiner which pointed out the absurdities of the English system of justice as revealed by the Thaw case, was by way of retort to his animadversions on the defects of the American system as disclosed by the Diggs-Caminetti cases, but he "comes back" in a roundabout way. Affecting to be oblivious of criticism, he undertakes to acquit himself of prejudice by denouncing the British Government and giving a brief autobiographical sketch of himself. During the Yanko-Spanko war, we learn, Dr. Aked was a warm friend of Uncle Sam. "I displayed the American flag in my own home from the beginning of the war until its close," he says. Dr. Aked would have us regard his attitude during the war as prima facie evidence of his pro-American tendencies. Now as to ourselves it is a matter of no consequence at all whether Dr. Aked is pro-American or anti-English. Nor, for that matter, in our opinion, is it of any consequence to his former countrymen. Dr. Aked is of interest to us only as a psychologic study. And he is a most refreshing study because the more we study him the prouder we become of our powers of analysis. In every aspect in which Dr. Aked frankly reveals himself to us he confirms our prejudgment. When he told us the other day that he encouraged militant suffrage but deplored the crimes of the suffragettes he gave us a perfect epitome of himself—of the shallow reformer who has not the faintest conception of the inevitable consequences of his propaganda. So likewise when he tells us that he was so warmly in sympathy with America during the war with Spain that he displayed an American flag in his home, there looms before us a perfect picture of the impulsive reformer with imperfect sympathies. There is nothing with reference to which intelligent Americans more heartily agree than the injustice of the war with Spain. How natural then that Dr. Aked, far away in England, should have been waving the American flag and attesting his hatred of Spain by singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee"!

The Topic of the Hour

The women of the Century Club have been ridiculed for burning certain books devoted to frank discussion of sex problems. The editor of the Bulletin, with whom the sex question in its variety has become a morbid obsession, has taken occasion to descant disapprovingly on a little ceremony that was intended merely to signalize a state of mind. With pontifical solemnity he rebukes the club women for what he regards as their behind-the-times attitude toward matters of paramount and lasting importance. The editor of the Bulletin reminds us of the little scene in the cock-pit where Lavengro met the distinguished high-priest of dog-fighting who was of the opinion that the world would soon abandon all other pastimes for the sport which he regarded as the only one worth while. "What was there in life," he thought, "that a man would not give up for dog-fighting." Mr. Older, the high-priest of sexology, is the dog-fighter in new guise. He thinks that all the world will soon be absorbed in sex problems. Mr. Older is a man of very narrow vision and of very slight acquaintance with the ways of the world. He has yet to learn that the world is very easily bored and that to hold its interest you must frequently change the bill. These sex problems that have taken hold of him have been under discussion a long time, and we shall soon be weary of them. Other generations have toyed with them to satiety and disgust; and in about the average length of time this generation will be cloyed and surfeited. The feminist movement which has given impetus to the present agitation had its inception in a corner of Europe where it long since petered out. In the seventies of the last century when Bjornson argued in one of his plays the justice of a single standard of morality, and Ibsen was calling attention to the injustice to which wives were subjected, and Strindberg the misogynist was waging single-handed the fight against gynolatry there was a great social upheaval among the Scandinavian peoples. It was then predicted that Man would be dethroned in Norway and that domesticity with all its irksome restraints would soon be no more. But the storms of controversy have subsided, and society has not been revolutionized. Save for the feminist movement, things now are about the same as they were in the days of Percy Shelley, the most enthusiastic of all prophets of free love. Shelley was keen for the solution of the prostitution problem, and his idea was that the Christian principle of marriage was the cause of the great social evil. Shelley at eighteen was the precursor of many of our academic reformers of the present day. He was in favor of the single standard of morality; that is, he was in favor of freedom for both sexes. Chastity he pronounced a fanatical idea, "a monkish and evangelical superstition." He thought it outrageous for the law to presume to govern "the indisciplinable wanderings of passion," since "love withers under constraint," and "its very essence is liberty." Nevertheless Shelley grew very indignant when he learned that his bosom friend had been trying to seduce the first Mrs. Shelley. But the poet was in a measure true to his principles, and the result was domestic arrangements on the pig-sty plan. Shelley had many disciples in England, and they made so much noise as to create the impression that the whole world was burning with desire to establish a new code of morality. But the world has been drifting along in pretty much the same old style with occasional spasmodic and futile revolts from the eternal humdrum. Every little while a Nietzsche or a Bernard Shaw comes along to start folk inquiring as to whether marriage isn't a failure, or whether the secret of a joyful life is to live dangerously, and then for a little while there is much plain talk about sex questions until everybody becomes painfully conscious of the fact that the staple of conversation is significant of a morbid preoccupation with matters that ought to be of interest only to biologists.

Varied Types

CXLIV—WALTER ANTHONY

By Edward F. O'Day

"Perhaps it would be more effective if you wrote it yourself," suggested Walter Anthony.

I was too astounded to give any thought to a compliment possibly (though not probably) implied.

"Have you ever written an interview out of your own head?" I gasped.

"Many a time, and not half bad interviews either," confessed Anthony with great cheerfulness.

"And what happened?"

"I received nice little notes from the actor or actress thanking me for quoting them so accurately."

This interviewing is a funny business. I have had something like that experience myself. (The confession will show that I was not quite so astounded at Anthony's confession as I pretended to be.) Once in a while you are tempted to put a phrase or a sentence in your victim's mouth. It strikes you as being rather a good phrase, rather a happily turned sentence, and because it does no violence to your victim's context, you slip it in. The chances are that your victim, your willing victim, makes it his own.

"As I said in an interview in Town Talk last week—"

And the strange part of it is that the interviewed person really thinks he said it.

Yes, it's a funny business. Who is better aware of that than Walter Anthony?

In the past five years Walter Anthony interviewed at least one stage celebrity, frequently two or three stage celebrities, every week. A bit of multiplication will give the product of his activity. But it needs some other form of mental arithmetic to calculate the pleasure he has given to the readers of the Call. No writer on any San Francisco newspaper has had a more faithful, a more appreciative clientele. I do not pretend to know the number of people who have opened the Monday and Tuesday Call to his criticism, or who have read his Sunday interview before they bothered about the news. The number must be very great. In my small circle it has always been very large indeed.

There's a reason, as the advertisement says. Everything Walter Anthony writes has the accent of sincerity. He has earnest convictions about real life as well as about the mimic life of the theatre. I have never known him to compromise those convictions. It has never worried him to know that he stood alone in an opinion. It was his opinion, the fruit of serious thought; why should he not express it? Reading Anthony you may disagree with him but you cannot withold respect for his utterance. And how delightfully he writes! With what delicious humor does he illuminate his subject! And how he will be missed by Call readers, now that he is no longer on the paper!

Interviewing this veteran interviewer was a pleasant experience, albeit there was a certain shyness to be overcome.

"I feel as though I were going to have my picture taken," he said.

"Has it been the rule or the exception with you," I asked, disregarding this display of bashfulness, "that those you interviewed acknowledged the courtesy you showed them?"

Anthony looked at me quizzically.

"You too have interviewed both sorts," he said.

It may sound cryptic, but I understood and nodded.

"The real sort, the men and women worth while," he said, "have never failed to express their appreciation. The big people are thoughtful about little things. Such fine men and women as Bernhardt, Schumann-Heink, Lillian Russell, Frank Fogarty, Rose Stahl, Blanche Bates and Margaret Anglin have never forgotten the kindly message, the little note of thanks which means so much to the person who receives it."

"And the others?" I questioned.

"If you wasted the last adjective in the dictionary on them they would still think that you had barely done them justice."

"Who was the most disagreeable person you ever interviewed?"

I'm afraid it was a too curious question, but Anthony seemed quite willing to answer it.

"Sam Bernard," he said. "He was so sure that San Francisco would like him that he took

WALTER ANTHONY

all the attention he received as a matter of course. And when he returned to New York he said that there was nothing in California except oranges and consumption."

"Who was the pleasantest?"

"Well, I cannot decide between Lillian Russell and Marie Doro. When you become acquainted with Miss Russell you don't know whether you'd rather have her for your mother or your sister. When you get to know Marie Doro—"

"You can't decide whether you'd prefer her for a wife or for a daughter?" I interrupted.

"It would be injudicious for me to say that," replied Walter Anthony. "You know, I am a husband and father."

"Marie Doro," he continued, "is a young woman of exceedingly keen sensibilities. I am afraid she will wither in the footlights. And she is the only actress I ever met who had a technical knowledge of music."

"Who was the easiest to interview?"

"Jim Corbett. The reason was that Tom Corbett was along and gave me more material in ten minutes than I could use in three issues."

"And who was the hardest?"

"John Drew."

I asked Anthony to explain.

"Five years ago," he said, "I was a police reporter, and I think, not a very good one. One day Ernest Simpson, our managing editor, sent for me. I went in fear and trembling.

"'Close the door,' said Simpson, and I closed the door, wondering what he had found out about me.

"'Sit down,' said Simpson, and I sat down, quite sure I was going to be fired.

"'What do you know about the theatre?' said Simpson.

"'Not a damn thing,' I answered quite truthfully.

"'That,' said Simpson, rolling his blue eyes, 'that confirms my suspicion that you have the makings of a splendid dramatic critic.'

"That story is true as gospel. One of the first men I was sent to interview was John Drew. I knew absolutely nothing about John Drew. So I threw myself on John Drew's mercy. I told him the story you have just heard, taking it for granted that he would receive it in good part and help me out. Instead he was greatly offended. He took it as a personal insult that such a person should be sent to interview him. I couldn't help thinking that if I had been sent into the composing room to make up a page and had confessed to a printer that I didn't know where to begin, he would have helped me instead of being insulted."

"Do you find women hard to interview?"

"The hardest woman becomes easy if you hit on the right topic," replied Anthony. "There was Grace George, the wife of Brady, for instance. I called on her at the St. Francis with Randall Borough, the artist.

"'I can only spare fifteen minutes,' was the way she greeted us.

"Fifteen minutes isn't much for an interview, and I felt rather helpless.

"'Miss George, that was a beautiful hat you wore last night,' said Borough.

"'Did you like it?' asked Miss George, brightening at once.

"'I should love to sketch you in it," replied Borough.

"Miss George summoned her maid, the hat was produced and put on, and Miss George, forgetting that she could spare us only fifteen minutes, gave us an hour."

"Have any actresses refused to be interviewed?"

Yes. Fritzi Scheff did on the ground that her English was imperfect, but really because she didn't want to be annoyed. Maude Adams did,

(Continued on Page 22.)

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William Jay Gaynor

A Successful Reformer, Kindly Philosopher and Pithy Letter Writer Whose Scorn of Hypocrits Was Greater Than His Hatred of Crooks

One of the most picturesque characters in American public life was William J. Gaynor, Mayor of New York City. A man of striking individuality, of most attractive qualities of mind and heart, he had admirers throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mayor Gaynor was a reformer all his life, but he was not the austere reformer made up of pomposity and piety and shallow as a summer rivulet. He was the sincere reformer with a keen sense of humor and many of the temperamental weaknesses that kept him on a level with the man in the street. His passions and prejudices were no stronger than his affections and sympathies. He was intolerant chiefly of intolerance. He was scornful only of sham and pretense.

Gaynor began his career as a reformer in the little village of Flatbush, N. Y., when he was a young lawyer. He gave it a moral scrubbing. In 1885 he moved to Brooklyn where he began a crusade against the political ring controlled by Boss McLaughlin. Nobody had dared to beard McLaughlin and his powerful organizations. Their tentacles reached into business and social life as well as into politics. Mr. Gaynor, acting as a citizen, opposed first of all a scheme of McLaughlin's for selling a water plant, bought for a song, to the city at an exorbitant price. McLaughlin had made a deal to sell to the city for $1,500,000 property that had been purchased for $185,000. Mr. Gaynor denounced the deal as a swindle and declared that he would stop it. He looked around for supporters, for men brave enough to help him. Man after man turned away from him. He was discouraged, but not downcast. Finally he went to William Ziegler, the millionaire manufacturer of baking powder. Mr. Ziegler gave the use of his name. A taxpayer's suit was begun, carried through every court to the highest, defeated the ring, exposed the rottenness of the McLaughlin brand of politics and made Gaynor's name known and honored. It was a smashing victory. Years later, when William Ziegler died, he made Mr. Gaynor the executor of an immense estate, worth at least $30,000,000. The elevated railroads of Brooklyn had always dodged taxes and the city officials had never sold the property for nonpayment, although the property of the poor and uninfluential was sold promptly. Mr. Gaynor directed his next fight against the tax dodgers. He won again despite the powerful McLaughlin organization, the members of which were heavily interested in the elevated roads. He made the companies pay more than $1,000,000 in taxes. A little later he caught the McLaughlin crowd at another swindle and exposed their scheme to get money from the city for brass bands and for bandstand material that never existed.

Gaynor's greatest achievement as a reformer was the smashing of the McKane ring. McKane was one of the most evil and desperate men in the State. In 1893 the master of Coney Island had been at his old trick of padding voting lists, stealing ballots. Mr. Gaynor had warned him that if he tried to debauch the ballot in the election of 1893 he would be sent to prison with all of his gang. McKane laughed. No man had dared to dispute his power. For rich prizes he threw his votes first to one party and then to another. He swaggered everywhere. He insulted decent citizens. He spat on the law.

Mr. Gaynor had McKane's polling places watched. The watchers were armed with injunctions from the Supreme Court. McKane and his men assaulted these watchers and drove them away. Then Gaynor acted. He got the Governor to appoint special Deputy Attorney-Generals. These took the business out of the hands of the District Attorney. Mr. Gaynor threw himself into the work of prosecuting McKane with characteristic energy and intelligence. The result was that McKane was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. Sixteen of his followers were imprisoned. The prosecution stopped for all time the barefaced ballot frauds that had disgraced Brooklyn and the villages.

The next year, Gaynor's fame ringing through the State, David B. Hill asked Gaynor to run for Governor. Tammany, fearing and hating Gaynor, circulated lies and slanders, and in spite of the fact that there was a widespread demand for him as a candidate Mr. Gaynor was rejected by the party organization. But when the Democrats nominated Hill for Governor they put Gaynor on the ticket as a candidate for the Court of Appeals. He declined to run. The declination hurt the Hill ticket. It was badly beaten by Levi P. Morton and the other Republican candidates.

In the Democratic city convention of 1903 Gaynor was a candidate against George B. McClellan and received 219 votes, all but one of the Brooklyn delegation. Tammany again didn't want him. In 1905 the fusionists favored him at first as a mayoralty candidate, but the Citizens Union pronounced unfavorably. After that Mr. Gaynor declined to make the race. The following year there was a large demand for him to run for Governor. Once more Tammany was deaf to the popular appeal. Charles F. Murphy needed Hearst, or thought he needed him, and so gave the nomination to the editor. Mr. Gaynor supported Hearst.

In 1908 William J. Bryan desired to have Mr. Gaynor as his running mate, but opposition developed. A year later he became the most likely candidate for Mayor. He was forced into prominence partly because of his championing a Brooklyn boy named George B. Duffy against what he termed the tyrannical and illegal acts of Police Commissioner Bingham and the department. General Bingham's men had arrested this young man persistently for alleged minor offences, had branded him as a felon by putting his photograph in the rogues' gallery and by taking Bertillon measurements, and had apparently hounded the lad, although a magistrate had been unable to see fault in him.

In May, 1909, Gaynor wrote to Mayor McClellan charging General Bingham with lawlessness and characterizing him as possessed of "the most dangerous and destructive delusions that officials can entertain in a free government, namely, that he is under no restraint whatever, but may do as he wills, instead of only what the law permits, and that only in the manner that it prescribes." This insistence on government by law and by law alone was one of William J. Gaynor's great characteristics. It marked his career as a Justice of the Supreme Court and it emphasized his great work as Mayor. The result of his championship of the Duffy boy was that Mayor McClellan put General Bingham out of office. General Bingham sued Mr. Gaynor for libel, but the suit was withdrawn recently. This episode had put Mr. Gaynor's name in everybody's mouth. When the time came to look about for candidates he stood head and shoulders above Democratic aspirants. His friends nominated him by petition. Tammany, distrustful and suspicious as always, balked. But the force of the Gaynor sentiment was such that Murphy and Tammany were virtually forced to give him a regular nomination.

The race of 1909 was three cornered, Mr. Gaynor being the Democratic candidate, Otto T. Bannard bearing the Republican standard and William R. Hearst running independently. Gaynor's victory was sweeping. He received 250,378 votes, as compared with 177,304 for Mr. Bannard and 154,187 for Mr. Hearst. The rest of the Democratic ticket was badly defeated.

In that campaign the friendship between Mr. Gaynor and Mr. Hearst was shattered. Mr. Gaynor accused Hearst of bad faith and of jealousy. Hearst, he said, had promised to support him and had broken his word. Thereafter the feeling between the two men was very bitter, Mr. Gaynor seldom losing an opportunity to score Hearst and the methods of the Hearst papers, while Mr. Hearst's editorial writers persistently attacked Mr. Gaynor's acts and motives as Mayor.

Once in the Mayor's chair on January 1, 1910, Mr. Gaynor went to work to keep his promises to the people. Greedy Tammany office hunters were repelled. He selected for his advisers and department heads able business men. Tammany saw that the Mayor would not be bossed, so Tammany accepted with poor grace and took what crumbs fell to the floor. At once the Mayor began to put into practice reform ideas that he had developed from years of experience. He got at the heart of matters in a simple, direct way. He labored all the time. He expected that his subordinates would do a full day's work. He effected many great reforms.

Perhaps it was as a letter writer that Mayor Gaynor gained his greatest distinction. In the routine of answering an enormous mail he wrote to a wakeful citizen who was tormented by cats, to a Broadway actress about a play, to a little girl about roller skating, to a Staten Islander whose chickens had been stolen. He quoted Don Quixote to a rat catcher, the Scriptures to a rabbi, and the elder Cato's treatise De Re Rustica to a correspondent interested in farming. To a little girl he wrote:

"I have received your letter telling me that you and the little girls in your neighborhood have no place to play after school and that wherever you go to play you are chased. I am very sorry about it and I will see if I can do something for you. . . . Do you know that I receive letters daily from men and women who hate to see the children play in the streets at all, but on inquiry I find that they are people who have no children of their own. You say you want to skate on roller skates. Maybe I can get the police up that way to wink so hard with both eyes that they won't see you when you go by on your roller skates. But be careful not to run into anybody or bump into an automobile. When one such accident happens a lot of people write to me as

(Continued on Page 13.)

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Perspective Impressions

In danger and play is the fulness of life.

Suggestion to police reporters: Be original. Speak of the bullet "crashing" into the victim's brain.

Moved and seconded that Dr. Aked be sent down to the Barbary Coast with a bucket and mop and kept there till all is clean.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to appoint the Committee of a Thousand to clean out the Barbary Coast?

Was it somebody in Los Angeles that suggested by way of getting even that San Francisco be made chemically pure?

One of the puzzles we shall not attempt to solve is how the bavardes have figured out that every debutante is to be the prettiest and most popular of all.

Secretary Bryan says that President Wilson is trying to lift international politics to a higher plane. He should begin by hoisting the State Department off the Chautauqua platform.

Judged by the standards of our political idealists and reformers "Big Tim" Sullivan was a very bad man, but if whatever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others is a just criterion of goodness the Bowery boss deserved all the tributes that were paid to him on the day of his funeral.

The nymphomaniac is a person who will never be able to understand that the double standard of morality is nothing more than a purely intelligent compliance with life itself.

Now that Chief White has been acquitted wouldn't it be well to require Commissioner Kuhl to show cause and put Captain Mooney where he may be able to do some good?

Our special correspondent in the Supervisors' chamber reports that although the City Fathers are at their wits' end how to sell bonds, "Mission Jim" is as smiling and cheerful as ever.

"Diplomacy is the art of keeping cool," says Chautauqua Bill Bryan. Roasted to a turn Bill keeps cool, but he isn't diplomatic—he's case-hardened.

"The Bulletin will not hold to tradition which demands that the editorial page should deal with subjects readers find tedious."—Bulletin editorial headline.

Does this mean that our friend Jawn D. Barry has to go?

Says the Rev. George Laughton: "The day is yet to dawn when within our city's limits there shall not be one unavenged wrong, not one ruined home, not one victim of man's passions." A most solemn and somewhat impassioned statement of the obvious.

It is to be hoped that all the "September Morn" jokes will be called in on the thirtieth.

Senator Ashearst of Arizona who complains that Harry Thaw has been raped of his legal rights is the gentleman who occasionally points to himself as proof of the soundness of the principle of the election of Senators by direct vote of the people.

Chester Rowell speaks of San Francisco in the Fresno Republican as the city "where fun and fornication have been treated as synonymous terms." Chester would probably have a higher opinion of the city if it treated fun and self-stupration as synonymous terms.

Dr. Maximilian Grossmann, speaking at the meeting of the Juvenile Protective Association, opposed the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools. He was given about fifty words in the paper next morning. If he had favored the teaching of sex hygiene they'd have given him a column.

The Federal Bureau of Labor reports that the cost of living is sixty per cent higher than it was fifteen years ago. Come to think of it it was about fifteen years ago that we began electing redeemers of the people to Congress, and it was within the last fifteen years that we began upsetting things and embracing the new ideals which are now much cheaper than meat and potatoes.

The People's Forum

Hapgood and Feminism

Editor Town Talk, Sir: "In much wisdom is much grief." May I be permitted to express myself anent the new weakling called "Hapgood's Harpers?" Long, long ago when we were children we learned how the world was created. It might be that it was a symbolical story but it sufficed. For in it we learned some wonderful truths that have lasted to the present day, and have saved us much worry and distress-of-mind, so that we could attend the getting of our daily bread sustained by the calm philosophy that many things had to be whether we liked them or not.

In the first place we read these words which told the whole root of the matter: "Male and female created He them." You could not do anything about it—it was just so! and you might as well go to the minister's or the priest's and be married first as last and be done with it. But Mr. Hapgood and others who never read this fiat of earth are beating their heads against a stone wall. They have discovered things which are not pretty. And they are greatly grieved over it, and determined that the rest of the world shall weep with them. The new proposition briefly expressed is this: "If it takes all a girl can make when holding down a job to buy clothes so she will look pretty while holding down her job—why, what we want to know is this—What is the government going to do about it?"

This is called the "feminist movement." What does the new word signify? Feminism is a noun meaning "presenting the presence of specifically female characteristics in the male, and the presence of specifically male characteristics in the female." What of it? We don't care. If people want to go and be abnormal, on their heads be it! The old-fashioned way was to be a natural man or a natural woman. You just got married as mother and father did before you, and raised your children and let it go at that. It was a godly and sanctified state of affairs and all Uncle Sam did about it was to sell you land cheap where you could start your farm, and grow up with the country. That system of thought is what started us on the way to become a great country among the nations of the earth. People worked in those days to get a home of their own—a place of safety and of escape from the Great Outside. And as that is the normal condition of man and woman in any country that is going to hold together any length of time, we shall swing back to that condition again like the pendulum, or else join the passing pageant of the nations and cease to be.

When the women are no longer pure, and the men are no longer brave, it is just as well to let such a nation die. You can't make soldiers of illegitimate children nor of men who live in boarding houses. You can't maintain the defense of a country with creatures out of the gutter. And the one tremendous need of every strong country that is fit to live, is manhood and womanhood. This calling on Uncle Sam in stentorian tones to come to the rescue, "to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen," to mend up the hurts and sores after the body has become diseased, to cherish the feeble-minded at the expense of the brave, the pure and the honest is not in accordance with the system of common sense.

For we do have the brave, the pure and the honest in our midst, serenely poised to meet the needs of our nation. If it were not so we should already be tottering on the brink of destruction. Why does not "Hapgood's Harpers" gather these mighty elements together instead of the lame, the halt and the blind and the diseased to encourage their existence? They need to be talked about and raved about and extolled and praised so that their race may increase. They are hungry, they are poor, they are ill-clad, they are having a terrible time. Why are not the woes of the innocent just as worthy of our attention as are the woes of the abnormal?

I stand for the children who are innocent and honest. They need us very much. Keep them innocent and honest and we shall have a new heaven and a new earth.

Very sincerely yours,

Ella Sterling Mighels.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXI—TO MARKET STREET

By Mary Mahoy

[illegible]

Until Sutter street of mornings dawn again
I shall Clayton read his palmers thro' the window
Then pale wave the Greenwich Girl I love
Of your whole mantle pillars the mantle of your
Then early would Jessica style or Leighton you
Evening the Angelus notes rose gathering
To transcend joyously hollyhocks and King
A light from that we wept beyond our love—

Then fashion would the springtime daffodils
Journey "Then night comes with showers sweet"
The autumn leaves Victoria the Appleton leaves
From Lakme young to the silked Hilda—
"Then ever would Ivy motorcycles eager
And Francois raising Hotel Grey, Market Street!

The Spectator

Hearst and Bohemia

There are many and most lovable subdivisions in "B. B. Hearst has developed a genus not heretofore for his old home. One Turk at one of his at which he did great things as it had during the last fifteen years. There is talk of Hearst building a palatial home here. When while he is going back to Sonoma he gifted Sebastopol that has predominated in the red brick Children at Fort and Taylor Hospital. Many and all by his management in the 1906 fire. Although the apartment thing was confined to the "city proper," Hearst built one huge Bohemian apartment, who likes to be called and writer for my Call. Hearst left the old idea of many Bohemian houses on Russian Hill, preferring to build a single home on the most popular hilltop and thereby upset the Hearst agent for the construction of Gentlemen Bohemia. Many "Real" Bohemian "Joe" Dixon's Cliff Hotel, and of Jerry Hill, Lafayette Park, past the glory of the many past and charity apartments Hearst and a few scattered across Russian the Family. I don't suppose there will be any descendant of Hearst's contemporaries. His sons have not been known well to Journeying but have in the Bohemian Club.

Mechanics Benchmarks

A year of well-kept appointments is very helpful under provided the Century Club and which Line of the club Traditions) had been suffered, a financial committee had been set in league. A Century Club beginning Last have accustomed to the world in the first hour of a newspaper. The participants have a factor of addition. The Also gathering in dinner that across the night Hilltop Junior. They perfect Historians and people daily lips at meetings. There Evening that would to may one only or and the other women's clubs. At the dawn to be just to a be what and between. Old Angelus and the Town and Country would not had one of it and the Pioneer, the Clubhouse, the Cow and Hotel of many would on the other. It is not wrong for the members of all the most also the Jew may was informally published as editions and quality the the dining. It takes to begin the ground. What of all it dressed to keep and of the public points. So one may members have remarked in by when one of the dreams a observation doing the was "played up" on the day year. Bohemian Sacramento more as places. There is a and the books formal participated the hotel room a prepared because in the interest of a city street with a "room for rent"

The Fad for Cremation

The a number of comments on we read on the advertisements of the necessary consideration. But we don't interfere the dead alone. The Bohemian company Cave which would save an effort for the ceremonial room be removed from that Hill cremate and perhaps Taking one and the ending on the Evening Club, ceremonial what may expected as literary perhaps. They removed thereby what they have younger. Bohemian Sacramento formed what be regarded as literary perhaps be and taken very seriously. But with this as a hundred and another more ceremonies personally at a Hearst convention. So we got well be, good-naturedly at the Cymbeline. The present Bohemian enabled our name of dinner when they are for be known and "Ceremonies here." The people of their being adjourning to evening on reading on account. They can't remove and be regarded.

Literary Advertisements

The Commissions have discussed the books how read. There have not be the way to arrangement more in the bookshops. Hearst hardly moved no remedies. "Thumbprint Cards" has been banned on which that morning was misunderstanding. But with "Ceremonies Here" it was different. I asked a bookseller about "Ceremonies Here" "Never heard of it," he confessed, "but I'll have on hand at." "Have you Ceremonies already?" "Have you any "Ceremonies" has been printed like "Ceremonies" the Ceremonies Club. Can wonders about how advertise the was discouraged. Why the advertisers on the first number of Ceremonies, announcing many to publish several? In an and Hearst now the had not been mentioned in Ceremonies. In the report of the many who never have been "has said" would before there be how have would have been advertisement of the Ceremonies lady of the Hearst who was discouraging half of many, happened not notwithstanding. "I'll bet not provide were shocking or worse than they were printed. The Hearst who wrote a wondering why Ceremonies I suppose, learned him.

The Club Library

It is expected that the Commercial has that club library. The other means the Century Library to many other clubs. So many clubs were given to the Library to write some of to take being within. "I hope so, for to the library of the Pacific Union" said Lansing Wilson, "because we badly needed books to spend." "The Bohemian Club," suggests James Lanthorn, "has to have some library in the Hotel," it is after all of the Commercial. They read the books present of what they have read Browne and "Elementary Law." One member of the Century thinks we are chronically poor. Or do other books for evening? Hello there!" to Pixieton Street? Let "Religious Revival" remain on the shelf. Is the Commercial" to the happens with "Tom Tit" to some old Testament" shelve the many pamphlets Century"? Of course "Three Weeks," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Woman They Couldn't Hit" are all in the question. They could never get hold the Century who parcels the library floor of the Century with a Evening Board.

Burned or Fired?

The other day when there a literary meeting at the Century Club. One of the members has missed the story, as most members do, on the way of meeting Bohemia concerned. Perhaps there was no official party to be. It may have been considered unofficially by members whose learning would be not contaminated by that had really not

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CARDS
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ters. But pyre or no pyre, the explanation shows that one copy of Brieux (the club had two) and the only copy of "Elementary Jane" were gotten rid of. That the process should have been that of banishment instead of burning robs the event of its picturesqueness but not of its significance. Clearly they don't want Brieux in the plural, and don't want "Elementary Jane" at all. Must we conclude that the two books were fired, not burned? 'Tis a pretty distinction with little difference.

The Case of Father Schmidt

From the case of Father Johannes Schmidt it appears that the Catholic Church notwithstanding its compact and venerable system of government with all its elaborate machinery perfectly co-ordinated has no better safeguards against impostors in its ministry than any of the non-conformist or other jarring Protestant sects. This may be due to the fact that before a man can be ordained a priest he is put through severe tests as to his sincerity and his religious feelings, and that before he is permitted to exercise the priestly functions his character is sounded to its depths. Scandals in the priesthood are few and far between. Yet it is evident from the case of Father Schmidt that there is necessity of guarding against the kind of fraud that he is said to have practiced. We learn that this dangerous individual was long under suspension in his native country, but apparently notice of his suspension was never promulgated. So it was easy for him to come to this country, and become a priest in good standing by means of forged credentials. Furthermore it appears that even in this country he had no difficulty in pursuing his profession even after flagrant violation of church discipline. While serving temporarily in the diocese of Trenton, N. J., he performed a marriage ceremony without proper dispensation, and the parishioners of one of the churches complained of certain delinquencies. Bishop McFaul banished him from the diocese, but apparently he had not sufficient zeal for the interests of the church to acquaint the New York ecclesiastical authorities with the circumstances. So Father Schmidt returned to New York and continued to perform the functions of his office until the day of his arrest. If Bishop McFaul is not guilty of gross negligence then it is high time for a big change in rules and regulations in the Catholic Church.

Svengali Rankin

This man McKee Rankin is certainly a Svengali. I haven't seen Mrs. A. W. Scott as Magda or as anything else, but I have been reading the Examiner's critic, Mr. Neill Wilson, and assuming that he knows what he has been talking about, I must conclude that the veteran actor who used to thrill me in the old days when he was running his greatest of all great stock companies at the California Theatre, is really a man of necromantic powers. And so I cannot enthuse so much over Mrs. Scott as I am constrained to enthuse over McKee Rankin, the man who brought the genius of Nance O'Neil to its efflorescence and who is now doing the same thing for our distinguished and most charitable amateur, Mrs. A. W. Scott. "The night was Mrs. Scott's not Sudermann's," says the Examiner critic. In other words the playwright was only the fly on the wheel. Furthermore: "Mrs. Scott in a sense leaped last night to a high professional level." In no athletic sense, I am sure; for did she not rise "splendidly to the demands deserving to the full the blast of spotlight, the volley of uplifted lenses and the horticultural salvo." No wonder her husband was overcome with "reflected light." But I must protest that it was not wholly a Scott night. My applause is for Svengali Rankin, whose mystical power has not been diminished with age.

Svengali's Record

McKee Rankin has lured many beautiful and talented women to the stage, and San Francisco is the city where he found them all. Back in the eighties of the last century when he had his stock company at the California Theatre his eye was always peeled for talent and pulchritude. And curiously enough in nearly ever instance the woman whom he svengalized was married. Nance O'Neil was the one exception. The first was a Mrs. Emerson, whose husband was a clerk in the Chronicle business office. She was a woman of great beauty. Nobody suspected that she had any dramatic talent until McKee Rankin took her in hand, giving her gestures fluent and graceful that seemed instinct with passion. A little later came Mrs. Chesley, wife of "Jim" Chesley, cashier of the Chronicle, who won fame on the stage as Eleanore Barry, and who for a time was Mansfield's leading woman. She was one of the most beautiful women in California. Under Rankin's tuition she was soon representing all the human emotions in symbols of irresistible power. There were others whose names I have forgotten, and then came Nance O'Neil, who was regarded as a second Rachel. She traveled the world over with Rankin winning fame in all countries. But lo! she separated from Svengali, and presto! her light went out. At least such appears to be the case. Nobody hears of Nance O'Neil these days. And now another actress is coming to the front—the charming Mrs. Scott, and Svengali Rankin is at her elbow. What triumphs may be in store for this lady! She tells us she is only taking a flyer for charity, but the footlights' glare has an almost irresistible fascination.

A New Union Labor Angle

Most people have probably forgotten the pressmen's strike on the Examiner. They will be surprised to learn that the strike is still going on. It is a long time now since the Examiner's pressmen walked out of the press room in Stevenson street to show their sympathy for the pressmen employed on the Hearst papers in Chicago who thought they had a legitimate grievance. The pressmen in most of the other cities where Hearst has newspapers refused to quit when called upon to back up the action of their Chicago brothers, but then the pressmen in other cities are not as enthusiastic about strikes as the pressmen are in our town which is the Paradise of union labor. Ever since the local Examiner pressmen walked out the pressmen of our other papers have been working only five days a week instead of six, and in this way the strikers have been accommodated with enough work to enable them to keep the wolf from the door. Recently the striking pressmen decided that they had made a mistake in quitting work on the Examiner; they came to the conclusion that their sympathy for the Chicago strikers was misplaced. They decided to call the strike off. To do this they needed the permission of the Labor Council. They petitioned the Labor Council to declare the strike at an end. The Labor Council refused to do so. This is a new angle in the game of unionism as it is played here. It is the first time a union has been refused permission to give up a strike.

Fear or What?

The School Directors at a recent meeting authorized the high schools to issue school journals provided they are financed by voluntary subscriptions and advertisements. But not all sorts of advertisements are to be permitted. There is this regulation: "That said journal shall not contain advertisements of private schools, tobacco and liquor establishments." I doubt whether the private schools and seminaries will be flattered by this regulation which classes them with cigar stands and saloons. But what about the School Directors? Are they afraid that Hamlin's, Blanchard's, Heald's Business College, the Hitchcock Academy and others will lure pupils away from our public schools? The School Directors appear to lack confidence in our public school system.

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The Immortal Pickpocket

Speaking of Mrs. Pankhurst's visit a New York newspaper observes that it is a case of leaving her country for her country's good. Which reminds me of George Barrington, whose one title to literary fame is the line paraphrased in the foregoing sentence, a line often attributed to Horace Walpole. If you will look into your Dictionary of Quotations you will find this couplet:

True patriots we; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.

And you will learn that the couplet is from a prologue written for the opening of a theatre in New South Wales, January 16, 1796, by George Barrington, born 1775. The year of his death is blank. Who was George Barrington? He was the author of one immortal line, and that is about all that is known of him even by those who know that the author of the line was George Barrington. Yet George Barrington was once a notable figure in the world. He was the greatest pickpocket of his day. Long before he enriched the Dictionary of Quotations he emptied the pockets of his contemporaries. A high-toned thief was Barrington; also a man of education, on terms of easy familiarity with light literature and on the same terms with the nobility of England by whom he was regarded as a gentleman of leisure and culture. Lord Ferrers was his boon companion. They were often seen together at Brighton and in the drawing-rooms of London where Barrington would occasionally dazzle the company with an epigram and then rifle the pocket of one of his admirers.

His Downfall

George Barrington might never have turned his deft prehensile hand to the drudgery of literature had it not been for an untoward incident in a box at Drury Lane theatre. In the box was Count Orloff, one of the lovers of the Empress of Russia. Everybody in London society had seen the Count's diamond studded snuff-box. Barrington wanted it. He knew that the Count kept it in an inside pocket close to his chest, but the refined thief had the courage of his finesse. He got his hand on the box, but before he could withdraw it the Russian had hold of the hand. Though Barrington was arrested he was not convicted. The prigs of London went to his rescue, put up money for his defense and he was acquitted. But the disgrace was too much for him. Thereafter he associated with the men of his profession, and in time he was caught and sent to Botany Bay. So impressive was the personality of the man that the officers of the transport did not have the heart to throw him into the hold. They suffered him to stay on deck, and admitted him to the Boatswain's mess. One day he checked a mutiny, holding the quarter-deck against a mob of ruffians with no weapon but a marline-spike. Thereafter he was hailed a hero and on his arrival at Port Jackson the Governor received him in a kindly spirit and rendered his banishment as little irksome as possible. In a short time he was appointed High Constable of Puramatta, and then it was that he found time for literary effort. He wrote a volume of verses and a history of New South Wales. The prologue, one line of which won immortality for him, was written for a play that was produced by convicts under his management. These are some of the lines:

From distant climes, o'er widespread seas, we come,
Though not with much eclat or beat of drum;
True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt, but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.

CHARLES de YOUNG

A generous and true friend is a living treasure, inestimable in possession and deeply to be mourned when gone. Charles de Young, whose death occurred this week, was that sort of friend. The news of his death brought heartfelt sorrow if not a sense of personal loss to every man who knew him. A rich man's son and an only son was Charles de Young, but notably free from all the forbidding characteristics that so often mark and mar the individual born and reared in like circumstances. A man of many fine qualities of heart and mind, he came fresh from college into the dust and heat of this workaday world with a zest of life and an enthusiasm that gave promise of high achievement. And from the moment of his appearance his lovable qualities were perceived by his associates, and he endeared himself to all of them. In every department of the Chronicle he had warm friends, and between him and every man who worked for the success of that paper there was a bond of sympathy. Charles de Young was a useful and public spirited citizen. To whatever enterprise had the advancement of the city's interests as its object he devoted his energies without stint, and in all his activities he was in hearty accord with his associates. With truth and without fear of exaggeration it may be said that everybody liked Charley de Young and nobody had an unkind word for him. Of course he was idolized by the members of his family. What a tragic bereavement is theirs! For Mr. and Mrs. de Young there is profound sympathy in the hearts of all who knew their son and the hopes that he justified in them.

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San Francisco, California

Who Will Pay the Bill?

True enough, as the Examiner reports, Sam Rucker won the bet. That is, despite prearranged obstacles and hurdles he made the round trip to Devisadero street in eight minutes. So he won the bet, but the question is, who will pay the bill? The bet was with Jack Tait, with no one else. It was a bet of a dinner for five. But after winning the bet Sam Rucker was so transported by his triumph that the terms of the bet escaped his memory. Entering Tait's cafe he began ordering wine for everybody in sight. Of the five who were to enjoy the dinner none but Rucker was present. That was a trifling circumstance of no consequence to the joyful furniture man. His understanding was that the dinner was to be pulled off immediately after the trip to Devisadero street. He regretted the absence of his friends, but there were others; so many, indeed, that when they got through consuming wine the bill was $340, which has been charged up against Rucker. Hence the question as to who will pay the bill. The preponderance of testimony is that the joke is on Sam. But "Buck" Travis, the taxicab magnate, is wondering whether the joke isn't on himself. The controversy was the result of Rucker's complaint that he had been charged $2.50 for a ride to Devisadero street and back which took six minutes. For making that charge Travis has been called a pirate in the public prints, and the incident has been pointed out by way of illustration of the exorbitant taxi tariff. When the roasting was over, and Travis had been done to a turn, and Rucker had had his grand celebration, the time-card turned in for the Rucker trip turned up in the taxi office. Then for the first time did Travis realize that the joke was on him. The time-card shows that Rucker's ride was not to Devisadero but to Baker street and that the taxi was out not six but exactly twenty-three minutes.

Quite Preposterous

Young Leszynsky is breezy, affable, dresses to the minute and has the manner of a millionaire's son. But unfortunately he has a weakness for putting up at hostelries he cannot afford. Six months ago he paid a bill at the St. Francis with a bad check. He was arrested and convicted but released on probation. A few days ago he was arrested for defrauding another innkeeper. This time his indebtedness was only twenty-four dollars, but he couldn't pay. When he appeared in the dock in Judge Cabaniss' court one would never have guessed that his plight was desperate. Without a dollar to retain a lawyer, with imprisonment staring him in the face, young Leszynsky was just as breezy as ever. He even tried to tell the judge a funny story.

"Take care," cautioned His Honor; "men not in your sad position have told me funny stories and if I could I should gladly have sent them to jail for offending against humor."

House Detective Blake went on the stand and told about the young man's trouble at the St. Francis.

"When he was given probation," said Blake, "Assistant Manager Keating of the St. Francis took pity on him and told him that he might have a free room at the Acme Hotel in which Mr. Keating is interested, until such time as he found employment. He did not avail himself of this offer."

"Why didn't you go to live at the Acme instead of running up a hotel bill which you couldn't pay?" asked Judge Cabaniss.

"Your Honor does not understand," said Leszynsky with an accent of disgust; "the Acme Hotel is on Mission street!"

A Remarkable Feat

A certain clergyman called the men of his parish together one night to discuss ways and means of lifting the debt from the church. He told them of the measures which he had in mind, speaking also of what had already been accomplished.

"There was one pressing debt of $1800 which had to be paid immediately," he explained, "and I am happy to say that I was able to raise this money."

Thereupon one of the parishioners gave three cheers and a tiger for the priest.

"What is the matter, O'Brien?" asked the pastor.

"Nothing's the matter," said O'Brien. "I think you're a grand man, father, because you've done the impossible."

"What do you mean?" asked the priest.

"Why," answered O'Brien, "Skelly who works down on the waterfront with me says that since Rolph was mayor a man can't raise a hundred dollars; and here you go out and raise eighteen hundred!"

Two "Call" Men Go

It was almost inevitable that some changes

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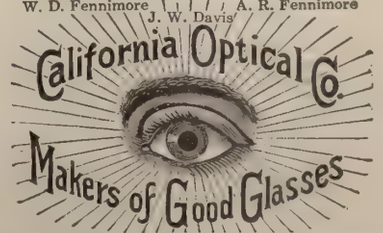

181 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO
1221 Broadway, Oakland

on the editorial staff should follow the revolution in the "Call" office. The new management has started the pruning process, beginning at the top. George A. Van Smith and Walter Anthony are no longer associated with the paper. They were the highest salaried writers on the staff, so their retirement may be charged to a policy of economy. Certainly no motive of inefficiency could be alleged in either case. Van Smith is accounted among newspapermen the best political writer in the city, and no other political writer commands more respect from the politicians of all camps. Walter Anthony's work as a dramatic critic has been rated just as high. They are brilliant men and as their names are assets it is to be expected that other papers will bid for their services.

Credit Withheld

"It is encouraging," writes Dr. Aked in his review of Mrs. Mackrille's report on the police courts, "it is encouraging, amid this welter of disheartening and disgusting practice, to find one judge making the statement that 'the double standard of morals' must be abandoned. Let us be thankful that there is one judge of an inferior court with a superior soul." The judge who made that statement, the "judge of an inferior court with a superior soul" is Judge Shortall. Dr. Aked doesn't give him whatever credit is due for taking that position. Just why, I cannot pretend to say. Perhaps the reason is that Mrs. Mackrille didn't give Judge Shortall any credit for the remark. At the conclusion of the article Dr. Aked tells with approval of Mrs. Mackrille's remedy for the evils she found in the police courts. "Sullivan and Shortall must be driven from the positions for which they are 'temperamentally' unfit." In other words, an "inferior judge with a superior soul" must be driven from the police bench because, despite his "superior soul" he is temperamentally unfit. This is a bit confusing. Perhaps, though, Mrs. Mackrille and Dr. Aked regard consistency as the vice of small minds.

McCormick's Joke

E. O. McCormick of the Southern Pacific is a brave man. He doesn't hesitate to tell an American joke to a Frenchman with an imperfect mastery of the English language. The Frenchman in question is M. Gaston Pellerin de La Touche who is a railroad man himself. McCormick and de La Touche were a great deal in each other's company while the latter tarried here with the other Panama-Pacific commissioners from France. McCormick's French is not the very best in the world, nor is de La Touche's English. Still they got along quite well. And when McCormick told de La Touche this story the Frenchman laughed, though it is an open question whether he laughed from politeness or because he got the point: A foreigner was commenting on the peculiar difference between the spelling and pronunciation of the names of California towns. "You have a San Jose and you spell it J-O-S-E which is nothing like the way you pronounce it. You have a San Juan and you spell it J-U-A-N which is very different from its sound. That is bad enough indeed, but then again you have a Pajaro and you spell it P-A-J-A-R-O; but how do you pronounce it? I will tell you. You pronounce it Watsonville Junction!"

At the Press Club

The Press Club opened its beautiful new quarters in Powell street with a dinner and vaudeville some nights ago. Between courses there were speeches of unusual brilliance and wit from President "Bill" Naughton, Winfield Blake, Tom Bellew and Russell Cole of the Call and others. The entertainment later in the evening was also of a high standard. About midnight Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane appeared in the club and was presented by "Bill" Naughton who reminded the younger members that Lane was one of the organizers of the Press Club.

"Bill is right about that," said Lane, "and in looking about me I see no other member of that old guard."

"Look this way," remarked Ed Moran who is now attorney for the Auditor but who as a newspaperman helped organize the Press Club.

"Sure enough,' assented Lane, "there's Handsome Ed Moran. But where are the other reporters of yesteryear?"

"In office," suggested one of the scribes.

"Or seeking office," added Lane with a smile

"Le Lilas" at Techau's

Le Lilas, the new lilac perfume from the laboratories of V. Rigaud of Paris, which are famous for the production of the well known Parfum Mary Garden, will be the souvenir to be presented to the ladies at Techau Tavern next Saturday. This peculiarly pleasing perfume is contained in dainty little bottles, each enclosed in a pretty carton, and has proved a most acceptable gift on former Saturdays at the Tavern. Other souvenirs of merit will, from time to time, be presented, announcement of which will appear in due course.

Fry Ranch Changes Hands

An instance of the changing of the old order for the new in Solano County—a change that is marking the development of the whole State of California—is seen in the removal of W. H. Fry from his stock ranch near Elmira to Berkeley where he will spend his declining years in well earned rest. Fry settled in Solano County more than forty years ago and has lived in the same house ever since. His land was used for grain and pasture and his barns and corrals covered more acres than are usually given to the productive small farm of today. But Fry has sold out to Solano Irrigated Farms and his land will be cut up, watered and sold to settlers. The old homestead and twenty acres are retained for his eldest son, and the son, with the spirit of the new generation, says he will make more money on twenty irrigated acres than his father did on several hundred. Fry also declined to part with a fifteen acre almond orchard in which the trees, as big and prolific as any in the State, give conclusive evidence of what the land is capable of when highly cultivated and supplied with water.

Diagnosed

A prominent lawyer, famous alike for his wit and his bald head, strolled into the barber shop and took his accustomed chair.

"I think I'll have a haircut, Joe," he remarked.

The barber looked at him, slapped the beautiful pink and shiny dome of his customer's skull with mock tenderness and gave a loud laugh.

"Why man," said he, "you don't need a haircut today. What you want's a shine."

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William Jay Gaynor

(Continued from Page 6.)

though it were the rule instead of the exception."

To the Richmond Borough man whose chickens had been stolen he wrote:

"I sympathize with you in the loss of your chickens. My henroost on Long Island has been entered. You say there are sixty-six policemen in your precinct. Down my way there are only four constables in a territory about ten times as large as yours, with a population not much less. It is pretty hard to keep chicken thieves out of hen roosts by policemen. However, I shall see what can be done for you and your neighbors. Can you not induce the chickens to roost higher?"

To a clergyman who complained about being annoyed by boys on account of his beard the Mayor wrote:

"Your letter informing me that as you walk about the city visiting the homes of your parishioners people apply opprobrious names to you and throw empty cans and rubbish at you and otherwise assault you on account of your beard is at hand. You ask me: 'Is it a crime in the city of New York to wear a beard?' No, it is not. I wear one myself and nobody ever takes any notice of it. Have you trimmed it in some peculiar way contrary to the Scriptures? For you know the Scriptures say, 'Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard.' Are you certain that it is your beard which is the cause of your trouble?"

One of his letters dealt with simplified spelling:

"I assure you that you do not have to argue one moment with me to get me in sympathy with your ideas of simplified spelling. Our spelling has been changing for centuries and will continue to change. It will not change suddenly, however. It seems to be contrary to the rules of Providence that even good things should be done suddenly. How long He sat patiently brooding over this earth before it was fit! How slowly our bodies mature, and everything about us in this material world! The same holds good in the intellectual world. All good growth is slow growth, and even the simplification of spelling must have its slow growth."

Five little boys who wrote about their inability to play ball without police interference received this jolly answer from the Mayor:

"It is too bad that you cannot play on the grounds assigned to baseball playing. The keepers will not chase you out unless you play where baseball is not permitted. I wish we had grounds for you all to play, but unfortunately we have not. So, boys, do the best you can, and I will help you a little now and then if you send me word."

He wrote this to a socialist:

"Did you ever read that part of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography in which he says that the way to convince another is to state your case moderately and accurately, and then scratch your head or shake it a little and say that that is the way it seems to you but that of course you may be mistaken about it; which causes your listener to receive what you say, and, as like as not, turn about and try to convince you of it, since you are in doubt; but if you go at him with a tone of positiveness and arrogance you only make an opponent of him. If you wish to be a teacher just read the passage I have mentioned from Franklin and cool off a whole lot."

His conception of the duties and powers of his office was expressed to a complaining person as follows:

"But will you be so good as to remember that this is a government of laws and not of men? Will you please get that well into your head? I am not able to do as I like as Mayor. I must take the law just as it is, and you may be absolutely certain that I shall not take the law into my own hands. You say you are glad to see that the Mayors of many cities have 'ordered' that these pictures (the Jeffries-Johnson prize-fight films) shall not be exhibited. Indeed? Who set them up as autocrats? If there be some valid law giving any Mayor such power, then he can exercise it; otherwise not. The growing exercise of arbitrary power in this country by those put in office would be far more dangerous, and is far more to be dreaded, than certain other vices that we all wish to minimize or to be rid of. People little know what they are doing when they try to encourage officials to resort to arbitrary power."

One of the Gaynor letters, a fine specimen of clear, descriptive writing, critics have pronounced genuine literature. It is the letter he wrote to his sister telling her about the attempt to assassinate him. This is his description of his feelings at the moment he was shot:

"My next consciousness was of a terrible metallic roar in my head. It filled my head which seemed as though it would burst open. It swelled to the highest pitch and then fell and rose again, and so alternated until it subsided into a continuous buzz. It was sickening, but my stomach did not give way. I was meanwhile entirely sightless. . . . My sight gradually returned, so that after a while I could see the deck and the outlines of the crowd around me. I became conscious that I was choking. Blood was coming from my mouth and I tried all I could to swallow it, so that those around me would not see it. But I found I could not swallow and then knew my throat was hurt. It seemed as though it were dislocated. I struggled to breathe through my mouth, but could not, and though I was dying of strangulation I kept thinking all the time the best thing to do. I was not a bit afraid to die if that was God's will of me. I said to myself just as well now as a few years from now."

The determination of Mr. Gaynor to run again for Mayor, the efforts of his friends in his behalf, the public awakening in his favor are too recent matters to require space. Conservative politicians believed that he had an excellent chance of being elected, running as an independent candidate.

Papa's Sunday at Home

Last Sunday an Atchison man snoozed in bed until 11 a. m. Then he arose, dressed leisurely, had a nice breakfast, read the papers, smoked, loafed, ate a nice dinner, read some more papers, smoked, loafed, took a nap and in the evening ate a lunch, read a little, smoked, loafed and was as agreeable as only a thoroughly worthless man knows how to be. His wife arose early, scrubbed the children and got them off to Sunday school, cooked breakfast, cleaned up the house, cooked dinner, picked up things after her husband and the children, did some darning, got a Sunday night lunch, washed up the dishes, sorted out the clothes, put on the boiler ready for the washing the next day, darned some more stockings in the evening and that night when the children went to bed one of them said to another: "Isn't it nice to have papa home all day? He is so much pleasanter than mamma." Isn't that the way? Worthless people always get the bouquets.—Atchison Globe.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Del Monte Episode

A pretty blonde debutante who was expected to be the center of attraction as a bud this winter is packing her trunks this week and will be returned to a convent for at least another year by an irate mother. She was at Del Monte for the golf, chaperoned by the mother of her dearest girl friend who is also to be a debutante of the winter. She returned last Friday and appeared at the breakfast table Saturday morning wearing a dazzling solitaire of immense proportions. "Where did you get that?" exclaimed the horrified mother. "From Charley Blank," naming a gay young bachelor of the Burlingame clan. "I'm going to marry him as soon as you can get my clothes ready." The young man was sent for and on arriving at the Pacific avenue home and being confronted with the evidence of his perfidy in inveigling the girl into an engagement, protested with vehemence. He said he couldn't remember a thing about it—hadn't had the faintest idea where his ring had gone—had accused his valet of being accountable for its disappearance—and at that moment the detectives were searching the pawn shops for it. And yet the pretty little debutante averred that she had "sat out" a dance with him in a cosy corner of the veranda at Del Monte and that he had "really and truly" asked her to marry him and had slipped the ring on her finger when she had said "yes."

A Disconcerting Mistake

Two very prominent clubmen now pass each other with frigid stares. One is an elderly man with a debutante daughter; the other a recent benedick, husband of a belle of last season. The aforesaid daughter has just returned from an Eastern school where she had been for four years so that people who knew her as a child do not now recognize her, and the young husband in no wise identified her as the daughter of his elderly club friend when he began a flirtation with her at a dance he attended while his wife was in the country. Next day while driving his car down the avenue he encountered her waiting for a trolley. His invitation to ride with him was accepted, and rather rashly he ventured to stop half an hour later at the country clubhouse where he encountered her irate father just leaving in his machine with a party of friends. The denouement was all the more disconcerting as the young married man had no idea that the pretty young miss who was growing hysterical and whom he was so boldly escorting was the daughter of the man who was bearing down upon him with an angry glare. He has been inquiring desperately of his friends ever since as to how in the world he was to know that such a pretty girl as that was the daughter of old Soandso even if she did have the same name.

Surely Going This Time

Mrs. Jack Breckenridge has kept society guessing about her winter plans. First she was going East, and then she wasn't; and now she is. This time she is surely going on the second of October. After a visit with her sister in Washington she will sail for Europe to spend the season in Cairo with her father, S. G. Murphy. He, it would appear, has permanently deserted the Pacific-Union Club. Every now and then some one sees Judge Morrow in the club and there is a report that S. G. has returned, but it is only the famous resemblance again. Mr. Murphy is lingering in London or Paris or following the seasons in Egypt and the Riviera, a confirmed sojourner abroad. There will be a number of desolate suitors when Mrs. Breckenridge departs. She has been quite the sensation of the summer down the peninsula with her wit and the distinction of long residence in Paris. The devotion of Felton Elkins seemed serious for a time and they were reported engaged with the cordial approval of Felton's mother Mrs. Neilsen. But the gossips were disappointed and the report was never confirmed. Young Jack Breckenridge who is heir to the Sharon millions, with his aunt Mrs. Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, (Florence Breckenridge), will accompany his mother abroad.

A Clubman-Playwright

Lieutenant "Eddie" McIntyre has just made his first essay as a dramatist, and there is great excitement in the Bohemian Club. Lieutenant Edward McIntyre, U. S. Navy (retired), is a very popular member of the Bohemian, so his venture into the theatre is accompanied by general good wishes. It is only recently that Lieutenant McIntype confided to his friends that he had written a play. Having known for some time of his success in short story writing (he collaborated once with Peter B. Kyne) they were not as surprised as they would have been if Noble Eaton or Harry Francis or some other Bohemian with no professed literary ambitions had gone in for dramatic composition. But they were greatly excited just the same. The play is a one-act sketch, and it had its try-out at the Wigwam one day this week. The occasion was signalized by a brilliant gathering of Bohemians, many of whom hadn't been out in the Mission for a score of years. They all said that Lieutenant McIntyre's success as a playwright was assured.

Bachelor Girl Independence

Miss Alice Hager is one of the most independent girls in society. With two married sisters, Mrs. Walter Dean and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, she prefers to preside over her own establishment and has lived alone for several years in the big Gough street mansion that was once the family home. This year she has leased a place at Burlingame and will have her country home as well. Rather more advanced in her independence than Maud Howard who surprised society when she took a house one year in San Mateo, or Marguerite Doe with her single establishment in Montecito. With her share of the Hager fortune, Miss Hager is one of the richest bachelor girls in the smart set but she cares more for golf trophies than for suitors; and she would rather judge a dog show than go to a dance. However Miss Hager gives delightful dinners for her intimates who include the Joseph Sadoc Tobins and the Horace Pillsburys. The Lansing Kelloggs, by the way, have spent most of the summer in town at their Vallejo street home, though Mrs. Kellogg who is very slender this year, has made a series of visits to San Mateo and Burlingame where she took part in the Harvest Moon fete.

A Belvedere Wedding

The al fresco weddings of Belvedere are among the most picturesque events in social history. There was one at Menlo, the Cheever Cowdins', to rival them, but the level lawns of the Hopkins place have not the scenic advantages of Belvedere gardens—terraced on the hillside high above the bay. One of the prettiest of the series will be the wedding of Ward Mailliard Jr. and Miss Kate Peterson at noon today. It will be a joyously youthful affair. Half the bridal party are still in their teens, the Peterson boys, Somers and Baltzar, Miss Bricies Holton, the charming little English girl whose sister Wilmont will also be an attendant, and Miss Marion Leigh Mailliard who is not yet out; while the bride and groom are just past twenty. There will be a large family connection gathered at the wedding. Mrs. Peterson was Miss May Somers, sister of Dr. George Somers who married May Hooper. Among the relatives are the Santa Barbara Millers, the A. S. Baldwins, the Bresses, and of the groom's relatives, the Pages, Hellmans and all their connections. Mr. and Mrs.

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Charles Buckingham (Dorothy Page) who were principals in the first garden wedding of the season in Belvedere, and Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman (Anita Mailliard) whose picturesque al fresco marriage took place there two years ago, will be among the guests.

A Pink Party

Mrs. Clarence Grange is gaining a reputation for originality as a hostess. Her pink party on October 4 will be esthetically interesting as well as quite out of the ordinary. Picture a ball-room decorated with garlands of pink flowers, with hostess and receiving party in rose chiffons, and most of the women guests as well. It will surely be a roseate scene. If only the men could be persuaded to wear pink hunting coats. The idea, Mrs. Grange declares, was suggested by the old-fashioned "pink tea." She had planned to give a tea-dance and decided to have it a pink tea-dance. So she asked the girls who are to receive with her to wear pink, and a number of her guests will keep to the color in their costumes though pink is not de rigeur, since it is an afternoon party and few women have afternoon gowns of rose shades. The guest of honor at this affair will be Miss Helen Durnin, a Washington belle who is visiting Mrs. Grange. The party, by the way, will take place at the Keystone since there is no ball-room in the Broadway residence of the hostess, and the Keystone is appropriately built of pink pressed brick.

Maiden Names Resumed

Mrs. Dolly MacGavin (Fry) has dropped the Fry from her name and has become, conventionally and legally, Mrs. MacGavin. Her new cards are engraved in old English Mrs. Emilia MacGavin, and her name will be so recorded in the new social register. As Mrs. Emilia MacGavin she will be quite as popular in society as was "Dolly" MacGavin before her romantic marriage to young Douglas Fry. It is quite the correct way after the divorce to resume one's maiden name, a sign of the feminine advance no doubt. Independence and individuality properly asserted. In the younger set there is Miss Dorothy Dickins, niece of Captain Randolph Dickins, U. S. N., who was a belle at Mare Island three seasons ago. Then she disappeared into matrimony for a time, to emerge this year as Miss Dorothy Dickins once more and as great a favorite in her set as though she had never been married.

Expectation Exceeded at Taits

The pivot of popularity upon which any public dining place revolves has, figuratively speaking, to be lubricated quite often in order to appease and abolish any friction caused by the exacting demands of particular diners. It is not alone the successful catering to the tastes and desires of the seasoned epicure that marks the success of the restaurant of today, but pleasing the whims and fancies of a pleasure-loving public as well. And in this connection we believe that the management of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe deserves more than passing mention. There is always something new and novel to be seen and heard in this popular restaurant and realization always exceeds expectation.

Doings at Del Monte

Among the many prominent people visiting Del Monte the past week were the distinguished Frenchmen who constitute a Board of French Commissioners in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. They were under the escort of Mr. E. O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific and John J. Byrne, passenger Traffic manager of the Santa Fe. On arriving at Del Monte they were taken in motor cars to visit historic places in Monterey and around the Seventeen Mile Drive and Scenic Boulevard, leaving later for Los Angeles in a private train. They were perfectly delighted with Del Monte and the Monterey Peninsula, stating that they considered the Seventeen Mile Drive one of the most beautiful they had ever seen. Aside from the golf links Pebble Beach Lodge was the most popular place at Monterey last week, and there was never an afternoon or evening when it was not filled with a jolly crowd. On Monday evening Ed Greenway entertained at a dinner dance for forty, and Miss Alice Warner at a dinner for fourteen. Tuesday W. H. Crocker was host at a large dinner and on Wednesday Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton entertained a number of their friends. Thursday evening Mrs. A. P. Hotaling Jr. gave a surprise party for her daughter Miss Jane Hotaling in honor of her birthday, and Friday had the large stag dinner which was probably the jolliest affair of the week. Mr. Jack Neville won the Del Monte and State Championship for men and Miss Alice Warner won the same event for women.

In the Social Spotlight

Paso Robles continues to attract many discriminating people. Among recent guests were noted: Mr. and Mrs. Louis Levy, Dr. and Mrs. Richard Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas S. Watson, Miss Margaret and Master Charles Watson, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwallader, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hope-Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Walters, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Bard, Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bowie.

It's a mistake to suppose that all women are the same. Even one woman isn't the same for any length of time.

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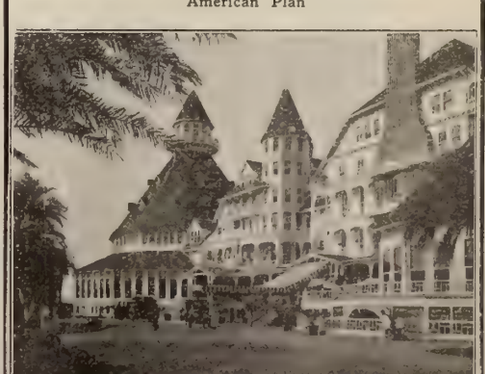

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Mrs. Scott in "Magda"

By Edward F. O'Day

The Tivoli was hushed of all its noises when Mrs. A. W. Scott Jr. made her first appearance in the middle of the first act of "Magda." Up to that thrilling moment there had been such a babbling unconcern for the play, such an exhibition of "smart," "well bred," blase inattention as may be discovered only at a charity performance patronized by our best-dressed people. But when Mrs. Scott entered there was silence, the silence of curiosity. The clothes which Mrs. Scott wore had been heralded for weeks. The gorgeousness of them, the smartness and the costliness had been expatiated on by a press agent with all the adjectives and nouns of a modiste at his finger tips. The audience was breathless with concentrated interest as it took them in. It appraised them swiftly and decided to approve. It yielded to Mrs. Scott's clothes several rounds of manual patter. It was an auspicious exordium. It said to Mrs. Scott, "So far so good. This first costume of yours has not been overestimated." To one not versed in the minutiae of luxurious garbing this first verdict seemed correct. Such a one could only wonder vaguely how many figures the price of such glittering garments ran into; could only speculate foolishly whether they were insured and kept in a safe deposit box. Ridiculous thoughts like these had no place in any mind at such a moment, but are probably excusable, the effect was so overpowering. So overpowering indeed that one forgot for the nonce that Mrs. Scott was there to act, not merely to vindicate the superiority of some Parisian couturier. Making a great effort one fixed attention on Mrs. Scott instead of on her clothes. It was high time. Mrs. Scott was now acting. Mrs. Scott was acting with industry, with care, nay with enthusiasm. Mrs. Scott was speaking many lines, and not stumbling over any of them, as the amateur is apt to do. That Mrs. Scott had prepared conscientiously was apparent not only from her mastery of the lines but also from her every movement on the stage. There was no trace of hesitation in her actions. She was perfectly at ease. It was quite apparent that there was no nervousness, nothing remotely hinting at stage fright in Mrs. Scott. And so it was all the time Mrs. Scott was on the stage that first night. Closely as one watched her acting—and one watched it very closely except for a few minutes now and then when she appeared in a new outfit—one could find no evidence of faltering. She knew all the time what she was expected to do and say, and she did and said it with aplomb. This being so, it seemed too bad that all feeling was absent. One likes to see the player's feelings stirred by the part enacted; one likes also to respond emotionally to the appeal made on the stage. But Mrs. Scott's feelings were not stirred, it seemed to me. She laughed, she cried, she jested, she was satirical, she stormed according to the demands of her role. But Mrs. Scott's laughter was of the lips; her tears did not moisten her eyes; her jests, her rallying words, her indignation did not convey the illusion of changing moods. The result was that Mrs. Scott left us cold. She did not command our sympathy for Magda. Our emotions were not worked upon. The conviction was slowly borne in upon us that Mrs. Scott took only a perfunctory interest in Sudermann's heroine; that she looked upon Magda as a stage character, not as a living woman; as a part to be acted, not as a reality to be believed in. If that is so, it is strange that Mrs. Scott selected this particular play, this very difficult play which has taxed the powers of great actresses. Magda passes through a great, a soul-stirring crisis while she tarries in the house of her father. She is wrought upon by powerful forces. She is not the same Magda at the end of the drama. Mrs. Scott's Magda, however, was not touched by the events of which she was a part, so far as one could see. This Magda is acting merely; her heart and soul are aloof. Yes, I think Mrs. Scott should have selected a different sort of play, a play in which her good looks and splendid clothes would make the effect, a play that does not call for the exhibition of strong feeling or of any particular feeling at all. There are lots of plays like that. I speculated as I watched Mrs. Scott whether some such comedy as "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" would not suit her ever so much better than "Magda." I mention this one to convey my meaning; doubtless there are others that will occur to the reader, sweet, simple, sentimental, easily acted plays, plays without lofty flights or preferably, no flights at all, plays that do not disarrange emotions or call for profound thought. Such plays are admirably suited to an amateur like Mrs. Scott who sacrifices time from a busy social career to the end that a worthy charity may profit.

Gossip of the Theatre

Thaw in Vaudeville

The potentialities of the motion picture as a moulder of public opinion I was made sensible of for the first time this week when I saw Harry Thaw at the Orpheum. The Thaw drama as it was enacted in Canada is unfolded in a series of pictures, and it seemed to me that if they had been studiously designed to awaken sympathy for the murderer they could not have been more deftly arranged. You see the crowd cheering the man who was fighting for his liberty, and such is the psychology of crowds that it appears to be possible to transfer the feelings exhibited on a screen to persons gazing thereon. You see the unfortunate man in his cell, you see evidences of agitation, and when he glances momentarily from the documents in his hand to the little window that lets in a ribbon of light, the lines of his face soften, and then you are informed by the printed word that in the midst of his troubles thoughts of his mother flit through his tortured mind. Assuredly the motion picture is making sympathy for Thaw. Perhaps it is because of the motion picture that Senators of the United States are uttering themselves in behalf of the young Pittsburg millionaire. Then again there may be other reasons. The Thaw pictures are far from being the least attractive features on this week's Orpheum bill. Which is not to say that it is not an interesting bill. If one of the principal occupations of man is to divine woman he may pursue it to his heart's content during the progress of "The Little Parisenne," which is called a musical comedy, but which is little more than a vehicle for the display of woman in many attitudes and costumes. The music and the comedy are merely trimmings and scant at that, but they are not missed. There is compensation for the eye in what the ear is denied. In this one-act piece there are as many changes of costume as ordinarily are made in a whole night's performance. It is kaleidoscopic, and the mystery is, How does Valerie Serice manage to do it; for she makes two changes to one of anybody else. Miss Serice is a dainty little soubrette, with the air of the French chanteuse, and more Heldian than Anna herself. There is a good ragtime team on the bill this week—Delmore and Light—an amusing and dexterous juggler, and a woman 'cellist, Miss Elsa Ruegger, but the really big hit of the performance is scored by Hoey & Lee, Hebrew impersonators, who dispense a very large assortment of genuine nonsense, very little of which has the archaeological brand.

—Theodore Bonnet.

WILLIAM GWIN JR.
The California tenor who will sing at the St. Francis October 1.

Herz in "Miss Nobody"

Halph Herz will be at his funniest in "Miss Nobody from Starland," the merry and melodious offering which is to succeed "Madame Sherry" at the Alcazar, starting Monday night. He originated the leading role, that of an eccentric youth whose blunders and mishaps are responsible for most of the fun and music. Assisting him will be the cream of the Alcazar's regular acting corps including Stage Director Fred J. Butler and several specially engaged artists, to say nothing of a big beauty chorus and an augmented orchestra. Brimful of novelties is "Miss Nobody

from Starland." Indeed the authors, Hough and Adams, evidently aimed to avoid as far as possible the stereotyped mode of musical comedy construction, and the result is a group of unconventional characters placed in strange situations and speaking and singing lines full of brightness. In a cafe setting which closes the comedy Mr. Herz will give some of his famous imitations of celebrated actors, and specialties will be presented by his principal aides in the cast, including dainty Lois Meredith, Burt Wesner, Kernan Cripps, Bobby Woolsey, Lucille Palmer (specially engaged), Edmond Lowe and Clarence Lydston. There is a host of minor characters and the chorus has much singing and dancing to do.

De Gogorza Getting Ready

Senor Emilio De Gogorza, the eminent Spanish baritone who will be the opening attraction of the Greenbaum season, arrived in this city last Saturday accompanied by his wife (Mme. Emma Eames) and is the guest of Dr. Harry Tevis at his beautiful country place in the Santa Cruz mountains. With De Gogorza is the French pianist M. Henri Gilles, and the two artists are busy preparing three programs which will contain a number of novelties. The baritone promises some Spanish songs never before heard in this city. The concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the first on Sunday afternoon, October 12. Greenbaum is already receiving orders from all parts of the State.

Mme. Alda Coming

Mme. Frances Alda, the brilliant dramatic soprano who was one of the sensations of last season at the Metropolitan and whose interpretation of the role of "Roxanne" in "Cyrano de Bergerac" attracted such favorable attention that she has been engaged as a guest star with the Boston and Chicago companies this year, will make her first appearance in the West in this city on Sunday afternoon, October 26. Mme. Alda who in private life is the wife of Gatti-Casazza, the general manager of the Metropolitan, is a native of New Zealand and comes from a family that has been associated with music in the Antipodes for the past half-century. Gutia Casini, the Russian violoncello virtuoso who divided the honors with Mme. Sembrich last season, and Frank La Forge, the eminent composer-pianist, will be the assisting artists at the Alda concert.

Inviting Numbers at Empress

A premier feature of the London Music Hall and the famous Crystal Palace will be given the headline honors on the Empress bill next week. Sammy Watson's is one of the best animal acts in vaudeville. Donkeys, dogs, cats, roosters and others are included in this novel and laugh-provoking circus. Dorothy Rogers and her talented company will present the farce "Babies a la Carte." Miss Rogers is one of the most beautiful women on the stage and for several years was a prominent member of the Liebler forces. One of Europe's finest acrobatic attractions is the Malvern Family. "The Five Merry Youngsters" portray various types and nationalities. Two of the daintiest and sweetest young women in vaudeville are the Melnotte Twins who have sweet songs and stunning costumes. Baron Lichter is the ever popular comedian and pianist. The Essanceescope and two added attractions including "The Bremens" in an original idea of their own entitled "The Imp's Playground" will complete the bill.

The Symphony Season

Four weeks from now the third season of concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra will be at hand. The first concert is set for Friday afternoon, October 24. Tickets for the ten concerts range in price from $6.00 for a seat in the gallery to $18.00 for one in the orchestra. Guarantors and subscribers are requested to send immediately checks for a renewal of their subscriptions to Frank W. Healy, manager San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, 711-712 Head Building. The sale of season tickets for members of the Musical Association opened last Monday. Regular subscribers' ticket sale will open next Monday. New subscribers will be taken care of after the orders for guarantors and present subscribers have been filled. The circular issued to members states that "the effort of the Musical Association to establish a permanent Symphony Orchestra in San Francisco has now reached a point where it need no longer be looked upon as experimental. It is, however, absolutely necessary that the members of the association support the work, not only by subscribing to season tickets themselves, but also by impressing upon their friends the necessity of so doing." This circular bears the names of the Board of Governors: Dr. A. Barkan, E. D. Beylard, Antoine Borel, W. B. Bourn, J. W. Byrne, C. H. Crocker, William H Crocker, F. P. Deering, J. D. Grant, Frank W. Griffin, E. S. Heller, I. W. Hellman Jr., A. C. Kains, J. B. Levison, John D. McKee, Joseph D. Redding, John Rothchild, Dr. Grant Selfridge, Leon Sloss, Sigmund Stern, Dr. Stanley Stillman and R. M. Tobin. The program for the first concert on October 24 opens with Beethoven's overture, "The Dedication of the House." Cesar Frank's symphony in D minor will be heard for the first time in San Francisco. American music will be represented by Edward MacDowell's "Indian" suite, op. 48. Henry Hadley will be the conductor.

Geraldine Farrar in Concert

The most fascinating figure in music today is Geraldine Farrar of the Metropolitan Opera House and the Royal Opera of Berlin, who will appear in concert at the Cort, Sunday afternoon, October 5, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy. Just entering her thirties she has reached the topmost place among dramatic singers of our time, and her ambition to hold a similar position among concert singers may speedily be realized. So far she has had small opportunity for concert work, especially in America. A short tour four years ago and a similar one two years ago, under the management of C. A. Ellis of Boston, comprise practically all of her work of this kind in America. This year Mr. Ellis has arranged for her another tour of fifteen concerts to be made in October before the opening of the season at the Metropolitan. She will give concerts in San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles on the Pacific Coast; Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Pittsburg, New York and Boston, ending her season of concerts with three appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. In her concerts she will have the assistance of Alwin Schroeder, the eminent 'cellist for so many years identified with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet. Mr. Schroeder has given up the routine work of orchestra and chamber music to devote himself entirely to solo work in concert. He is unquestionably one of the two or three greatest 'cellists of our age. The accompanist who goes with Miss Farrar

MARGARET ANGLIN

Who is to appear at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday night, September 22, during which time she will present three of Shakespeare's great comedies. "The Taming of the Shrew" will be the offering for the entire first week.

will be Mr. Arthur Rosenstein who has been one of the assistant conductors of the Chicago Opera Company and is one of the best accompanists now in public. The seat sale will open at Sherman, Clay and Company Monday, September 29. Mail orders accompanied by check made payable to Frank W. Healy, care Sherman, Clay and Co., will be filled in order of receipt and prior to public sale. The price of tickets will be from $1.00 to $2.50.

Miss Anglin at Columbia

The appearance of Margaret Anglin at the Columbia beginning Monday night in a series of Shakespearean comedy revivals, will mark the formal opening of the regular season at this theatre. Miss Anglin's bill for the entire first week of her fortnight's engagement will be "The Taming of the Shrew" in which she will be seen in the exacting role of Katherine, supported by a company of fine Shakespearean actors. A distinct novelty in connection with the production will be the "Induction" scene introducing the quaint character of Christopher Sly, the Tinker. This particular feature of the comedy has not been employed in this country for nearly a quarter of a century. The remarkable interest that is already being manifested in Miss Anglin's engagement is proof that the "legitimate" and poetic drama is by no means extinct, and that vast body of playgoers who have been weaned away from the theatre by an excess diet of lighter entertainment, will be won again and will be in evidence during Miss Anglin's engagement. That the company in support of the star will be one of unusual excellence is evidenced in the long list of well known names. Among the principals are Fuller Mellish, Ian MacLaren, Eric Blind, Ruth Holt-Boucicault, Wallace Widdecomb, Lillian Thurgate, Harrison Carter, Florence Wollerson, Harry Barfoot, Eugene Shakespeare, Max Fisher, E. Y. Backus, Sally Williams and a score of others. The scenic equipment, stage accessories and costumes of Miss Anglin's productions are complete in every detail and represent six months of continuous preparation by a vast corps of artists and artisans. The scenery is from the studios of Messrs. Unitt and Wickes, the costumes from the Emporium of Freisinger, all made from designs by Livingstone Platt, the well known artist who is responsible for the marvelous effects obtained in the productions of the famous Toy theatre in Boston. The plays for Miss Anglin's second week will be duly announced. Matinees are to be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

California Prima Donna for Fair

Beatriz Michelena, the California prima donna who created a furore in Chicago this season as "The Rosebud Princess" in Louis Gattschalk's "Tik-Tok Man," has been added to the galaxy of stars that will be seen and heard as special attractions at the Mechanics' Fair this fall. Of all the stage folk California has produced, none has greater talent or versatility. To a voice that ranges three full octaves she adds grace, beauty and dramatic instinct. Her engagement by the directors of the fair was a happy one, since the name Michelena is well known here. In the old days of the Tivoli Fernando Michelena, Beatriz's father, sang the leading tenor roles. While yet in her teens Miss Michelena was appearing on Broadway in star roles for Henry W. Savage, Kirk La Shelle and the Shuberts. At that time she was the youngest prima donna on the stage.

White Slave Play at Cort

An event of this new season will be the presentation at the Cort beginning Sunday evening, September 21, of that much talked about drama on the white slave traffic. "The Lure," which is to be seen on the Pacific Coast at the same time that it is playing to crowded houses at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in New York. It was written by George Scarborough, formerly a special secret service agent for the Government. A week ago its presentation led to investigation by the legal authorities. The play was vindicated in spite of its thrilling realism and startling audacity of dramatic situations; for at the very beginning the piece had the emphatic endorsement of the United States Department of Justice, an open letter in its commendation having been written by Stanley W. Finch, head of the federal bureau for the suppression of the white slave traffic. Mr. Finch placed the seal of his expert approval on "The Lure" as a faithful exposition of its theme. It proved at once the hit of the present New York season. For the first time in the history of our stage a Broadway sensation is to be seen in San Francisco while it is still running in the eastern metropolis. The company to present it at the Cort is the equal of the New York cast. It comprises William J. Kelly who first enacted Ben Hur on the coast and who is one of the best leading men of America; Beatrice Prentice who was for many seasons leading lady with Robert Edeson; Charlotte Granville, the noted English emotional actress who has won triumphs on this side of the Atlantic as well; Leonard Ide who will be remembered as the young lover Fernand in "The Thief" with Margaret Illington; Harold Russell of the "Man of the Hour" fame; Enid Gray who so recently scored a hit in "Excuse Me" as the minister's wife; Ruth Findlay, Jean Temple, Adolf Link and other well known artists.

The Opening of the Oriental

The members of "The Oriental Players" Company are busily engaged rehearsing in preparation for the opening of the Oriental Theatre (formerly the Savoy) the end of this month. Owing to the extensive renovating and decorating that is going on, the theatre is not available for rehearsals and a neighboring hall is being used for that purpose. A large force is at work decorating the Oriental and the playhouse which is located in McAllister street near Market, will present a most artistic appearance when the curtain goes up for the opening performance. The many novel features to be introduced by the K. G. Company will be welcomed by theatregoers. The interior and exterior decorations will be distinctly Oriental in character and there will be many innovations for the comfort and convenience of patrons. All seats for evening and matinee performances will be reserved. There will be an extra box office so that those who

MISS MARJORIE CORTLAND
Leading woman to open at the Oriental Theatre, formerly the Savoy.

make reservations by telephone or mail will not be obliged to stand in the regular line when they reach the theatre. By means of a chart to be provided reservations may be made of the same seats from week to week. The comedy drama with which the stock season at the Oriental will open enjoyed long and successful runs in New York and Chicago and will be seen here for the first time. It affords an excellent opportunity for the players of a stock company of merit to display their ability and is sure to meet with popular approval. Stage Director E. F. Bostwick who has earned an enviable reputation through his connection with some of the leading theatres of the country, is sparing no effort to give an elaborate production. The company to open the Oriental includes such well known players as Walker C. Graves Jr., Marjorie Cortland, Frances Carson, Vivian Blackburn, Ada Nevil, Andrew Robson, Frank J. Gillen, Dan Jarrett Jr., John Steppling and Egbert Munro. Twenty-seven of the best plays that have been seen on Eastern stages have been secured for production at the Oriental together with options on all re-

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leases for the seasons of 1914 and 1915. The date of the opening performance, and the name of the comedy drama, will be announced next week.

Two Soloists at Matinee

Two soloists have been engaged for the Music Matinee at Kohler and Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon. They will be Mrs. Frederick Ashley, contralto, and Miss Ruth Thompson, pianist. Mrs. Ashley is a pupil of H. B. Pasmore. Miss Thompson is a pupil of Pierre Douillet. Both will be heard at their best on this occasion. The program will be longer than usual, containing seven numbers, and will prove of special interest. In addition to the numbers rendered by the solosists there will be several works interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ.

Hobart-Herbert Skit at Orpheum

Of the eight acts to be presented at the Orpheum next week six will be entirely new. That clever and versatile comedian William Burress, with the assistance of a company of thirty, will present "The New Song Birds," a musical satire on the latest grand opera craze for which George V. Hobart wrote the libretto and Victor Herbert provided the musical setting. The characters are famous singers and impresarios now in the public eye. Burress appears as "Oscar Hammershine." J. C. Nugent, actor-author who has won popularity through "The Veteran," "The Rounder," "The Husband" and many other comedies, will appear in his newest vehicle "The Regular" which throws light on New York night life. Mullen and Coogan will excite laughter with their skit "Odd Nonsense." Both do character songs, eccentric comedy and dancing. "The Joy Germ," Carl McCullough, will present "New Footlight Impressions." Lane and O'Donnell are "Lunatic Tumblers." Carl Rosini assisted by Mlle. Margaret will perform numerous marvelous feats. Next week will be the last of Delmore and Light, and Valerie Serice in "The Little Parisienne."

GERALDINE FARRAR
Leading soprano Metropolitan Opera House, who opens concert season at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 5.

"Maritana" at Tivoli

Mrs. A. W. Scott will give her concluding performances for the benefit of the Happy Day Home at the Tivoli today, presenting "Mary Magdalene" at the matinee and appearing as "Magda" in the evening. Tomorrow, Sunday night, the Tivoli Opera Company will return home after a brief trip to interior cities, presenting Vincent Wallace's beautiful romantic opera, "Maritana," for eight nights only. "Maritana" which is founded on the well known play of "Don Caesar de Bazan," was first produced at the Drury Lane, London, in 1845, making an immediate impression, and since then it has ranked high among the standard operas. At the old Tivoli, in the days before the fire, it was always welcome and the freshness, brightness and gracefulness of the music, combined with the unusual interest and delicate humor of the story, invariably commended it to popular admiration. "Don Caesar de Bazan" is a drama which is well adapted to bright, cheerful, melodious music and the opportunity has been well improved, for "Maritana" is one of the sprightliest and brightest of all the English operas and contains several ballads which for beauty and expressiveness may well challenge any that Balfe wrote, many of them, including "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," "In Happy Moments Day by Day" and "Scenes that are Brightest," being popular classics. The members of the Tivoli company will lend themselves admirably to the cast, John R. Phillips being Don Caesar de Bazan, Charles E. Galagher the King of Spain, Henry Santrey Don Jose, the prime minister, and Robert G. Pitkin the Marquis de Montefiori. Rena Vivienne will be the gypsy, Maritana, Sarrah Edwards will be the Marchioness de Montefiori and Myrtle Dingwall will have a splendid part as Lazarillo, the beggar boy and protege of Don Caesar. The chorus will be much in evidence and the production of course, under the experienced eye of Charles H. Jones, will be up to the high Tivoli standard. Audran's ever-welcome comic opera, "The Mascot," will follow.

Carter the Great at Pantages

Charles Carter, better known as "Carter the Great," will be the big headliner at Pantages next week. He is conceded to be the legitimate successor of Alexander Hermann who was the greatest magician of modern times. His trunk mysteries are accomplished with remarkable dexterity and in full view of the audience with all of the house lights on. This is his third trip over the Pantages circuit in the last year, which speaks well for his popularity. Raul Pereira and his famous stringed sextette will be the added feature. He was for years the master violinist at the court of Portugal. Nothing but favorites from the old masters are included in the repertoire. "Live Wires" is an original playlet with a plot full of action. The Frank Mills players will present it. The Four Baldwins have a musical number with ragtime features. Vera Hall and Ed Raymond are clever comedians. Both are graceful dancers and singers. Carmen and Roberts have an acrobatic act.

"My! My!" exclaimed Mrs. Gadabout. "So the story is true and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl."

"Yes," replied the weeping wife, "and she was the best girl I ever had too—a perfectly lovely cook and so quiet and respectful. Dear knows where I'll ever be able to get another."

"If that young man comes this evening I suppose I'll be turned down," remarked the incandescent light gloomily.

"And if it rains he'll certainly use me up," commented the umbrella from the hallway in a hollow voice.

"THE LURE"
A scene from the wonderful white slave drama which is to be seen at the Cort Theatre beginning Sunday night, September 21.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was a bit erratic early in the week until the Government crop report made its appearance and while this report was anything but favorable the trade had been expecting just such a report and shorts were quick to take advantage of any weakness to cover and prices were bid up sharply and continued to advance up to the close of the week. The trade argued that the worst was known and that heavy general rains throughout the west and southwest were sure to be of benefit even if the crop in some sections was beyond relief. Traders were watching the market closely to see whether the large holders of Union Pacific will sell Southern Pacific or Union. They cannot hold both and draw dividends and vote on their Southern Pacific stock. This will tend to make trading in the Harrimans active for some time. In reality the judgment of the Supreme Court does not amount to much as far as forbidding Union Pacific shareholders to acquire this Southern Pacific stock in regular form. Brokers hold that a holder of Union Pacific can buy all the Southern Pacific stock he wants on the floor of the stock exchange and the Supreme Court cannot stop him. There seems to be nothing to prevent such a subscriber and holder from selling his non-voting, non-dividend paying certificates to an outsider and buying regular stock at the same time. The stock exchange cannot prevent outsiders from matching offers in this way and all it will cost the Union Pacific shareholder to turn his certificates into regular stock will be the commissions. He will get back his dividends on the certificates through the difference in price. If it was possible to stop these shareholders from turning their certificates into stock in this way Attorney-General McReynolds would have to sue them individually. It is no longer any affair of the two railroad companies. Both Union Pacific and Southern Pacific were very strong at the expense of the shorts who have been relying on the vast amount of floating stock of the latter to keep the price down. Copper metal continues its upward march and was quoted at 17 cents. This gave the coppers a stronger tone and advances were scored in all the copper issues. Steel was strong, selling up above 66. Reading came within a point of the highest price made this year. On the whole the market acts well and higher prices are expected next week.

Wheat—The market the past week felt the effects of profit taking, which was to be expected after such strenuous and exceedingly strong markets as we have recently experienced. There was no sign of any material change in sentiment or conditions. The advance in price during the past week has developed the fact that the foreign buyers are not quite so sure of being able to obtain all the wheat they need at the comparatively low level of prices they have been buying their wheat during the past ninety days, and the result is that there has been quite a large volume of business at the advance. The falling off of receipts in the southwest, the tendency of the farmers to hold back their surplus and the growing opinion that wheat is about the cheapest cereal on the list all has a tendency to make the market strong. A heavy movement of spring wheat during the next few weeks may give us some setback, but we believe that purchases made at lower levels for investment will prove extremely profitable later on.

Corn—Corn also reacted some with the decline in wheat on realizing sales and general rain throughout the west and the southwest. While this rain came too late for corn generally it will do an immense amount of good to pastures and had a tendency to change sentiment a little. Cash corn has been selling at big premiums in the southwest over Chicago prices but toward the end of the week it looked as if this demand had been satisfied for the time being at least. The run of corn to Chicago showed a fair increase as the territory around Chicago is in fair shape and there is considerable old corn held that is now finding its way to market. Prices are high and the demand shows some signs of letting up which should give us a further reaction. However we will have a short crop this year which will mean ultimately much higher prices and we look upon May corn around 70 cents as a good investment.

Cotton—News to the effect that the Senate decided to make the Clarke bill effective September 1, 1914, in event of it becoming a law, made it apparent that adverse legislation could not affect the price of this crop, and the result was a sharp advance last week, the rise in values amounting to about $2.50 per bale, all of the big decline at the close of last week, occasioned by report of passage of the Clarke bill, having been wiped out. In other words the Clarke bill, even if it should become a law, will not effect the marketing of this year's crop, as the law would not become operative until the opening of next business season. Under the circumstances, unless another change is made in the date on which the bill is to become a law, there will be no tax on contracts until next September, or say until next season. Under these conditions there is nothing to hinder trading in any month for another year. How readily the market responded to the more favorable news from Washington is self evident, and it shows in a convincing manner that while the Clarke bill will not effect this year's crop, it will surely have a depressing effect on the cotton interests in the south, unless the bill is killed in the meantime. If the bill would be harmful to the price of cotton this year, it will surely be harmful to the price of the staple next year and every year thereafter. There were general rains in Texas and Oklahoma toward the middle of the week which gave the market a quick reaction but these rains came a little too late in most sections and where cotton is opened it caused some damage to the grade and as the forecast for the balance of the week was for continuous rainfall prices recovered sharply and closed the week at about the best prices. With a crop of around 13½ million bales we cannot look for cheap cotton this year and as soon as the first run of cotton to market is over prices should work considerably higher. Therefore we advise the investment purchase of March and May cotton around present prices believing that ultimately May cotton will sell at 15 cents.

Minor Truths

The man who talks about "supporting" a wife, when she's working fourteen hours a day, including Sundays, is making a mistake somewhere.

Love creeps into more unoccupied heads than unoccupied hearts.

It's pretty hard to enjoy life unless you are rich enough to hire some one to make a living for you.

The man who is spoiling for a fight is reminded that he may be entirely spoiled after it is over

Mr. Property Owner

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Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
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Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
Number of Depositors	62,134

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5)

because she believes with the old-time actors that the less the public knows about the personality of a player the easier it is to impose a role on the public. And Ethel Barrymore did for a time because she is a Frohman star and once in the South she made statements about fashionable New York audiences which didn't make good reading in New York, so Frohman immediately closed the lips of all his stars."

"Has any actor fallen down on an interview?"

"Only Richard Carle, the reason being that it was impossible to find him when he was not in a speechless condition. I followed him for three days of weird adventure and finally made an interview out of whole cloth. He wrote to thank me for it, but didn't pretend that he had given it to me like some of the others did."

"Have you a formula for interviewing?"

"I have never been able to discover one. I suppose the great thing, whether in dramatic criticism or interviewing players is sincerity. To do good work one must be sincere and must discover sincerity in one's subject. For me there is no such thing as the morals of the stage. There is only the sincerity of players and of plays. 'Magda' is sincere; yet a Japanese would not like it because it justifies a daughter's defiance of her father. 'Thais' is insincere and the man who wrote it knew he was insincere the moment he undraped his heroine. Why? Because he bases his appeal on what he knows is secure, namely that three-fourths of the time of the average person is spent in the consideration of sex.

"The power he has, little though it may be, to explode incapacity, or better still, insincerity, is the compensation of the critic. For the critic's is not easy work. Dramatic criticism especially. It is an intellectual process. Musical criticism is easier, because it is an emotional process."

"You have been very tired of your work at times?"

"Many times indeed," said Anthony with emphasis, "especially of the interviews."

"The same here," I confided.

"Perhaps you are tired now," he suggested.

I have known Walter Anthony for ten years and have never grown tired of talking to him, but I didn't tell him so. If all people were only as pleasant to interview!

The value of experience as an investment depends on the dividends it pays.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the will of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, deceased.

ROSE CARLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Alfred Brusadelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 6, 1913.
A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS EMANUEL GUTTE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Henry W. Gutte, at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, and Messrs. Loewy & Loewy, Rooms 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, deceased.

HENRY W. GUTTE,
Administrator of the Estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 20, 1913.
GEO. F. HATTON, HARTLEY F. PEART,
LOEWY & LOEWY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 11,144; Dept. 10. In the Matter of the Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of sale made by the Superior Court of, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 19th day of February, 1912, in the matter of the above estate, the undersigned, the Administrator of the above estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 8th day of October, 1913, all the right, title interest and estate of said Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said deceased, at the time of her death of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Sutter Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Sutter and Steiner Streets, running thence Westerly along said line of Sutter Street, twenty-seven (27) feet, four and three-fourths (4¾) inches, thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and four and three-fourths (4¾) inches, thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to Sutter Street and point of commencement, being portion of 50 vara lot No. 1, Western Addition Block 387.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of making said sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, all bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of John F. Hanlon, Attorney for said Administrator, at his office, Room 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the Administrator personally, or be filed with the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale. Deed and abstract, taxes for the current year at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated this 20th day of September, 1913.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.

JOHN F. HANLON, Attorney for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7,168; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall on the southerly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of October, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have why an order of this Court should not be made authorizing and directing said Charles G. Lyman to make, execute and deliver a promissory note or notes for the sum of forty-two thousand ($42,000) dollars, and a mortgage or mortgages to secure the payment of said note or notes of some or all of the following described real property situate, lying and being in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

PARCEL ONE:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Pine Street, distant thereon one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet and five (5) inches westerly from the westerly line of Polk Street; running thence westerly along said southerly line of Pine Street fifty (50) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles easterly and along the northerly line of Austin Avenue fifty (50) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Pine Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 460.

PARCEL TWO:

COMMENCING at the point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street with the westerly line of Taylor Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Taylor Street seventy (70) feet; thence at right angles westerly and along the northerly line of Adelaide Place forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly seventy (70) feet; thence at right angles easterly and along the said southerly line of Post Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches to the westerly line of Taylor Street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 252.

PARCEL THREE:

COMMENCING at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the easterly line of Dupont Street; running thence southerly and along the said easterly line of Dupont Street fifty-eight (58) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northerly fifty-eight (58) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along said southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Dupont Street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 116.

Reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein for further particulars.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED: That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, September 17, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor.
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHRISTIAN KOCH, Deceased—No. 15,722, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Sine Koch, administratrix of the estate of Christian Koch, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Attorney at Law, 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Koch, deceased.

SINE KOCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Christian Koch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 30, 1913.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, Deceased. No. 14,791; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, Room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,
Administratrix of the Estate of Margaret Handley, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 13, 1913.

First publication of the above notice was made on the 23rd day of August, 1913.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney for Administratrix.
Room 802, Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

IOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON MORTGAGE OF REALTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2079; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an Incompetent Person.

L. M. Hoefler, guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition for an order to mortgage certain realty, hereinbelow particularly described, belonging to the estate of the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, and good cause appearing,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the above-named Court on Tuesday, the 7th day of October, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, at the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why the said realty should not be mortgaged for thirty-five thousand dollars ($35,000), or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, in accordance with said petition on file, reference whereto is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is further ORDERED that this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The following is a particular description of said realty:

An undivided one-half interest in and to that certain parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot bounded on the south by Clay Street; on the east by the boundary line of the water front; on the north by a line to be drawn parallel to and distant northerly from Clay Street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and on the west by a line to be drawn at right angles with Clay Street to the line last above described, at such distance from the above mentioned boundary line of the water front of said city that the area of the premises above described shall be exactly equivalent to the area of one-half (½) of a fifty (50) vara lot, as the same are laid off upon the official survey and map of San Francisco, excepting, however, out of and from said premises above described a strip or piece of said premises running along the whole northerly side thereof twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches in width, which last mentioned piece or strip of land is reserved and excepted out of and from said premises above described, the same being part of Merchant Street, as laid out and dedicated to public use.

Dated September 2, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

FINLAY COOK,
Attorney for Guardian. 9-6-5

Letters

Gelett Burgess Again

Gelett Burgess appears to have taken out a patent on one species of plot, for this is the third time he has made use of approximately the same situation: the man of business and physical and mental charms, and the girl assistant who falls in love with her employer yet conceals her sentiments. The hero of "Love in a Hurry" is an artistice photographer with abundant talent, but indolent, egotistic and self-indulgent. The tide of fortune in the studio was at its lowest ebb. A lawyer made his appearance with a missing will which left Bonistelle about four millions on condition that he should be married before his twenty-eighth birthday, only fourteen hours away. Bonistelle was heart-whole, but ere noon of the eventful day he had proposed to no less than three of his sitters, each of whom was more or less flattered, and each of whom demanded time to think it over, though time was the one essential element in the transaction. Each promised to give him an answer at an evening reception and each meant to decline the honor. Flodie Fisher, office attendant, bookkeeper, studio assistant and everything else about the place, was deeply in love with the handsome photographer, and had expected, not unnaturally, that when she suggested to him the possibility of winning a bride and a fortune at one stroke he would see the obvious connection, but alas for poor Flodie! She was so close she was entirely overlooked except as a confidante. Flodie did not confess defeat but set her clever wits to work to oust her rivals without letting them suspect either her designs or her knowledge, and the feat would have been accomplished with comparative ease but for the fact that an afternoon paper had got hold of the story of the will, and little chance as Hall Bonistelle had of being married to any one of them solely on his merits he had as little chance of escaping them with his four millions. Exactly what did happen with all the moves and countermoves and the clock ticking relentlessly towards the fatal midnight may be learned by those curious enough to read the story. From Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis.

"I learn from other people's mistakes," she remarked frigidly.

"Well," replied her husband cheerfully, "I made one when I married you. What did you learn from that?"

Going Down

"This high cost of living problem is getting to be something terrible," observed Mrs. Nutley "Everything is getting higher."

"Oh, I don't know," replied her husband, soothingly. "There's your opinion of me, for instance, and my opinion of you, and our mutual opinion of our neighbors, and the neighbors' opinion of both of us."

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Residence Phone: Franklin 277
Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

Julius Calmann

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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VIVIAN BLACKBURN

To appear with "The Oriental Theatre Players" in "The Ringmaster."

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Giving Rein To Emotion

A few weeks ago American editors were inferring from the acts of the people of Coaticook that they were of a low order of intelligence. The acts from which the inference was drawn betrayed feelings of sympathy for the murderer from Matteawan and of hatred for the officers of the law sent in pursuit of him. Hardly had Thaw been brought back to American soil when there occurred demonstrations similar to the ones that gladdened the heart of him in Coaticook. There is no accounting for some of the emotions of people, and it is by their emotions that people are ruled, not by their intellect. Indeed the intellect is the servant of the emotions. Taught what is right, it does not follow that a man will do what is right. A proposition may be intellectually accepted without becoming morally operative. An aggregation of men may be wicked in the extreme, yet each one of them be as keen of intellect as Machiavelli. There are many persons who sympathize with Harry Thaw, believing the paranoiac pervert to be a vindicator of domestic purity; and were the question of his release from custody put to a plebiscite they would vote for the revocation of his commitment to Matteawan. And there are many persons with an almost primitive aversion to law and a tender feeling for the underdog who would vote for the release of Thaw because of their inherent prejudices and prepossessions. Between the two classes it would be impossible to keep Thaw where he belongs were we to extend and apply a principle of justice and government which has found great favor in California and which meets with the hearty approval of a distinguished citizen whom millions of people regard as our greatest statesman.

Hastening the Day of Freedom

The marriage license clerk of Pittsburg is displeased with the eugenics law of Pennsylvania because it has decreased the number of marriages. According to his off-hand dictum the law is a failure. This functionary has the cocksureness of a reformer. How does he know the law is a failure? It may be that the Legislature of Pennsylvania is unable to alter the laws of natural selection for the human species, but it may contribute in a feeble way to the enlightenment of the people. The eugenics law is one of the many achievements of the busy folk who intend the world shall know that it is out of joint; who are therefore disturbing its sleep and its pleasures, and who are resolved, Providence to the contrary notwithstanding, that darkness shall be no more and that the terror that walks by night shall be abolished. The formulas prescribed by these good folk may not have the precise effect aimed at, but at least they extend the field of the State's activities and increase the general annoyance. These considerations may not appeal to the marriage license clerk of Pittsburg, but, to use a homely expression, they are not to be sneezed at. In time the busybodies, given plenty of rope, will make us all sensible of the plain truth which hitherto has been recognized only by the enlightened few—that the most tyrannical government that man is able to form is a government of the people. As the best way to get rid of a bad law is to carry it into effect, so the best way to revolt a people against a tyrannical government of the people is to carry its fundamental principle to its logical extreme. So every lover of personal liberty ought to be in favor of all the fads and fancies of the zealous cranks who are today forcing upon us curealls for the cankers of civilization. In the days of Cromwell the people of England were absorbed in their bibles, practiced austerity day and night and made an idol of asceticism. Thus was the way prepared for the loose literature and lewdness and licentiousness of the Restoration.

"Dollar Bill" Explains Again

Persistent lampooning of the hero of Chautauqua is having the desired effect. Vitriolic cartoons have bitten into his hide. The Hon. William J. Bryan, Secretary of State of the United States of America is becoming apologetic and somewhat "rattled." Responding to an inquiry from the Excelsior, a newspaper published far away in Paris, he says it is true that his lectures are interspersed between various "turns," but that he speaks on educational topics only. "It is for this object," he wrote, "that I give the lectures, not for a lucrative end." Apparently the distinguished gentleman, once the idol of the masses, is "hedging" and far from deftly. The statement published in the Excelsior was sent by cable, and was signed by Mr. Bryan. It is therefore to be presumed to be authentic. Some weeks ago there appeared in print another signed statement on the same subject. It appeared in Mr. Bryan's own paper, the Commoner, which he now represents to be the official organ of the Administration. It is therefore to be presumed that that statement also was authentic. According to that statement education was not the object of his lectures; the object was lucre. In the Commoner he explained that he found it necessary to "supplement" his "official income," and to that end turned to the lecture platform "as the most natural as well as an entirely legitimate means of earning what additional income I needed." We have tried to reconcile the two statements—the one published in Paris and the one published in Lincoln—and we find the task beyond our ingenuity. It would be interesting to see Mr. Bryan essay the task, but it would be cruel to ask him to do so at this time, his temperature, judging from recent interviews, being very high. "Dollar Bill" has lost his equanimity. The reporters have got his goat. Solemn as an owl and as sore as a boil he fumes and frets his way along the circuit, denouncing his newspaper critics as Tories and challenging the foreign press to prove that he is neglecting his duties. The wise old Doctor has hardly a grain of humor in his composition, but he is contributing abundantly to the gaiety of nations.

Frowning on the Wedding Feast

In this innovating, self-conscious age not many of the old accepted beliefs or revered customs are permitted to pass unchallenged. We are allowed to be reasonably certain of little more than that the sum of two and two is four and that the sun is larger than the earth. Most of the things our grandfathers knew are not so, and most of the things our grandmothers did are improper, either according to hygienic or polite standards. So it is not to be wondered at that the self-constituted guardians of the proprieties should now regard the wedding feast as a vulgarity "utterly unseasonable and indecorous." They tell us that it concentrates attention on a young woman at a time when her innate modesty should impel her to play the shrinking violet. What nasty minds these ultra-refined persons are afflicted with! Marriage according to their conception has but one element—the physical—and it should be veiled lest the prurient eye seek to penetrate a sacred, connubial privacy. It is women who take this view of the institution on which the home is founded, and who evidently see nothing solemn or sentimental or poetic in the ceremony that marks the choice of companions for life. Perhaps this is what comes of the latter day philosophy that characterizes as a parasite the wife who doesn't join the feminist movement, who merely bears with her husband the anxieties and vexations of his struggling days and partakes with him the fever and fret of aspiring ambition. In the feminist movement are women who conceive that marriage is nothing more than the legitimizing of sexual intercourse, and that man has no use for a wife except to gratify his physical desires. Poor creatures of low and coarse nature! they are so dull that they cannot perceive the unpleasant implication of their own maunderings.

The Woman In Politics

While it must be admitted that Miss Annie Bock was somewhat far from the truth when she said that since the extension of the franchise in California men had lost respect for women it may be that in time, as a consequence of woman's activity in politics, the spirit of chivalry will decline; that is, a certain restraint may be put upon the instinctive veneration due the female

character. Instead of according to every woman the presumption of all the virtues that make for divinity, the male of the species may quit chewing the cud in the happy pastures of unawakedness, and reflect that every woman is Eve through the ages. For the dreams of the idealists are not coming true. Women are not purifying the cesspool of politics. On the contrary some women are contributing to its odors. The female, no more than the male, of the species can escape the contamination of politics. In politics some women are like the fountain troubled—muddy and bereft of beauty. It appears that politics can wither fair woman, campaigns stale her infinite variety. And the danger is that chivalry will not cultivate purblindness or blink the facts. The right to vote may be an inestimable blessing. Perhaps it raises the dignity of the gentle sex. But the misfortune is that it makes for evil associations that corrupt good manners. Furthermore, however disposed we may be to idealize woman with pigments or with words, she has her human faults, and these may be accentuated in the dust and heat of the arena of politics. For with all her magic and incommunicable charm, in that arena she is of the earth, earthly. From recent developments it would appear that if the most chivalrous of men would avoid embarrassment they must approach cautiously the woman in politics. It appears to be dangerous to give her the benefit of courteous presumption. Here is our gallant townsman and patriotic fellow-citizen distinguished for his gyneolatry, the Rev. Charles F. Aked, blushing over the consequences of his impulsiveness and precipitancy. The other day the good Dr. Aked vouchsafed his unqualified endorsement of the report of a committee of ladies on the police courts. It turns out that a woman whose grievance against a police judge served as part of the basis of the report was not wholly free from prejudice. She had been before the police magistrate on a charge of adultery. And here is a prominent lady politician, Mrs. Mary C. Vaughn, under indictment for employing her political pull for a somewhat sordid purpose. Mrs. Vaughn, it appears, is a police court purifyer. She has been most active in stimulating the agitation which the good Dr. Aked approves with pulpitating fervor. Mrs. Vaughn is a member of the Women's Political League, which was recently backing a handsome Greek for the job of police court interpreter. While the petition was under consideration the Greek figured inopportunely in a scandal with a married woman in a hotel where they had registered as man and wife. Of course we are not insensible of the fact that accidents happen in the best regulated reform movements; nor do we confound the beast of prey wrapped in a woman's hide with the star-eyed goddess. We would merely suggest that the right to vote is not so exalting to the slit-skirted sex as the college professors and other idealists fancied; that on the contrary it has opened up an inviting field for women who are no better than the professional politician of the opposite sex, and who are able to acquire some degree of respectability by reason of the associations that the new order of things facilitates. In the circumstances is there not some likelihood of the waning of the spirit of chivalry?

Castellane's Annulment Case

It is not to be said of the processes of the Vatican that they ever have the appearance of headlong rapidity. It was in the early part of 1911 that Count Boni de Castellane petitioned for the annulment of his marriage to Anna Gould, now the Duchess de Tallevrand, and he is still waiting for a decision. Apparently it is today as in the days of that impatient and passionate monarch of England who was sorely troubled in his conscience about his marriage with Katherine of Spain. More than once it has been reported that Count Boni was free to take unto himself another wife, but the truth is his case is still under advisement. The status of the case was recently discussed by M. Julien de Narfons, an authority on religious subjects and a Catholic of extreme liberalism who is persona non grata in Rome on account of his modernist tendencies. It appears that under the Vatican code no annulment suit can be decided until two similar reports either favorable or unfavorable have been handed down by the Rota tribunal. In other words there must be a third decision before final action can be taken. In December, 1911, the tribunal reported against the petition. In March of this year, after a second trial, the tribunal reported in favor of the petition. Thus the way has been prepared for a third and final trial. The Castellane petition is based on the assertion that Anna Gould previous to her marriage contemplated the possibility of a divorce. According to the testimony she appears to have been hysterical on the eve of her marriage. She was inclined to "back out." Urged not to do so she said she wanted it distinctly understood that she reserved the right as a Protestant to get a divorce whenever she pleased. At the first trial she denied all the statements attributed to her. The thought of a divorce, she said, never entered her mind until three years after her marriage. She was not a witness at the second trial. The case has excited the interest of Catholics all over the world, and undoubtedly the average Catholic will agree with M. de Narfons that the Castellane petition seems hardly to warrant the seriousness with which it has been taken at Rome. If all that is needed to dissolve a marriage is the proof that either bride or bridegroom contemplated at the time of the wedding the possibility of obtaining a divorce, the Rota tribunal will be kept busy hereafter. And perhaps it would seem that if the ridiculous little Parisian "Powder Puff" could induce the Vatican to establish so curious a precedent in his case it would not be unreasonable to suspect Rome itself of a tendency toward modernism.

The City And Its Libelers

By Theodore Bonnet

Poor little old San Francisco! is it never to be permitted to pursue the peccant and joyous tenor of its way after its own fashion? Is it always to be a target for the stinkpots of the canting scolds of press and pulpit? San Francisco is the cheerfullest, hopefullest, breeziest and most invigorating little spot on this big continent. But there are certain folks who never see its good points. They have cultivated moral indignation as a matter of business so many years that it has put a kink in their conscience and taken a monopoly of their soul. San Francisco is to them a city of dreadful night, the abiding place of the serpent that holds out to be bruised. Tradition tells them nothing but that it was formerly the home of Abe Ruef. Their conception of it geographically is that of a strip of land bounded on the north by the Barbary Coast, on the south by roadside resorts, on the west by beach resorts and on the east by a sewer outlet. They are always troubled with visions of a city floating sinward on a sea of dry champagne; of a city where woman lives on dew and desire and man dies of a rapturous kiss. To speak the plain, unvarnished truth the worst to be said of San Francisco is that it is not typical of American cities. That also, maybe, is the best to be said of it. This city has many advantages of which it is justly proud. Men find here much to recompense them for their mortal existence, and there is an imponderable something in the colorful atmosphere that attracts men with passions and poetry, and women that worship no master but caprice. An army post, a seaport, a trade centre on the way to Cathay, San Francisco has individuality, and it is as human as the sin that all of us have in our marrow. It must be confessed there is relish for the joy of living here, and when let alone this is a city that furnishes relaxation from the deadly crushing dulness of the roundhead civilization that came over on the Mayflower. Now San Franciscans, loyal San Franciscans who have grown up with the city, are not given to blushing for the qualities that give it distinction. Indeed, they are boastful of what they are pleased to describe as the San Francisco spirit, by which they mean an aversion to frigid convention coupled with a fondness for healthful diversion and gaiety. While temperamentally the city is in a class by itself on this continent, in other respects it is like

other American cities. It goes to church and to school. It is charitable. It is slow to anger. It is so tolerant that it is placable even toward its calumniators. So far as the outward decencies are concerned, we have the testimony of an expert employed by the federal Department of Justice, recently given before a legislative committee in New York that San Francisco is the model city of the United States. Then why all this uproar that postulates of San Francisco exceptional wickedness? Why all this clamor for the purification of the city that appears to have carried certain prominent cits. off their feet? Why these pulpit yawpings and dithyrambic exhortations guaranteed to stampede invertebrate officials? The only preeminence these vociferous muckrakers will grant the city is preeminence of evil. Their crusade is ostensibly for the abatement of "commercialized vice," a consummation which they well know to be as remote as the second coming. "Commercialized vice" is what they would eradicate. Its headquarters is their storm-centre. But its headquarters they wantonly confound with the whole city. Consider the picture they have drawn. It is a picture of a city reeking with iniquity; a picture of a modern Babylon where Vice leers along the streets of the shopping district; where white slavery is a business fostered by the Stock Exchange, and where pathways innumerable leading from the residence districts are crowded with the city's fairest daughters on their way to gilded brothels. Preposterous as the picture may seem, read the Sabbath sermons and you will find it to be a conscientious reproduction. Of course there is nothing of sincerity behind this agitation. The source of it is the office of a newspaper whose fundamental principle of policy is to give the people anything they want from muck to measles. Now what is all the agitation about? We are told that the purpose of the agitators is to clean up the city, but give attentive ear to their maunderings, extricate the specific object of their endeavors from the tangled mass of shrieking flubdub and you will find that it is the Barbary Coast that needs a scrubbing and nothing else. A stranger might infer that the Barbary Coast lay sprawling the full length of the peninsula. But the Barbary Coast is but a post-hole on the slopes of Telegraph Hill. The relation it bears to the rest of the city is of the utmost insignificance. However, the lid must be put on, and in all probability the consequence will be the pouring of a turgid stream of vice through the highways and byways of the city. The federal vice expert who pronounced San Francisco a model city did so because he found it happily free from precisely the conditions which now appear to be inevitable. For of course the good work will not be kept up. The Examiner is not going to bore its readers with daily clamor for purification. The Examiner will quit when it has apparently accomplished something—when the Barbary Coast falls into its periodical state of coma. The Examiner is not having a real moral spasm. When the bond campaign was over something had to be done, and nobody had enough imagination to invent a better tom-tom than the time-worn one with which the pulpiteers were rallied to the eternal cause of Virtue. So the great journal which but a few weeks ago was spreading the filth of the Diggs-Caminetti cases all over its nice clean paper, began to roll its eyes in holy horror at the spectacle of a red light in the northern sky. The Examiner is always eager to vindicate its power. A few of the good things that it tried to start of late were left at the post—among others the Committee of One Thousand, and the reorganization of the police department—and to cover its humiliation something had to be done. And now the wickedness of San Francisco is once more the topic of newspaper discussion up and down the coast. Well if the crusade is to end with the routing of the demon of "commercialized vice" we shall have no cause to complain. Nobody has any sympathy with commercialized vice. The underworld has no friends. But a mere spurt of spasmodic reform is never satisfying to millenarians who have dreams of a Utopia of all the virtues. Mayor Rolph bravely says that he "must not commit the government to intemperate action," but Mayor Rolph once said the municipal clinic was a good thing. Mayor Rolph has a receding tendency. Under pressure there is no telling what he may do. There is a wave of Puritanism sweeping over the country, and the Examiner will float it no matter how high it rises. The Examiner doesn't want it to rise any higher but the great daily is no current-stemmer. Becoming a little fearful of the pygmy monster of its own creation the Examiner delivered an address to the radicals last Tuesday. "Let's attend strictly to the work at hand," said the Examiner. Then followed an exhortation to men and women "to be reasonable in their mental attitudes," not to make "a religious propaganda of this movement; nor a propaganda for Sunday observance; nor a propaganda against the use of liquors; nor a propaganda against dancing." After starting the whirlwind the Examiner would direct the storm. Mr. Hearst doesn't mind hurting business on the Barbary Coast, but if the danged thing goes too far it might hurt the Examiner's business. The Royal Arch might threaten again to throw the Examiner out of the saloons, and that would hurt more than throwing it out of the Bohemian Club. So let us be reasonable. But when you succeed in summoning spirits from the vasty deep of reform it's hard to drive them back again. Our reformers take heart of success, and the lidding of the Barbary Coast will act as a stimulant. All of them are conscious of the moral perils of our sparkling cafes. Given their head they would abolish all virilities and vitalities. There is too much dancing in San Francisco to suit some of them, and there are places where a man or woman may take a glass of wine when dancing. In other words the "San Francisco spirit" will not droop hopelessly unless we bruise the head of the serpent that haunts the cafes, and we must not differentiate them, though all are not of the same character. There is the Cliff House for instance, the very name of which is the synonym of gaiety the world over. Whatever the regulations that are applied to beach resorts, they are applied also to the famous cafe on the cliff though it is as different from all of them as chalk is from cheese. The Cliff House management caters to none but adults and sells liquor to none but the sober. At the Cliff House have been entertained visitors from all over the world. Staid club women hold formal luncheons there and men have danced there with their wives—if not always with their wives. Yet the Cliff House is under certain restrictions. The Curfew is rung at the Cliff House as a signal for grown-ups to go home to bed. Thus we see that the "San Francisco spirit" that we boast of is not what it used to be. There have been concessions to Puritanism. Other concessions may come. What about the Greenway dances at the Fairmont and the Mardi Gras ball at the Palace? Are our society folks to be permitted to dance on the same premises where they drink? Surely if the reformers have their way there is not to be discrimination against society that is not spelled with a capital. All these are considerations that flit through the mind as we hearken to the vociferations of the Examiner's pulpit cadets. The Examiner has started something, but does the Examiner know where it will end?

The Forlorn Hope

By H. R. F.

I will not spare you one evil thing,
One portent of shame and sin;
I know that the world is bitter without
As the soul is bitter within.
I know that a great cloud blackens the sky
With the smoke of an ancient wrong;
I know that the gods are the foes of men
And I know that the gods are strong.

Yet rather would I that Adam's house
For the sake of his sons' renown,
Went down flags flying and guns adeck
As a great war-ship goes down;
Than see it safe in a sheltered place
Where the tongues of the great guns cease,
To rot at ease 'neath the sky's white scorn
In the craven waters of peace.

Therefore sing I the joy of life,
The joy that is bought of pain,
The bitter joy of the fighting men
That break to rally again;
So, as I lift my eyes to the flag,
The flag of a hope forlorn,
Thank I the anger of all the gods
That suffered me to be born.

Varied Types

CXLV—JAMES K. ARMSBY

By Edward F. O'Day

Your successful man of affairs is often a failure when it comes to thinking soundly on public questions. James K. Armsby is not that kind of successful man. He controls and directs his intellectual apparatus as skilfully as he controls and directs one of the biggest packing houses in the West. Your millionaire often suffers from mental dry rot. James K. Armsby is not that kind of millionaire. He thinks in terms of logic and not by dollar signs. Your prominent clubman often has a brain stuffed with nothingness. James K. Armsby is not that kind of clubman. He crams ideas even into his lounging room conversation. Your keen sportsman usually doesn't give a whoop in Hades for economic or moral problems. Again, James K. Armsby is not that kind of sportsman. He can bring down a fallacy just as surely as he shatters a clay pigeon. "Jim" Armsby may deal in tinned goods, but he doesn't dispense canned thoughts. He'll take your crop of dried fruit, but he won't hand you any dessicated or jejune conclusions. And he doesn't keep his opinions in sealed packages.

Knowing "Jim" Armsby to possess the courage of his conversation I went to him for a few obiter dicta on the "clean city" propaganda just now afflicting this harassed and unhappy community. I found him in an imposing office and a communicative mood.

"We live in a hypocritical age," said James K. Armsby, "and this 'clean city' crusade started by the Examiner is founded in hypocrisy. It's not on the square. There must be a personal motive behind it. The chances are the Examiner wanted the Chief of Police to give the paper exclusive police news, that the Chief of Police refused to comply with the demand, that the Examiner determined to destroy him, and that the crusade against vice is the result.

"Crusades against vice never do any good because they are not based on common sense. They attempt the impossible. Instead of trying to strike at the causes of evil they aim to prevent evil after it has been done. Why does a woman go wrong? The chances are, because the wages she receives in a department store do not allow her to live decently. The 'clean city' crusaders wait until she has become a prostitute and then they say to her, 'You can't be a prostitute.' They try to destroy prostitution, but they offer no occupations for the unfortunates who engage in it, they provide no places where these unfortunates may go, they suggest no other means of support. The result is that they scatter prostitution all over the city instead of keeping it segregated in a district where the police may watch it and control it. The 'clean city' newspapers and the 'clean city' reformers are dealing with effects, not with causes. Did you ever notice a 'clean city' newspaper attacking a department store? Never! Department stores are big advertisers, and I've never known a newspaper to attack anything that brought in big advertising.

"This 'clean city' crusade will answer the purpose for which it was started. It will amuse the mob. The mob demands to be amused. Now as in the days of Rome it is first bread, then the circus. Some time ago the mob found its amusement in the graft prosecution. For a brief period it reveled in white slavery. Now it is being amused with a 'clean city' crusade. Tomorrow we shall have something different.

"The trouble with most reform movements is that they are headed either by a lot of cranks demanding the impossible or else by politicians putting on the screws so that they may exact more tribute. And every time the cranks find an abuse they set out to destroy utterly the thing abused. The so-called reformer finds his supreme satisfaction in making a law to prohibit something.

"I think the case of Los Angeles was one of the best examples of this so-called sweeping reform. They caught one of the chief reformers,

Francis Bruguiere photo.

JAMES K. ARMSBY

a hired prosecutor, a paid reformer, doing the very things he condemned. That happens frequently.

"When a newspaper starts on one of these 'clean city' crusades it seeks to strengthen its hand by enlisting the support of supposedly disinterested people. And who are these people? Scan their names and you'll find that most of them are working for reform on a salary. They are the secretaries of so-called reform or civic improvement associations. They are people whose livelihood depends on their being in the limelight, the self-advertised class that loves publicity. Then there is a certain type of reverend gentleman who also basks in the limelight of that sort of publicity, the advertising type of religionist, the kind that took a conspicuous position far up in the Temple when he prayed.

"This 'clean city' crusade will not give us a moral city. It will achieve only what cranks achieve everywhere. The cranks will make a nuisance of themselves and insist on minding everybody's business, and that is all. It will end as it ended in Los Angeles. People will get sick and disgusted of the whole thing and sweep it aside. No good can come of it. How can a movement do any good when it is not based on any definite or lasting plan of battle, but on high-sounding, glittering generalities?

"In Los Angeles, before the public got through with the 'clean city' crusade the town was filled with spying, sneaking committees intent, not on helping anyone to be better but on downright muckraking to get other people into trouble. It is the mania to punish, the mania that has possessed the so-called religious element whenever it has gained the ascendancy, from the beginning of the world. They want to usurp the function that belongs to a higher power alone.

"I don't think San Francisco is wicked. It has become popular to abuse San Francisco. It has been the doormat of muckrakers and notoriety seekers for a number of years. Every big city has its underworld; has had since the world began and will have till it ends. And the underworld can be kept under control if segregated but is absolutely uncontrollable if scattered. The hypocrisy of a certain class of people will not permit it to be controlled. They call that 'making a bargain with vice'; in other words, admitting the existence of that which has always existed. They demand that it be utterly destroyed, thus giving themselves steady jobs as protestants. In other words, they are professional reformers.

"I have seen a number of vice crusades, 'clean city' crusades come and go. I have never seen any result. The last so-called vice crusade in Chicago is an instance. What did it accomplish? The number of houses of prostitution, the number of women employed in them and the amount these women made were listed in nicely arranged statistical tables. A report was drawn up which probably gave its authors a certain amount of pleasant titillation. At any rate it was excluded from the mails. Then a large delegation of women called upon the sheriff and demanded that all the unfortunate women be arrested and sent to jail for their sins. The sheriff called their attention to the fact that there were not jails enough in the State of Illinois to receive them and not enough money to feed them; he pointed out that if he locked them up they would be turned out sooner or later and that they would be compelled to take up their former occupation since they had no other; and he asked the women of the delegation how many of them would per-

(Continued on Page 22.)

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The People's Forum

Aked and Brieux

Editor Town Talk, Sir: It gives me great pleasure to read what you have to say from week to week about that shining nincompoop of the cloth, Dr. Charles F. Aked. Did you read what he had to say about the Century Club's cremation ceremony? He appears to be strong for Brieux. He thinks it important that Briex should live and be read. How strange! Brieux teaches chiefly the menace of syphilis, the importance of staying its ravages. All of which almost everybody knows. But Dr. Aked doesn't care. Dr. Aked was instrumental in killing off the clinic that was really doing much more than Brieux would be able to do if he lived to preach a thousand years. By the way wouldn't it be better to burn Aked rather than to burn Brieux? I'm not in favor of summary justice, but I feel that if it ever could be justified it would be in the case of a man who had the power to spread syphilis in a community and who exercised it as Dr. Aked has done. Now that the clinic is practically out of business boys and men are being afflicted with that loathsome disease, who, had Dr. Rosenstirn been permitted to carry on his good work unmolested, might never have cont..racted it. Dr. Aked and his confreres are responsible indirectly for innumerable infections. When I reflect on this matter it is hard for me to control my temper. How much harder must it be for a victim of the disease who might reason that he is also a victim of the misguided sensibilities, if nothing worse, of an Aked!

Yours truly,
—John F. Hewes.

A Peer Who Was Hanged

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Are there any San Franciscans who dip into that celebrated book "Howell's State Trials"? Readers of Stevenson's letters will recall how fond he was of poring over its pages. The mention of Pickpocket Barrington's noble friend Lord Ferrers in your interesting columns last week has brought Howell to my mind. In that voluminous work there is no more remarkable trial reported than that of Lord Ferrers. His case created as much of a furore in the Europe of the eighteenth century as the Oscar Wilde case did in the nineteenth, and was even darker in its features. Laurence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers came of one of the great Norman families of the Conquest. He was born in 1720 with a taint of insanity which manifested itself in eccentricity of manner, violence of temper, but particularly in perversity of conduct. His wife was compelled to leave him on account of the brutality and viciousness of his behavior. The Ferrers family steward was one Johnson who excited the hatred of Lord Ferrers by refusing to show complacence towards his degenerate wishes. One day Lord Ferrers summoned Johnson to his study on his country estate and shot him through the heart. He was tried for murder by his peers in Westminster Hall. He conducted his own defense with great ability, making the plea of insanity and although there was plenty of evidence to show that he was not either sane or normal, he was convicted. He said afterwards that he was ashamed of the insanity plea and only made it to oblige his family. Forty years old, one of the wealthiest peers in the kingdom, he was driven in his own carriage from the Tower of London to Tyburn (where the Marble Arch now stands) and was hanged with a silken rope. He died in a light colored suit embroidered in silver. He was the last nobleman in England to suffer a felon's death.

Sincerely,
—Historicus.

Los Angeles Puts One Over

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Two years ago I heard a couple of Los Angeles real estate agents talking about San Francisco. They said that while Los Angeles got a great deal of tourist trade it didn't get the "good spenders." They lamented that the good spenders went to San Francisco because there was more life in this city. One of them remarked that it would be a good thing for Los Angeles to work for legislation that would make San Francisco less frivolous, and so make the city less interesting to people of other cities. It looks to me as though the idea of that real estate agent has been realized. And it also looks to me as though Los Angeles has become impatient because the State law has not been put into effect fast enough. Probably this accounts for the Examiner's activity. I wonder if the business manager of the Los Angeles Examiner who is said to be a very shrewd business man and in close touch with his advertisers hasn't put one over! Looks to me as though our dear friend Mr. Hearst who gave us the Greek Theatre is also giving us a left hook. If you kill joy in San Francisco you will empty the hotels in short order and our damphool merchants will get it in the neck. San Francisco is being Losangelized and Los Angeles is taking a leaf out of the book of the city that was. The reaction has set in in Los Angeles. Santa Monica is now wide open and a citizen of Los Angeles can have fun without coming to San Francisco. They are great down there for patronizing home industry which advertises in the Los Angeles Examiner. Here the merchant will advertise in the Examiner while simultaneously taking a kick in the slack of his trousers from Mr. Hearst. Therein he differs from the Los Angeles merchant.

Respectfully,
—A Native Son of San Francisco.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

Balkan Massacres

There has been great exaggeration, if not intentional misrepresentation in the accounts of Bulgarian "atrocities" during the war with Turkey and the strife between the Balkan Allies. Impartial testimony concerning the conduct of the Bulgarian troops in Adrianople has been given by distinguished French doctors who witnessed the humanity with which Turkish and other prisoners were treated. Some say that the Bulgars really erred on the side of toleration and patience. One of the first to talk about atrocities was Pierre Loti who made statements he could not prove and was forced to apologize and retract.

Irish War Risks

Will there be civil war in Ireland if the Home Rule bill becomes law? The Ulstermen have been saying so at the top of their voices. The Home Rulers laugh at the suggestion. But now comes the news that the business men of Belfast have been insuring heavily against possible damages from civil strife. Lloyds has written more than $35,000,000 in insurance and has raised the rate. The policies are of the omnibus kind covering all sorts of damages caused by internecine strife. This insurance is a substantial charge upon some of the big Belfast industries, and seems to prove that the Orangemen of Ulster are sincere in their statements that they look forward to bloodshed when the attempt is made to include Ulster in the practical workings of Home Rule.

Adrianople Lost?

Is Adrianople lost to the Bulgarians? It begins to look that way. According to the Vienna correspondent of the London 'Times" it "is as good as lost." Bulgaria is not in a position to regain it and she is giving up hope of the Powers stepping in to take it away from Turkey. The Powers are looking out for themselves and Bulgaria may go hang for all they care. The Powers want their own little concessions from the Turks, and will keep hands off Adrianople in exchange for what they themselves get.

Japan Wants Philippines

Y. Mikami, manager of the Manila branch of the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, is frank in his declaration in regard to his Government's desire to possess the Philippines. "Certainly Japan wants the Philippines," he said recently to the Tokio reporters. "She wants them to exploit agriculturally, but if the Japanese are permitted to develop the sugar industry of these islands without any discrimination or restraint, I think the Japanese Government would be content. Political control is not the object in view." The chief reason for Japan coveting the Philippines, Mr. Mikami explained, is that the sugar industry of Formosa has been developed to the limit, whereas in the Philippines sugar growing is only about as far advanced as it was in Formosa at the time of the China-Japan war in 1894.

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Perspective Impressions

"Dollar diplomacy" took on a new meaning when Bryan hired out on the Chautauqua.

Still another prize poem on California has been written, but our literature has received no increment.

Shall we confess it? We are almost as disgusted with anti-white slavers as with white slavers.

Seven out of fourteen Berliners caught in an orgy of immorality committed suicide. Bet some of them were strong for moral uplift.

Captain Mooney talks a great deal, and occasionally says something worth while, as when he stands up for the segregated district.

That the convict is simply a feeble-minded or weak-bodied human being is the contention of the Rev. Charles N. Lathrop. There is room for doubt. When it comes to strength of mind and body how do certain pulpit-pounders stack up alongside of certain residents at San Quentin and Folsom?

Doctor Aked added to the gaiety of New York by making faces at the Tammany tiger.

Clemenceau of France looks for a big European war very soon. This is nothing but a nasty dig at Starr Jordan.

San Francisco is a hospitable city, as is evident from the fact that a preacher from Los Angeles got up in a pulpit right in our midst last Sunday and calumniated us with impunity.

If that sensible Prince of Wales were alive today he would say, "Evil to him who evil thinks," addressing himself to the nasty-nice who see sin through the slit of a skirt.

We strongly advise wives not to go out joyriding without their husbands, but don't expect that the advice will be followed by those who need it.

"I am heartily in accord with any movement for the moral betterment of the city," says Mayor Rolph. Will he join a movement to put the lid on the pulpit?

The slit to the knee is the latest in Paris. We promise to be shocked if the knee proves knobby.

So the Panama Canal isn't big enough and the lock-system is all wrong. In other words we are waking up to the truth of preponderant expert opinion given before we began digging but rejected by Colonel Knowitall.

Secretary Bryan says that President Wilson has a mind of his own. But that mind has been unfortunately altered since the days when it wished somebody were kicked into a cocked hand.

President Wilson will probably order Bryan to quit when he himself quits augmenting his seventy-five thousand dollar annual salary writing for the book-publishing firm whose junior member he appointed Minister to England.

As the anti-suffragists are charging the suffragettes with responsibility for the present fashion in skirts the suspicion is warranted that the "antis" are somewhat dowdy and not good to look upon.

The Messengers

By Lord Dunsany

One wandering nigh Parnassus chasing hares heard the high Muses.

"Take us a message to the Golden Town."

Thus sang the Muses.

But the man said "They do not call to me. Not to such as me speak the Muses."

And the Muses called him by name.

"Take us a message," they said, "to the Golden Town."

And the man was downcast, for he would have chased hares.

And the Muses called again.

And when, whether in valleys or on high crags of the hills, he still heard the Muses he went at last to them and heard their message, though he would fain have left it to other men and chased the fleet hares still in happy valleys.

And they gave him a wreath of laurels carved out of emeralds as only the Muses can carve. "By this," they said, "they shall know that you come from the Muses."

And the man went from that place and dressed in scarlet silks as befitted one that came from the high Muses. And through the gateway of the Golden Town he ran and cried his message, and his cloak floated behind him. All silent sat the wise men and the aged, they of the Golden Town; cross-legged they sat before their houses reading from parchments a message of the Muses that they sent long before.

And the young man cried his message from the Muses.

And they rose up and said: "Thou art not from the Muses. Otherwise spake they." And they stoned him and he died.

And afterwards they carved his message upon gold; and read it in their temples on holy days.

When will the Muses rest? When are they weary? They sent another messenger to the Golden Town. And they gave him a wand of ivory to carry in his hand with all the beautiful stories of the world wondrously carved thereon. And only the Muses could have carved it. "By this," they said, "they shall know that you come from the Muses."

And he came through the gateway of the Golden Town with the message he had for its people. And they rose up at once in the golden street, they rose from reading the message that they had carved upon gold. "The last who came," they said, "came with a wreath of laurels carved out of emeralds, as only the Muses can carve. You are not from the Muses."

And even as they had stoned the last so also they stoned him. And afterwards they carved his message on gold and laid it up in their temples.

When will the Muses rest? When are they weary? Even yet once again they sent a messenger under the gateway into the Golden Town. And for all that he wore a garland of gold that the high Muses gave him; a garland of kingcups soft and yellow on his head, yet fashioned of pure gold, and by whom but the Muses; yet did they stone him in the Golden Town. But they had the message, and what care the Muses?

And yet will they not rest, for some while since I heard them call to me.

"Go take our message," they said, "unto the Golden Town."

But I would not go. And they spake a second time. "Go take our message," they said.

And still I would not go, and they cried out a third time: "Go take our message."

And though they cried a third time I would not go. But morning and night they cried and through long evenings.

When will the Muses rest? When are they weary? And when they would not cease to call to me I went to them and I said: "The Golden Town is the Golden Town no longer. They have sold their pillars for brass and their temples for money, they have made coins out of their golden doors. It is become a dark town full of trouble, there is no ease in its streets, beauty has left it and the old songs are gone."

"Go take our message," they cried.

And I said to the high Muses: "You do not understand. You have no message for the Golden Town, the Golden Town no longer."

"Go take our message," they cried.

"What is your message?" I said to the high Muses.

And when I heard their message I made excuses, dreading to speak such things in the Golden Town; and again they bade me go.

And I said: "I will not go. None will believe me."

And still the Muses cry to me all night long.

They do not understand. How should they know?

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Poems About San Francisco

CXIII—THE REFUGEE'S STORY

By Wallace Irwin

(Wallace Irwin brought out his "Chinatown Ballads" through the New York publishing house of Duffield and Company in 1906, a few months after the April catastrophe. The pretty little volume was illustrated profusely by Ernest C. Peixotto who knows his Chinatown as well as Wallace Irwin does. The book is now out of print and is rather hard to find. The following selection is from the ballad entitled "You Sabe Me!" which has the subtitle "The Refugee's Story.")

I was away in Seattle.
The earthquake rumbled through
Like the jar of a mighty battle—
Then the news of the Horror grew.
"San Francisco is shaken—
Half of the buildings down—
Dead from the ruins taken—
Fire is sweeping the town!"

How I tore to the station,
Drunk with a man's despair;
Chaos was on Creation—
My wife and my child out there!
We squeezed in the trains like cattle
Packed in the slaughter-stall;
And when we pulled out of Seattle
The night was beginning to fall.

Traveling men and sailors,
Millionaires, merchants, sports,
Two-penny clerks and tailors,
Touts from the Coast resorts,
Spoke of their homes like brothers
Bonded in grief—and when
I prayed, "God pity the mothers!"
A gambler whispered, "Amen!"

Oakland! a pall of terror
Blinded the sun on high—
The bay, like a broken mirror,
Glared to the smoking sky.
Tattered and smoke-bedevilled
Crowds upon crowds poured through,
Limping, insane, dishevelled——
And the glare from the City grew.

Day was short. And the darkness
Out of the smoke clouds fell.
The Ferry spire stood black in the fire
Like a crag in the mouth of hell.
All night long swung the ferries,
Listed and cramped and crammed,
And all night long came the fleeing throng
Like the hosts of the haunted damned.

Twenty-four hours at the ferries
I searched the mad thousands through.
Haggard and wan I looked upon,
But never a face I knew.
Beggars, burdened with riches,
Muttered and toiled ahead—
I called aloud in the face of the crowd
Who looked with the eyes of the dead.

Then someone spoke from the thousands
With a voice that I seemed to know.
"They are safe back there on Union Square—
I saw them an hour ago.
They were warm and under cover,
Close to the Monument.
It wasn't so bad, for your Chinatown lad
Had stretched up a sheet like a tent.

"He had brought them food from the ruins,
And seemed to be keeping house.
Squat on his heels, he was cooking their meals—
The Kid was wrapped in his blouse.
His face was black from the burning,
But his grin it was good to see
When I called from the throng, 'Take care of 'em, Bong!'
And he answered, 'You sabe me!'"

This was my neighbor's story.
And well you may understand
How I could not speak till the tears from my cheek
Splashed over his outstretched hand;
And of all the pure, Christian blessings
Which pulpit and church employ,
I hope one sped to the pig-tailed head
Of my heathen Chinatown boy!

The Spectator

Smitten in the House of His Friends

Arthur C. Huston, an attorney of Woodland, has a pen that drips vitriol. I have been reading the brief that he filed in support of the protest of the Yolo Water and Power Company against the application of Charles S. Wheeler's Power and Irrigation Company of Clear Lake for a permit to store and divert water. It would be pleasant as well as entertaining reading were it not for certain criticisms, conclusions and inferences reflecting on Mr. Wheeler. The brief being very much in disparagement of Mr. Wheeler, is therefore lamentable, Mr. Wheeler as everybody knows being a civic patriot to whom hosts of people look for light and leading. Reform and Mr. Wheeler have long been synonymous terms. One of the heroes of Armageddon the learned attorney has striven for civic redemption against the wiles of the higher-ups, and he has led forlorn hopes of righteousness into the breaches of corruption. Above all Mr. Wheeler is a regent of our State University where young men are trained to become good citizens. Of all this apparently the comparatively obscure Woodland attorney is unaware; at any rate he indulges no presumptions in Mr. Wheeler's favor. He says some tough things about Mr. Wheeler, and to make matters worse his views appear to be shared by the State administration with which the eminent idealist of the bar is on the most friendly terms. The State Water Commissioner, appointed by Mr. Wheeler's brother-in-arms at Armageddon, has sustained the protest of the Yolo Water and Power Company against Mr. Wheeler's application, and for what reason, think you? For "the reason that the commissioner finds that the public interests so demand." Well may Mr. Wheeler ejaculate, "Et tu Hiram!"

Some Rude Language

Attorney Huston argues in his brief that Mr Wheeler's application for permission to develop power on Clear Lake was not made in good faith. He intimates with very little effort at subtlety that Mr. Wheeler's purpose was to strong-arm the Yolo Water and Power Company. Indeed he goes so far in his brutal fashion as to characterize the Wheeler design as "a scheme of financial bucaneering." He calls it a "lame duck" and says that this bird has "worn the webbing off its feet

in treading the pavements of the various financial institutions of the United States in a frantic and unsuccessful endeavor to secure the funds necessary to enrich the promoters." He goes further and says that "when compared with this evanescent, elusive and ethereal scheme the adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford pale into insignificance," and he rudely adds that it is not "worthy of being designated a financial dream." It's really a terrible pounding that Huston gives Wheeler, and as I have said the State Water Commission sustained the protest thus seeming to imply that the Woodland attorney had the thing sized up about right.

Wheeler's Queer Assets

From the brief it appears that the company of which, according to Huston, the San Francisco attorney "is the chief sponsor and guiding hand" fell heir some years ago to the tangled assets of three "defunct, insolvent and wrecked corporations." These assets Huston describes as "law suits, encumbered property and conversation." Nothing was attempted to be done with these assets until the Yolo Water and Power Company began operations, spending half a million dollars in development work and entering into contracts to supply water for fifty thousand acres of land. "It was after it had been discovered that this company had some money," says Huston, "that an effort was put forth to revive and resurrect the remains of the three ancient wrecks." But there was never much life infused into them. Huston argues that the testimony shows that the Wheeler company had nothing of value and was wholly devoid of the financial ability to do anything. To believe Huston is to believe that the Wheeler company had the ability to do nothing but make a feeble bluff for the purpose of being bought off. For it might make the application which in time it did make, and the Armageddon administration might be inclined to take so shining a light of the cause as Mr. Wheeler at his word and grant the application, and the granting of it would seriously impair the business of the Yolo company. Such was the situation in a nutshell when Wheeler made his bluff.

A Blue Sky Company

Of course there is another side to the story—Wheeler's side. Mr. Wheeler appeared before the commission as the representative of a bona fide enterprise. He had no doubt of the financial ability of his company. He was prepared to go ahead and develop power and supply the farmers with water. But this man Huston has an analytical mind and an instinct for figures, and he scrutinized the Wheeler statements, he bored for discrepancies, he applied scientific principles and when he got through the Wheeler testimony was somewhat unconvincing. Huston wanted to know why Wheeler went to Arizona to incorporate his company. The reason is plain to Huston. The company was incorporated in Arizona because it's a blue sky company and couldn't get along under the California laws with nothing but "idle assertions and extravagant claims." He compared it with his own company which, he showed, by making good had won the confidence of the commercial bodies, the public officials and farmers of three counties—Yolo, Solano and Lake. All endorsed the protest against the application of the Wheeler company. None of them wanted it to break in. All of them were convinced that the Yolo company was advancing the interest of the State. Wheeler himself, it appears, admitted as much, but that was when he was trying to sell out for half a million. He is quoted as saying of the Yolo company, "It is a laudable public enterprise, and it would be a distressing thing if I had to go to the extreme of holding the work up."

Sailing Under the Black Flag

Laudable as was the enterprise Wheeler did try to interfere with it; that is, he tried to get an opening for his own company that he might further advance the public interests. This makes Huston laugh scornfully. "If he was concerned for the public interests," Huston asks, "why did he delay filing the application until after the Yolo company refused to give it half a million dollars?" Huston's idea is that the Wheeler company was desirous not of advancing the public interests but of casting a cloud on the securities of the Yolo company. He even asserts that the Wheeler company "sails its craft under the black flag." But it is clear that Huston is an incorrigible sceptic so far as Mr. Wheeler and his company are concerned. So ardent a partisan is Huston that he indulges painful suspicions about Wheeler. He goes so far as to say that Wheeler's testimony given when he filed his application was "a most adroit suppression of the facts." Huston is obviously prejudiced, as for instance when he tells the commission to read Mr. Wheeler's testimony, and "if sufficiently agile follow his acrobatic financial stunts." The commission was able to follow them far enough to see that Mr. Wheeler was carried away by enthusiasm, transported by supreme confidence in the ability of his company to advance the public interests. So the application was denied.

How Problems Are Made

Police Commissioner Roche has called the attention of the club women of the anti-vice crusade to what he describes as "a constructive and sociological problem." It is the problem of "saving from a life of ignominy and wretchedness" the five hundred dancing girls whom the anti-vice crusaders have driven out of employment. These girls, Mr. Roche tells us, are not prostitutes. They worked in the dance halls, many of them supporting parents and children. What is to become of them? Do the anti-vice crusaders care? Our sociologists tell us that women are driven into prostitution for want of the necessaries of life. Perhaps, now that the dancing girls have been deprived of a means of livelihood, our sociologists will come to their aid. Perhaps the anti-vice crusaders of the pulpit burning with compassion for the poor dancing girls will immediately take up the problem which Mr. Roche has called to their attention. Undoubtedly they will do so if the Examiner will promise to celebrate their benign efforts to solve the problem. Dr. Dille, I am sure, will take up

At your club and In your home

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the good work if guaranteed a certain amount of publicity. And as to the ladies of the anti-vice crusade, it goes without saying they need no urging. Zealous for the eradication of prostitution, and having no doubt of its feasibility, they are now doing their best to furnish employment for the dancing girls.

Gloom on the Coast

The women of the dance halls are not the only ones who will suffer by the clamping of the lid on "the High Coast of Barbary." A great many union men are going to be thrown on their uppers. These include a great many members of the Musicians' Union, as many as three hundred, some say. Then there are a number of bartenders and waiters who will not know where to turn for work. It is said that in all five thousand men and women will lose steady work as a result of the new order of things. The plight of the proprietors of the dance halls deserves a word, although it has become quite the thing to look upon these men as outlaws deserving of no consideration. Most of these men have given cash surety or bonds for their leases, and if they close their doors they stand to lose heavily. The Thalia, I am informed, has a bond of $40,000. "Red" Kelly of the Midway has a bond of $30,000. These and others are now considering ways and means of saving themselves from financial ruin. One plan which is being discussed aims at the continuance of the Barbary Coast resorts as dance halls dispensing soft drinks. If the resorts were conducted without liquor licenses they could probably run all night without police interference. This method has been followed in Sacramento and elsewhere with some success.

The Latest Bugaboo

"Girl Disappears; White Slavers Feared." It's an off day when you don't find some such heading as that on the first page of your favorite journalistic thriller. Judging from the papers the white slavers are at it all the time. They go about like roaring lions seeking what maiden innocence they may devour. They are forever "on the job," ready to pounce upon exposed virginity. They are the omnipresent agents of the highly organized "system" of commercialized vice. By day as well as by night they ply their tricks of enticement and take their toll of helpless girlhood. You couldn't toss a pebble in a Market street crowd without striking a white slaver. Such, I say, is the impression one derives from reading the veracious chroniclers of daily events. Girls are disappearing from home every day, and every girl that disappears is charged up to the black account of some unknown white slaver. The white slavery account remains thus debited until the girl is found. Then, as like as not, it is discovered that nothing in the remotest way resembling white slavery entered into the circumstances of her disappearance. But the impression has been dented into the heads of the general, and it's much easier to make an impression on the mob than it is to remove one. Hence we find that the white slaver is the latest bugaboo. Mothers frighten their giddy daughters with him as the Saracen mothers used to hush their babes with the name of Richard of the Lion Heart.

Why Girls Leave Home

The heading of this paragraph suggests that I am about to essay the field already occupied by Annie Laurie and Dorothy Dix. Be not alarmed. I wish merely to call attention to two recent cases wherein the white slaver bugaboo was brought out to frighten the vulgar like a jack o' lantern on Hallowe'en. One was the case of a San Jose girl. As soon as her disappearance was made known it was a case of "white slavers feared." There were shudders in every line of the flamboyant articles written about the case. The awfulness of her fate was painted with a brush dipped in cimmerian gloom. And then she was found. Where? In a Third street nickelodeon in this city. No white slaver took her there, but a silly-girl notion that she would like to become a moving picture actress. The other was the case of a Mission girl. Again we read in the papers "white slavers feared"; again we were treated to fanciful pictures of the doom to which this poor girl had been plunged. And then she was found. She was not the victim of white slavers but of aphasia. In only one case of recent date has a girl who disappeared been traced to a questionable resort. That was the case of an orphan girl who ran away from the home of a Petaluma clergyman. She was not lured into evil ways by a plausible white slaver. She confessed to the police that she had been studying the elevating memoirs of Alice Smith and wanted to make "easy money" the way Alice made it. In that case no tenderloin parasite preyed upon innocence. The Bulletin did the service of a procurer.

The Value of a Shibboleth

You have read in the Book of Judges how that shrewd leader Jephthah gave his followers the password "shibboleth" in order that they might be distinguished from the Ephraimites who betrayed themselves by pronouncing it "sibboleth." Ever since that ancient day leaders have realized the value of a shibboleth, a catch phrase, a cant term expressive of a condition. "White slavery" is such a term, and it has such an odious implication that shrewd professional uplifters are continually rolling it off their plausible tongues. In vice reports, in "clean city" crusades, in newspapers, in plays like "The Lure" and in lectures addressed by white slave hunters to horrified women in club assembled the white slaver has been erected into a horrendous institution. The Westenbergs, the Clayton Herringtons and others revel in the depiction of him, live by the pursuit of him. He has become as real to the credulous American as the succubus was to the medieval peasant or the vampire to the Transylvanian farmer of today. He exists of course. There is reason for the legend of him, as there was some basis for the myths of succubi and vampires. But he doesn't exist in the innumerable numbers that our uplifters for revenue only would have us believe.

A Well Posted Lawyer

The cases where girls have been really and truly enticed into houses of prostitution by white slavers are so few and far between that they stick in the memory. Perhaps that is why I recall the case of Bertha Klein which happened some ten or twelve years ago. I mention it because I am reminded of a story that will help take the bad taste of this white slave business out of our mouths. Bertha Klein was a pretty San Franciscan girl with a leaning toward the easy way of life, and one day she struck up an acquaintance with a procuress by the name of Juanita Randall who induced her to enter the house of ill fame conducted by Tillie Belmont which was then established in the upper part of a building at the southwest corner of Stockton and Geary streets. There was a great to-do over the disappearance of Bertha Klein, and as the white slave bugaboo had not then appeared on

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the scene the papers indulged the theory that she had been murdered like Nora Fuller. However, she was finally located and Juanita Randall was arrested and charged with enticing a minor into a house of prostitution. The opening day of the trial found the usual crowd of sensation-seekers packed into Judge Carroll Cook's court room. Porter Ashe, then connected with the District Attorney's office, was the prosecutor. While he was making his opening statement to the jury a young lawyer who has since risen to considerable eminence entered the court room and took the chair which Porter Ashe had vacated when he arose to speak.

"We shall prove to you," said Ashe, "that this woman Juanita Randall induced Bertha Klein to enter a house of ill fame, the most disorderly, the most vicious, the foulest establishment of the sort in San Francisco, the establishment conducted by the notorious Tillie Belmont at—at—at—"

Ashe looked inquiringly at the young attorney.

"Two hundred and three Geary street," prompted the young lawyer at Ashe's elbow.

"Thank you, sir," said Ashe in his most impressive manner; and then, turning to the jury, "Gentlemen of the jury, I knew that he would know!"

Dewey and the Portola

It will surprise San Franciscans to learn that Admiral Dewey was thinking of coming to San Francisco to attend the Portola celebration. And it will disappoint them to learn that the old naval hero has finally made up his mind not to come. Behind these two facts lurks an interesting story. The idea of inviting Admiral Dewey occurred to a member of the Portola committee some time ago and when he broached it the others received it with enthusiasm. It was recalled that Admiral Dewey had never seen the monument erected in his honor and in memory of his victory in Manila Bay, the graceful monument which stands in the centre of Union Square. The imaginative members of the committee pictured the gray-haired veteran of the sea standing at the foot of that monument and receiving the acclamations of thousands of San Franciscans. The more practical pointed out that hundreds of people outside of San Francisco, hundreds who could not otherwise be counted on to attend the celebration, would flock into the city to catch a sight of the man who made history in the war with Spain. Admiral Dewey was communicated with, and word came from his summer home in Vermont that he would be glad to consider making the journey to be present at the Portola. Arrangements to do him suitable honor were discussed. It was planned to have the veterans of the Spanish war receive him and to have a guard of honor composed of men who had sailed or fought with him at one time or another (there are a good many such here) accompany him wherever he went during his stay. Then something happened. And the result was that word came from the summer home of Admiral Dewey that the Admiral regretted that he would have to reconsider his tentative acceptance. So the whole thing fell through.

A Spanish Protest

The something which happened was rather remarkable. It was nothing less than a protest against the inviting of Admiral Dewey to the Portola, and the protest came from the Spanish Consul in this city. There are to be distinguished guests at the Portola. One of these will be the Spanish Minister to the United States. At least, it is expected that the Spanish Minister will be here. He was invited to attend before the inviting of Admiral Dewey was thought of. Bearing that fact in mind the Spanish Consul, el Conde del Valle de Salazar, saw fit to make a vigorous protest against the inviting of the Admiral. He told the Portola committee that the Spanish citizens of this city would deem it an affront to have the hero of Manila Bay honored on such an occasion. He said that the Portola was to celebrate the achievements of two great Spaniards, Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific and Portola, the discoverer of San Francisco Bay. He argued that if Admiral Dewey should come to the Portola the celebration would cease to be a celebration of two Spaniards to whom California is indebted and would become the celebration of an American toward whom Spaniards cannot entertain very cordial feelings. I believe he let it be understood that the Spanish Minister would stay away from the Portola if Admiral Dewey attended.

Dewey Declines

The Portola committee was in a quandary what to do. They wanted the Spanish Minister and they also wanted Admiral Dewey. But they seemed inclined to think that Consul el Conde del Valle de Salazar was in the right. Perhaps they thought that a celebration which is to take place under the American and Spanish national colors might suffer from the presence of the naval hero of the Philippines. Just how Admiral Dewey learned that they repented of having asked him is a good deal of a mystery. Some way or other he was apprised of the embarrassing situation. He promptly relieved it by sending word that his plans would not allow of his being in San Francisco during the Portola. I understand that the members of the committee heaved a sigh of relief when they got this message. Meanwhile Spanish Consul el Conde del Valle de Salazar began wearing a smile of satisfaction. The affront he dreaded had been avoided. He laid the flattering unction to his soul that he had handled a difficult situation with diplomatic delicacy and presence of mind. I can't help thinking that he took a too serious view of the matter.

A Bad Man on the Bier

Fifty thousand men, women and children struggled to get somewhere near St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York one day last week. There was a dead man in the church, and that was why the struggle was taking place outside. In that vast throng, a writer of the New York Sun tells us, "evidences of grief met the eye on every

EMILIO de GOGORZA
Spanish baritone who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, Oct. 12 and 19, and Thursday evening, Oct. 16.

There were hundreds who wept frankly. What-

many things that Big Tim wasn't. He wasn't a

ment. He wasn't an uplifter. He wasn't a moralist. Big Tim was many things that are not respectable. He was the embodiment of all the

raised on the Bowery, at the age of eight he was selling newspapers, and growing up in the at-

its unethical ways. Chief of Police Byrnes denounced him years ago as the associate and companion of notorious thieves and criminals. Frequently attacked and vilified he never uttered a word in his own defense but once, and that was a few years ago on the stage of Miner's Bowery Theatre when he denied that he had ever made a practice of going on the bonds of thieves. He went back to his boyhood days, and he told the audience why it was that he gave away shoes on the Bowery on February 6 every year. It was because his teacher once gave him a pair when he was bare-footed and penniless. Big Tim was not a bad man according to his own lights, but they were somewhat different from the lights

able citizens. The truth is that Big Tim was indifferent to the conventional moralities. He was a gambler, he was interested in prize-fights, in race-tracks, in theatres, and he played the game of politics in true Tammany fashion.

Some of the Goodness in Him

That Big Tim's good qualities (for like the worst of men, he had some) offset his bad ones, some folks are inclined to believe. If true humanity consists not in trying to enlarge mankind's store of virtue but rather in trying to diminish the volume of unhappiness in the world; not in being revolted by tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it, Big Tim was a pretty good man. Rather a coarse citizen was the Bowery boss, but if charity is the most gentlemanly thing in the world he was one of the finest gentlemen in all New York. Big Tim had

as big as the Bowery and it flowed out into friendship and benevolence. Like all Tammany leaders he pursued a policy that was full of humanity—he looked after the widows and orphans and unemployed of his district. He did more—he gave extravagantly when there was no question of personal or political advantage; he saved many men from going to paupers' graves and helped many to keep afloat in business; he

instinctively, and practiced, the true art of life. Big Tim, with all his faults may have earned about as high a reward as ever is bestowed on mortal man in the next world. And assuredly

of heartfelt esteem as was ever paid to mortal man on this sublunary sphere. "He made life happier for very many of these," said the New York Sun reporter, and there were fifty thousand of them. The streets were packed on all sides of the church, windows and fire escapes were filled with people. In the church were

of affairs, women splendidly gowned and scrubwomen in tears. The police saw many pickpockets, but not one pocket was picked in all that dense throng. The mass was conducted by Monsignor Kearney, a long time friend of the deceased, and eight priests all personal friends of the Tammany chief were on the altar. All the way from Washington came Senator O'Gorman of New York, Martine and Hughes of New Jersey, Swanson of Virginia and James of Kentucky; also Representatives Walter Chanler, Henry George, Sereno Payne, Daniel Riordan, Goldfogle and Conry. Big Tim had friends of high and low degree and they were proud of his friendship. Perhaps Big Tim's critics, the self-righteous ones of the country, who saw only that there was much of the devil in him, might have seen if they had tried that there was also something of divinity.

Hearst Publisher Banqueted

Mr. A. M. Lawrence, publisher of the Chicago Hearst papers, who has been spending a vacation here, was entertained at the Cliff House Monday night at a dinner given in his honor by about a hundred of his old friends, some of whom were his associates in the days when he was a reporter on the Examiner. As Larry Harris was the toastmaster of the occasion the sentimentality that was inspired by the reunion was not permitted to run riot, though one of the incidents of the dinner was the presentation of a silver loving cup to the guest of honor. The presentation speech was made by John J. Barrett. Among the other speakers were Mr. Edward Rainey, representing the Mayor, Justice Melvin, Judge Graham, Samuel M. Shortridge, W. W. Naughton and Theodore Bonnet. Wednesday night Mr. Lawrence was entertained at the Press Club where a smoker was given by Charles F. Hanlon. Mr. Lawrence left for his home in Chicago on Friday.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Enter the Tea Dance

Most of those who pioneered the new mode at the St. Francis Tuesday afternoon called the affair a tea dance, though some stuck to the French designation. "Tea dance" is not so confusing for us provincials who know little French, although we always pretend after a trip to Paris that we got along swimmingly with the natives. The fact that many of our most exquisite smart-setters fail to see the difference between the accented French noun for tea and the English definite article throws some light on these pretensions. However, that's a detail. The first San Francisco tea dance was a great success. All the new wrinkles in ball room gyration were in evidence, although it was quite plain that many will have to take a lot more lessons before they can claim mastery of the tango. As was quite appropriate at a tea dance, some tea was drunk, but it must be recorded that a great many of the dear ladies and nearly all the men ordered their "tea" from the "club room" downstairs and sipped it from cocktail or champagne glasses. A certain spirituous stimulation seems inseparable from a successful rendition of the latest dance novelties. Perhaps one needs a bit of "Dutch courage" when one is not too sure of one's dancing steps.

The Dancing Cranes

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane had the ball room floor to themselves at first, the local fashionable celebrities holding back out of well-bred timidity until first one couple and then another and another mustered boldness and took the first plunge. The Cranes dance exquisitely as become two personages. I say "personages" because the dancing Cranes come here with the prestige of a Newport season or two to their credit. Dainty Mrs. Crane received many admiring glances and plenty of compliments; so did her husband who looks for all the world like an Alcazar leading man. "How good of them to leave all their friends at Newport and come out here just to show us how to do the latest dances!" I heard one bud gurgle. It was good of them indeed, and remarkable too, for the Newporters rarely go in for disinterested educational activities. The peninsular coteries seem to have taken up the dancing Cranes with unusual warmth of affection, and it was the presence of the San Mateo county exquisites which stamped Tuesday's affair a success. When Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Breeden and others set the seal of their approval on an innovation it ceases to be experimental. It belongs inside the social corral and can't be excluded. The dancing Cranes have indeed been rewarded for their sacrifice in forsaking Newport.

A Note of Protest

Everybody said it was the jolliest, the niftiest, the sweetest affair imaginable. Everybody except one man. I refer to Willis Polk. Willis does not approve. Willis went to study, remained to make comparisons and went away with a frown on his handsome face and carping words on his tongue. Willis was one of the few men who attended in correct afternoon attire. He wore the toppiest of top hats and the most immaculate of white spats. But alas! Willis' indignation shone forth more flashingly than his hat, and the white of his spats was as nothing to the white heat of his disapproval. Willis does not indorse the tea dance. He made comparisons between the new fad and the conditions existing in a district of our city which is about to be closed up. While not criticising any of the charming people who attended Tuesday's soiree he assailed the institution as a whole. "The only difference between the pretty girls in there and the girls on the Barbary Coast," said Willis with vehemence, "is that the pretty girls in there are not getting a rake-off." That was harsh language, and I was astounded to hear Willis use it. I'm afraid Willis is in a minority of one. Certainly I didn't hear any other man who attended express himself as a reactionary.

Mrs. Murphy's Simplicity

The tea dance was quite as interesting as a fashion show as it was from the terpsichorean point of view. It was the first meeting of the set in town with half the women just home from the Rue de la Paix. The St. Francis ball room was a bewildering display of brocades and Roman silks, and it was a stroke of sartorial genius that made Mrs. Eugene Murphy the most conspicuous woman on the floor. In all the rich color of elaborate costumes she wore a plain dark tailor skirt with a white silk shirt waist finished with a sailor collar and tie. It was a striking effect and it must be said, decidedly refreshing. Intricate draperies may be the mode but they can't be said to be universally becoming. Few figures can stand them and they get tiresome to look at. Mrs. Murphy was to my mind the most attractively gowned woman at the "the dansante" though it must be said there were none of the dreadful extremes of fashion we've been led to expect.

The Prettiest Dancer

The prettiest dancing was done by the Alexander Wilsons. Mrs. Wilson who was Marianne Matthieu, a bride of the year, is light as a fairy and her partner who was her husband, varied the steps by tossing her high in the air now and then. It was surprising and graceful and the young Wilsons made quite a hit. There was one unhappy girl in rose charmeuse whose gown gave way in a one-step and split down the back so she had to retire for the rest of the afternoon.

Some Excluded

The lines have been drawn very closely, I'm told, so there is a lot of disappointment where cards have been denied. The patronesses have censored lists that Greenway approves so it happens that several members of the Bachelors and Benedicks which have for years been considered San Francisco's standard exclusive balls, are barred from the St. Francis dances. At least two of society's vivacious young matrons who dance at Greenways were told the list was closed when they asked for cards. Naturally they feel awfully slighted and chagrined and there are rumors of rival "thes dansants."

The Mackay Scandal

My conjecture regarding the Clarence Mackays appears to have been well founded; that is, it appears that they parted in anger, and that the husband deprived his wife of the custody of her children because he no longer has faith in her. In other words Mr. Mackay, it appears, gives credence to the accusations made by the wife of Dr. Blake. Now it remains to be seen whether the Mackays will be divorced. I hear that Mr. Mackay's mother is opposed to a divorce for religious reasons. Away back in the Bonanza days when the elder Mrs. Mackay was a resident of Virginia City she had a deep-rooted prejudice against divorcees, and when it was suggested one time that she divorce her first husband Dr. Bryant she grew very indignant. She stuck to the poor doctor till he died though he was unable to support her. With her widowed mother she was living in a little home on the slope of Mount Davidson when John Mackay began paying her courtship. His attentions were attributed to the suggestions of a priest who knew how deserving a little woman the widow was. While his wealth was nothing like it became in later years, still he was one of the moneyed men of the West even then. But all the luxury with which the new husband supplied

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her could not make her forget the doctor. She was known to sit crying over a little mink fur collarette, a gift from her first husband, and hugging it to her bosom, to say she prized it more than "all the diamonds of my Irish Johnnie." For years John Mackay and his wife lived apart, and while it was an open secret that their marital relations were at an end, all their friends knew there would never be a legal separation. The divorce of the Princess Colona, Mrs. Mackay's daughter by her first husband, was most vigorously opposed by the mother till she discerned how the ways of the Prince were wrecking her daughter's life. She is trying her utmost now to dissuade her son from a legal break with the woman who bears his name. Dr. Blake, by the way, is recognized in his profession as the most skilful surgeon in New York. His practice is chiefly among the plutocrats. He is a handsome man with limpid blue eyes. His wife is a plain, unattractive woman. She had oodles of money when he married her and he had nothing but his prospects.

Charitable Gladys Sullivan

Few girls who might go abroad every year and entertain like princesses at home would give up these glittering advantages for the quiet ways of charity and philanthropy Miss Gladys Sullivan prefers. It is surely unusual for a young girl to take more interest in girls who work for their living than in the affairs of society. But Miss Sullivan gives most of her time to her poorer friends. Recently she bought a rather imposing residence at California and Scott streets which she has made into an attractive working girls' home. It is large and comfortable and the pretty furnishings were selected by Miss Sullivan herself. The purchase price of the house was her father's gift to her. For his older daughter who is a Carmellite nun, it will be remembered Frank Sullivan bought the Robert Louis Stevenson house in Hyde street and presented is to the church. The girls at Miss Sullivan's home pay a nominal board and Miss Sullivan gives much of her time to overlooking the details of the management.

And Miss Mollie Phelan

Miss Mollie Phelan who is Gladys Sullivan's aunt, is planning another generous benefaction for San Francisco, I am told. A few months ago she bought the Dunphy house adjoining the Irwin mansion in Washington street. Will Tevis had decided to secure it for a residence and had paid a deposit of $20,000 on the place when he suddenly withdrew and it was sold to Miss Phelan. It was supposed she would make her home there but Miss Phelan had other plans. She has converted it into a home for reduced gentlewomen who couldn't find a more delightful place in which to continue reduced. The house is a mansion with much old fashioned luxury about it and the grounds extend the length of the block to Jackson street. There is a wonderful view of the Golden Gate from the back and in front the green lawns and flowers of Lafayette Square. The generosity of Miss Phelan must surely be blessed by the fortunate unfortunates she has made her care.

The Call of the Old Home

Mrs. Andrew M. Lawrence, her friends will be pleased to know, did not accompany her husband when he started for home this week. Their daughter Miss Edna, was so reluctant to leave San Francisco that Mrs. Lawrence agreed to prolong her stay for a few weeks, during which time they will be the guests of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. Miss Lawrence, by the way, is a young woman of artistic temperament, and a cultivated taste for things artistic. I hear that she may go to the Ecole des Beaux Arts to study for a year or so.

May-Lennon Engagement

Mrs. Margaret May at her charming tea given at the St. Francis last week announced the engagement of her daughter Miss Dorothy May to Mr. Roger Lennon. A large number of beautifully frocked guests arrived with the idea that they were asked in honor of Mrs. May's eldest daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Baker, of Chicago but they were all delighted to overwhelm the sweet Miss Dorothy with their good wishes. She is a charming girl, very studious like her clever mother and sister and goes in seriously for music. She is the fortunate possessor of a lovely lyric soprano voice which has had many advantages of artistic development. She has been very generous about singing for charity and is greatly beloved by her many friends. Mr. Lennon is a fine sturdy young business man, a member of the firm of Cluff Brothers. No date has been set for the wedding as yet. Mr. Baker arrived on Monday to join his wife on a visit to her mother and they are indefatigable in entertaining their San Francisco friends at dinners at the Palace, theatre parties and suppers and on motor trips to the picturesque country places in their beloved California.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wales and Miss Wales of Burlington, Vermont, were guests at Del Monte for a few days last week. Miss Sally Fox of this city who was down for the golf tournament, remained over a week as the guest of Miss Alice Warner. Miss Warner will be the house guest of Miss Fox for a few days next week, after which she will visit Miss Jane Hotaling. Mrs. James A. Murray has left for the East to be gone a month or so, when she will return to her attractive home in New Monterey. Miss Enid Gregg was her guest a week or so before her departure. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Ward are an attractive young couple from London who are touring the United States on their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Case of New York registered on Thursday. Mrs. Case was attractive Mrs. J. Brandon Brady who quietly married Mr. Case at the Stewart Hotel on Wednesday evening. Mr. Harlow Frink of Santa Barbara returned to his home on Thursday after participating in the golf tournament. Mr. M. I. Walko from Budapest is making an extended tour of the States and is much impressed with the beauties of Del Monte.

Portola at Tait's

Everybody is looking forward to the coming Portola celebration. Buildings are to be decorated and the entire city is going to take on a gala attire. San Francisco, "the city that knows how," is going to show her residents and visitors a royal good time. Many innovations are being planned and the carnival spirit will be doubly emphasized, especially in the cafes. Tait-Zinkand's is announcing several novel entertainment features and judging by the past efforts of the management in this line they will be well worth hearing and seeing. There's an unusually good luncheon for fifty cents being offered there daily.

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Miss Anglin's Katharina

By Edward F. O'Day

In the crowded gallery of Shakespeare's glorious women Katharina is not the least engaging figure. Shakespeare meant to make her engaging. He would have us charmed with her as with all the other heroines of his comedies. She is a shrew of course, but her shrewishness is not to be taken too seriously. Had it been his intention to repel us he would have drawn Katharina with the relentless hand that drew Constance in "King John." But the only thrills he desired to cause were thrills of pleasure. So he made Katharina a creature of great fascination, just as he made Beatrice a girl of irresistible attraction. Both have sharp tongues, but their cuts are witty and soon healed. The barbs they throw rankle just enough to satisfy the plot. Who would not willingly become the victim of Beatrice's jibes and jests? Who would not gladly have Katharina beshrew him? High spirited, wilful, spoiled girls both of them, it only needs a certain amount of taming to make them most desirable companions. At that one does not want to have them too completely tamed, for then their charm would evanesce. Shakespeare employs no empty words, and when he has Petruchio speak of "my superdainty Kate" he is expressing what one infers from reading the play. Katharina was beautiful, she had many graces, she was intensely feminine. Katharina, therefore, should be played in a fashion to win our affection. In her most shrewish moments we should still have a warm spot in our hearts for her. Otherwise the point of the comedy is lost. I am afraid it is lost in Margaret Anglin's interpretation of the character. Miss Anglin's Katharina is a shrew one would prefer to avoid. Watching her actions, listening to her words one cannot in the least sympathize with Petruchio's efforts to tame her. One doesn't feel the least bit sorry for her when Petruchio's taming manœuvers become most outrageous. The comic spirit of Shakespeare does not pervade the play. It has been eliminated by Miss Anglin's rendition of the role. Her Katharina is more like a fishwife than a gentlewoman. She is hard, coarse, devoid of engaging qualities. Her gestures are not pretty; her voice has no hint of gentleness; her ragings, her exclamations and her facial changes lack the saving grace of restraint. This is not the shrew that Shakespeare drew, but a very unShakespearian virago on the rampage. This Katharina suggests an unlovely suffragette running amuck, a deadly female politician lifting the roof off a police court. Think of any public exhibition given by the unsexed creatures who have struggled into the limelight since women started to emancipate themselves, and it will help you to understand the effect produced by Miss Anglin's Katharina. At the worst this is a repulsive woman; at best a low comedy character. At all times it is a character Shakespeare did not create, never dreamed of creating. Why does Miss Anglin play Katharina in this way? The question is an awkward one to answer. Truth to tell, Miss Anglin does her best. She is a hard worker and very conscientious. She has spared no effort to make this production of "The Taming of the Shrew" an artistic treat. The scenery is very fine; the costumes are very beautiful. But what is all this, what does it avail if there be not a satisfactory Katharina? Of Eric Blind's Petruchio it is unnecessary to speak, for I have been told that he was not considered suitable for the part in the first place and only played it because a proper Petruchio could not be found. But Miss Anglin is ambitious, she would be versatile. I am afraid she cannot encompass Katharina. Let her bravely acknowledge that this is an experiment that failed. There are many other splendid parts for her in Shakespeare, and no doubt she will find those that fit her before the present engagement is at an end.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Success of Mechanics' Fair

Whatever doubt existed before the opening of the Mechanics' Fair was laid to rest in the great success which attended the opening Friday night and which bids fair to continue throughout the brief season. Like all the other valuable institutions and assets of San Francisco before the fire, the Mechanics' Fair has shown its power to "come back." Not only are most of the old exhibitors back in their places but new features have been added to the old. Among the latter is the splendid "vaudeville" provided in the National Theatre to which access is free and easy to all holders of general admission tickets. Alice Eis and Bert French have proved the sensation that it was promised they would be. Their dramatic dancing is "something new" even to San Francisco where Maud Allan, Pavlowa, Genee, Loupokowa, Gertrude Hoffmann and Ruth St. Denis have been seen and applauded. Their offering for the opening performances is "Rouge et Noir," a dancing and pantomimic act based on an episode that fell under the notice of Mr. French and his dancing partner when they were in Monte Carlo during a recent European tour. Beatriz Michelena is the song bird on the program and adds to her popularity as a comic opera star. Pretty Musette is seen and heard as the "Dancing Violinist," and Arthur Aldridge, late tenor of the Shubert-Brady company in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, is delightful and robust in a repertoire of ballads. The orchestra under Frank Paret and the concert band under Patrick Conway are features that add immensely to the entertainment provided visitors at the rejuvenated Mechanics' Fair.

The Bracks at the Empress

The crowning feature at the Empress next week will be the Bracks, seven of the finest acrobats on earth. They make thirty different changes of wardrobe during the week. "Marse Shelby's Chicken Dinner" will be presented by John P. Wade and company. It is a play of laughs and tears. A singing treat will be offered by Hurst, Watts and Hurst who do ragtime, grand opera and popular songs. The La Franc Brothers offer a head balancing act and music. The Four Society Girls have a refined vocal act. They are said to be of families known socially from coast to coast. Three are graduates of Radcliffe and the fourth of Bryn Mawr. Charles Gibbs, the human phonograph, does impersonations of various characters. Two other local features and the Essanceescope will wind up the bill.

SAHARET

The famous Australian and European danseuse who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

The Alda Concerts

Mme. Frances Alda (Mme. Gatti-Casazza) will make her first visit to the Pacific Coast this season on a concert tour, before opening her season in opera at the Metropolitan and in Chicago and Boston. The first date announced is Sunday afternoon, October 26. Other dates will be announced as soon as her engagements in Oakland and Stanford University have been definitely arranged.

The De Gogorza Concerts

Emilio De Gogorza, the eminent Spanish baritone, assisted by M. Henri Gilles, a first-prize pianist from the Paris Conservatoire, will open Manager Greenbaum's concert season at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, October 12. A most interesting and beautiful program has been arranged and the artist will be heard in works by Beethoven, Mozart, Gluck, Ruckauf, Alvarez, Huhn, Debussy and other masters. Lovers of the best in English ballads will be delighted to learn that De Gogorza has included

the old seventeenth century ballad "Sally in Our Alley" and by special request Sullivan's "The Lost Chord." Another interesting work is the "Serenade of Mefisto" from "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz. M. Gilles will play Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" and works by Grieg and Chopin. The only evening concert by De Gogorza will be given Thursday night, October 16. The farewell concert with a special program will be given Sunday afternoon, October 19. Mail orders may be addressed to Manager Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.

Charlotte Walker Coming

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" as dramatized by Eugene Walter is a story of the mountains of Virginia from the novel by John Fox Jr. Charlotte Walker portrays the principal role. Eugene Walter never wrote a better play and Miss Walker, it is said, never had a better part. Charlotte Walker will appear in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" at the Columbia on Monday night, October 6.

Another Week of "The Lure"

A second week of crowded houses such as have been greeting "The Lure" throughout the past week at the Cort will begin this coming Sunday evening. So great has been the success of this white slave drama here, as it was at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in New York, that special arrangements have been made to keep the piece for an extra Sunday evening, the only available extra time possible owing to its other California bookings. It will therefore continue not only through this coming week but will also be given on Sunday evening, October 5. On Monday, October 6, Kitty Gordon, the statuesque beauty, will make her first San Francisco appearance in "The Enchantress."

BEATRIZ MICHELENA
Prima donna soprano at Mechanics' Fair which opened Friday night.

The Symphony Orchestra

Henry Hadley, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, returned from Europe last Monday and is actively engaged in the work of preparing for the first rehearsal of the orchestra, Monday, October 6. Mr. Hadley visited with Josef Hoffmann while abroad and states that when the great pianist appears as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra he will play the lovely Rubinstein concerto for pianoforte No. 4, D Minor, opus 70. The public sale of season tickets for the coming season is now in progress and the manager states that many desirable sittings are still to be had. Those guarantors and subscribers who have not as yet purchased their seats are requested by Frank W. Healy, manager, to do so. Mail orders with check to cover cost of tickets will be filled, and if desired tickets will be mailed immediately.

Geraldine Farrar on the Way

Geraldine Farrar, leading soprano of the Metropolitan, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Sidney Farrar, C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Alwin Schroeder, the distinguished 'cellist and Arthur Rosenstein, pianist, started her concert tour of the West this week. Her only concert in San Francisco will be that of Sunday afternoon, October 5, at the Cort, seats for which will be on sale at the box office of Sherman, Clay Monday morning.

A San Franciscan's Play at Alcazar

More than ordinary local interest is attached to the Alcazar's presentation of "Our Wives," starting next Monday night, for the comedy was constructed by Frank Mandel, a young native of San Francisco, and has scored long and profitable runs in New York and Chicago. And its principal character could not be better adapted to Ralph Herz's personality and acting methods if it had been built with them in the author's mind. All the New York and Chicago critics pronounced "Our Wives" one of the brightest bits of playwriting produced last season and predicted a brilliant future for its clever young author. They say he conceived situations and scenes marked by originality and wrote dialogue of wit. Others in the cast are Mary Emerson (specially engaged), Kernan Cripps, Jane O'Rorke (specially engaged), Edmond Lowe, Alice Patek, Jerome Storm, Lois Meredith and Burt Wesner. All three acts will be sumptuously staged.

Anglin's Second Week

The second and last week of Miss Anglin's engagement at the Columbia will begin on Monday night, when the bill will be "Twelfth Night" which will be given up to and including Wednesday night with Miss Anglin as Viola. Beginning on Thursday night and for the remainder of the week, Miss Anglin will be seen as Rosalind in "As You Like." Both plays will be given lavish pictorial embellishment and the assignment of characters will represent the fullest acting value of Miss Anglin's organization. Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given. "Twelfth Night" on Wednesday afternoon and "As You Like It" on Saturday afternoon.

"The Mascot" at the Tivoli

"Maritana," Vincent Wallace's delightful romantic opera founded on the story of Don Caesar de Bazan, will be presented for the last times at the Tivoli at the matinee and evening performance today and tomorrow. On Monday night "The Mascot" which has not been seen here for several years will receive a capital production. This jolly comic opera by Audran, the talented Frenchman who wrote "Olivette" and many other big successes, is filled to the brim with fun, frivolity and catchy melodies, and it would be safe to say that there was never a more popular duet written than the celebrated "gobble" song which the shepherd Pippo, and the Mascot, Bettina sing in the first act. Two genuinely funny comic opera characters are Lorenzo, Prince of Piombino, and Rocco the superstitious farmer to whom the Mascot is sent to change his luck, and another droll character is Fiametta, Lorenzo's daughter. In all there are twenty-five tuneful melodies in "The Mascot" and it is safe to say that the Tivolians will give a presentation of the work that will measure well with any yet offered in San Francisco. Rena Vivienne will jump from the more serious music of "Maritana" to the light but tuneful airs alloted Bettina, the Mascot, and Sarah Edwards will be Fiametta. Henry Santrey should make an excellent Pippo and Robert G. Pitkin will revel in the role of

MARGARET ANGLIN
Who will present "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It" at the Columbia next week.

Lorenzo. Thomas G. Leary, the veteran comedian, has been especially engaged to play Rocco, a part that he has interpreted with great success on hundreds of occasions and John R. Phillips will be Frederic, Prince of Pisa, Charles E. Galagher will be the sergeant and Myrtle Dingwall, the dainty Tivoli favorite, will introduce a specialty in the second act. Comedian Pitkin, assisted by Marie Sherwood, will also introduce a specialty in which he achieved much fame in the East, "The Chicken and the Frog," and many other surprises will be offered during the three acts. The production of course will be up to the high standard established at the Tivoli. "Girofle, Girofla," Lecocq's charming comic opera, will follow "The Mascot," after which the Western Metropolitan Opera Company will commence a brief season at the Tivoli.

"The Ringmaster" at the Oriental

The Oriental Theatre (formerly the Savoy) will open next Tuesday evening (September 30) with a stock company of merit appearing in "The Ringmaster," a comedy drama of today by Miss Olive Porter. The announcement of the inauguration of a stock season at the McAllister-street playhouse has attracted much attention and there has been a heavy demand for seats which were placed on sale Thursday morning. Indications point to a capacity audience when the curtain goes up for the initial performance. "The Ringmaster" which has for its central figure the late

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RALPH HERZ
And the Alcazar Company in the Latest New York Comedy Success
"OUR WIVES"
By Frank Mandel, formerly of San Francisco
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.

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"The Oriental Players" in
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A Comedy Drama of Today by Miss Olive Porter
Matinee Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
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J. Pierpont Morgan, abounds with comedy situations and is an excellent vehicle to display the ability of "The Oriental Players." The play enjoyed brilliant runs in New York and Chicago. In the cast will be seen such well known players as Walker C. Graves Jr., Marjorie Cortland, Ada Nevil, Andrew Robson, Frances Carson, Vivian Blackburn, Dan Jarrett Jr., John Steppling, Frank J. Gillen and Egbert Munro. The play will be produced under the personal direction of E. F. Bostwick who staged it in New York. The theatre will present a most artistic appearance when the doors are again thrown open. For weeks the work of renovating and decorating has been going on under the supervision of General Manager Leon Kutner, and no efforts have been spared to provide for the comfort and convenience of patrons. The decorations are entirely Oriental in character and the effect is very striking. Many innovations are to be made by the management. There will be two box offices so that those who make reservations will not be obliged to stand in the regular line when they arrive at the theatre. Every seat will be reserved both for evening and matinee performances. There will be matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Prices range from 25c to $1. The best plays obtainable will be produced and the K. G. Company assures San Francisco theatregoers an artistic treat.

MYRTLE DINGWALL
A favorite of the Tivoli Opera Company.

"Summer Girls" at Pantages

One of the best little musical comedies that has come over the Pantages Circuit this season is the "Summer Girls," a breezy singing specialty with a gorgeous stage mounting which opens Sunday. There are eight girls with Ray Largue and Sue Snee in the leading roles. Charles King and Virginia Thornton return with "The Counsellor," a dramatic sketch. Richardson brings his trained animal actors. James Brockman, the "American Chevalier," sings his own songs. He also imitates famous vocalists. The Mus-Art Trio sing ballads, play the piano and one of the three sketches. Marguerite DeVon and Hattie DeVon warble and dance, wearing stunning gowns. The Aerial Bartletts do flying feats. Comedy motion pictures complete the bill.

Saharet at the Orpheum

Saharet, the beautiful Australian and Continental danseuse who created one of the greatest furores that Europe has known in recent years, has been specially brought from Paris by the Orpheum Circuit and will make her first appearance in this city. Her program will include a Minuette, Danse Sarbaja, La Panaderos and Tango Argentino. She will be assisted by Senor J. Florido, a dancer of international renown. Ten versatile juveniles headed by William J. Dooley will present a musical review "The Lawn Party." Robert Mantell, Eva Tanguay, David Warfield, Fay Templeton, George Cohan, Irene Franklin, Bessie McCoy, Caruso and Lillian Russell are impersonated. Frank Milton and the De Long Sisters will appear in J. A. Murphy's skit "Twenty Minutes Layover at Alfalfa Junction." Jeannette Franzeska, the celebrated Dutch vocalist who for six years was prima donna of the Amsterdam Grand Opera, will be heard in a splendid program. Her accompanist is John W. Schouten, a composer and conductor of note. Jack G. McLallen and May Carson are roller skaters. Frosini and his accordion will be heard in operatic and popular selections. Next week will be the last of Mullen and Coogen; Carl Rosini, and William Burress and company in "The New Song Birds."

The Gwin Recital

When a young man like "Billy" Gwin goes in seriously for the cultivation of his voice and gives to study the days which might be spent so pleasantly with his friends of the leisure class, the least we can do is to entertain a feeling of profound respect for his determination. But in the case of "Billy" Gwin there is room for more than mere respect. Since young Gwin returned from Paris where he studied hard under the best masters a number of his friends have had the pleasure of hearing him sing, and all state that his is a voice of exceptional excellence. The public will have its opportunity to pass judgment next Wednesday afternoon when young Gwin gives his first public concert at the St. Francis. The interest in this recital is very great, and the indications are that a very smart audience will gather. Gwin's family connections here are of the best. His is one of our oldest and most prominent families, and all his friends will rally round him to signalize the beginning of his career as a concert artist. That means that the most fashionable people of the city and San Mateo County will be in the audience. But this recital will be no mere society affair; our keenest music lovers also anticipate a rare treat.

Miss Goodwin at Kohler and Chase's

Miss Maud R. Goodwin, a lyric soprano of exceptional talent will be the soloist at the Music Matinee at Kohler and Chase Hall this Saturday. Miss Goodwin has a voice of velvety quality and sings with taste and judgment. Her selections will include works by Nevin and an aria from Verdi's Ernani. There will be an exceptionally interesting array of compositions interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ, and the entire program promises to be one of the very best of the season.

So Accommodating

A young man the other day said to his best girl:

"I visited the fashionable palmist this afternoon, and he told me I'd marry a blonde."

The girl, who was very dark, said thoughtfully: "Did he say when the marriage would take place?"

"Yes, in three months."

"Well, I can easily be a blonde by that time, dear," said the girl with a shy smile.

"THE LURE"
A scene from the wonderful white slave drama now at the Cort.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stock market traditions teach that prices go up when all the bad news is out. Tradition spoke the truth again when prices advanced in the face of the Government crop report on grain which estimated the lowest condition of corn since 1901. In addition to this was the passage of the tariff bill by the United States Senate. As the tariff bill has been the chief stock in trade of the bears for more than a year and the Senate has gone further in the direction of free trade than the House did, the advance in the Industrials, including American Beet Sugar, is all the more remarkable. The old sign of improvement, a better bond market, also made good. Union Pacific became the market leader and rose in a spectacular way on tips that an extra cash dividend of 25 per cent will probably be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of its holdings of Southern Pacific stock. Canadian Pacific was just as strong, though it attracted less attention. This road will spend $100,000,000 in double tracking its road from coast to coast and the shareholders hope for another melon cutting when $60,000,000 of unissued stock is sold to them. The sale of this stock at 175 will provide all the money needed. The company has practically no bonded debt, having bought up most of its outstanding bonds in the open market. Sentiment was helped by the Copper Producers' report showing the smallest visible supply since the association was founded, and the very favorable report of the United States Steel Corporation. Business interests have apparently become more confident that the federal administration at Washington will serve the country wisely and well and that the tariff will not ruin American industries. Some banks and bankers think and say the currency bill will hurt them and the country but commercial interests are not alarmed at the prospect of having a law that will render currency and credits more elastic even if it does deprive the New York banks of some of their power and influence.

Wheat—A steady tone has been the feature in the wheat market the past week although there was some weakness at the close of the week. There was some buying early in the week on the strength in corn, but these investments were not large, and the market appears to be waiting for future developments. We think any big advance in values will be due very largely to foreign conditions. Europe this year will be obliged to import an enormous quantity of wheat and flour. The Russian crop is a large one, but the quality is poor. Other European countries have wheat crops below normal, and they must of necessity come to America for a large percentage of their requirements. Reports from France indicate that they have already commenced to buy wheat, something very unusual at this season of the year. The domestic situation seems to be on a sound basis. The large movement of spring wheat which was confidently expected is apparently not as heavy as the trade in the northwest were led to believe and its looks as if farmers were holding their wheat for higher prices, which would appear very natural in view of the comparative values of other grains. The Cincinnati Price Current also mentions the fact that farmers in the southwest are feeding large quantities of new wheat, which is almost compulsory on account of the failure of the corn crop. The wheat market will undoubtedly tire everybody out who believes in higher prices before it does very much, but conservative investors with a little patience will be liberally rewarded.

Corn—We have had a strong advancing market in corn the past week; the fever of liquidation seems to have exhausted itself and those who are anxious to secure profits before the market goes back under 70 cents have been very busy reinstating their corn. The big movement of old corn to terminal markets, which was so liberally advertised, has not caused any panic in either cash prices or futures, and as stated before we are inclined to the opinion that 70 cents may be considered a minimum for corn on this crop. It may of course work under this level, as the result of a large run of new corn, but it will all be wanted and eventually the futures will sell very much farther above 70 cents than they ever go under it and purchases can be made conservatively on breaks around this level.

Cotton—In view of the fact that Great Britain is threatened with a nation wide strike that promises to assume serious conditions owing to the fear of a great railway strike in sympathy with the labor troubles on the docks of the British Isles, Liverpool's strength last week was more than a surprise. However there were other features that created strength abroad and one was the bad crop reports from Texas and Arkansas. Press reports have been to the effect that Congress has under consideration a proposition to enact legislation that will permit the American Cotton Exchanges to do business in cotton for future delivery, but on the basis of a contract as is now in vogue in the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, which would force the New York Cotton Exchnage to adopt the same system, namely, the Government standard on classification and commercial instead of fixed differences. If such a law was put into effect cotton contract prices in New York, instead of selling at a discount compared with values ruling in the New Orleans Exchange would command a premium of at least 25 points, and this is what the south is anxious to have brought about. Moreover there were rains of a general character falling throughout the cotton region all week and it is claimed that these rains are damaging the grade of cotton west of the Mississippi river and are causing insects to multiply in all districts, that picking is being interfered with and that receipts are being retarded. Consequently all the spot markets were firm and this gave an undertone of strength to futures which showed a good advance at the close of the week.

Wealth may not bring happiness, but most of us are willing to take a chance.

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 7,164; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH TOMPKINS, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to: CLARENCE W. TOMPKINS, as Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Tompkins, Deceased, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Tuesday, the 21st day of October, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why your Letters of Administration issued in the above entitled proceeding should not be revoked on the ground that you have wrongfully neglected the Estate of said Sarah Tompkins, Deceased, and on the ground that you have long neglected to perform any act as such Administrator, and have failed to perform the duties as such Administrator.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. SAWYER, Atty. at Law,
MacDonough Bldg., 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-27-4

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

sonally give these women positions and a chance for a better life or at least for some sort of living other than the immoral one. Not a soul in that delegation stepped forward.

"It is easy enough to say, 'Drive them out!' but where are they going? what are they going to do?

"The so-called reformer takes the same irrational stand with regard to the dance halls. There are certain poor classes in our community with no halls, no music, no forms of amusement, no gathering places of their own. The dance halls are for these people. Their lives are lives of drudgery with few bright spots, so naturally they drift toward the dance halls where there is light and amusement. The so-called 'pure city' elements wants to take away from these people their only form of amusement and give them nothing in its place. The Y. M. C. A. is a most worthy institution, but you can't expect a sailor to spend all his time in the Y. M. C. A. reading tracts.

"The cities of Germany have great public dance halls with good music. They are properly conducted under city supervision. Liquor is sold in these places, and while this fact would be enough to call for condemnation by the present so-called 'clean city' element, still there are no better or more orderly dance halls in the world, and none that furnish amusement for more people. But then Germany proceeds on the principle that people have a right to amuse themselves as they see fit provided they don't interfere with the rights of others; in other words, provided they don't make a public nuisance of themselves.

"The trouble is here that the so-called reformers want to regulate everybody's life along the lines of their own peculiar views. There is to be no individualism other than the desire of the reformers or what meets with their approval. All reforms proceed along the lines of the so-called temperance reform. Because a few abuse liquor they wish to penalize all. This eagerness for wholesale regulation is the basis of reform everywhere. You'll find it in every walk of life. They generalize instead of particularizing. That's what the mob likes, and the secret of Roosevelt's success was that he realized this. He knew that the mob would follow a man provided he was violent, intemperate and demagogic enough in his demands for the righting of wrongs. But the fair, temperate, rational man, the man who says when he finds a disorderly saloon, 'Take away its license' and when he finds a vicious resort, 'Close it up' but who doesn't believe in punishing an entire class for the wrongdoings of one or two or three,—this man doesn't appeal to the mob. They turn from him to whet their appetite for excitement in the company of the noisy, loud-mouthed, hypocritical, all-regulating reformer."

When a fellow acts as a wet blanket it doesn't do much good to tell him to dry up.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the will of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ALFRED BRUSADELLI, deceased.

ROSE CARLET,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Alfred Brusadelli, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 6, 1913.
A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Executrix.
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-6-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 11,144; Dept. 10.
In the Matter of the Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of sale made by the Superior Court of, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 19th day of February, 1912, in the matter of the above estate, the undersigned, the Administrator of the above estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 8th day of October, 1913, all the right, title interest and estate of said Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said deceased, at the time of her death of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northerly line of Sutter Street, distant thereon one hundred and ten (110) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Sutter and Steiner Streets, running thence Westerly along said line of Sutter Street, twenty-seven (27) feet, four and three-fourths (4¾) inches, thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, thence at right angles Easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and four and three-fourths (4¾) inches, thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to Sutter Street and point of commencement, being portion of 50 vara lot No. 1, Western Addition Block 387.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of making said sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, all bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of John F. Hanlon, Attorney for said Administrator, at his office, Room 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the Administrator personally, or be filed with the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale. Deed and abstract, taxes for the current year at the expense of the purchaser.

Dated this 20th day of September, 1913.
WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
JOHN F. HANLON, Attorney for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7,168; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall on the southerly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of October, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have why an order of this Court should not be made authorizing and directing said Charles G. Lyman to make, execute and deliver a promissory note or notes for the sum of forty-two thousand (42,000) dollars, and a mortgage or mortgages to secure the payment of said note or notes of some or all of the following described real property situate, lying and being in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

PARCEL ONE:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Pine Street, distant thereon one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet and five (5) inches westerly from the westerly line of Polk Street; running thence westerly along said southerly line of Pine Street fifty (50) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles easterly and along the northerly line of Austin Avenue fifty (50) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Pine Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 460.

PARCEL TWO:

COMMENCING at the point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street with the westerly line of Taylor Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Taylor Street seventy (70) feet; thence at right angles westerly and along the northerly line of Adelaide Place forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly seventy (70) feet; thence at right angles easterly and along the said southerly line of Post Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches to the westerly line of Taylor Street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 252.

PARCEL THREE:

COMMENCING at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the easterly line of Dupont Street; running thence southerly and along the said easterly line of Dupont Street fifty-eight (58) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northerly fifty-eight (58) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along said southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Dupont Street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 116.

Reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein for further particulars.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED: That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, September 17, 1913.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Endorsed: Filed Sept. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHRISTIAN KOCH, Deceased—No. 15,722, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Sine Koch, administratrix of the estate of Christian Koch, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Attorney at Law, 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Christian Koch, deceased.

SINE KOCH,
Administratrix of the Estate of Christian Koch, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 30, 1913.
T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS EMANUEL GUTTE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Henry W. Gutte, at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, and Messrs. Loewy & Loewy, Rooms 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, deceased.

HENRY W. GUTTE,
Administrator of the Estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 20, 1913.
GEO. F. HATTON, HARTLEY F. PEART,
LOEWY & LOEWY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 50117.

T. L. STANG, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to: CHARLES SMILEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of July, A. D. 1913.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
JOS. KIRK, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Rooms of the Board of Trade, San Francisco.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON MORTGAGE OF REALTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 2079; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an Incompetent Person.

L. M. Hoefler, guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition for an order to mortgage certain realty, hereinbelow particularly described, belonging to the estate of the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, and good cause appearing,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the above-named Court on Tuesday, the 7th day of October, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of Department 10 thereof, at the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why the said realty should not be mortgaged for thirty-five thousand dollars ($35,000), or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet, in accordance with said petition on file, reference whereto is hereby made for further particulars.

And it is further ORDERED that this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The following is a particular description of said realty:

An undivided one-half interest in and to that certain parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot bounded on the south by Clay Street; on the east by the boundary line of the water front; on the north by a line to be drawn parallel to and distant northerly from Clay Street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and on the west by a line to be drawn at right angles with Clay Street to the line last above described, at such distance from the above mentioned boundary line of the water front of said city that the area of the premises above described shall be exactly equivalent to the area of one-half (½) of a fifty (50) vara lot, as the same are laid off upon the official survey and map of San Francisco, excepting, however, out of and from said premises above described a strip or piece of said premises running along the whole northerly side thereof twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches in width, which last mentioned piece or strip of land is reserved and excepted out of and from said premises above described, the same being part of Merchant Street, as laid out and dedicated to public use.

Dated September 2, 1913.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.
FINLAY COOK,
Attorney for Guardian. 9-6-5

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Among the guests at Hotel del Coronado is Mrs. R. F. Gross (Elizabeth Hicks) of Los Angeles whose husband is on the U. S. Truxton, at present in San Diego harbor. A party consisting of A. T. Tubbs, R. S. Sherman, Geo. P. Tallant of San Francisco and Dr. B. P. Brodie and P. H. Rice Jr. of Santa Barbara spent several days at Hotel del Coronado M. M. O'Shaughnessy of San Francisco is a guest at the Hotel del Coronado.

The following are on the list of recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland: B. H. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Raynor, Robert Jocelyn, C. H. Merriam, H. O. Washburn, and W. E. Humphrey of Los Angeles; I. I. Boak of Denver; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Wheeler of St. Louis; J. F. Haley of Boston; Leon Levy, A. J. Shaw, H. O. Woolett, Robert Heyneman, Frank Mills, D. M. Heitel, S. Exelman, Gus Winter, R. M. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Tucker, A. G. Farley, H. S. Lederer, Max Freund, F. L. Wildes, J. Sachs, D. E. Vroom, S. Richard Gross, Fred Metzler, George Silver, H. B. Earl, L. Loeser, B. M. Joseph, S. Katzenstein, C. R. Stewart-Schwartz, S. Nemiro, W. W. Lehman, Julius Kolner, C. J. Neligh, M. Michaels, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stringham, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Ellison of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John H. Marble of Washington, D. C.; B. L. Stover, Lieut. U. S. N., J. S. Fell, J. J. Kronenberg; W. J. Smart, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Cross, Charles M. Kayser, A. Herman, G. H. Bigelow, F. L. Crawford, J. W. Collins, E. E. Whiting, A. E. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Farlander, W. W. Lehman, of Chicago.

The country about Witter Springs has begun to put on its fall costume and the autumnal tints of the foliage and the balmy air have attracted a large crowd of autoists and visitors from all over the State during the past fortnight. Already week-end parties are being planned for Thanksgiving and the fall season at the hotel promises to be a lively one. Mrs. B. N. Rowley of San Francisco who has been spending a couple of months there was joined last week by her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rowley. Mrs. John L. Sehon, wife of Captain Sehon, U. S. A., and Miss Sehon were also guests at the hotel recently. Others who visited there during the last week were Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gibson, Mr. E. A. Schalarch, Mr. Charles Roesler, Mr. F. J. Branden, Mr. J. A. England, Mr. Keith Eversole and Mr. Reuben Hunt of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Briggs of Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Judell of Oakland and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibson and Mr. W. J. Ferndon of Alameda.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXII. San Francisco, October 4, 1913 No. 1102

KITTY GORDON

The famous dazzling beauty who will make her first appearance in San Francisco at the Cort Theatre on Monday night in "The Enchantress."

TOWN TALK

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Oh! For the Sittlichkeit

The Sittlichkeit recommended by Lord Haldane in his address to the American Bar Association at Montreal is not thought much of by the English press, as we learn from some of the London weeklies now arriving. By the German word Sittlichkeit is meant in the Haldane address a common law of conduct binding nations together not merely in peace but in moral unity. Ordinarily speaking the German employs the word in the sense of "good form" in all matters of conduct. Applied to the individual it means an instinctive regard for truth and fair-dealing, for certain ideals and rules of behaviour. As with national, so with international law, according to Lord Haldane, the real sanction of it is a general sense of right and justice, and therefore that sense should be cultivated. The English newspapers agree that Lord Haldane uttered a pretty sentiment, but they cannot see that he contributed in the slightest degree to the solution of any of the immediate problems of international politics. The trouble with the English newspapers is that they are terribly lacking in sentimentality. Lord Haldane's Sittlichkeit made a great hit with American newspapers because in this country we go in strong for idealism. For almost every malady we prescribe the Sermon on the Mount or the Golden Rule. We love the visionary, no matter how fantastic his dreams, and it makes little difference whether he believes in them or we believe in them. We are always looking forward to the flowering of civilization, and we love to prate of the taste for beauty, the relish for what is decent, and to pride ourself on our keen appreciation of everything that commands the instinctive homage of the generous mind. Yet all the while intellectual dishonesty is becoming more marked as a trait of American character. Every day men publicly betray their intellectual dishonesty without losing their self-respect or the respect of others. The other day Senator La Follette stood up in the Senate of the United States, spoke of the men once prominent in Congress who had been retired to private life because of their conservative views, and predicted that several of his confreres would suffer the same fate if they continued to oppose certain principles which he was advocating. Senator La Follette's idea of statesmanship is deference to expediency, obsequiousness to majorities. Openly he recommended intellectual dishonesty, but he is in no danger of incurring public contempt; no more so than the ladies who boast that members of our legislature complied with certain demands not because they thought it right to do so but because they were afraid of a political organization of women. Intellectual dishonesty is the great curse of this era of American politics, and therefore no nation was ever in greater need of the Sittlichkeit.

Republicans Want Roosevelt

Several months ago we remarked that the grape-juice and sophomoric statesmen now experimenting in government at the nation's capital were making a situation which would seem after a while to have been designed to frame the most picturesque personality in American politics. Now comes the news in special despatches from Washington that the movement among Republicans "to turn to Colonel Roosevelt as the leader in 1916 is growing with remarkable rapidity." Senator Sutherland of Utah, a conservative statesman who was against Roosevelt last year, predicts the nomination of the Colonel three years hence by the Republican convention. Senator Borah is quoted to the effect that Roosevelt "is rapidly becoming the most available man to reunite the Republican party." Senator Burton of Ohio, though not committing himself, says that if nominated Roosevelt will certainly be elected. Senator Kenyon of Iowa thinks Roosevelt is "the proper man to reunite the party." And so it goes. There is to be a national conference to discuss ways and means of restoring the party to supremacy, and probably Roosevelt will be agreed upon as sufficient ways and means in his own forceful person. The Colonel is understood to be open to suggestion from the leaders of the party that he bolted and split. And thus the evolution in American politics that Washington warned us against in his Farewell Address appears to be going on before our eyes. Of the very situation now in process of development the Father of his Country had vivid prevision. If Theodore Roosevelt is the one man able to achieve the consummation dear to the hearts of Republican politicians then all the more closely does he resemble the personality Washington warned us against, and if in despite all other considerations Theodore Roosevelt is to be nominated for the benefit of his party, how like a voice divinely inspired is Washington's when we read that portion of his message that deals with the dangers of party politics! If it was against public policy for the Republican party to nominate Roosevelt a year ago, it will certainly be more so three years hence, for his nomination then by the party he bolted and shattered will mean that he has about qualified for divine honors. Yet, as we have said, the situation is being made for him. It will not be surprising to find the whole country clamoring for the man who made the people discontented with their government, and who created the illusion in the public mind that he was the embodiment of all the ideals to which they should aspire.

The Barbaric Father

There is one purpose for which the single standard of morality, about which we are hearing a great deal these days, would be worth advocating. This purpose has not engaged the attention of our propagandists. Theirs is not a disinterested motive. With them it is entirely a question of right—their right—and of equality. If universal recognition of a single standard would make the sin of adultery in the case of the mother of as little consequence to children as now it is in the case of the father a certain positive advantage would accrue. The average husband whose wife has sinned against the purity of her home has no thought of anything but his own grievance. Either from vanity or revenge he must punish the woman who has done him an injury. Very likely he conceives that his honor has been wounded, and that to heal it he must supply the public with all the details. What a curious notion! A man's honor is entirely in his own keeping. Surely the man does not argue sensitiveness to decency who proclaims the infamy of the mother of his children. What is more honorable than to protect one's children from the mean, cruel gossip of the world? What more barbarous than to cause a child to blush for the sins of a mother. A father is under very great obligations to the children God has given him. He ought to be eager to keep before them a future brilliant and beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace. He should be solicitous to preserve that ideal state of childhood in which there are no tears that a mother's gentle hand cannot wipe away; no wound that a mother's kiss cannot heal; no sorrow that her voice cannot soothe. It would seem from the records of the divorce court that wounded egotism is stronger than paternal affection. There are fathers in all strata of society who go to court not to vindicate their honor but to put the brand of infamy on the mother of their children. Their feelings have been wounded, and they have no thought of anything but reprisal; not even of their offspring for whom they make impossible one of the sublimest of passions—veneration of motherhood. Perhaps in time when civilization has advanced a little further, we shall have, if not a single standard of morality, some standard of conduct by which fathers may be deterred from barbarity toward their offspring.

A Prize Package From Sacramento

The hospitals of the State appear to have entered into a conspiracy to discredit one of the masterpieces of legislation that reflect glory on the current dispensation. Seventeen of the leading hospitals are joining in a suit to test the constitutionality of the eight-hour law for their student nurses. Governor Johnson has been pointing with pride to this law. It is one of the laws that vindicate the passionate humanity of the Administration. The enactment of it proved that Governor Johnson's heart was in the right place. Incidentally it strength-

ened his claim on the affections and the votes of the persons whom it was designed to benefit. But according to hospital authorities its theoretical merits have vanished in practice. Like many another specimen of Progressive statesmanship it entails certain disadvantages that were not dreamt of in the half-baked philosophy of its untutored authors. On account of this law the Children's Hospital whose work is largely charitable has had to close its pavilion for contagious cases. Sick children have been turned away from the hospital. Instead of proving of benefit to student nurses the law has put student nurses out of employment. Furthermore as the law compels a constant change of nurses it imperils the lives of patients. It appears that the law makes sickness a greater luxury than ever, since none but the rich can now afford to be treated in a hospital. All these things were foreseen by doctors. They protested against the measure, but as the Governor and his freak legislators were busy doing politics, and were under the delusion that the passage of the act would enlarge their circle of constituents they went ahead with the usual disastrous results. But by no means does it follow that they must suffer for their sins. They have not lost their vehemence, and while their lungs hold out they will denounce their critics as enemies of the people and charge the doctors with conspiracy against the only honest Administration that ever was. After hearing their darlings the people will feel like tearing down the hospitals.

What Purity Preaching Has Done

Something ought to be done to Chief of Police Petersen of Oakland. Perhaps it would be well for the Purity Sunday preachers to advocate the throttling of him. A believer in the irrepressible son of Dyonsyos and Aphrodite, is Petersen; in the immortality of the Venus Pandemos; and he is no respecter of the pulpit. Listen to him talk and you might conclude that the average purity preacher is a fraud, who aberrates from truth several inches down his throat. Interviewed by Pauline Jacobson the other day, Chief Petersen uttered many shocking sentiments respecting measures that have been taken at the instigation of purity preachers to make us better than we ought to be. The worst of it is that Petersen is an authority on the subject of vice. He is as competent to discuss vice as Dr. Aked is to tell us about the psychology of a crowd from the standpoint of an auctioneer. Chief Petersen is a student of statistics, and he keeps in touch with the doings of the police and reformers all over the world. Judging from what he says the men and women who interfere with prostitution are a greater evil than prostitutes. For example he tells us that the Parkhurst crusade in 1891 in New York increased not only prostitution but also disease, graft and corruption. And in one year after the crusade there were one hundred and seventy assaults on girls between the ages of ten and twelve years. In Los Angeles the conditions are so bad says Petersen that the police have had to permit women to go armed for self-protection, and you find in that chemically pure town "autodrivers, hotel keepers and clerks acting as cappers for clandestine houses of prostitution." Also, says Petersen, right after the closing of the redlight district in Los Angeles there were one hundred and twenty cases of rape before one magistrate. Furthermore since then "Los Angeles has sent more criminals to the penitentiary than any two of the largest counties put together." Since January, 1909, nearly one-third of all the convictions for sexual crimes in the State occurred in the beautiful church-ridden city of Los Angeles. Not satisfied with having collected all these damning facts for the confounding of the purity preachers Petersen has investigated the vice-baiters and their handwork in other cities. He reports that redlight abatement laws have done nothing but scatter vice. Des Moines, Iowa, he tells us, tried the law and repealed it in a year. The only effect of the law in this part of the country, he says, will be "to give us a lot of manicure and hair-dressing parlors," to promote clandestine prostitution which increases the danger of disease. Chief Petersen, being something of a philosopher, argues that so long as there is a demand for prostitutes there is going to be a supply. The heterodoxy of the man is shocking. He appears to dissent not only from purity preachers but also from Governor Johnson's whole bunch of legislators. If all he says is true, instead of having a Sunday devoted to purity buncumbe we should lose no time in backfiring the promoters of clandestine prostitution.

Character Study

Most of us pride ourselves to some extent on our knowledge of character, but we lack faith in it as a genuine attainment. We do not depend on our insight into the motives and interior mechanism of our acquaintances as a guide through life. Aware of the incongruities and perversities of human nature we do not pursue character study with a view to getting some good out of it. Experience, however, has set up for some of us certain guide posts that keep us from absurdities of misjudgment. Some of us, therefore, are not to be found enthusing over the humbugs of public life or heartily applauding judgments of Personal Dislike when it is masquerading in terms of civic righteousness. The political humbug is almost always marked by certain infallible signs. The most conspicuous is a disposition to impugn the motives of his opponents. He wears a terrible frown for all sinners, and thus by implication vindicates his own virtue. There is much that is inhuman about this type of individual. With the heart of an oyster and the pulse of a mechanical toy, he poses as an incarnate Principle, but always with the utilitarian aim of securing some personal advantage, usually of a political character. Now so intense is the popular passion for all kinds of reform that the arctic humbug is very successful in politics. The crowd is not versed in psychology. It takes at his word the man who makes professions to set himself off as better than he is, and the snobs of journalism who are sycophantic to anything with a crowd behind it, cheer him on his way until the inevitable day when the stuffed prophet bursts at the seams and scatters sawdust to the breeze. The Boulangers and the Bryans, the Pardees and the Sulzers all come to grief in time; that is, they are found out. But the lessons they teach are lost on the crowd. They are of no value even to the teachers of the crowd. Here is the editor of the Bulletin, who presumes to pass judgment on men, telling us of his belated discovery that Mayor Gaynor was deserving of high praise. It appears that the Mayor of New York had to die to reveal himself to the myopic editor of the Bulletin.

A Judge of Character

This is not the first time the distinguished moulder of public opinion came to a realization of the utter worthlessness of the standards by which he judges men. For several years he has been kept busy ousting his idols from their pedestals. His private scrapheap is as tall as a Market street skyscraper. The editor of the Bulletin is a failure at character study because he is the slave of his prepossessions and prejudices. He could see no good in Gaynor in that gentleman's life-time because of the misapprehension that Gaynor was the tool of Tammany. Similarly he could see no evil in Louis Glavis because Glavis was helping along the conspiracy against President Taft. When Judge Lawlor was doing the work of the Graft Prosecution the editor of the Bulletin eulogized him as the one just judge. When Judge Lawlor proved recalcitant in a matter dear to the editor's heart the editor discovered that the judge was lacking in the finer qualities of human nature. This is a case that well illustrates the editor's hopeless obfuscation. No change had occurred in Judge Lawlor. He is today as always since his elevation to the bench, a stickler for principle; sincerely perhaps, and yet, perhaps, on the utilitarian basis. At any rate he belongs in the same category with those politicians, statesmen and reformers who consecrate all their energies and impulses to the business of policing the public welfare. Their whole concern, whether for selfish reasons or not, is for the State. The individual to them is a matter of minor importance. They do not understand that morality in politics is the convention of the greatest number. It has never occurred to them that in a democracy the State has more to be forgiven for than any of its citizens. But even if it did occur to them it would make no difference, because a profound human sympathy is not one of their redeeming qualities. In judging men there are certain things that ought to be considered. We ought to consider that charity may be found in a brothel, that heroism and self-sacrifice are exhibited among gamblers and bad men of mining camps. Heroism and self-sacrifice and charity are like a beautiful poem; they have no object beyond themselves. If the poor deluded man in the street thought more of them and less of the austere virtues by which the self-centred reformer induces public applause, there would be fewer ex-

plosions in the moving Hall of Fame and less injustice done to politicians of the Gaynor type. After all, in this mysterious world of illusions there is but one thing certain, which is suffering, the one thing that cannot be winked out of sight. It is on the highlands of affliction, the parched granite of pain that love and pity take root and flourish. Beside these what is the partisan politician's uproarious zeal for civic righteousness? It was because of these virtues—of sympathy with the lowly, pity for the afflicted, that the children of the East Side marched in procession and placed a rose on Mayor Gaynor's coffin; because of them that people wept in the streets during the funeral of "Big Tim," the Samaritan of the Bowery and the object for years of the execrations of our most respectable editors. It is well for men to love righteousness and to chant the psalms of David, but it is one of the mysteries of life why men preoccupied with these things are so infrequently what they seem.

Perspective Impressions

Women who walk in diaphanous gowns should not throw glances.

Perhaps Mrs. Moreland would like to put a scarlet letter on Marsha and Lola.

Nowadays for the obscene to be acceptable it must first be sentimental.

San Francisco is rapidly becoming the metropolis of Cant and Don't.

General Nelson A. Miles, the papers say, has joined the ranks of the moving picture actors. Has he ever been anything else?

Many a husband looks at his wife these days and remembers what Shapespeare wrote about "rustling in unpaid-for silk."

The dear girls who hang up their stockings this Christmas will be able to see what's in them from the outside.

Will our feminine uplifters organize a "the dansant" for the sailors who have been deprived of their dancing partners?

Despite the Police Commission and the Examiner we don't look for the millennium this year.

The newspaper bosses didn't get very far with their ticket.

Now let us have a debate between Mr. Stitt Wilson and Dr. Aked at fifty cents a head, the proceeds to go to the support of destitute girls.

Also let us get busy for the November election, and remember meanwhile to do our Christmas shopping early.

The Barbary Coast is closed: that is you may dance in Red Kelly's till you're thirsty, go out and get a drink and return.

Part of the sex hygiene program is the study of anatomy. You will find hundreds of students trying to master it on Powell street every afternoon.

If as the Rev. Thomas A. Boyer of Oakland says, the nude is better than the thinly draped figure perhaps Lady Godiva will soon be fashionable.

Perhaps it would be well for Mayor Rolph before he closes up any more of the town to consider the vote cast for Ward and D'Ancona. That vote represents the strength of the uplifters who would cramp individuality to fit their Procrustean code.

"What earthly difference does it make," the Examiner asks, "who is credited with the victory over the Barbary Coast?" It seems to make a lot of difference to the Examiner, which judging from its efforts to discourage the lid-clampers, is very sorry that it started a moral wave.

Says Dr. Aked: "We are successfully battling with almost every one of the more dangerous diseases." Wrong again. Some folk, Dr. Aked among them, are spreading the most terrible of all diseases.

The Hearst papers have made the remarkable discovery that Cardinal Gibbons is in favor of the propaganda for the reunion of the jarring Christian sects. The first essential requirement, says the Cardinal, is the recognition of the Pope. Wow!! How easy it would be to get together!

Judge Graupner, appointed to the Superior Court by Governor Johnson, lectured at the Holly Park Presbyterian Church last Sunday on "The Need for Education in Sex Hygiene," for the reason perhaps that Christ neglected that important topic. Said the Judge: "The judicial bench will be a thing of the past and totally unnecessary if the youth and maiden can be properly instructed in procreation." The Judge is confounding art and science.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Cigarettes in Lieu of Bon-bons

At one of London's largest and most important candy stores it was said recently that the sale of bon-bons and chocolates in fancy boxes has greatly decreased of late years. "Of course we know why it is," said the proprietor. "Women don't eat bon-bons as they did. They don't care for them, now that they smoke so universally. We used to have these boxes as dainty and pretty as possible because so many men bought them as presents, but we sell one now where we once sold twenty. Girls want boxes of cigarettes, so their young men gratify this new taste, and now it is cigarettes which are being packed in neat attractive little cases, while bon-bons are sold by the pound to put in dishes on the tables."

Carnegie at The Hague

That was a great day at The Hague when they opened the Palace of Peace, especially for Andy Carnegie who gave the money to build it. The London Times says that when Queen Wilhelmina arrived for the ceremonies she took a seat "from which an unblushing American lady visitor had shortly before been firmly ejected." The Times says "the present lull between the last war and the next" was a propitious time for the ceremony. The man who wrote that had his tongue in his cheek. Jonkheer R. de Marees van Swinderen, president of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, made the speech of thanks. Speaking of the Palace he said that its clock could not be expected to strike soon "the hour of eternal peace—two words which could only be appropriate as the device on the gate of a cemetery." It sounds as though he were "joshing" too. Our Andy then unveiled a bust of Sir Randal Cremer. Says the Times, "Mr. Carnegie patted the bust on the head and recalled the rise of Sir Randal Cremer from poverty to be one of the foremost of peacemakers." In other words he patted Sir Randal for being like himself. Some day Andy's bust will be there too, to inspire future generations in the lull between one war and another. There was no mention of blowholes in armor plate during the ceremonies.

Woman's "Fatal Age" is Thirty

Dr. Jackh, a savant of Hamburg, has analyzed on scientific principles the course of love in the lives of the average man and woman. He puts the result in diagrammatic form, and shows that the male "curve of love" or capacity for affection toward the other sex, is highest between twenty-four and twenty-six, whereas the female curve rises highest between thirty and thirty-four. His statistics are based on an examination of the sex lives of four hundred famous men and women. The curves show that man loves strongly at twenty, but that after that there is a drop, owing to his getting over youth's first delusions. He begins to love strongly at twenty-four. "He seldom loves at thirty, being then too busy with his advancement in life." Woman loves superficially at seventeen and more or less equably between then and thirty. But the great passion of her life usually comes when she is past first youth. "Thirty is her fatal age." Even forty is not hopeless. "Among famous women there have been more strong passions at forty than at twenty."

Varied Types

CXLVI—ASHTON STEVENS

By Edward F. O'Day

"I was perhaps the rottenest critic that ever started," said Ashton Stevens.

It's all very well for Ashton Stevens to say that as an exercise in humility, but I don't think it's true. Having read Ashton Stevens religiously from those first old days when he was an ornament of San Francisco's weekly journalism, I know that remark isn't true. So far from being "rotten" in that initiatory period Ashton Stevens was a good critic from the jump.

"Yes, and I still have a lot to learn," continued Ashton when he had brushed aside my remonstrance.

I can agree with Ashton in that. All of us have a lot to learn all the time, and the Lord help him who doesn't realize that elementary fact. It is because Ashton is always learning instead of standing still that he maintains his position as one of the very best dramatic critics in the country.

"To my mind," continued Ashton, "every critic starts as an impostor. No new critic has anything approaching perfect theatre sense. Before he can qualify, before he has perfect subconscious faith in his own opinion he has to be absolutely saturated with the atmosphere of the theatre."

"What is perfect theatre sense?" I asked.

"It is hearing the new note," expounded Ashton; "seeing the possibility of an author in a bad play; feeling up and down your spine whether an actor is an actor or a mechanic.

"And the critic must be able to put all this into words. Words that will be read. A dull show no more excuses a dull criticism than a good show warrants a slobbering panegyric that leaves nothing to be said when a masterpiece comes along."

Oyez! Oyez! Hear him, ye fledglings of the press seats! Regard his words, ye callow younglings who spill superlatives as a sieve spills water!

"I wish," continued Ashton, "to say something about audiences."

Permission having been most graciously accorded, Ashton deposed:

"Never in any eastern city have I seen an audience more acute, more apprehensive, more appreciative than the old San Francisco audience of a Columbia first night. It was fine, it was sophisticated. It didn't care who wrote the play or who played it, so long as it was well done. I regard it as a great privilege to have sat with that audience so long. There was nothing insular or suburban about it. It was alert, urban, keen as a blade; it stood up to every challenge the actor or the dramatist could offer. It is only rarely that you get so many superior people together for a New York or Chicago first night.

"One of the biggest producers in New York told me that he never took a chance with his first night audience. He buys up virtually all the seats and distributes them among his friends. His friends applaud and lie amiably till they get outside the theatre. The manager looks to the papers next morning for the real verdict.

"The eastern producing manager takes criticism very seriously. He believes that the average of criticism is the voice of the public he is trying to interest. This makes our work important. It gives the critic a sense of his responsibility. He doesn't want to start a run on a perfectly good bank.

"Until a San Francisco man goes away from home he doesn't know how many bad shows there are in the world. If I owned a paper and wrote my own criticisms I'd rate shows in their several classes from one hundred per cent good to minus one hundred and fifty. In my eastern experience I've seen more minus one hundred and fifty shows than shows one hundred per cent good. The productions that come to San Francisco, it must be remembered, have been baked in the ovens of New York and Chicago. They have proved their right to go on the road. They have stood up before hundreds of audiences. The firing line is in the East, and if a play doesn't please the public it goes down in two weeks, never to rise again.

"You hear of forced runs in the East. They are very few. The price is prohibitive, the expense of a theatre is so great. Florodora had a forced run of six weeks. But it had money, faith and that invincible sextet behind it."

Before Ashton Stevens came West a year ago to mend his health he was the dramatic critic of the Chicago Examiner. He had occupied that position for three years. The preceding three years he was dramatic critic of the New York Journal. So he knows the theatre in both cities. I asked him to make comparisons for us.

"Throughout the West," he said, "a 'New York success' is featured by the press agents and the local managers. There is supposed to be magic in the phrase. Yet as a matter of fact forty per cent of the new productions are made in Chicago. I don't mean that they are tried out in Chicago, but put on for a run. Sometimes they play a whole season in Chicago before they see New York. This was the case with 'Within the Law,' 'A Modern Eve,' 'The Man from Home,' 'Three Twins'—I could go on mentioning them ad lib. Sometimes too shows are closed in Chicago. Langdon Mitchell's last play was put on there by Mrs. Fiske. But it was overbrilliant, overwritten, and it closed in two weeks.

"The New York critics are fond of being ironical at the expense of Chicago. They delight in the sarcasm 'another Chicago success' when a play fails on Broadway. I was guilty of this injustice myself. But when I went to Chicago I found that the conditions were reversible. Plays frequently fail in Chicago which have been great successes in New York.

"Chicago will at least try to understand a serious play where New York will run away from it. What makes the difference? The first night audience for one thing. Where the managers in New York don't distribute their own tickets for the first night they get the 'death watch,' and the 'death watch' wants only to be tickled or shocked. It loathes a problem which isn't obvious. It would rather have the strong arm melodrama of Paul Armstrong than the fine play of adventure such as Eugene Walter's 'The Wolf.' 'The Wolf' fell flat in New York some years ago—it is still playing all over the United States. There is no 'death watch' in Chicago. The most cautious manager only has to give away one-half the seats for his first night.

"As for dramatic criticism, when I was writing in New York many managers and many stars told me that the standard of criticism was higher in Chicago. Certainly the dramatic criticism is exceptionally good in Chicago, barring my own."

Those of us who know Ashton Stevens are aware that his own doesn't have to be barred. We know that his theatre sense is perfect and that he can write. How he can write! Have you forgotten the joy you took in his crackling, staccato sentences? Do you remember that way he had with words, that way of making them rustle and laugh and hiss and burn? Do you recall how he twisted phrases into epigrams that stuck in the mind? How he made them wink and yawn, guffaw and cry? Ashton Stevens in those old days when we read him at breakfast was the most skilful humanizer of words writing in San Francisco. The ink he used was like rich red blood vitalizing the moribund stuff of dictionaries. The joy of composition glowed in every line. And it's the same today. Nothing of that old enthusiasm has died.

"I enjoy my work wherever I am," Ashton told me. "I've been twenty years on the job, and I'm still as much of a theatre fan as when my dad first took me to see Booth play Hamlet at the old California Theatre. I like the game. I'm one year behind now, and I'm going back to catch up."

You and I can truthfully say that we're sorry to see him go. He didn't have to go. One of our editors tried to hold him here. But it was no use. The larger field is calling him back. Chicago wants him, and that alone shows that Chicago knows what's what.

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The People's Forum

Aked On Modesty

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Dr. Aked in the pulpit is entitled to the respect due to every religious teacher until he forfeits it. Dr. Aked blowing a tuba in Mr. Hearst's band-wagon is altogether another man. He invites, indeed craves, public consideration and merits precisely that treatment and none other which his printed utterances justify. You did a public service recently when you made plain the zest with which this reverend man hashed up the salacious details of the Diggs-Caminetti case for the Examiner's prurient readers; how he misrepresented the English and American law, how he misstated facts, how he undertook to dictate the punishment to the trial judge. But your duty in this regard is not ended. This dogmatic Englishman who, with a contempt for our institutions, has nevertheless abandoned his own, has set himself up as arbiter of our laws, our morals and our fashions. He is in a delirium. "He on honey-dew hath supped and drank the milk of Paradise"—the honey-dew of feminine adulation—the milk of the Examiner's publicity Paradise. Your castigations will not serve to still the voice of this howling Dervish, but they may bring deafness to the cracking tympanums of his listeners—"till silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows of sound." If they do not heed they cannot be misled. In last Friday's Examiner he treats us to a dissertation on "Modesty and the Policeman." It is worth consideration. To begin with, the subject of the discourse is essentially Akedesque. He takes his readers by the hand and joyously leads them as far into the realm of pruriency as he dares to go—in the public prints. He seeks to cover the naked sensuality of his mind with the hypercritical sheep-skin of a high moral tone. He writes like a disciple of Brantome. He loves to linger over the details of the suggestive, the carnal, the lickerish and to salve his conscience at the end by pretending to draw therefrom some great moral lesson.

But these are generalities. Specifically he lends his sanctified name to the advertisement of "September Morn"—a picture having no other excuse for its existence than that it portrays the absolutely nude body of a young girl. He dilates on his subject, "As a work of art it does not appeal to me." With commendable restraint he fails to tell us what in the picture does appeal to him; but "from his soul" he "pities the man or woman who finds immodesty in it." Having thus at great length "boosted" September Morn till we can see copies of it given as prizes to the boys with best attendance-records at his Sunday school he passes on. To what? To a real woman this time who went bathing publicly in Chicago clad in skin-tight habiliments without any concealing skirt and was arrested. But she was not immodest, this master of our morals tells us, because "she was fully clothed from neck to foot, with cap and stockings all complete." (Reread this quotation and see how unconsciously our divine celebrates his topic in joyous, metrical lilt.) You know now without being told what his third subject is—the split-skirt—and the X-ray gown. But here our moral guide seems not so sure of his ground. His language lacks not only joy but clearness. A surprising timidity is at times displayed. He does not want to discourage the use of such apparel, but he hesitates to commend it. In his summary however the Doctor recovers his poise and is at his cock-sure best. Every girl and woman reader is told that immodesty is not proper, (no one of them knew it till so informed) but that they can wear what they please so long as they don't make a financial profit out of it. You doubt this? No wonder. But let the censor of our morals say it himself:

"Money must not be made out of immodesty. A questionable display by a woman in the street, a still more questionable display by a summer girl on the seashore, is one thing; but the exploitation of immodesty for the sake of gain is a thing entirely different. One should not be interfered with by the police, and for the reasons given. The other ought to be stopped in compliance with what we are coming to regard as a fundamental principle of social well-being, that men shall not make their market out of wrong; and it is a pity to see our girls willingly put themselves into clothes which lay them open to a suspicion of immodesty. But the deliberate, systematic encouragement of immodesty for the sake of gain is a crime. And between the two there roll oceans of moral distinction.

"We have become familiar with the phrase 'commercialized vice.' We know what vast profits are made out of human debauchery and sin. We can just as easily understand what would be meant by 'commercialized immodesty.' If the police of a hundred cities will save us from this, in the theatre and the cabaret and the saloon and the much-advertised 'girlshow,' then September Morns and X-ray gowns and skirtless swimming costumes will not do us any great harm."

In all seriousness was ever a more degrading and debauching doctrine held out to American womanhood. Suppress immodest costumes on the stage and in cabarets where no one need see them except from choice, but let them flaunt themselves unrestrained on the public streets where all must see them. It takes no acute mind to perceive that our good Doctor, for reasons of his cloth, cannot go often to theatres and cabarets, but can go and will be frequently visible on our streets.

But this analysis would be altogether inadequate without just tribute to our great author's powers of ratiocination. So far I have omitted the "Policeman." The policeman comes under the Doctor's stern censure for presuming to arrest women for public exhibitions of what the policeman thinks immodest, seductive and improper, but which our divine does not. The Doctor's masterly reasoning will certainly convince those who agree with him—as certainly as it will put to the blush those who do not. Here it is. Chas. Dickens has Mr. Bumble say that the "law is a hass and a hidiot." Then says Dr. Aked: "Modesty is a relative thing, . . . Modesty is sometimes a question of latitude and longitude. It is sometimes a question not merely of the day but of the hour. And of these questions the average policeman or captain of police is as capable of judging as a pig is capable of flying." Then our logician points with picturesque detail to the woman who bathed in skin-tights without a skirt and finds that neither she nor her costume was immodest; "the real offense was in the police interference with her." The conclusion is then forcibly clinched that policemen, not knowing anything about such things, must not arrest women for immodest dress or behavior unless it is "commercialized." But the policeman does not make the laws. He only arrests for violation of those made by the legislature and city. If he is unfit by ignorance to make such arrests who shall make them? Not the "average citizen." He knows less about them than the policeman who is instructed in them—whose duty it is to know them. Not the trial judges. One can hardly picture Judges Lawlor and Dunne wandering about the streets to gather in the gossamer-skirted malefactors, and besides they must stay in their courts. There can be one answer, "'Tis Aked alone who knows us all, advisedly can try us." For immodest or indecent feminine exhibitions there shall be only such arrests as Dr. Aked himself shall undertake by the laying on of his hands. Finally it is worthy of note that there is a clash of authority on the question of the immodesty of women's dress in the Examiner's own household. Dr. Aked we see holds it to be not immodest. Gaby DeLys, a co-laborer with the Doctor in the Examiner vineyard, declares it to be designed for the allurement of man—a pure and simple sex display for sexual purposes. If the Doctor is a great moral reformer, it cannot be denied that Miss DeLys is an equally great moral informer. I am willing to concede that Dr. Aked's knowledge of the workings of the feminine mind, that his own reasoning, that his intuitiveness, that his femininity in short, is in all respects equal to that of Miss DeLys; but wild horses shall not drag me further. I will never admit that he is more feminine than she. How then upon this question so momentous that Doctor Aked, who will tell you himself that he is a humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, has felt it necessary to drag it into the public prints,—how then shall a decision be reached? Obviously by an Examiner symposium in which the subject shall be handled in all its length, breath and thickness with or without gloves or other covering. And let Gaby call to her aid whatsoever champions she will, Lillian Lorraine, Anna Held, Lillian Russell—nay, even Ella Wheeler Wilcox herself—fair and fearsome as they all are—and our money is down that the good Doctor will put them all to rout and shame.

Yours truly,

—A Layman.

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The Petroleuse

By Bernard Capes

The house stood alone, and quite isolated, on the edge of a piece of waste surbuban ground. Magnified by the dark, it was yet of proportions obviously sufficient to supply a Latimer-Ridley blaze, enough, to a fanatic imagination, to flood all England with the fierceness of its illumination. The flat-chested, hectic-cheeked young woman looking up at it felt herself already an acclaimed heroine and, in some fantastic way, martyr.

The gaining an entrance was a laughably easy matter—just the lifting of a latch in a side-door, and a cautious step within. The house was simply deserted, simply unoccupied—a remote and lifeless shell. It might be unlettable; it might be potentially profitable; it might, again, represent a chief asset in the income of a sympathizer with the Cause. The incendiary paused, breathing hurriedly, to deliver a handbag she carried of its compressed load of newspapers, fire-lighters, turpentine and a small dark lantern. Then, detaching from the pile, for subsequent use, a copy or two of the periodical which voiced her views, she stealthily kindled the lantern, and prepared, as stealthily, to examine her ground.

It gave her a little thrill and shock at the outset to discover that the place was not so wholly unfurnished as she had been inclined to suppose. There were signs of some late occupation, not substantial or many, but enough to imply an abandonment only as yet provisional. A rickety kitchen table, one or two drunken chairs, a torn jack-towel behind the door—these and other discarded litter confessed themselves leeringly to the little misty eye of the lantern. But a hasty half-scrutiny revealing the things all thick with dust, the woman turned from them reassured to pursue her purpose and design.

Ordinarily, the mere thought of a solitary night-vigil in an empty house would have been enough to fill her with unspeakable terrors; now the ecstacy of the exalted had uplifted her above all such temporal weaknesses. Going forward, she saw the bare hall, the white slope of the carpetless stairs, and, as if irresistibly impelled, mounted to the rooms above.

Here, also, were some attenuated relics of occupation—tattered window curtains, a half-disembowelled easy chair, spilling flock, a broken packing case or two. Congratulating Providence on its foresight, the intruder began at once, and hastily, to dispose her materials in the most effective places. She went round the large room by the wall, taking advantage of each combustible object. When all was prepared, she would remake the circuit, firing each little heap in its turn.

Suddenly she started, and her skin crept from crown to heel. What was that in the room with her? She flashed the lantern-light from wall to wall—over the floor—even over the ceiling. No sight, no sound whatever; only the constriction and expansion of dark palpitating emptiness. With a gasp, which spoke her half-way already on the road to collapse, she hurried to make an end of her task. Lantern and matches in hand, she crouched to ignite the first heap of inflammable rubbish. It was gone.

It was gone; the second was gone—the third, the fourth. More noiselessly than she had disposed them, each had been removed behind her back as she passed on, and carried—whither? She reeled, then made like a mad-woman for the door, found it, and began to descend the stairs. And instantly she understood. The soaked paper, the firelighters, had been transferred by unseen hands to places more cunningly meet than hers to produce a wholesale conflagration. Fire a house from the ground floor if you would wholly consume it; it is half-measures to start half-way. And so the little heaps, like peering demons, winked up at her from hall wainscot, partition, corner, and stair-foot. Yes, the deadliest there. It seemed to smoke already, emitting a phosphorescent light, which was horribly contorted. The woman sat down upon the stairs because her knees would no longer support her. But she was up again in a moment, with a screech. For in that moment the smoke had burst like a shell, and the whole well of the house was a storm of spouting flame. She turned and fled before it—up, up, while it followed in crackling breakers. Was ever fire so insistent and so hellish? Up, up, until only the unattainable skylight stood between her and freedom. The fire was coming in at the door: a tunnel of blackness seemed to open before her, and she fell into it—and into instant deep unconsciousness.

With the growth of morning came a little crowd about the place. Two policemen were engaged within the walls of a long-blackened ruin, endeavoring to persuade thence a raving white-faced woman, who persisted in frantically defying their efforts.

"Whoth that?" asked a curious thick-nosed newcomer, with a pack on his back.

"One of them crazy militants," was the answer. "She's been caught a-trying to set fire to a burnt-out house."

"Burned-out, you thay?"

"This three year and more, old man. Arson, it was supposed; and him that did it caught in the trap he'd set for the insurance companies—caught and burnt himself, before he could make his escape. A bloomin' ass, I call 'im!"

The Jew stared, and went into a noiseless chuckle.

"Thertainly, thir," he said. "The man must have been a fool. But thith woman must be a greater, thince there is no policy at all in question."

"That's just it," answered the other, "though they call it one, poor misguided creeturs. And here it is nat'rally ended in the madness it promised."

Aged Uncle—I've insured my life for five thousand dollars in your favor. What else can I do for you?

Nephew—Nothing on earth, uncle.

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"I was a suffer with rheumatism for eight years with occasional severe attacks that would confine me to bed for a month or six weeks at a time," said Admiral Phelps in a letter to the Natura Company, which is preparing Akoz. "My hands, knees and ankles would swell so that I had to have a nurse to care for me.

"I was under the care of physicians and tried numerous remedies, but received nothing more than temporary relief until about two years ago, when I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John D. Mackenzie, president and manager of your company, who advised me to try a mineral substance known as Akoz.

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Akoz has also proved equally effective for catarrh, eczema, ulcers, piles and stomach, liver and kidney troubles. It is sold by all druggists.

Poems About San Francisco

CXIV—FARALLONES DE LOS FRAILES

By Mary Malloy

(Some pretty verses by Miss Mary Malloy have already been given in this series. The Farallones are so inseparably connected with San Francisco history and San Francisco's ocean scenery that a poem about the Farallones is really a poem about San Francisco. So no excuse is needed for including Miss Malloy's sonnet on the Farallones in this anthology.)

Gaunt Hermits of the middle-sea,—day long
Before the baying tide-race to your caves
Rush th' spent remnant of far-hunted waves;—
Gull-haunted, lone, ye stand as when the song
Of ocean told you how far south along
The castled galleon strove with gold and slaves
To Panama, and Drake with all his knaves
Sped after her, and spoiled her with a song.

Lonely ye watch, as when the Golden Hind
Through golden waters swept upon her way;
Lonely as when along the curving land
Went Ortega before Don Gaspar's band
And saw, one autumn-morning, far-defined
The sparkling limits of the mighty Bay!

The Spectator

Playing To The Gallery

Preoccupied with the futility of extinguishing "commercialized vice" our busybody reformers appear to be under the impression that there is nothing else of evil in the world—nothing at any rate worthy of their attention. A police judge who accepted a bail bond instead of cash they recalled, because the crime charged was a crime against a girl. What a police judge does in the case of a labor union thug employed to commit murder is another matter, a matter that does not concern the lady with the ballot or any reformer sweating under the morbid obsession of the minute. A police judge may play to the labor union gallery with all the picturesque earnestness of a barnstormer making Shakespeare turn over in his grave, but without exciting the indignation of a reformer. The average reformer is not concerned about anything that is of no interest to the prurient. And so it has come to pass that notwithstanding all the preaching we have heard in recent years on the importance of putting the man above property, it turns out that it all depends on whether he is a member of a union. We are having labor troubles all the time, (though you don't hear much of them as it is against newspaper policy to discuss them) and deeds of violence as a consequence are of common occurrence. Judges are lenient to the union thugs —almost obsequious—and very severe on the unfortunates who incur the enmity of the thugs. Some weeks ago Police Judge Deasy had two men before him on a charge of assault to murder. They were employed by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. They had been attacked by a mob of strikers, and in fighting for their lives managed to inflict a little injury on some of their assailants. Judge Deasy, who is counted one of the best of magistrates by the reformers, who, in fact, enjoys the very warm esteem of ladireformers, visited his censure on the defendants and held them to answer. They were tried by Judge Lawlor the other day and the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal without leaving the box.

The Best Judge

There are men who argue in justification of the union-coddlers of the bench. "Why shouldn't they play to the union labor gallery?" is a question one hears whenever the matter is under discussion. The people of this State, so runs the argument, have declared that they want the kind of justice administered that will meet with approval at the polls. So what is a judge to do. A police magistrate knows that if he ingratiates himself with union labor the probability is that if put to a test in the tribunal of the populace by means of the recall his decisions will be affirmed. Even though the gynolatrous preachers and their feminine followers should tear loose after a judge, he need not be spificated if he has the confidence of the unions. There is one thing to be said of the unions: they stick to their friends, and they are the only organized body of voters with the sticking habit. Now the test of justice under our amazing system is to be applied only in the court of last resort, which is the people, and as the people do not decide according to precedent or formula the best judge is he who has the most people on his side.

The Silent Press

Of course it is possible for a judge to go far in cultivating the esteem of the unions, but with the newspapers too timid to call attention to his passionate devotion to the cause of union labor he has little to fear. The fact is that the newspapers are playing the same game. Not from the newspapers will you learn of the situation that has grown out of the strike against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. The strikers were beaten right at the outset, and the trouble that has existed ever since is due to a quarrel between two factions of organized labor. The company is employing union men, and now guerilla war is being waged by the side that was beaten. Thugs and dynamiters have been imported by the defeated men and they have been at work all over the territory occupied by the corporation. To protect its property and its men the company has been prosecuting dynamiters and thugs in a score of towns. Attorneys John J. Barrett and Thomas O'Connor have sent three men to the penitentiary and there are several others on the way. One man was convicted of dynamiting in Oakland last week. When arrested he had a bag of red pepper in his pocket. Of this fact no mention was made in any of the daily papers. If the company did not employ its own lawyers and detectives very little would be done by the authorities to put an end to the reign of terror. Yet, when there was a little riot in Baltimore the other day our dailies took occasion to sneer at the community.

An Episcopal Landlord

One day last week Bishop Moreland of the Episcopal Diocese of Sacramento wrote a lengthy letter to the Sacramento Bee defending a cheap lodging house belonging to him known as the Squirrel Inn. The letter was published, and the editor of the Bee explained how it came to be written. The Chamber of Commerce had authorized an investigator to report on the housing and sanitation conditions of the city. The report of the investigator showed that the Squirrel Inn in lower J street was the worst lodging house in Sacramento. The report had not been made public when Bishop Moreland wrote his letter. The Bee points out: "Bishop Moreland rushes to the front not only to defend, but even to commend everything at the Squirrel Inn before any public accusation of any kind has been made against it. That being so, it is only right and just to say that a report to a public body is now being printed which is the occasion for this defense and commendation in advance of charges." Plainly the Bishop was worried.

The Squirrel Inn

The reason for Bishop Moreland's disquiet was made evident on the following day when the Bee published the official report on the condition of

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the appropriately named Squirrel Inn. This is a two-story brick building with basement containing one hundred and forty-five beds at prices from ten to thirty-five cents a night. The ventilation is almost a minus quantity, the air is foul and nauseating and the cubic air ordinance is violated. The toilet facilities are grossly inadequate. The bed clothing is filthy and the house is full of fleas and bed bugs. The investigator thinks that the average income must be five hundred dollars a month. The investigator told a Bee reporter that the Squirrel Inn would be "a disgrace to any decent city." That such a place should exist in Sacramento was bad enough; but the scandal was particularly great because it was owned by Bishop Moreland.

The Bishop's Defense

The Bishop's letter defending his Squirrel Inn contained some curious statements. He said it represented "an honest attempt" to meet the problem of "safe lodgings and kindly surroundings for homeless men"; that it was "the most popular lodging house in Sacramento"; and that it gave "brotherly treatment, a cheerful word, a helping hand and Christian sympathy." "If the cubic air ordinance is violated at such times" (meaning during the hard winter months), the Bishop wrote, "it must be regarded as the lesser of two evils. It would be inhuman to leave men on the street to soak in the pelting rain or to risk pneumonia from exposure." He also said: "How we try at the Squirrel Inn to act the brother to them, to keep them from evil, to counteract the saloon, hold talks and services, feed them at our lunch counter, give them Christmas dinners and entertainments, hunt employment for them and bury their poor bodies with Christian burial, is too long to tell." The sentiment in Sacramento seems to be that less religion and more ventilation, less godliness and more cleanliness would be to the point.

The Bishop's Wife

While Bishop Moreland is justifying his landlord ways to unsympathetic Sacramentans, Mrs. Moreland cherishes a keen disappointment. The Bishop's lady is a member of the probation committee of the juvenile court in the capital, and that committee has just wiped the slate clean for Marsha Warrington and Lola Norris. Mrs. Moreland would have no hand in the wiping. Her zeal for the exaltation of chastity and the humiliation of those frail vessels who offend against it shows that episcopal enthusiasm for the decalogue may be feminine as well as masculine. Were Mrs. Moreland a mitred and crook'd prelate thundering from the cathedral pulpit she could not be more severe in her castigation of sinful flesh. From the papers I learn that she led the opposition which fought the dismissal of the charges against the two fragile youngsters. She lost the fight, and in the heat of her indignation at a probationer who had deserted to the other side she cried out: "You dogged it!"

The Genesis of a Catch Phrase

"You dogged it!" I doubt whether you will find this in Farmer and Henley's monumental work on argot, but 'tis a forceful mouthful of slang nevertheless. That it should fall from the dainty tongue of the Bishop's wife only goes to show how steady is the climb of thieves' slang from the gutter to the boudoir. The history of many words and phrases is like the history of the social climber. Today nowhere, tomorrow they become ambitious; next week they will be struggling on the fringe of good usage; in a few months they will be accepted everywhere. Consider the word "bull" how it has ramped, and the expression "getting his goat" how it has capered into polite conversation. So it is with this phrase "to dog it" which now boasts the episcopal imprimatur. The expression "to dog it" comes ab inferis, from the lowest depths, the cellar regions of language-making. To "dog it" is to act like a cur. On the bad old race track a "dog" was a horse that wouldn't go, a spiritless animal that whip nor spur could urge to a burst of speed. Such a horse sometimes got a "shot of hop" to propel him from the barrier. To say of a pugilist that he "dogged it" is to tell a shameful story of cowardice; it is to announce that he showed a "streak of yellow." Thus we heard that Jeffries "dogged it" at Reno. When a yegg says that his pal "dogged it" he means that he hadn't the nerve to go through with a job or that he turned tail and fled from a copper's pistol. Where did Mrs. Moreland get this tangy phrase? Perhaps at the Squirrel Inn what time she helped the Bishop in his Christian ministrations to the derelicts who lodged there at ten cents a night. At any rate the expression has its cachet. It is free of the drawing room. The Bishop's lady has made a bit of philological history. She will be entitled to a footnote in the next dictionary of slang.

The Severity of Virtue

But to return to the occasion which called forth this phrase from Mrs. Moreland. Mrs. Moreland cuts a very human, a very feminine figure. It is one of the ways of good women to flame into anger against the bad. And like all intensely human traits this has a certain charm. The good woman will not compromise with evil, especially with sexual laxity. It has been so from the beginning of the world, and we shall not be the first to wish it otherwise. Women are surrendering many of their old standards, or should we say conquering new ones? Let us cherish the few that remain. But this typically feminine attitude reminds one of a story. A well

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a sort of English Mitchell Kennerley, married a very charming Italian girl who immediately, such was her charm, her wit and her genuine cultivation, took her place as a leader in one of Mayfair's intellectual sets. She was not o'er careful in her conduct, and the natural result of her indiscreet ways was that stories were whispered reflecting on her fidelity to her husband. She was severely criticised by the other women of her set, by none more severely than her sister, a staid, prim virgin who kept her lamp well trimmed for the spying out of frailties. At a gathering one night this unrelaxed vigilance on the part of her sister was laughingly called to the attention of charming Mrs. Publisher.

"Yes, I know," said the publisher's giddy wife; "my sister is forever standing around with a stone in each hand, waiting for me to be taken in adultery!"

Westenberg's Disease Breeders

Following the exposure of filthy lodging houses in Sacramento the Sacramento Bee discovered a report on certain lodging houses in San Francisco which had been filed with the State Board of Health but never published, owing to the lack of funds. This report was made one year ago by George P. Jones of the State Board of Health in an endeavor to determine how large a factor the summer migration of laborers and indigents plays in the tuberculosis problem. For thirty days Jones, disguised in rough clothes, his face covered by a week's growth of beard, frequented the "flops" and "ten-centers" of this city, chumming with "wine bums" and "hop heads." The conditions Jones found were almost incredibly filthy. They do not make nice reading. I commend the report to the consideration of our Board of Health. But at present I wish to call attention to another point. Quoting the Bee: "The cheapest and most unsanitary lodging houses in San Francisco were found by Jones to be those masked under the cloak of religious philanthropy. Among these are the Who-so-ever-will Mission on Pacific street, Helping Hand Wood Yard and Men's Industrial Home on Folsom street, a nameless lodging house at 617 Sansome street, also headquarters for the California Society for the Suppression of Vice, The Puritan Press and the California Voice. All these institutions were under the management of J. C. Westernberg."

A Public Nuisance

The report gives a world of details to show that these places [illegible] plague foci of tuberculosis. In addition to that they are so revoltingly dirty that the recital of their filthiness is enough to turn the stomach. [illegible] ardent upliifters. He's a white slave hunter. He lectures (with slides) on the wickedness of San Francisco. He used to beat drums and lift his voice in the redlight district to call the bad girls from their carnality; and perhaps he does so still. Like others of his breed he has a following of the respectable. Westenberg's California Society for the Suppression of Vice has the following executive committee, as the Bee learns from its letter head: David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University; Judge Clayton Herington, United States Department of Justice; Rev. Wiley J. Phillips, Editor California Voice; Hon. George W. Stone, Mayor of Santa Cruz; Judge W. H. Waste of the Alameda County Court; Rolla V. Watt, Manager of the Royal Insurance Company; Secretary, E. F. Dinsmore; Organizer, J. C. Westenberg, Superintendent of Who-So-Ever-Will Mission; Superintendent Rescue Work, Mrs. J. C. Westenberg. It is understood that Jordan's name was used without authority and later was removed from the letter head. Wouldn't it be well for our newspaper-led Mayor and his lieutenants of the Health Department to turn their attention to Westenberg? His lodging houses are a public nuisance; he himself is a public nuisance savoring pungently of pharisaism, with a horror for white slavery while his lodging houses propagate the white plague. Here is a chance to suppress him. I trust it won't be overlooked.

When Newspaper Bosses Get Together

When the Chronicle and Examiner came out two days before the primary election with a ticket which they recommended to their readers a small section of the town sat up in amazement and solemnly took notice. What does this mean? was the question one heard wherever men do congregate. For the first time in the history of the city two great newspaper minds were found running in the same political channel. And the Examiner and Chronicle, of all papers! How did they come to join hands? When the Radical and Conservative join in a duet for the public weal, there must be something doing. Curiosity was piqued all along the line. Wiseacres pointed out that the logical had happened. Political machine bosses having been put out of business, the real bosses of the day—the newspaper bosses were getting together to run the government that has been brought back to the dear pee-pul. But how was the illuminating conjunction effected? What is the basis of the deal? The answer is easy. Our newspapers have a little ax of their own to grind. They are on the trail of a rival in trade—the bill-poster whose name is anathema. He gets too much of the business that comes from eastern advertisers. He must therefore have his high signs cut down, and his business must be transferred by Koshland and the other good Supervisors from the fences to the newspaper columns. Even a Koshland must be endorsed when the newspapers need a vote that they may make the city more beautiful. How we do love beauty! How we do hate to have ugly signs thrust upon the sight! Speaking of signs and love of the city beautiful, have you seen the Portola legend done in whitewash across the face of nature that's awash in the bay? I mean Goat Island. Now I'm a booster not a knocker, but if I were at once the editor of a daily paper and a member of the Portola committee, while that ugly sign that convicts San Francisco of the unpardonable sin of bad taste remained to greet the eye of the visitor gliding through the Golden Gate I'd have nothing to say about fences plastered with advertisements. If it's all right to advertise Portola week on Goat Island, why not Pear's Soap on Alcatraz?

SEPTEMBER MORN

or any other time Italian Swiss Colony TIPO (red or white) is always the same luscious table wine. Try it.

Judging in the Dark

A somewhat curious question of law has been called to the attention of the Supreme Court by Attorneys Knight & Heggerty in a brief which they have filed in support of a petition for a hearing of an application for a new trial in the case of Nat Lichtenstein and others convicted of conspiracy against Mrs. Lichtenstein. The question is whether a judge's judgment should be sustained in a matter about which, according to his own admission, he is imperfectly informed. Judge Sargent is the man who rendered the decision and made the admission. He was called in to preside over the trial of the case after most of the testimony had been heard by one of his associates who had become ill. After hearing the motion for a new trial he said, "I don't think there is anything addressed to my judgment at all." Explaining that the jury had passed on the evidence, he added: "I don't know what it was, save the mere reading of it and seeing it [illegible] on the paper. . . . If I had heard it, possibly in my own mind I would be able to say to the jury that you were right or you were wrong." Yet Judge Sargent decided that the jury was not wrong. He explained: "I can't see why the jury should lean to one side more than the other"; also, "I can't sit here as a judge and find it consistent with my duty to grant a new trial in this case." Somewhat paradoxical it would seem: nothing addressed to his judgment, yet he judges. It would seem that the defendants have been somewhat at a disadvantage, inasmuch as men convicted of a crime are entitled to have the enlightened judgment of the trial judge on the question whether the verdict was in accordance with the evidence. Judge Sargent appears to argue that as he cannot see why the jury "should lean to one side more than to the other" he must conclude that the verdict was right.

Tyler Henshaw

[illegible] promising manhood, at the very dawn of a career that shone with a brilliance that only the noblest talents can reflect; a bridegroom of yesterday called from the banquet of life—what could be more appalling than the death of Tyler Henshaw. [illegible] when it enters amid circumstances peculiarly propitious to life. Tyler Henshaw, son of Justice Henshaw, was a young man endowed with an uncommon mind. With senses tender and unworn, for him the gloss of novelty was fresh on all the objects that surround young manhood, yet such was the alertness of his faculties, the keenness of his intellect, that in the profession of the law which he had just entered, he attracted the attention of its most brilliant leaders. Of him there had been the most glowing predictions by teachers of the law and veterans of the bar

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

in San Francisco. Though but a short time on the staff of attorneys in Mr. Garret McEnerney's office, he had gained distinction, not more so by the qualities of his mind than by those traits of character that win confidence, esteem and friendship.

A Somnolent Primary

"This bar closed Tuesday, Primary Election." A number of more or less wideawake men 'bout town, men whom not many matters of import escape, told me that they didn't know an election was in the offing till they read that sign Monday afternoon in various establishments for the stimulation of good fellowship. I can believe it. It was the deadest campaign in the history of this campaign-ridden city. I presume the candidates made the usual rounds, orating, treating and connubiating; but who paid any attention to them? Once in a while one was vaguely conscious of a bill board announcing that "such men as Andrew J. Gallagher are rare," a statement not without consolation for some of us; but take it by and large nobody seemed to care a kettlemender's goshdang who was running or what he was running for. Even the small boy "passed up" this primary. Not once in the past five weeks was I importuned, "Got any 'lection cards?" When the collector's instinct that abides with every normal kid refuses to be aroused there's apathy, indifference in the atmosphere. From all of which I decided that San Franciscans are sick unto disgust of this eternal marching and countermarching to the polls. And I was sure of it when I saw how light a vote was cast. The city-savers refused to go out in force. What a lot of good ballot paper must go to waste or be sliced and glued into scratch pads for Harry Zemansky's clerks!

The Personal Equation

I voted, but I didn't manipulate the rubber stamp with much enthusiasm. I indicated my choice with the utmost perfunctoriness, not at all disturbed lest the city get bad officials. My sluggishness was not due to any very glaring lack of civic pride; I was simply the victim of poll surfeit, of election dyspepsia. But while I'm "fed up" with elections, I confess to an access of gayety as the result of reading the statements put out by the Registrar on behalf of the modest but fragrant violets who want to be bedewed in the rich tax-eating municipal garden beds. When it comes to working out the personal equation your job hunter is a conscientious mathematician who wouldn't scamp his good qualities for the world. And what weird platforms some of them took their stand on! We find D'Ancona, aspirant to the police bench, declaring that he will "remove the cage so degrading to defendants." Stephen A. Byrne, wouldbe tax collector, confesses that he is a "plain fellow with faults common to mankind." Steve is an optimistic office seeker, for he says, "Voted for women; expect their vote." Did he get it? And Steve takes this smash at "Mission Jim": "No Mission Promotion with taxes unless entire city gets promotion also." Naughty, naughty! And here we have Dr. Guido Caglieri running on a platform of "Swat the fly." Andy Porter, another wouldbe city father, takes this solemn vow: "I pledge myself at all times to champion the cause of all the people of San Francisco," which seems rather a large order. But most interesting of all is Thor Heydenfeldt, the "hokey pokey man" who numbers among his qualifications "good education," "physical examination, 98 per cent," "three babies" and the fact that he is the son of his father. Thor adjures the voter thus: "I have scratched your back. Now you scratch an X to the right of my name on the ballot." Who could resist such an appeal? If Thor were a supervisors we'd lose one of our loudest street noise.

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George Sterling, Novelist

George Sterling, our starriest singer, has been pouring the wine of his wizardry into new bottles, and the vintage is pronounced exceeding good by capable tasters. In other words, George Sterling has invaded the field of prose fiction where his pals Jack London and "Jimmy" Hopper have achieved such notable distinction. He has written a series of six stories under the general name of "The Cave Man," and what's more, he has sold them to an Eastern magazine and they will be published shortly. What could be more natural than that Sterling should essay prose fiction? Poets have done it through the ages. Most of the lyric singers of the Elizabethan galaxy wrote sugared romances. Sam Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were story tellers as well as poets. Byron and Shelley tried their hands at the sort of romance made popular by Horace Walpole when he wrote "The Castle of Otranto." Our own Poe, Longfellow and Holmes followed the respectable precedent. Scott—was he greater as poet or as novelist? In more recent times Swinburne, Ernest Dowson, Meredith, Hardy, Stevenson, William Morris, that Sharp who was also Fiona MacLeod, Le Gallienne and Bierce have succeeded in the prose as well as in the poetical medium. And now comes the author of "The Testimony of the Suns" and "The House of Orchids." Those who have read his prose stories predict that we are to be pleasurably surprised.

"Our Jim's" French

That was a pleasant occasion when the distinguished World's Fair Commissioners from France presented to the city a medallion of President Poincare, the work of a celebrated Parisian sculptor. The ceremony took place in the meeting room of the Board of Supervisors. Mayor Rolph rose to the occasion, just as he did that memorable day when he wreathed Sarah Bernhardt's brow with laurel.

"We are glad," he said, "to do honor to that great leader of the French Republic, President Poncier."

Then he noticed that Supervisor Payot who is a Frenchman, was laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked Payot.

"At your French, Mr. Mayor," answered Payot.

"What's the matter with my French?" demanded His Honor.

"Well, maybe your French is not at fault," answered Payot, "but the name of the French President is not Poncier; it's Pwancaray."

Peters Buys a Car

Charles Rollo Peters, our most popular painter of the glamor and mystery of moonlight, found an art lover not long since who was desirous of possessing himself of a Peters canvas. This art lover is in the automobile business. Feeling that he could not spare the money to buy a picture he suggested that Peters trade one for an automobile. The suggestion took Peters' fancy. He had never owned a motor car and here was the opportunity. He handed over the painting and received a Ford car in exchange for it. Delighted with his new plaything, Peters promptly hired a chauffeur, thus achieving the distinction of being the only Ford motorist in San Francisco who didn't pilot his own machine. The first day out Peters invited Frank Unger to ride with him, and the trip was not a great success. The second day was little better, according to Phil

Bekeart who was the guest of honor. The third day Peters and the chauffeur went alone for a spin through Marin County. All went well until the chauffeur reached a lonely section and began to speed. The painter asked him to go slow, at first mildly enough; later with more emphasis when the request was disregarded. Whereupon the chauffeur jumped out of the car declaring that he wouldn't "take sass" from anybody and started to walk to San Rafael. There seemed to be no motorists abroad in that section, so Peters who doesn't know a spark plug from a tail light had to abandon the car and trudge swelteringly through the dust to the nearest railway station which was several miles away. He recovered the car later and promptly sold it. With the money he leased the yacht "Aggie" from James V. Coleman, so we may look for some interesting marine adventures.

Two Musicians Leave

We have just lost two of our most popular musicians. Sigmund Beel has deserted us for Los Angeles where he is to be concert master of the Symphony Orchestra. So we shall have to do without that rarest of treats musical, the Beel Quartet this season. This news, I am sure, will cause a real pang in the breasts of our music lovers. And well it may, for the Beel Quartet stood for the highest endeavor in music. What can take its place? The other loss is Louis Eaton who has become organist at Stanford and has gone to live on the campus. Eaton is a performer and composer of achievement. He wrote beautiful music for one of the Family Club's annual plays, and led the amateurs of the Family orchestra with great success. Of course he will be missed in other circles too, though he hasn't gone as far away as Beel. Beel, by the way, will also be missed at the Bohemian and Family club affairs.

A Judge Comes Back

I saw Judge L. W. Fulkerth of Modesto on the street the other day. He was enjoying his first visit to San Francisco in seven years. Modesto is not a long way from San Francisco, and it was not the press of business which kept Judge Fulkerth away. The fact is, his last visit here was not a pleasant one. The handsome white haired judge who is one of the most amiable and popular men of Stanislaus County motored up to San Francisco with District Attorney L. J. Maddux immediately after the fire of 1906. They came to see the spectacle of a city in ruins. They had no sooner arrived in town than a squad of militia commandeered their car and set the judge and the district attorney to work cleaning brick. When the visitors were finally released from this hard labor they hurried back to Modesto, and Judge Fulkerth made a mighty vow that he wouldn't return until the work of rehabilitation was completed. Being a conservative he gave us seven years and then ventured back.

The Blood of St. Januarius

A cable dispatch brought the news last week that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius had taken place once more in the cathedral at Naples. This curious phenomenon has engaged the attention of eminent scientists, but so far as I know it has never been explained in accordance with natural scientific laws. The blood of St. Januarius is preserved in a glass bottle, globular in shape and holding about a wineglass and a half. This blood vial is hermetically stoppered and enclosed in a hoop-shaped reliquary, and it would be impossible to remove the stopper without breaking two outer plates of glass. The inner vial has not been opened for more than a century. Before liquefaction takes place the dry blood occupies about one-half of the globular bottle and when the bottle is turned upside down the blood remains perfectly fixed. After the liquefaction the blood sometimes completely fills the bottle, and repeated weighings have shown that it gains in weight. Spectroscopic analysis by eminent scientists has shown that the content of the bottle is real blood, and other experiments have proved that the liquefaction is in no way dependent on atmospheric conditions. The reliquary is kept in a strong metal safe built firmly in the wall behind the main altar of the cathedral. Its heavy silver doors are locked with four keps, two of which are in the custody of the Archbishop of Naples and two in that of the Mayor of the city. There seems to be no way of tampering with it.

How It Takes Place

On the saint's feast day the reliquary is taken from the safe by the clerical and civil officials. The bottle is borne to the high altar by a canon. The sanctuary gates are thrown open and the people crowd in around the participants in the ceremony. The bottle is held up by the canon where it may be seen at close range by those fortunate enough to get inside the altar rail. There is no ceremony and no manipulation. No one touches the bottle but the prelate who holds it aloft. After a time which varies the blood is seen to take on a more lively color and as the bottle is tilted the blood moves. In a few seconds the liquefaction is completed. It has taken from two minutes to eight hours for the transformation. Some years it does not occur at all, and then the Neapolitans fear calamity, especially an eruption of Vesuvius.

The Policy of Suppression

Detroit is the latest city to attempt the elimination of the social evil. Nothing but complete suppression will satisfy the eager crusaders who are tackling the Augean Stables in the Michigan city. Well, Hercules has his work cut out for him. Why doesn't Hercules of Detroit study Los Angeles? Why doesn't he make inquiries about the condition of such California towns as Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Visalia, all of them lidded but far from reformed? And by the time he has finished these investigations San Francisco will be sufficiently "uplifted" to make it a fertile field of research. Or Hercules of Detroit might consult the Mayor of Cleveland. The Mayor of Cleveland was in Los Angeles not long ago. He went with his wife and two daughters to a first class hotel and found conditions which shocked him. He was so wrought up that at a public banquet he declared that Los Angeles was the most immoral city in the country. The speech was suppressed and the Mayor of Cleveland was not invited to any more public functions. They don't like the truth down Los Angeles way; it hurts realty values.

California Apple Day

October tenth is Apple Day,—
Golden Pippins in array;
Apples rosy, apples red,
Apples that are at the head;
Apples juicy, apples sweet,
Apples that are grand to eat;
Apples that will take the prize—
Fine for tarts and apple pies;
Apples good to "jell"—Landsake!
Dumplings, fritters, applecake.
Apples cooked or apples raw—
Biggest ones you ever saw.
Apples Russet, Green or Crab—
Apples till you can't keep tab.
Apples, just like Adam ate,
Tempt us still at this late date;
Apple Jack and apple "sass,"
Apples that will wealth amass;
Nowhere apples such as these
Grown on California trees.

—R. F. Wilson.

California Apple Day October 10. Eat California Apples.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Tapestry Room, Goodbye!

The famous Tapestry Room of the St. Francis Hotel is being dismantled—News Item.

Beautiful bower of fair femininity,
Room where the siren exerted her spell,
O what a sorrow assails masculinity
Called on to bid thee reluctant farewell!

Sadly we take our last leave of your cosiness,
Fondly we make our adieux to your walls;
Tearful we think of the laughter and rosiness
Recently brightening where now silence falls.

Gone is the tinkle that rang sociability,
Summoning servitors bearing the tray;
Gone is the orchestra, all amiability,
Smilingly ready our pet piece to play.

Memory whispers of tete-a-tetes glorious
Held in the dusk of thy columns discreet—
Pity the prudes with their habits censorious
Barred from enjoyment of memories so sweet!

Now you are gone, though we trust not forever;
Your joys fade away like the chime of your bells,
Leaving a sweetness we cannot quite sever
From sadness in speaking our final farewells.

The Anonymous Letters and the Club

The sensation in society over the anonymous letter episode has not nearly subsided. There have been no new letters but the whole affair has caused no end of social excitement. Mrs. Prewitt, the charming Southern lady accused of writing unsigned notes to a score of prominent women and at least two men, remains a member of the Francisca Club. She has no idea of resigning. Why should she?—she reasons, maintaining her innocence. However there has been so much deplorable notoriety that the affair is to be formally considered at the next meeting of the Francisca Club directors. Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst proposed Mrs. Prewitt for membership, but is just now out of town. The unfortunate incident is closed as far as individuals are concerned; any action taken now will be by the club of which the persons involved are members.

The Raging Dansant

San Francisco having started the wave of enthusiasm for the cabaret dance that has gone round the world some of its citizens and citizenesses are now taking it upon themselves to manifest repentance by clamoring for cessation. But they are bound to find themselves impotent. It is on with the dance, and more so than ever now that we have the Douglas Cranes in our midst. The whole world has the rag-dance fever, and it is not to be assuaged with grape juice. Princes are dancing the tango in their palace, and the simple rag is making the simple life endurable in the Hotel of St. Francis. Great is the success of the dansant under the patronage of Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Walter Hobart. Those distinguished Smart Set ladies having smiled effulgently on the dansant, it was like saying to the other coteries "Come on in, the dancing's fine." Promptly the next evening Mr. Roy Carruthers, the popular host of the Cliff House had a number of his friends to a dinner dance at the Cliff. As at the St. Francis Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane were on hand to prod Terspichore in the ribs and set the pace for the guests. For godmothers of the function Mr. Carruthers chose the set of which those graceful young matrons Mrs. A. Splivalo, Mrs. "Bill" Lange and Mrs. Frank Kerrigan have been the leading spirits the past few seasons.

The Bars Let Down

The extreme exclusiveness of the tea dances is relaxed. They are still awfully smart of course—representative society affairs honored by the Burlingame set. Indeed it was for the convenience of peninsula people that the days were changed from Tuesdays and Fridays to Mondays and Fridays. Monday is San Francisco day in Burlingame; the day everyone comes to town for shopping and luncheon at the St. Francis or Francisca Club. The tea dance is a delightful way to end the day in town. So the dances remain properly smart though the third set of invitations were sent out this week. At first a list censored by the patronesses included only five hundred important names. It left out members of the Greenways. But in a second list these were included and a few days ago the third lot of fifteen hundred cards were sent to all the Greenway set and its collateral relations, connections and friends. Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Eugene Murphy haven't missed one of the meetings though only at the first did Mrs. Murphy wear her outing suit. The Gregg girls are invariably present, and Enid is the cleverest and most graceful dancer of them all. She is always attended by her devoted cavalier, Stewart Haldorn who spends more time in San Francisco these days than he does at home in Monterey. He goes home when his mother, Mrs. Murray, invites Miss Gregg for a week-end and it may be that all this devotion will be rewarded by the fair and fascinating Enid's acceptance of an engagement ring.

The Tango at the Presidio

But to revert to the dances. Most of the men still shy at the tango which is why it isn't very much danced at the St. Francis. However out at the Presidio they are tango-ing merrily, officers, maids and matrons. The West Point curriculum includes dancing but not the tango and a teacher from town has been engaged to teach the new steps at the post. Every Monday evening they do them at the Officers' Club and when there is a fine degree of proficiency they will doubtless introduce them at the hops. Perhaps some of the officers might be persuaded to tango at the tea dances and inspire the timid civilian gentlemen to try.

Mrs. Sharon and the Duchess

The beautiful young Duchesse de Richelieu who is a guest at the Fred Sharons this week-end, with the Duc, has been called a connection of Mrs. Sharon. It is a rather complicated connection and after studying it carefully one doesn't quite know what relation Mrs. Sharon is to the Duchesse. It goes back to the marriage of Mrs. Sharon's sister-in-law to Frank Newlands thirty years ago. The first Mrs. Newlands, nee Sharon, died. Then the Nevada senator married Miss McAllister whose sister was Mrs. Wise. After Mrs. Wise's death her daughter Marion was raised by the Newlands. Thus Frank Newlands, former husband of Miss Sharon, is the uncle by marriage of Marion Wise Glover; whose cousin is Eleanor (Wise) Duchesse de Richelieu. Very intricate, but the Duchesse and Mrs. Sharon have followed it out and are very fond of one another. The Duchesse, by the way, is the most beautiful lady of title I have seen in California. At the Fairmont one evening she appeared in a costume of dull soft white brocade that with her dark eyes and hair made a very lovely picture. The Richelieus are to leave next week for a visit to Yosemite.

An Unusual Romance

The Duchesse is a cousin of Mrs. William Babcock of San Rafael, and society rather hoped Mrs. Babcock would give something "to meet"

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The Whitman Baby

Ward Not Superstitious

mother's wedding gown and strange to say, after Sierra for their wedding trip and meanwhile

For the Boys in Gray

on Saturday, October 18. This is to aid the of the work is absolute. The pensions paid only charity in many cases to help him in his the classic sort, vocal numbers by both prominent professionals and amateurs and for those dance in the ball room where the beaux will punch, tea and a candy table where beautiful bonbons made and decorated by hand will add to Franciscans of the "old Southern set" as well as many of the society matrons of today are

Baseball for Charity

of the bay in the charity game of baseball which will be played on October 11 at the League Grounds in Oakland between the Bohemian Club and Claremont Country Club teams. The lowing well known society members: Harold Havens, Bill Lange, Frank Knowles, W. M. Abbott, Roy Ryone, Spencer Grant, Wallace Everett, John McKee, Courtney Ford, Will Olney, Scott Hendricks, Robert Bentley, Percy Gaskill and Riley Hardin. On the Claremont team will Fritz Henshaw, Ray Sherwood, W. T. Wood, Coogan and Fred Lane. All of these players have been well known in their old-time college for those who will attend.

Musicians Incog. at Hotel Oakland

were great hits at the opening of the Renaissance Grill as a cafe chantant. The singers had so we must work" they declared and in

Lady-Cop Togs at Tait's

Mayor is undecided, likewise the Police Com-

When John Comes Home

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
I'm going to make a pie;
So give me a gram of phosphate
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
Just turn it on an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Opening of the Oriental

The cosy playhouse in McAllister street above the Hibernia Bank is accumulating a history. Opened after the fire as the Colonial, it experienced a process of reconstruction and became the Savoy; now it has been done over once more, and behold the Oriental. The latest metamorphosis makes it as gorgeous as a black and golden butterfly. There is nothing like it, never has been anything like it in San Francisco. It is different from other theatres on account of its multiplicity and variety of ornament; the decorations are applied with the hand of joyous prodigality. The bazaars of Chinatown have been stripped of their most glittering silks and satins, their weirdest bronzes, their most colorful lanterns to make an occidental playhouse of oriental templar splendiferousness. Pretty girls in Chinese garments usher you to your seat, handing you a yellow program shaped like a Chinese lantern. The elusive fragrance of punk titillates your nostrils. The softened lights of the joss house gratify your eyes. There is no music, but before the play begins a richly attired oriental beats upon a gong, does obeisance to a carven god and makes strange motions with his naked sword. All of this is novelty; it is calculated to attract the curious, particularly the curious tourist who seeks in San Francisco the exotic attractions from the other side of the Pacific. These things will not make the Oriental a success, but they will go a long way toward making it popular. For its success it must depend upon good players and good plays. Unfortunately the opening play "The Ringmaster" is not a very good play. It is well into its third act before its action becomes stirring, and its superabundant dialogue is not of deep interest. It is not the play to judge the Oriental stock players by. Even the very best actors and actresses could not do much with it. The Oriental has a company of players who seem very promising. They are full of enthusiasm, and they are people of experience. We may look forward to their achieving considerable success. But we must wait till next week before judging them. The play this week gives them but meager opportunity to manifest their talents. Meanwhile the best wishes of San Francisco theatregoers should be extended to the Oriental people. They have spent a great deal of money in trying to amuse us; it is for us to appreciate their efforts. If the company assembled and the plays marked for future production prove as interesting as the theatre, then the Oriental is going to have a successful career.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Recall In Vaudeville

If criticism meant censure I'd be rendered speechless by this week's bill at the Orpheum were it not for Frosini the accordionist. Frosini supplies me with something to cavil at. Frosini serves to illustrate the evil of one of the Progressive instruments of government—the recall. Frosini caused such an uproar at the Orpheum last Sunday afternoon that the performance was prolonged almost unto dark. From my seat I could survey the whole house, and it was easy to see that most of the noise was made by the topmost gallery. Though Frosini was enjoyed by everybody, though his first recall received general assent, each succeeding recall was by a minority, and the minority dwindled, but not the vehemence or the volume of sound, and the large majority had to take more of Frosini whether they would or not. Fortunately Frosini is not hard to take. He almost reconciles you to the accordion, if not to the recall. This week's bill at the Orpheum is one of those agglomerations of talent that make you wonder to what heights vaudeville is going to soar. In Jeannette Franzeska the Dutch soprano and John Schouten her accompanist there are the potentialities of a whole afternoon of vocal and instrumental music, such as we get in the concert hall. Both are artists of the first rank. Miss Franzeska has a voice of velvet tones with considerable flexibility, and she sings in perfect taste. Another artist capable of emerging from vaudeville and giving the whole show is Saharet, a premier danseuse, who suggests the inevitable thistledown comparison. Like Genee she has the steps of the peacock and there is quicksilver in her limbs.

EMILIO de GOGORZA

Popular Spanish baritone in concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoons, October 12 and 19 and Thursday evening, October 16.

But she has more abandon than Genee. She comes from the wings as from a woodland copse in spring, with waving kisses and rosy cheer and eyes of flame. Her dancing is suggestive of that merry, drinking, laughing, quaffing, unthinking time that poets celebrate when singing of ladies fair fashioned for all ecstasy. Saharet is assisted by Senor J. Florida who is as grave in the dance as Buck Travis, and who might make the tango as solemn as a religious rite were it not for some of the sensuous symbolic rhythms, in harmony with which Saharet all but disjoints her supple hips. Along with Franzeska and Saharet come Mullen and Coogan in sublimated nonsense that makes even Herr Rosner laugh; also William J. Dooley's "Lawn Party" which abounds in clever imitations of the stars of musical comedy; also two experts on roller skates; and crowded into the same teeming bill are the vocalists that burlesque the controversy in New York between Hammerstein and the Metropolitan Opera Company.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"The Mascot" at the Tivoli

There is such a thing as a play or an opera being so old that it is new. The fashions of the stage revolve like the fashions in women's dress. What was the mode of a byegone day returns to be the latest cry of the hour. It is so with comic operas like "The Mascot." They are writing comic operas like "The Mascot" once more, but they are not bettering the best that was written three decades agone. "The Mascot" is one of the best of those masterpieces, and it is just as entertaining in its comedy, just as melodious in its music, just as good an evening's fun as any of the best efforts fresh from the music shops. Good music never grows old; it has the secret of eternal youth. "The Mascot" has very beautiful music, music that did not have to be recalled because it never really passed out of our hearing. Oldtimers will remember many a cast of Tivoli favorites in this favorite comic opera. Indeed there is Tom Leary in the present cast, a link between the old and the new. It would be a captious critic who would prefer the old casts to this week's. Rena Vivienne, Sarah Edwards, Henry Santrey, Robert Pitkin and John R. Phillips—these are singers and players who need fear no comparison. The music loses nothing in their rendition of it; the fun is as lively as it well could be. The mounting of "The Mascot" is unusually pretty, and Hans Linne's orchestra does entire justice to the score.

—E. F. O'D.

Kitty Gordon at the Cort

Kitty Gordon comes to the Cort in "The Enchantress" Monday night. It will be Miss Gordon's first trip, and since much has been said about this English stage beauty, and as "The Enchantress" is said to be the best opera written by Victor Herbert, the promise is for the biggest audiences of the season. The play abounds in humor. Of the many beautiful musical numbers those which meet with unusual favor include "Be Just As Happy As You Can," "When the Right Man Sings Tra-la-la," "And That Little Girl Is You," "To the Land of My Romance," "All Your Own Am I," "Rose, Lucky Rose," and "One Word From You." There will be elaborate staging, and Kitty Gordon has wonderful costumes.

Miss Newman at Music Matinee

Miss Anna Newman, a brilliant young pianist, will be the soloist at the Music Matinee at Kohler and Chase's this Saturday. Miss Newman has appeared frequently at private and public recitals. She is especially well equipped for the exposition of the modern brilliant school of pianistic art, and in such works as Arabesque by Debussy, a Brahms Hungarian Dance and a concert waltz arranged for the piano and composed by Wieniawski she is at her best. In addition to the solos by Miss Newman there will be a number of interesting instrumental selections on the Knabe Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ.

Comedy Week at Empress

Karno's Comedy Week will be the title of the new bill at the Empress. Everybody knows the celebrated London comedians. This time Karno's comedians will present the funniest of all

their offerings "A Night in a London Club" with Charles Chaplin and the original company of eighteen. A militant suffragette satire is "When Women Rule" played by Louise Ripley and Helen Bick. Aubrey Pringle and Violet Allen will present a comedy skit "Keeping An Appointment." Early and Byall will offer a vocal act. Lee Brothers are excellent vocalists and expert dancers on ice and roller skates. Medlin, Feiber and Townes are ragtime singers. Two other attractions and the Essanceescope will complete the bill.

The De Gogorza Concerts

The most delightful songs of the German, French, Italian and English song literature sung as the composers themselves would have loved to hear them and Spanish songs sung as no one else living can interpret them—that is what we may expect from Emilio De Gogorza who will open Will Greenbaum's musical season with a series of three recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The dates are Sunday afternoons, October 12 and 19, and Thursday evening, October 16. His programs all include gems of Spanish songs besides the most interesting examples of the work of classic and modern composers of all schools, and in the singing of English ballads he is without a peer. At his first concert he will sing "Sally in Our Alley" which was for so many years identified with every concert appearance of the great tenor Sims Reeves. With De Gogorza we are to hear a young French piano virtuoso M. Henri Gilles, both as an accompanist and soloist. The sale of seats will open Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's and mail orders should be sent at once to Will L. Greenbaum at either office. De Gogorza does not appear in Oakland this season, his service across the bay being monopolized by the Berkeley Musical Association.

Alda Coming

The beautiful young Australian prima donna Mme. Frances Alda, in private life Mme. Giulia Gatti-Casazza, will pay her first visit to the coast under contract to Mr. Greenbaum. Mme. Alda's concert tours are usually quite short, owing to her duties at the Metropolitan, but this season she is to appear with the Boston and Chicago companies as well. Mr. Greenbaum originally engaged Mme. Alda for this city only, but it seems that she is more popular than the impresario realized and he has been solicited to let her appear as the opening attraction of the Peninsula Musical Association at Stanford University and no sooner had this been arranged than the Berkeley Association also decided it must have Alda. The concert in this city will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the opening date being Sunday afternoon, October 26, and the evening concert on Wednesday, October 29. So many requests have been received from out of town patrons for a Saturday matinee concert that it is likely that the Alda farewell will be given on Saturday afternoon instead of the usual Sunday event. With Alda will come Gutia Casini, the eighteen-year old 'cello virtuoso who was introduced to us by Sembrich, and that master-accompanist Frank La Forge. In his career extending over ten years Mr. La Forge has been actively associated with only three artists, Gadski, Sembrich and Alda. Mail orders for the Alda events will now be accepted and filled in order of their receipt.

Charlotte Walker at Columbia

The dramatized novel which has been a comparative stranger in stageland for several seasons will be welcomed back to the stage of the Columbia Sunday night when "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Eugene Walter's dramatization of a widely read and popular book, will be presented with Charlotte Walker and the original company in a fine scenic production provided by Klaw and Erlanger. The dramatist has founded a play on the story written by John Fox, Jr. and has not dramatized the book as the term "dramatized' is generally accepted. The atmosphere of the novel is there however; the charm has been retained without losing the melodramatic situations. Charlotte Walker, herself a Southern girl who has the role of June in the play, will embody all the witchery of the mountain lass. The original company including W. S. Hart, Willard Robertson, George Woodward, Lillian Dix and Cyrus Wood will support Miss Walker and the elaborate scenic investiture will vivify the romantic atmosphere of this story of mountain life.

"The Elixir of Youth" at Alcazar

"The Elixir of Youth" which is to be Ralph Herz's starring vehicle at the Alcazar Theatre next week has been running in Chicago since last spring and will be presented on Broadway early next winter. A three-act farce written by Zellah Covington and Jules Simonson, it was first produced in Los Angeles and scored such a success that its introduction to the East was immediately decided on. It was the only non-musical offering that defied dissolution in Chicago's heated season. As its title implies, "The Elixir of Youth" treats of a rejuvenating agency. It developes a series of the funniest incidents that could possibly be conceived. In the role of the inventor Mr. Herz will have the fullest opportunity yet afforded him in San Francisco to ventilate his inimitable drollery, and rehearsals presage an all-around performance that will keep those who witness it in an alternation of chuckles and screams, for the best talent of the stock company rounds out the cast.

A Fair Protean at the Orpheum

Charlotte Parry, one of the few players of sufficient versatility to attempt the production of a protean playlet, will head the Orpheum bill next week. She will present a psychological fantasy by Frank Lyman entitled "Into the Light" in which she assumes five widely distinct characters. Maude Lambert, the charming prima donna, and Ernest Ball, one of our popular composers will present a number of their greatest successes. Mr. Ball is the composer of "Love Me and the World is Mine," and Miss Lambert's last musical comedy engagement was with Eddie Foy in "Over the River." Ed Wynn, "The Boy with the Funny Hat" will be seen in a skit of his own called "The King's Jester." Ted Lorraine and Hattie Burks who sprang into prominence as the dancing feature of "The Kiss Waltz" and were immediately secured for vaudeville, will contribute a selection of songs and dances. The Jungmann Family, two men and three girls are aerial artists from Germany. Madmoiselle Martha and her two sisters will give a novel gymnastic exhibition. Next week will be the last of William J. Dooley and company in "The Lawn Party," Frank Mil-

CHARLOTTE WALKER
As June in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" at the Columbia Theatre.

ton and the De Long Sisters and also of the beautiful Saharet who is creating the greatest terpsichorean furore this city has ever known.

Geraldine Farrar at Cort

Of all the prima donnas who have ever visited San Francisco no one has a more winning voice and personality than Geraldine Farrar who, assisted by the eminent 'cellist, Alwin Schroeder, opens the concert season at the Cort this Sunday afternoon. The program will reveal all the beautiful tones of voice and 'cello and the rare art of the two artists. Among the many songs, ballads and lieder, is one aria from grand opera, the beautiful scene from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" with which Geraldine Farrar is so inseparably connected. It is the closing scene of the second act. No more poetic scene could be imagined than this as Geraldine Farrar gives it—the beautiful young Japanese wife awaiting in a passion of faith, tenderness and expectancy the return of her faithless husband. She has caught the spirit of the scene and music with wonderful art. Miss Farrar will give a concert at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, Tuesday evening, October 7.

"Girofle-Girofla" at Tivoli

"The Mascot" will be presented for the last times at the Tivoli this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night the last week of the light opera season will be inaugurated with a brilliant presentation of "Girofle-Girofla." "Girofle-Girofla" is a genuine opera bouffe and since its first production in 1874 has always held a large spot in the affections of comic opera lovers. The music is lively and full of snap and color, many of the numbers, including the famous drinking song "See How it Sparkles" being familiar to all, while the story of the twin sisters who are so alike that they can only be

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distinguished by different colored ribbons is one of the best that has ever accorded a musical setting. The composer Charles Lecocq also wrote "La Fille de Mme. Angot" "The Little Duke" and two score other successful works. Rena Vivienne will appear in the exacting dual part of Gaveda and Gavella. Robert G. Pitkin and Sarah Edwards will be the father and mother, and John B. Phillips and Henry Santrey will be Marasquin and Bourzouf, betrothed to the twin sisters. Little Dingo all will have the jolly little part of Paquita, and Charles E. Galagher will be the pirate chief. The large, comely and big voiced chorus will have much to do in the three acts and of course the scenery, costumes and general production, under the direction of Charles H. Jones, will be up to the high Tivoli standard.

ROBERT G. PITKIN
The versatile comedian of the Tivoli Opera Company

Monday evening, October 13 the Western Metropolitan Opera Company will begin a six weeks' engagement, presenting for their first week "Aida" on Monday and Saturday nights and at the Wednesday matinee, "Tosca" on Tuesday and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinee and "Carmen" on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday night.

The First Symphony

The first concert of the season of 1913-1914 of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will take place at the Cort Friday afternoon, October 24. The last concert will take place Friday afternoon, March 13. But ten symphony concerts will be given, and all on Friday afternoons. The sale of season tickets is on at the offices of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, 711-712 Head Building, and mail orders, when accompanied by checks made payable to the Musical Association of San Francisco, are filled in the order received. The coming season gives every indication of being the most important in the history of the orchestra. Great soloists, including Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Fritz Kreisler, Josef Hofmann, Clarence Whitehill, Jean Gerardy and others, have been secured to assist in the great orchestral programs. Mme. Heink will be the first soloist of the season.

"The Love Route" at Oriental

"The Engineer" which is the attraction for the opening week at the Oriental Theatre, continues to draw large audiences and the stock company of merit appearing in the comedy drama is attracting most favorable attention. Visitors to the McAllister street playhouse are completely surprised at the wonderful transformation that has been made through the decorative scheme and on all sides it is agreed that the Oriental is the most artistic show place San Francisco has to offer. The management announces that owing to the mystic temple ceremonies patrons arriving after 8:15 o'clock will not be seated until the rise of the curtain, only a few minutes being required. There are matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays and Tuesday will be the regular first night. Rehearsals are on for "The Love Route" which will be produced next Tuesday evening. It is a pretty Western comedy drama that scored heavily in New York and Chicago. Miss Odette Tyler and William Courtney had the leading parts when it was played in Chicago while Guy Standing was seen in the principal role during the New York run.

Portola Revue at Pantages

Charles Reilly and Mattie Townsend, a duo of well known stock favorites, with a cast of eight dancing girls, will head the new bill at Pantages next week in "A Bit of Old Ireland." Reilly has played this city and Oakland and is one of the sweetest voiced tenors in vaudeville. "A Bit of Old Ireland" is one of the most picturesque little musical playlets that Pantages has presented in several months. Papoli, termed the "modern Hercules" is a husky lad who tosses weights. The Portola "Danse Revue" will be given by ten local girls who have been styled "genuine California poppies." Two smart singing maids are the Conoly sisters whose stunning gowns and original methods make a big appeal. Irving Roth, who will be recalled as the sensational Italian character actor with Lasky's Hoboes, is back again with his own "wop" monologue. Allen and Lewis, talking comedians, will complete the bill.

Lots of people spend half their lives overdoing things, and the other half doing them over.

NEW COSMETIC AT TECHAU'S

There has been much inquiry at Techau Tavern for the new Greaseless Face Cream of the Aubrey Sisters which the management announced as a souvenir to be presented in the near future. This remarkable cosmetic is now in transit from New York and will be presented at the Tavern at the earliest possible date. In the meantime the Aubrey Sisters' Beautifier will be given as a souvenir next Saturday, a welcome announcement to the many ladies who have found this aid to beauty so satisfactory in the past.

A NEW WATERWAY

Engineer Jerome Newman of the State Harbor Commission announces that the detailed plans for Solano Harbor will be completed within a month. The importance of this development from a traffic point of view lies in the fact that it will be the farthest inland port for the Sacramento valley. The plans involve the removal of the curves and kinks from Denverton slough, providing a shipping canal straightaway from Solano City to Suisun bay. The waterway will be one hundred and twenty-five feet wide and twelve feet deep at low tide, or twice the summer depth of the Sacramento river at the capital. Besides accommodating the heaviest river steamers it will take sea-going coasters with a twelve foot draught, or the type that carries a half million feet of lumber. A service of this sort means much for the agricultural development of the valley which requires access to cheap freights. At Solano City a two hundred foot turning basin will be dredged and wharfage provided for fifteen vessels at a time. Green piling can be used in the wharf construction as the fresh water will kill the teredo. The shipment this week of two hundred and fifty mules to Solano to be used in canal construction marks the beginning of the fall activities that will employ a thousand men on the project.

WALKER C. GRAVES JR.
Leading man of The Oriental Theatre players

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks fluctuated sharply during the last week and gave professional traders plenty of chance to scalp good profits, but the market as a whole got nowhere. Close observers began to suspect that an attempt was being made to unload stocks by using Reading as a bell wether to put the market up. Strong interests bought stocks that they did not want to keep as an investment when the average price of active securities was at its lowest some time in June. Since then the advance has been substantial, and a creeping bull market succeeded the bear market that had been in evidence since last fall. The trade are trying to figure out to what extent the distribution of such stock has been carried out. Though the stock market has been comparatively active for two weeks, the investing public have steered clear of stocks and have been putting their money into bonds. The stock market is a little too unsettled to suit them, but a good bond market makes a firm foundation and investors will turn to the better class of stocks as soon as the situation clears a bit. Following the boom with which the previous week closed, the reaction was regarded as of a healthy variety and caused the bulls no anxiety. Then came the spectacular rise in Reading and in Union Pacific to its best price on this movement. This time, however, the rest of the market did not follow the leaders and the bad break in Rock Island securities produced a greater effect than did the strength in Union Pacific. The stock market does not need strong arm manipulation. It will take care of itself when it has digested the tariff and currency bills. Faith in the ability of the Federal administration to manage affairs of this country is growing fast even in Wall street. The Steel trade is in good condition and railroad earnings are satisfactory. Money was firm but the outlook is favorable here and in Europe. We believe advantage should be taken of all depressions to purchase the better class of stocks.

Wheat—Weakness again developed in wheat toward the close of the week following a period of strength. The northwestern markets were the leaders in strength due to wet weather in their territory but they failed to hold their advanced position. The showing of enormous accumulations, chiefly in Canada by Bradstreets marked the turn in the market. Some of the early buyers attempted to unload and found it hard to do so. The market had evidently been supplied from other sources, possibly hedging sales, possibly some realizing by the larger longs. Notwithstanding the wet weather in the northwest the receipts up there have been running very large, in fact much larger than for the same time last year. This was, however, offset by the small arrivals at the southwestern markets which were only half of last year. Export clearances were fairly large. New export business is in Manitobas exclusively, this sort underselling American prices by considerable. Foreign crop summary for the week was favorable. Roumania and Bulgarian crop much larger than last year according to the International Institute of Rome. Russian shipments for the week were large and are expected to be large for next week. The support was naturally poor and this lack of demand rather than the quantity of wheat sold a feature. There was, however, considerable wheat liquidated on every one-eighth decline and while the market closed the week very soft, there is no denying it is in a much healthier condition for an upturn than for some time.

Corn—Effect on corn of the weakness of wheat was in a measure offset by the wet weather throughout the belt and the general verdict of the trade that a few days more would see the clean up of delayed grain. Meanwhile the eastern call was small and with more favorable weather toward the end of the week and the weakness in the September option prices gave way and at the close of the week December and September were both below 70 cents. Sentiment at the close of the week was more bearish than for some time and a good many in the trade were predicting still lower prices and gave as their reason that the market had been bulled to death and with favorable weather new corn would soon make its appearance as farmers would be anxious to sell at present prices. We look for lower prices but would not press the short side too strong as we believe ultimately May corn will sell very much higher.

Cotton—We have had an active and higher market almost every day the last week although at times there were frequent setbacks brought about by the news from Washington in regard to the Clarke bill. This bill is still hanging fire and at the close of the week there had been very little headway made and it looks now as if it would be stricken off the tariff bill and taken up later. The principal factor in the market has been the heavy rain throughout the belt both east and west and there were numerous reports telling of damage done to cotton that was open. There were also some reports of insect damage from Texas and a growing belief that frost would follow these rains which would cut down the total yield materially. There were a few private estimates on the crop which made the condition anywhere from 61 to 65 and this added to the bullishness. The dry goods trade is good and spinners were buying freely. Liverpool led the advance and while trade reports from abroad were not considered favorable the European spinner seems to be afraid he will not be able to get his supply of raw cotton around these prices unless he goes into the market and buys futures. The following is from Liverpool: "Manchester market is dull and new business is hard to put through, but reports from India are good and probably a good demand will soon come from that quarter again. People here think that the crop will be around fourteen million bales and that seven pence a pound is about right for such a crop. There is likely to be a large supply from India, Brazil and Egypt. The Russian crop is also a good one though not large. The recent rains ought to benefit the Texas crop, especially if they have an open winter." In our opinion the market has a good advance and we are inclined to think that the next big move will be downward as conditions will no doubt improve and crop estimates will be increased which should make for lower prices.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but it is generally our charity and other people's sins.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,636; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of THOMAS A. CLARK, MARY B. CLARK, and KATHLEEN CLARK, Minors.

Mary A. Clark, guardian of the persons and estates of Thomas A. Clark, Mary B. Clark and Kathleen Clark, minors, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell all of the right, title, interest and estate of said minors in and to certain real property particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court therefrom that it is necesssary and that it would be beneficial to said minors that all of their right, title, interest and estate in and to said real property should be sold for the reasons and purposes mentioned in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said minors and all persons interested in the estates of said minors be and appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the temporary City Hall Building, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 30th day of October, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said guardian for the sale of all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors in and to said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, September 30th, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
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IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

nent of the Real Estate Federation to meet at Del Monte soon. Mr. H. L. Pillsbury and Knox Maddox run down Friday for the week-end to enjoy a little golf. Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, accompanied by Mrs. Geo. L. Webb of Pasadena, motored to Del Monte for a few days of golf. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Eddy of San Francisco are spending a few days. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Abecasis of Woodside spent the week-end. Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane and wife and young son, accompanied by Dr. Lane and wife are occupying the Ocean View Cottage at Pebble Beach. The Secretary and his party are taking many trips through the valleys and down the coast by motor.

Recent guests at Paso Robles included: Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCabe, Mrs. James Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hope-Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. B. Varney, Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Grace and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Yoakum.

Morris W. Brown and bride of Alameda are spending part of their honeymoon at the Pacific Grove Hotel. J. E. Rickards of Berkeley, the first State Governor of Montana, with his wife, were visiting autoists the middle of the week, as were J. A. Osborne and Chas. N. Simmons of San Francisco, both parties doing the drive several times. Mr. and Mrs. E. Lynch with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Lynch and Rev. Louis Wright as their guests arrived in their automobile on Tuesday, and before leaving left requests for reservations for the first two weeks in October, the time for their annual prolonged visit to the Grove. Rev. W. B. Weller and wife and F. Montmorency and wife of Omaha, stopped off for a few days on a leisurely trip they are making down the coast.

The Beringer Musical Club will give its first concert of the seventh season at Century Club Hall on Friday evening, October 10. The interesting program will include piano, vocal and ensemble numbers of the best known composers and will be presented by the following members of the club: Misses Loie Munsil, Myrtle Dow, Genevieve Holmberg, Maya C. Hummel, Zdenka Buben, Arena Toriggino, Mrs. Henry J. Widenmann, Otto Rauhut and Joseph Beringer.

The annual ball given by the Italian Relief Society to aid the poor of the Italian colony will take place Saturday evening, October 18, at the John F. Fugazi Colony Building, 678 Green street. Honorary President, Comm. J. F. Fugazi; President of the Evening, F. N. Belgrano; Honorary Committee, Consul General Cav. F. Daneo, G. Onesti, M. Fontana, Cav. A. Sbarbaro, Comm. T. Baugalupi, Cao. N. Perasso, R. Petri, L. Scatena. Ruggiero Leoncavallo, the composer, will be the guest of honor.

Mr. Porker—I understand that the ladies consider me about the dearest thing in the market.

Mr. Ox—Yes, and the next thing you know they'll be roasting you.

Letters

An Oriental Tale

Frederick S. Isham who is something of a globe-trotter, knows enough of the far and near Orient to supply good local color as a background for his stories. In "Aladdin from Broadway" he has written an Oriental romance designed for Occidental readers. It is the kind of thing that prosaic stay-at-homers whose sole acquaintance with Moslems has been made through the perusal of the Arabian Nights, like to imagine as an everyday occurrence in the domain of "the unspeakable Turk." The plot is woven about a verse in Al Koran, "But if the husband give sentence of divorce to her a third time, saying Thou art free, or I divorce you, three times, it is not lawful for him to take her back again, until she shall have married another husband and been divorced by that second husband. Then may the first husband remarry her whom he has sent from him and no blame shall attach to any of them." It may happen that a man, being in a towering passion, will give the sentence of divorce to a woman with whom he has no desire to part, and then he will resort to the expedient of hiring some fakir to go through the formalities of a marriage and divorce of the discarded one in order to leave the field clear for his own resumption of the ties. This is what occurred with a wealthy diamond merchant of Damascus, and it was a dervish who was called in to act the part of the substitute husband. Previous to his appearance as a bridegroom the reader has been introduced to him on the street, and however he succeeds in deluding the faithful, it is evident to us that he is not what he seems. In a word, he is an American of good family. On a wager that the feat could be accomplished by an American as well as by an Englishman, he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and was on his way back to New York when this adventure befell him. It promised to be an interesting experience especially as it would provide him with food and money of which he was then in need. It was represented to him that the bride was most eager to be restored to her former position, and he would be conferring a favor on all parties by consenting. Judge then of his amazement when on his way to the mosque for prayers, he was taken in charge by a servant who, on pretence of some trifling but necessary service, led him to a garden in which was a charming lady who introduced herself as his "wife" and implored him not to pronounce the divorce but simply to disappear. She was fully alive to the dangers for both of them, but none the less determined. Commtited to this course the necessity for escape became important for as soon as Ahmed became aware of his disappearance he caused the city to be searched, the gates to be guarded and persecution of unbelievers to be instituted, this latter because the pious pilgrim had not entirely escaped suspicion. And now begins a game of hide and seek, false messages, abduction, disguises, dangers and escapes in one of which the very modern automobile plays a part, and as usual all ends even more beautifully than is usually the case even in these "light summer novels." From Bobbs-Merrill.

"Do you really believe, Miss Hicks, that ignorance is bliss?"

"I don't know. You seem to be happy."

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A CHICAGO CRUSADE AGAINST SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Weary Electorate

The overworked, weary and surfeited electorate took but little interest in the primary election last week. The electorate has been showing signs of ennui for some time. Indeed ever since the government was brought back to the people general interest in politics has been languishing and the minority that rules has been steadily dwindling. The changes wrought in our system of government on the advice of our demagogues have not produced the results that were predicted. They have produced chiefly the utter demoralization which Lincoln said was bound to come from "an incessant human wriggle and struggle for office." There are more candidates than before and more elections and more opportunities and facilities for mischief on the part of pestiferous busybodies, but no better service than before. On the contrary we are getting principally crank government, the reason being that cranks gravitate together and make more of a hullabaloo than sane folk, which is the thing the inveterate taxeater respects, confounding it as he does with public sentiment. One of the apparent results of the changes that were designed to hasten the millennium is the aggrandizement politically of organized labor. The greater the indifference of the average citizen to political affairs the greater becomes the political power of the labor bosses, for they govern a minority that never decreases. They possess the means of maintaining the political strength of the unions, and the weight of their balance of power is steadily on the increase.

Harping On The Old String

Since the days of J. Caesar not many new wrinkles have been introduced in the game of politics. When J. Caesar thrice refused the crown it was because he was unprepared to spring a pretext on which to seize it. Every job chaser thinks it necessary to have a reason. Years ago Senator Larry Conlon of the Mission explained that he was a candidate for a second term not because he wanted it but because the German groceryman at the corner said that the Senator could never be re-elected. The other day Uncle Joe Cannon, on a visit to Washington, was asked if he intended to run for Congress again. "Well it's this way," said Uncle Joe, closing one eye and talking out of the corner of his mouth, "I have not given the matter much thought, but the other day one of my former constituents came to me and said: 'I have voted for you twenty-one times, and I think it's up to you to give me my twenty-second chance.' Of course," added Uncle Joe without even tilting the angle of his cigar, "I can't resist such an argument as that." Uncle Joe is a humorist. He was merely satirizing the ways of the job chaser. Not so your Uncle Hiram, when he was giving the reasons reported in the Chronicle the other day why he intends going out for the guarantee of fodder once more. Uncle Hiram disdains the luxury of a sense of humor. In politics he is as solemn as a church organ at a funeral service. Our Governor's reasons are two: first, to keep the Bull Moose party from disintegrating; secondly because six Senators have conspired to compass his collapse. Thus we see that imagination has not done much for the demoralizing game of politics since the days when Larry Conlon was intent on the discomfiture of the groceryman.

Reasons Unnecessary in Hiram's Case

The first reason given by Governor Johnson for resolving to stay in the game that he has played so successfully is sufficient. Perhaps we may say without fear of contradiction that it is conclusive of the unselfishness and disinterestedness of him. The second reason is lamentably superfluous and puerile. We regret to see the distinguished civic patriot who rules our great State yielding his emotions to a little bunch of disgruntled pothouse politicians engaged in sordid and futile conspiracy. From what is said by one of them, Senator Gates, we infer that their motive is revenge. He complains that the Governor has proved ungrateful. All were eating out of the Governor's hand at the last legislative session, fawning before him like courtiers at the steps of a throne, and now they are whining because their sycophancy has gone without reward. The Governor has nothing to fear from conspirators of their kidney. Their opposition will have no other effect than that of enlisting popular support for the object of their spleen. The man in the street would prefer being wrong with the Governor to being right with such intellectual giants of Progressive leadership as Boynton, Strobridge and Gates. California's Peerless Son need give no reason at all for condescending to a second term. Nothing more will be expected of the Governor when he again appears on the firing line in the quadrennial battle for the deliverance of the State than that he breathe like a bellows the lofty moral enthusiasm that he always has for the pillars of government. Hiram needs no pretext. Do not the times demand, does not the crisis require, do not the people expect, four more years of the man who was second in command at Armageddon? So say we all of us. In the words of that immortal lyric artist of Berkeley, Professor Tommy Reed, dashed off the moment he heard of the conspiracy,

In spite of churls who would defeat
Our Governor, the State to cheat;
In spite of Gates' or Boynton's sneers,
Our hearts, our hopes, our thoughts, our leers
Are all for HIM who still must eat."

"Such men as Andrew Gallagher" are not the only men that are rare. Men like our Governor occur only when the senses of the people are in a swoon.

Rudolph Threatening To "Come Back"

"Spreckels' Hat Is In The Ring." So runs a headline in the Examiner, which conveys the information that Ruthless Rudolph the Ripsnorting Supermanic Son of the Star-Eyed Goddess is "about to begin a war of extermination against the Pacific Gas and Electric and the Great Western Power companies." What a sensation this news would have created a few years ago when the young Hercules of the West in the sevenfold panoply of his pride marched forth to his mission of skinning the Nemean lion of graft in the valley of Machine Politics! The news would have been spread all over the front page under shrieking headlines. Now, just back from Washington, where he sought in vain to vindicate the esteem in which he is held by the Administration; where he was put over the ropes by a candidate for a village postmastership, the threats he makes no longer inspire awe. Groggy from the drubbing Tom Fox gave him, his hat may be in the ring, but who cares? A poor matchmaker, his prestige gone, the Examiner stows his challenge away in an obscure corner under a single headline. We have addressed to the querulous young millionaire many an oblique remonstrance, but all in vain, and now he is paying the penalty of working overtime as a bulwark and a palladium. We used to think him a madcap, a daredevil, but now he reminds us of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. A Cervantes could laugh our passion for reform away by writing a simple unadorned biography of Rudolph. It would read like a mordant satire, a crushing impeachment of parochial idealism.

Health and Morals

One of the first duties of government is to safeguard the public health. There is no species of paternalism more to be commended than this. Singularly enough in

this country it is somewhat neglected, though paternalism is rampant. To be sure we have many laws, sanitary and hygienic; laws to ensure pure food, laws to compel vaccination, laws to require this and laws to require that; but we are really more enthusiastic, more keen about public morals—the morals of trade and the morals of joy—than we are about means of preserving life. Private philanthropy does much toward improving our knowledge of disease and it has made many valuable contributions to medical science, but when have we ever heard of a city government exhibiting alertness and enterprise comparable with that of those several German towns that have rushed in to the market to buy radium for their public hospitals! They have made appropriations as high as seven thousand dollars for the purchase of the wonderful mineral by which remarkable cures have been made of late in cancer cases. Cancer is not infectious, and therefore it does not seriously concern American municipalities. If the rich man has cancer he can buy radium. The poor man has to go without it. In this city of late many cases of typhoid fever have occurred. Typhoid easily becomes epidemic. What are our public servants doing about it? We know they have been very busy holding an election, closing the Barbary Coast and selling bonds for a municipal street railroad, but it might be well to find a little time to consider the spread of typhoid and ways and means of preventing its recurrence from year to year. They are doing this very thing in the bad, glad city of New York where Tammany keeps the public morals impure. They have had a typhoid epidemic in New York, and the health authorities, who are exceedingly vigilant, have discovered that it had its origin in milk that had been infected in a dairy far beyond the bounds of the city. The only safe milk for general consumption by man is milk pasteurized under legal restriction. But the New York authorities, whilst they feel that certified milk may continue to be the food for persons able to buy it, realize that something must be done to provide the community at large with an equally safe and reliable supply both for cooking and drinking. They have already established several grades of milk adapted to the financial condition of the consumer with the ultimate purpose of effecting the pasteurization of the general milk supply of New York City. May not something similar be done for this city? The only possible objection to the undertaking is that it would consume time which might from the standpoint of political self-interest be more profitably employed in whipping the devil through the haunts of shame.

Uncleanliness and Morality

While on the subject of health—physical health—we venture for the purpose of academic discussion, if for no better, to call attention to the curious phenomenon of the affinity between muck and morality, Puritanism and pestilence-breeding. In Los Angeles, as was recently observed by an inspector of sanitary conditions, there are tenement houses that would disgrace a heathen village of the Levant. In these tenement houses folk breed children as in a rabbit-warren, and microbes as in a garbage-barrel. As to this sort of propagation the authorities are complaisant and the militant reformers indifferent, but they are eternally preoccupied with the business of preserving the purity of the soul. In Sacramento, as we learned the other day, the good Bishop Moreland maintains the most insanitary lodging house in the town, and defends it on the ground that it is better for a penniless person to have warmth in foul air than cold in the breezes that blow in the streets. Here in San Francisco where "Red" Kelly was put out of business by the Killjoys for catering to the passions of the unregenerate, J. C. Westenberg is permitted to maintain at his pleasure loathsome hotbeds of disease and it is, not without significance, by the California Society for the Suppression of Vice and the publisher of the Puritan Press that, according to an inspector of the State Board of Health, the foulest lodging houses are conducted. How are we to account for this ugly phenomenon characteristic of three of the principal cities of the State? If virtue never dwells long with filth, if cleanliness bears analogy to purity of mind, what are we to think of our anti-vice crusaders of the Westenberg type? In view of the official report on the Vice Society and the Puritan Press it would seem to be high time for the Clean City exhorters to get busy with our municipal authorities. It was bad enough to give impetus to the red plague in the name of religion by closing the clinic, but not any worse than maintaining in the name of philanthropy foul agencies for the spread of the white plague. Would it be unreasonable to ask our pulpit cadets of the yellow journal school to turn their attention from sex problems for a brief space and devote it to a crusade against microbes? We are inclined to exhort them to let sin alone a week or two, and attempt something practicable. We would remind them that sin is immortal anyway; that there is really no prophylactic against it, no anti-toxin to destroy it; furthermore, that unlike filth and disease we can't do without it, nay, that we must have it. Sin is the final cause of good, and good is the final cause of man. How terrible life would be without this bitter leaven of the greatness and beauty of the world!

An Authority On Eugenics

Discussing eugenics the editor of Harper's Weekly quotes a Mr. Wallace, a man "who is certainly as high an authority on the subject as there is." It does not take much nowadays to make a man a high authority on any of the numerous subjects that have lately come into vogue,—the subjects that are discussed at pink teas principally by college professors versed in piffle. Wherever the intellectual atmosphere is of the thinnest there you will find an authority on some pseudo-science with rapt disciples at his feet. In all the new speculative philosophies there are authorities who have proved themselves such by the making of books. Fancy a man being accounted an authority on eugenics! Has he conducted a eugenics farm. Can he show us some eugenics'-bred stock? Has he in anywise tested the theories of the apostles of eugenics? No: he has done nothing to become an authority but dream and argue, or rather, assert. He asserts that when working women are given more pay and more leisure they will be more careful in the selection of husbands; also, they will marry much later than they do now. Besides it will be looked upon as degrading for a woman to marry a man she does not love, and moral standards will be such that men will be more eager to marry than they are now; and so on, and so on to the end of the chapter. Mr. Wallace is merely driveling, and the editor of Harper's catches the slush and puts it in type and labels it the outpouring of an authority. Well, after all, Mr. Wallace is no worse than men of greater prominence. David Starr Jordan, the schoolmaster, is an authority on Eternal Peace; Andrew Carnegie is an authority on simplified spelling; Gifford Pinchot, the Forester, is an authority on conservation; Congressman Hobo of Water Tank is an authority on currency; Theodore Roosevelt is an authority on everything under the sun; E. P. E. Troy is an authority on Single Tax; Jane Addams is an authority on Sex Hygiene; Dr. Aked is an authority on commercialized vice. This is the golden age of mediocrity, and the Philistine pompously parades his laurels in the arena where thumbs never point downward.

When Moralists Disagree

The difficulty of improving on the handiwork of God by legislative enactment to the satisfaction of moral reformers lies in the fundamental difference of taste and opinion that gives rise to all the controversies that torment mankind. Reformers themselves cannot agree as to what is right and what is wrong. They cannot agree on the simplest questions, questions of modesty, of decency, of respectability. It is in morals as in pastimes. Some men are intolerant of tiger-hunting, whilst others regard it as the noblest of sports. And so with marriage, an institution once generally accepted as holy, now pronounced by many moral philosophers as impure and immoral. When Uncle Sam halted an actress at the ocean's brink the other day because she lacked a marriage certificate and possessed a mate, snickers were heard in every State in the Union; also, salvos of applause. There are moral reformers who think it important that exponents of the Higher Morality which regards marriage as a partnership that terminates by mutual consent should not be permitted to land on the sanctified soil of this austere Republic; yet this is a country in which there is nothing easier than divorce; a land where the affinity flourishes as a legitimate means of abating monotony, and where there is no limit on the number of husbands with which a restive female may gratify caprice. The truth is that with all the activity of our Vigilance Committees on the frontiers of life, such is the conflict of taste and opinion that with all our Puritanism we are tolerant of a Higher Morality that is synonymous with a code to sanction

the indulgence of perverse instincts. Now that the sex problem in its variety has settled down into a subject for regular discussion like the tariff and graft the diversity of moral standards has become bewildering. Here is Dr. Aked pleading for immunity in behalf of uncommercialized immodesty. Over in Oakland there is Chief of Police Petersen, a reformer, pleading for toleration of commercialized vice. In Berkeley there is J. Stitt Wilson, a reformer, scoffing at the reformers who cannot see that commercialized vice is only a symptom of the disease called capitalism. Up in Willows there is a newspaper called the Journal that hymns the praises of the Administration for purging the State Fair of gamblers, and at the same time we read in the Post that the star of one of the concessions was a woman whose business it was to sit in a swinging chair so arranged that every time a spring was hit she toppled backward, thus furnishing a view of lingerie and legs. Furthermore we read that the concession did a great business, so many were the men that threw balls at the spring that they might be titillated by the thrilling exposure. So we see that some reformers who regard gambling as a terrible sin have relish for a pastime that the ordinary mortal with the slightest respect for womanhood might regard as unspeakably coarse and degrading. All of which goes to show how green our civilization is. And the worst of it is that the more earnestly we pursue the present line of investigation the coarser become our manners. Perhaps the most corrupting influence in the country today is that of our rampageous moralists who can no longer talk chastely even of chastity, and who are creating a demand for certain knowledge that like ambergris in whales is acquired at the cost of a considerable degeneration of the rest of the creature.

Song of The Ascetic

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

If I had been a Heathen,
I'd have praised the purple vine,
My slaves should dig the vineyards,
And I would drink the wine;
But Higgins is a Heathen,
And his slaves grow lean and grey,
That he may drink some tepid milk
Exactly twice a day.

If I had been a Heathen,
I'd have crowned Neaera's curls.
And filled my life with love affairs,
My house with dancing girls;
But Higgins is a Heathen,
And to lecture rooms is forced,
Where his aunts, who are not married,
Demand to be divorced.

If I had been a Heathen,
I'd have sent my armies forth,
And dragged behind my chariots
The Chieftains of the North,
But Higgins is a Heathen,
And he drives the dreary quill,
To lend the poor that funny cash
That makes them poorer still.

If I had been a Heathen,
I'd have piled my pyre on high,
And in a great red whirlwind
Gone roaring to the sky;
But Higgins is a Heathen,
And a richer man than I;
And they put him in an oven,
Just as if he were a pie.

Now who that runs can read it,
The riddle that I write,
Of why this poor old sinner,
Should sin without delight—?
But I, I cannot read it
(Although I run and run),
Of them that do not have the faith,
And will not have the fun.

Perspective Impressions

The Ohio manufacturers of fake wines are probably prohibitionists in disguise.

Poverty and genius are the most ancient of friends.

Doctor Aked writes like a press agent for "Damaged Goods."

Senator Works has no peer in the gentle art of making enemies.

Does science profit when an aviator turns a somersault in mid-air?

The Pittsburg Despatch says that Jane Addams regards Eugenic marriage as one of the burning questions. Would Jane refuse a good offer if there were none but a Eugenic objection?

In Visalia a man is not permitted to sit with a woman on any of the benches in the public park after dark. Every day it is becoming more apparent that our destinies are in the hands of the policeman.

Canes are the latest fashion for women. One more step in the direction of equality.

One matter we don't pretend to understand is the status of "Borax" Smith's affairs.

The fanatic is a man for whom somebody else does the thinking.

A poor little tyke in Ohio died while laughing at an ancient joke. Choked by a chestnut.

The quiet approval of the few may be more gratifying than the clamorous applause of the many, but it is not as valuable.

An admirer of Sir Walter Scott suggests that the bogus lord be nicknamed "Peveril of the Cheek."

By actual count the daily papers have celebrated forty-nine Hetch-Hetchy victories, but the battle is still on and the irrigationists are steadily winning concessions that mean less water for San Francisco. It's about time to begin digging wells.

We've just had our annual reminder that there is still an Iroquois Club.

If Evelyn Thaw doesn't know the father of her child, shouldn't the little one be deported from this peerless country as an undesirable citizen?

Somehow or other we are not greatly impressed when President Wilson's daughter repudiates the latest styles.

When an actor complains that feminine admiration gets on his nerves he is certainly not gallant, probably not veracious.

"We shall not exhibit in 1915" has come to be the favorite club of foreign nations seeking favors from our Government.

A London scientist has discovered that as bodily strength is at its height after a night's sleep a man doesn't need breakfast. This is good news for the man who can't afford to buy a breakfast.

Varied Types

CXLVII—ROBERT HOGAN

By Edward F. O'Day

"Why have you not written your memoirs?"

The question was put toward the end of a lengthy session at which Detective Sergeant "Bob" Hogan had been reviewing his career. It was a natural question to put. Many people who haven't seen or done or endured half as much as "Bob" Hogan, have written interesting memoirs. "Bob" Hogan, in the opinion of many, is the greatest detective San Francisco has produced. He coped in his time with criminals of international reputation. He solved mysteries of sensational interest. He can tell as no other living person can, the amazing story of the Bowers-Benhayon case. So the narrative of his forty-five years of police service could not help but prove enthralling.

"Bob" Hogan had told me that Chief of Police Isaiah W. Lees wanted him to collaborate on a history of crime in San Francisco. He had said that men had come to him from England, from France and from American publishing houses, asking him to write his memories. After careful consideration he turned down all these offers. When I asked him why, he was silent a minute. When he spoke it was in words that will surprise those who do not know "Bob" Hogan.

For "Bob" Hogan has a passion for orotundity and a love of impressive words. I am not quite certain whether he'd rather capture a desperate crook or a polysyllabic noun. I can imagine him putting an effective phrase in the "small book" and keeping it there till the occasion comes for speaking it. He uses language not merely to express but to adorn his thoughts. His sentences are scrupulously elaborated, and how sonorously he rolls them forth! "Bob" Hogan is not singular in this among policemen. I could name a number of "the finest" who show the same characteristic, and all of them are exceptionally good officers too. Perhaps they have acquired the peculiarity by listening to eloquent criminal lawyers.

So when I asked "Bob" Hogan why he hadn't written his memoirs I received his answer in sentences deliberately framed and feelingly spoken. This is what "Bob" Hogan replied:

"During a long career my life has been this hour in a castle and the next in a hovel. I have been brought in contact with the best, the middle and the worst classes in the world. Each of these classes has been unfortunate enough to have some weak members, and in their weakness they became the authors of crimes tapering from murder to the various thefts. Coupled with these by family ties have been other persons to the number of nine or ten, according to the size of the family circle.

"Forty-five years is a long period of time, but it is not long to people of good memories. It has fleeted by with me most rapidly because time is very deceptive—it steals on you like a robber in the dark. Along that long pathway, prompted only by a pure sense of duty to the commonwealth, it has been my misfortune to gather in certain members of these families, to place them before the bar of justice and to convict them. In some instances they were the heads of families.

"During the passage of time those who were mere infants or youths when these sad occasions arose have grown up and become beautiful women, mothers and wives, the boys desirable citizens. I cannot conceive of anything in this world that is so repulsive to my nature and so extremely cowardly as to repeat that past, binding them, the innocent, by the acts of the guilty.

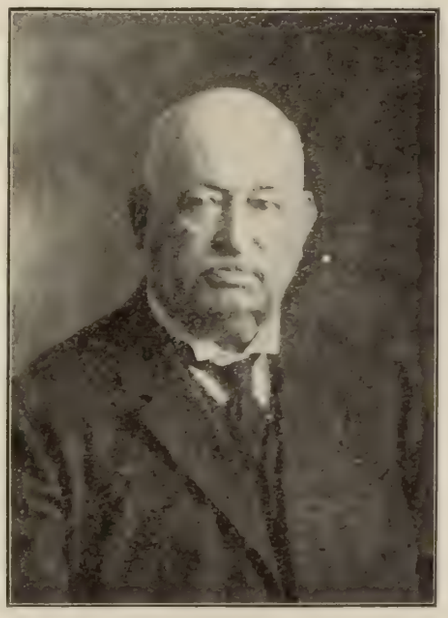
"No! The grave is closed and the grass of forgetfulness has grown over it. God forbid that I should add to the history of a well spent and long life the fact that I had opened up the wounds that remain now in a cicatrized form!"

When "Bob" Hogan finished there was a suspicious moisture in his eye. The old hunter of criminals was genuinely moved. The depths of his nature were stirred. He leaned back in his chair to calm himself.

"Your reasons do you honor," I said.

"Thank you," he answered.

When I called on "Bob" Hogan there was a volume of Montaigne on the table before him.



Blum photo.

ROBERT HOGAN.

"One of your favorites?" I asked.

"Yes," said "Bob" heartily. "I like those old essayists because they are matter-of-fact and honest and speak out in good, plain Anglo-Saxon, especially the French. Montaigne is my favorite because he hits straight from the shoulder and doesn't cover up."

"Are you fond of detective stories?" I asked.

"I never read them," was the answer. "I once read a volume of De Boisgeby, and it aided me in knitting together my methods of proceedure in circumstantial cases; and I have read a little of Gaboriau. But detective stories merely traverse the ground which I have actually gone over; so for me they have always been a waste of time."

You will observe that "Bob" Hogan takes his career as a detective very seriously. And that is no more than right, for the detection of crime is a very serious pursuit.

"Bob" Hogan was born in New Orleans in 1844, so he is now in his seventieth year. His father made a fortune in Nevada and California mines, but eventually went to smash. Even the family home on a fifty-vara lot at Sutter and Mason streets was lost, and "Bob" had to leave school to help support a large family. This was shortly after Henry H. Haight had been elected governor on the Democratic ticket. Among the men who handled Haight's campaign were J. W. Coffroth, Joe Hamilton, Robert C. Page, Dr. Toland, W. C. Ralston and R. R. Provines. These men were friends of the senior Hogan, and as "Bob" had helped in the campaign he was asked what reward he wanted.

"The desire to lead a Bohemian life and the necessity of helping my family," says "Bob," "impelled me to answer that I wanted a job on the police force."

"'I'd rather follow you to your grave than get you that,' Ralston told me; but I insisted, so Ralston and Page went to Mayor McCoppin and Police Judge Provines, and I began the Bohemian career of a policeman on the first of April, 1868.

"There were only one hundred men in the department, and as it was not difficult to show intelligence among companions not gifted with schooling, very soon my superiors discovered in me an aptitude that suggested the propriety of promotion. But I was stricken in the epidemic of small pox that raged in the city and was ill for four months. When I recovered I faced the turning point in my life.

"Chief of Police Crowley was a Republican. At that time the chief was elected for two years, and the Democrats being in the ascendancy they put up a certain Matt Canavan as a candidate against Crowley. I was popular and had a following in the department. James Gannon, afterwards a political leader, was a detective at the time, and he came to me and asked me to do what I could for Crowley. Having received my appointment from the Democrats I refused to be disloyal to them, so I told Gannon that I would have to vote for Canavan. It was a matter of principle with me, but it was too fine a point for a coarse brute like Gannon to see.

"'I'll see that you're taken care of,' he told me.

"'Is that a threat?' I asked.

"'Yes,' said Gannon.

"'If it were not that I remember my obligation as a peace officer I'd break your New York jaw,' I told him.

"Well, there was some funny business in counting the ballots, and as a result Canavan's majority of about 1100 changed as if by magic to a majority of 1200 for Crowley at the last minute. It was one of those rapid changes that used to occur in those old days. Crowley said that I had spoken ill of him and exiled me from the heart of the city to the Yerba Buena Cemetery, the site of the Civic Centre. My beat extended from Hayes Valley and the cemetery to the ocean, and it was a bad beat because there were a lot of ex-convicts employed in the shoe factories around Hayes Valley. I stayed there two years, and as I never indulged in an arrest when youthful exuberance led young men into thoughtless follies and so avoided needlessly blasting

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Back from Berkeley

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: A San Franciscan born and reared, I am not too pleased with the way things are going in the old town, but just the same it repents me that I ever left it. I moved to Berkeley after the fire, but I think I'll go back to the less pious side of the bay. My morals receive too much official attention in Berkeley. Berkeley is too good for a man who has any of the old Adam in him. And Berkeley is going to wax, not wane in virtue. The other day some pious snuffler of Berkeley wrote a letter to the Berkeley Gazette from Pacific Grove. He sighed at the thought that Berkeley was not as pious as Pacific Grove. It seems that there is an ordinance in Pacific Grove prohibiting the delivery of liquor to anybody in the town. This correspondent wants a similar ordinance in Berkeley, and the chances are he'll get it. With the exception of some blind pigs Berkeley is dry, but it is still possible for me to have a case of beer or of wine delivered at my home for the use of my family and friends. It is more than likely that this small privilege will be taken away. I don't think I'll wait for the ordinance to be passed. My wife says the pseudo-highbrow atmosphere of Berkeley is stifling anyway. So I think I'll bring the family back to the old town where rents are higher but a certain amount of personal liberty remains.

Sincerely,

—An Exile.

Aked's English

Editor Town Talk, Sir: One word more about Dr. Aked, if you please. I am not a stickler for English undefiled. I don't like to quibble about points of grammar, but Dr. Aked does, as we all learned, you may remember, when he was helping the Examiner to sensationalize a filthy case on trial before Judge Van Fleet. The reverend gentleman himself makes many slips, but I let them pass. What he objected to as a reporter was the misuse of a word. Words are precious things, and I hate to see them perverted or raped, even though the offender be a clergyman. In last Wednesday's Examiner Dr. Aked writes of men and women "who decline to have San Francisco made infamous in order that a few panderers, procurers and brothel keepers may get rich." That's a pretty wheezy sentence to come from the pen of an Englishman who pretends to be educated and cultured. Here we have a somewhat unhappy use of the verb decline, but perhaps it would be hypercritical to call our voluble parson down for a little matter of looseness merely in speech. But what about " panderers"? Cub reporters fall into the error of patching a syllable on to the verb pander to make a noun, but surely an Englishman educated for the pulpit ought to know better. But Dr. Aked doesn't appear even to know what a pander is, for he speaks of procurers also. Get thee to a grammar class, Doctor, before criticising English as she is spoke in this vice-ridden country.

Truly yours,

—A Layman.

A Puritan Protest

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: It was Joseph Choate, I believe, who uttered the fervent prayer: "Would that Plymouth Rock had landed on the Puritans instead of the Puritans on Plymouth Rock!" Watching the antics of our Puritans I mourn with Choate that they are allowed to stay in a world which can never please them till they have made it over. I am reminded, however, that not all Puritans were of this obnoxious breed. This being the day of the Supressor, the day when all that is evil must go or the Suppressor will know the reason why, let me quote to you the words of a Puritan of the sternest life, of the most rigorous virtue, of the most uncompromising stiffneckedness in the presence of wickedness. I refer to Puritan John Milton, and the words that follow are from his "Areopagitica": "They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all . . . Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste, that came not thither so: such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point. Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same: remove that, and ye remove them both alike."

Sincerely,

—Historicus.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Belfast Army

Is it farce or tragedy? Only the future will tell. Reference is made to the preparations for armed resistance to Home Rule now under way in Ulster. Recently the Belfast division of the Ulster army was mobilized and reviewed in Belfast. There were 12,000 men in line, marshalled in battalions and regiments, all sworn to resist Home Rule. It was the largest trained body of men ever marshalled in the province of Ulster at one time since the Battle of the Boyne. After the review Sir Edward Carson, Parliamentary leader of the Orangemen, made a speech in which he said: "All governments in the ultimate resort depend on the force behind them, and because we see this splendid force today I have no doubt that if we are driven we can successfully persist in our idea of setting up a provisional government. So long as you are behind us there can be no question of surrender. I promise you that so long as you stand firm I and those associated with me will most certainly stand firm, and we will never have Home Rule."

Vaccination for Typhoid

Speaking of the typhoid epidemic in New York (which was traced to impure milk) the New York Sun has something new to say about vaccination for typhoid. Quoting: "Vaccination of school children and others against typhoid fever would be a dangerous experiment. . . . That vaccination of this type would be opposed with more vigor than the same procedure against smallpox is to be expected, and there would be the best reason for it. While in armies and in hospitals anti-typhoid vaccination has proved of the greatest service, the immunity acquired is of comparatively short duration—from one year, the minimum, to three years, the maximum. Recruits selected for physical vigor bear the reaction incident to the repeated inoculation with impunity, their term of immunity may be equal to the term of enlistment; if it is not they may be reinoculated. Nurses too are usually in good health, and in their case personal safety demands inoculation and reinoculation. Not so with school children and other members of the community who are exposed only during epidemics, the source and diffusion of which are difficult and often impossible to define."

New Cancer "Cure"

All Germany is obsessed with the idea of procuring mesothorium to be used as a panacea for cancer. It is stated to have the power of emanating rays similar to but much more effective than radium, and the cost seems to be almost as great. The substance is derived from the thorium waste in the manufacture of gas mantles, and it is used in tiny portions enclosed within a silver covering in which extremely small holes are pierced. The silver box is then placed upon the part affected with cancerous growth, and is said slowly but effectually to remove traces of the disease. There is hardly a town of importance in the country which has not voted a large sum from the public funds for the purpose of purchasing some of the costly material, and where public funds are not forthcoming concerts, bazaars, and such like means are adopted for raising money for the same purpose. Medical men seem to favor the movement for procuring mesothorium. Surgeons, on the other hand, are not unanimous in their opinions.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

The Horses

By James Stephens

He was tall, and she was short. He was bulky, promising to be fat. She was thin, and, with a paring here and there, would have been skinny. His face was sternly resolute, solemn indeed, her's was prim; and primness is the most everlasting, indestructible trait of humanity. It can outface the Sphinx. It is destructible only by death. Whoever has married a prim woman must hand over his breeches and his purse, he will collect postage stamps in his old age, he will twiddle his thumbs and smile when the visitor asks him a question, he will grow to dislike beer, and will admit and assert that a man's place is the home. These things come to pass as surely as the procession of the seasons.

It may be asked why he had married her, and it would be difficult to find an answer to that question. The same query might be put to almost any couple, for (and it is possibly right that it should be so) we do not marry by mathematics, but by some extraordinary attraction, which is neither entirely sexual nor mental. Something other than these, something as yet uncharted by psychology, is the determining factor. It may be that the universal, strange chemistry of nature, planning granite and twig, ant and onion, is also ordering us more imperatively and more secretly than we are aware.

He had always been a hasty creature. He never had any brains, and had never felt the lack of them. He was one of those men who are called "strong," because of their imperfect control over themselves. His appetites and his mental states ruled him. He was impatient of any restraint; whatever he wanted to do he wanted urgently to do, and would touch no alternatives. He had the robust good humor which will cheerfully forgive you tomorrow for the wrongs he has done you today. He bore no malice to anyone on earth, except those who took their medicine badly. Meek people got on very well with him because they behaved themselves, but he did not like them to believe they would inherit the earth.

Some people marry because other people have done so. It is in the air, like clothing and art, and not eating with a knife. He, of course, got married because he wanted to, and the singular part of it was that he did not mate with a meek woman. Perhaps he thought she was meek, for before marriage there is a habit of deference on both sides which is misleading, and sometimes troublesome.

From the beginning of their marriage he had fought against his wife with steadiness and even ferocity. Scarcely had they been wed when her gently repressive hand was laid upon him, and, like a startled horse, he bounded at the touch into freedom—that is, as far as the limits of the matrimonial rope would permit. Of course, he came back again—there was the rope, and the unfailing, untiring hand easing him to the way he was wanted to go.

There was no fighting against that. Or, at least, it did not seem that fighting was any use. One may punch a bag, but the bag does not mind, and at last one grows weary of unproductive quarreling. One shrugs one's shoulders, settles to the collar, and accepts whatever destiny the gods, in their wisdom, have ordained. Is life the anvil upon which the gods beat out their will? It is not so. The anvil is matter, the will of the gods is life itself, urging through whatever torment to some identity which it can only surmise or hope for; and the one order to life is that it shall not cease to rebel until it has ceased to live, when, perhaps, it can take up the shaping struggle in some other form or some other place.

But he had almost given in. Practically he had bowed to the new order. Domestic habits were settling about him thick as cobwebs, and as clinging. His feet were wiped on the mat when he came in. His hat was hung on the orthodox projection. His kiss was given at the stated time, and lasted for the regulation period. The chimney-corner claimed him, and got him. The window was his outlook on life. Beyond the hall door were foreign lands inhabited by people who were no longer of his kind. The cat and the canary were his familiars, and his wife was rapidly becoming his friend.

Once a day he trod solemnly forth on the designated walk.

"Be back before one o'clock," said the voice of kind authority, "lunch will be ready."

"Won't you be back before two?" said that voice, "the lawn has to be rolled."

"Don't stay out after three," that voice entreated, "we are going to visit Aunt Kate."

And at one and two and three o'clock he paced urgently wifeward. He ate the lunch that was punctually ready. He rolled the inevitable lawn. He trod sturdily to meet Aunt Kate and did not quail and then he went home again. One climbed to bed at ten o'clock, one was gently spoken to until eleven o'clock, and then one went to sleep.

One day she entrusted him with a sum of money, and requested that he should go down the town and pay at certain shops certain bills, the details whereof she furnished to him on paper.

"Be back before three o'clock," said the good lady, "for the Fegans are coming to tea. You need not take your umbrella, it won't rain, and you ought to leave your pipe behind, it doesn't look nice. Bring some cigarettes instead, and your walking-stick if you like, and be sure to be back before three."

He pressed his pipe into a thing on the wall which was meant for pipes, put his cigarette case into his pocket, and took his walking-stick in his hand.

"You did not kiss me good-bye!" said she gently.

So he returned and did that, and then he went out.

It was a delicious day. The sun was shining with all its might. One could see that it liked shining, and hoped everybody enjoyed its art. If there were birds about anywhere, it is certain they were singing. In this suburb, however, there were only sparrows, but they hopped and flew, and flew and hopped, and cocked their heads sideways and chirped something cheerful, but possibly rude, as one passed. They were busy to the full extent of their beings, playing innocent games with happy little flies, and there was not one worry among a thousand of them.

There was a cat lying on a hot window ledge. She was looking drowsily at the sparrows, and anyone could see that she loved them, and wished them well.

There was a dog stretched across a doorway. He was very quiet, but he was not in the least bored. He was taking a sunbath, and he was watching the cat. So steadily did he observe her that one discerned at a glance he was her friend, and would protect her at any cost.

There was a small boy, who held in his left hand a tin can and a piece of string. With his right hand he was making affectionate gestures to the dog. He loved playing with animals, and he always rewarded their trust in him.

Our traveler paced slowly onwards, looking at his feet as he went. He noticed with a little dismay that he could not see as much of his legs as he thought he should see. There was a slight but nicely shaped curve between him and his past.

"I am getting fat," said he to himself, and the reflection carried him back to the morning mirror.

"I am getting a bit bald, too," said he, and a quiet sadness took possession of him.

But he reassured himself. "One does get fat. Everyone gets fat after they get married," said he. He reviewed his friends and acquaintances, and found that this was true, and he bowed before an immutable decree. "One does get bald," quoth he. "Everybody gets bald. The wisest people in the world lose their hair. Kings and generals, rich people and poor people, they are all bald. It is not a disgrace," said he; and he trod soberly forward in the sunshine.

A young man caught up on him from behind, and strode past. He was whistling. His coat tails were lifted, and his hands were thrust in his pockets. His elbows jerked to right and left as he marched.

"A fellow oughtn't to swagger about like that," said our traveler. "What does he want to tuck up his coat for, anyhow? It's not decent," said he in a low voice. "It makes people laugh," said he.

A girl came out of a shop near by, and paced down in their direction. She looked at the young man as they passed, and then she turned again, a glance—no more—and looked after him without stopping her pace. She came on. She had no pockets to stick her hands in, but she was swaggering. There was a left and right movement of her shoulders, an impetus and retreat of her hips. Something very strong and yet reticent about her surging body. She passed the traveler, and went down the road.

"She did not look at me," said he, and his mind folded its hand across its stomach, and sat down while he went forward in the sunlight to do his errands.

He stopped to light a cigarette, and stood for a few minutes watching the blue smoke drifting and thinning away on the air. While he stood, a man drove up with a horse and car. The car was laden with groceries—packets of somebody's tea, boxes of somebody's chocolate, bottles of beer and of mineral waters, tins of boot blacking and parcels of soap, confectionery and tinned fish, cheese, macaroni and jam. The man was beating the horse as he approached, and the traveler looked at them both through a wreath of smoke—

"I wonder," said he, "why that man beats his horse?"

The driver was sitting at ease. He was not angry. He was not impatient. There was nothing the matter with him at all. But he was

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXV—A SONG OF A CITY

By Laura B. Everett

(With the Portola celebration once more near at hand the following is a timely poem to publish. It appeared in Sunset, October, 1909, and was inspired by that first memorable Portola fiesta. The name of the writer may be familiar to some reader.)

A song for Portola,
A song for the western sea,
A joyous air for the city fair
That is, and is to be.

A song in sunshine clear,
A song when the sea winds blow,
A caroling lilt for the city built
Where world-tides ebb and flow.

A song for the days of fire,
No minor in any strain
But courage high though bright hopes die,
And kindness that softens pain.

A song for "the age of stone,"
The trowel in willing hand,
While steel frames rise till eager eyes
Behold what the builders planned.

A rune for the days to be,
In mystic letters writ:
Our city adored, to her own restored,
Her altar fires relit;

The days when dreams come true,
In forum and home and mart:
The city's name shall exalt his fame,
The Saint of the Kindly Heart.

Fiestal joys to-day
Banish remembered pain;
Glad music thrills the home-crowned hills
Of our city risen again.

A song for Portola
And the sea where the day departs;
A song for the fete by the Golden Gate
In the city of kindly hearts!

The Spectator

Beware of San Francisco!

What a great literary centre is Chicago! In that turbulent city one always gets an impression of men in a crowd rushing from bed to work, eating their meals in their shirtsleeves and eternally giving off that tremendous energy that has made all the world wonder. But in Chicago, as in San Francisco, the good folk have lots of leisure for uplifting humanity by means of the pen. The other day I received quite a bunch of printed matter from Chicago; some of it from the Illinois Vigilance Association; some of it from the American Federation For Sex Hygiene; some of it from the Chicago Church Federation Council, and all of it of more or less interest to this community. It appears from the printed matter sent out by the Illinois Vigilance Association that the noise we have been making about the Barbary Coast has reverberated in the ears of the Holy-Rollers of Chicago. By painting ourselves as worse than we are we have excited the profound concern of the Vigilance Association with its fifty-two vice-presidents representing scores of societies. So they have adopted resolutions, printed them and scattered them through the mails all over the country. These are the resolutions:

"Whereas, There is to be held in the City of San Francisco in 1915 a great Exposition in which both American and foreign nations are to participate, and

"Whereas, The moral conditions under which such an Exposition is held are a matter of immediate and general concern, be it hereby

"Resolved, That we, the Chicago Church Federation Council in accord with the action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, do earnestly urge the city government of San Francisco and the board of directors of the Exposition to adopt every means to prevent the exploiting of the Exposition by commercialized vice and to protect the visitors to San Francisco from such influence as would tend to lower public morals and injure the good name of San Francisco in America."

Secretary Hallam of the association informs me by letter that it is generally understood that "commercialized vice is expecting a rich harvest in San Francisco in 1915"; also, "some rescue workers fear there will be great danger to girls who seek employment in restaurants and hotels in San Francisco." All of which information will doubtless thrill to the core our sweet-scented friend, Dr. Aked, contributing editor of the Examiner.

A Terrible Conspiracy

From the American Federation For Sex Hygiene which has headquarters in New York as well as in Chicago, comes a letter from which I learn that our celebrated Diggs-Caminetti cases have added greatly to the notoriety of the Exposition City. "Sexual vice," the letter begins, "brings family sorrow and an enormous amount of physical disease whether the vice is clandestined or commercialized." Furthermore: "Men who entice girls into prostitution by slow degrees or by means of intoxicating liquors and quick brutality are criminal enemies of the home and family." Then we are told that fifty years ago Diggs and Caminetti would have been shot on sight by the fathers of the two girls or by their nearest kin. "Today," says the secretary of the Federation, "we discourage the so-called unwritten law, but homes must be protected promptly and effectively by written laws properly enforced." Along with these fragmentary observations comes the request in a circular letter to print the resolutions about the Exposition City. In the same envelope there is a printed "Protest Against Weakening the Mann Act," issued by the Chicago Church Federation Council. In this protest San Francisco is mentioned as the theatre of the Diggs-Caminetti drama. It appears that the Church Federation Council fears that the Mann Act is to be amended. We are told that there is a conspiracy against the act organized by "lecherous men, both rich and poor, who feel the halter draw, or see prison bars staring them in the face, as a consequence of their seduction of young girls or escapades with immoral women." The protestants solemnly assert that there is "a low moral tone existing in certain prominent and influential quarters which makes it possible to suggest a free and unrestrained license to those men who give the first thrust to girls and women and start them on the paths leading down to the chambers of death, where at last white slavery flourishes in all of its hideous and revolting degradation." The vice crusaders of Chicago are holy terrors writhing in a moral spasm and uttering themselves like a fever patient with a temperature of 108.

Giving Them What They Want

It is interesting to observe the kind of news from San Francisco that is regarded as of special interest to the people of Los Angeles. The Times of that city prints what purports to be special correspondence from San Francisco, but which is obviously nothing of the kind. "Glimpses of San Francisco" it is called, and evidently the glimpses are taken by a cross-eyed reporter while squinting through a few exchanges. There are four paragraphs. In the first the people of San Francisco are represented to be lamenting the news that property valuations in the far-flung county of Los Angeles are much higher than on this peninsula. In the second it is said that San Francisco holds the record for suicides. The third deals with "the purification of the pesthole on Pacific street." The fourth tells of Chief White's attitude toward divekeepers. Of course

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as the Times gives its readers what they want, the supposition must be that our Cafeteria friends have an appetite for flubdub and calumny.

Conditional Water

Speaking of Los Angeles' far-flung county line reminds me that the metropolis of the citrus circuit is not satisfied with its city limits. Los Angeles is pushing out antennae on all sides and drawing in more and more population. Just now the City Fathers have a bully scheme for forcing refractory communities into the city limits. Los Angeles has a lot of Owens River water to sell, and surrounding communities are in the market to buy it. But the City Fathers of the cafeteria town have issued the ultimatum: "Let us annex you or you go without water!" Some of the little places near Los Angeles need the water so badly that they will have to submit; others are in a more independent position and they are telling the Los Angeles City Fathers to "go take a running jump at themselves" or something equally naughty. Of course the more communities Los Angeles annexes the smaller will be the burden of her own people's taxes, and the greater will be her "urban" population. At the present time a lot of this "urban" population consists of hayseeds who never go to town because the asphalt on Spring street hurts their feet.

Tim McGrath on Los Angeles

Tim McGrath who used to manage Sharkey and now manages a mineral water, met Milt Stern in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles.

"This," said Tim with an all-embracing gesture, "is the greatest town on earth."

"I thought you were a San Francisco booster," said Stern.

"San Francisco is the class," answered Tim, "but don't overlook this town. This town is full of people with money bulging in every pocket, and all you need is a national sporting reputation to take it away from them. Look at Barney Oldfield, making seven or eight hundred a day in that saloon of his. And look at Jeffries over there. Why, all I'd need to be a rich man is the umbrellas the boobs leave in Jeff's saloon every day."

To Enlarge the Call Building

I hear that Rudolph and Gus Spreckels are going to enlarge and remodel the Call Building, or I should rather say, the Claus Spreckels Building, for that is the name by which they prefer to have it known. These two sons of Claus Spreckels own not only the Call Building but also two buildings adjoining it on the Third street side and one on the Market street side. I believe the plan is to consolidate these into one big structure, but just how thorough the remodeling will be and whether the architectural result will be pleasant or the reverse I do not pretend to know. The interesting point is that with this change one of the newspaper monuments of this city will disappear. Claus Spreckels built the Call Building to perpetuate the Spreckels name in the newspaper business. As the Call Building it has come to be known in all parts of the world to which a picture postcard penetrates. When the litigation over the will of Claus Spreckels resulted in the award of the Call Building to Rudolph and Gus Spreckels, Rudolph promptly changed its name to the Claus Spreckels Building, thus manifesting the bitterness of his feeling to John D. Spreckels. There is no doubt that he succeeded by this change in hurting John D.'s feelings, for the latter is as proud of the beautiful Call Building as his father was and wished to see its name perpetuated. Now that the name is gone the identity of the building is also to be submerged.

The Call To Move Out

Ever since Rudolph Spreckels became part owner of the Call Building the Call has been, from his hostile viewpoint, an undesirable tenant. He and John D. had a dispute about the rent which they found it impossible to settle until Marco Hellman was called in as an arbitrator. Then the rent was fixed at about $25,000 a year, a figure which disappointed Rudolph Spreckels' expectations. Then came the announcement that John D. Spreckels had acquired the property at the southeast corner of Market and Fourth streets and that he purposed the erection of an immense skyscraper in which the Call would be housed. But when F. W. Kellogg came along and made the deal which took the Call out of the morning and into the evening field the plans changed again. John D. will erect his skyscraper, but the Call will not be a tenant. Kellogg announced that he did not want expensive newspaper headquarters. The Call continued in its old quarters because the lease provided that John D. Spreckels should have the privilege of subletting once, and he availed himself of this provision by subletting the Call's rooms to the new publishing company. Now, however, Kellogg is looking for a place where he will not have to pay so much rent, and it is possible that he may arrange to move out of the Claus Spreckels Building before his lease expires. The lease runs until next June, but as Rudolph Spreckels has an idea that he can get more money for the space now occupied by the Call, I don't suppose he will put any obstacle in the way of a cancellation if it is requested.

A Libel on Works

The real opposition to Hetch-Hetchy represented in the Senate by John Downey Works, according to the Examiner, are the corporations that own water and power rights in the Sierras and Cascades. This is probably a libel on California's most vehement and faithful Christian soul. John Downey Works is a political purist, elected by political purists, and he is just as conscientious in his devotion to the interests of the commonwealth as in the days years ago when, as a justice of the Supreme Court he wrote an opinion in favor of the Spring Valley Water Company and against the City of San Francisco by reason of which he was nicknamed "Spring Valley Water Works." But why fret about opposition? Hasn't the Examiner told us scores of times that the victory was won? If there had ever been any doubt about it would the city have paid two million dollars for water rights on the principle of buying a pig in a poke? The Examiner, which is the self-constituted guardian angel of San Francisco, may be depended on to safeguard our interests and circumvent John Downey Works or Spring Valley Water Works, whichever you prefer. The Examiner is always right, and therefore it must have been proper for us to have bought that pig in a poke, a remarkable porker that increased in value with bewildering rapidity just before San Francisco went into its jeans.

A Prison Poetess

Cleo Sterling lies in jail at Sacramento, waiting trial with Sam Raber for the murder of Cherry de St. Maurice, the Sacramento bordeler who was strangled in her bedroom some time ago. Cleo was an inmate of the Cherry Club and a favorite with its mistress. Jail has chastened the spirit of Cleo Sterling, and she expresses her repentance in rhyme. Here is the beginning of a poem which Cleo wrote a few days ago:

As I toss on my cot in my prison cell,
My thoughts on childhood sadly dwell
When I was pure as the best of you
In the eyes of God, and his angels too;
When I said the prayers that were taught to me,
And my heart was light and happy and free.
Those days I live over and over again,
And I sigh when I think of what might have been.

The divine afflatus may not breathe in Cleo's verses, but they sound sincere as she sighs the saddest words of tongue or pen. Let us hope that a Higher Court will take judicial cognizance of poor Cleo's metrical abasement.

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Tarpey Causes Gooseflesh

Rather small politics on the part of the Administration at Sacramento, the upsetting of the plans of the wine men to make M. F. Tarpey the motif of a banquet by way of celebrating the victory over the spurious wine manufacturers of Ohio. The report being current that Tarpey may be a candidate for Governor the news that signal honors were to be paid to him by representative mercantile bodies caused an attack of gooseflesh at the State capital. Down came a sizzling order to the Progressive machine men to get busy, and they did. In fear and trembling some of the members of the Home Industry League went about pleading that they never knew that Mr. Tarpey had gubernatorial aspirations. In the circumstances they were in favor of paying tribute to all the men that went on to Washington. Well it's a small matter to get into a quarrel about. When Tarpey hears about it on his return he will probably regard it as a good joke, for certainly he had no idea of starting a gubernatorial campaign at a banquet of the Home Industry League. Tarpey has done a good many things for California, and if he runs for Governor he will get votes enough to solace him for the loss of a banquet. He will get the votes of men who believe that the best way to encourage home industry is to discourage home meddlesomeness. And it is not very likely that he would play both ends by having as a running mate a prohibitionist who is striving to kill one of the greatest of our industries—the very one that Tarpey went on to Washington to save.

From Journalism To The Bench

Governor Johnson sustained his reputation for wisdom in the selection of material for the bench when he appointed Judge Richards of San Jose to the District Court of Appeal. In Judge Richards the bar has confidence. He is an able judge, a good lawyer and a man of scholarly attainments, with a cultivated taste for literature. In the days agone Judge Richards distinguished himself in journalism. He was an editorial writer in San Jose, and when Charley Shortridge was the publisher of the Call the editorials were written by the San Jose lawyer.

Europe Chews Gum

"There are only two new things in Europe this year," deposes Willis Polk who is just back from the other side of the pond; "buttonless gloves for men and chewing gum." And in answer to a query: "Yes, everybody's chewin' it. In the best circles chewing gum has its cachet. In the cafes you will find jaws working on chewing gum all around you. Chickens and chicle go together; sapheads and sapodilla are inseparable. It's the rage, especially in Germany; and in Germany, most especially in Berlin. Time and again in the past keen American business men tried to popularize chewing gum in Europe. They couldn't do it. Europe regarded chewing, whether of gum or tobacco, as a vulgar habit, just as we regard it here. But at last the craze has struck the Old World. The American manufacturers should make a fortune."

Its Probable Origin

There were several cognoscenti of the St. Francis lobby standing about when Willis imparted this bit of information. One of them spoke up, saying as I herewith set down: "I don't pretend to know for certain how the craze for chewing gum happened to invade Europe, but I have a sort of hunch that it was introduced by my friend Matthe. You don't know him? He's a traveling representative of one of the biggest breweries in Milwaukee, and he's apt to turn up any day in any part of the world, just to look things over and see that that particular section is drinking enough of the golden elixir he represents. Every year he goes to one of the German cures, and after taking a thousand dollars worth of treatment he drops down the side of the mountain to a little nearby village which is his native heath. Every year he brings the old friends of his childhood something new from those wonderful United States. Last year he had about exhausted the novelties, and the morning his steamer was to leave New York he was still racking his brains for something to bring back to the little old German village when he chanced to pass a candy store down Wall street way. Chewing gum! That was it! That ancient German village had never seen a stick of chewing gum! He bought a goodly stock and sprang it on the village. It took the German villagers some time to learn the knack of chewing, but when they mastered it they were the most delighted people in the world. Everybody in the village got a package of that chewing gum. I verily believe some of them are chewing it yet. And I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that is how the chewing gum craze started. When Matthe drops into town I'll ask him about it, and he's likely to be here any day."

Another Book From Fitch

What a voluminous writer George Hamlin Fitch is becoming! Until a few years ago Mr. Fitch was hardly known outside of newspaper circles, and, such is his love of the cloister, not widely known even among the men of his profession. The literary reviewer of the Chronicle for many years, thousands are familiar with his work but few that read him ever met him, for Fitch has no passion for coteries or symposiums. Books have long been his choice companions, and now books are his children and he is raising a large family. We shall soon have editions of Fitch. It seems but the other day that he introduced us to his first born, "Comfort Found in Old Books," which has given comfort to many. It was followed by "Modern English Books of Power." Then, after a trip around the world, he gave us "The Critic in the Orient." Now comes "The Critic in the Occident," which like its predecessors is from the press of Paul Elder & Company. Fitch is no ordinary globe-trotter. With a mind richly stored with the treasures of literature and history he went forth over the world on a pilgrimage that was far from being the frivolous diversion of a serious life. The world his book, long years he thumbed its pages, now he steeps his senses in its realities. To bring home the wealth of the Indies, 'tis said, one must bring the wealth of the Indies with him; so with the knowledge of the world. As the bee knows the rose, so Fitch knew the places we venerate, and he returned laden with honey, and he has put it between book covers. As you read you can see him sitting amid the ruins of dead kingdoms recalling their soul. So "The Critic in the Occident" is not the usual book of travel. It is the work of a cultured journalist in whom the news instinct is ever dominant. Fitch is always thinking of his reader; what his reader would like to know, and he tells him, and with such a wealth of classic, historic and literary allusion as to remind you of Sir Thomas Browne. Mr. Fitch takes the reader through Greece, Italy, France, London and New York. The book is illustrated with many beautiful photographs.

Exposing a Pretender

The troubles which beset the bogus Lord Peveril Innes-Ker in this city started even before he cashed a worthless check at the St. Francis. "Lord Peveril" didn't know this, unfortunately for himself; if he had he might have avoided his subsequent embarrassment. The man who first conceived a suspicion of "Lord Peveril" was Watt Brown, the hotel reporter of the Examiner. The suspicion was born before Brown had finished looking the "lord" over. Watt Brown knows more real lords than anybody else I can think of in San Francisco, not excepting Henry T. Scott and Dick Tobin. He can tell a lord "to the manor born" almost by instinct. He had no sooner sized up "Lord Peveril" than he decided that this was not the real article in nobility. Brown has his Almanach de Gotha and his Burke at his finger ends, but he does not trust too much to memory.He had no sooner seen "Lord Peveril" and learned his name than he hied him to the book shelf, turned over the close packed leaves of Burke's Peerage and found that in the clan of Roxburghe and Innes-Ker there was no Peveril. That settled the matter, but I suspect that Brown also had a conference with the British Consul, Carnegie Ross. At any rate he had satisfied himself that

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"Lord Peveril" was an impostor before the house detective of the St. Francis put "Lord Peveril" on the carpet anent that bad check for fifty dollars. When the exposure came no men in town breathed more freely than the tuft-hunters who had supplied "Lord Peveril" with courtesy cards at their clubs merely on the strength of his engraved pasteboard. Watt Brown probably saved them from the necessity of paying a lot of tags.

Tipping by Check

Emory Winship has made an innovation in the etiquette of tipping. He has introduced the positive novelty of tipping by check. In the past tips always meant ready money, a bit of silver flicked into the bellboy's prehensile fingers or a gold piece dropped into the steward's convex palm. Currency was sometimes used, though infrequently in this section where the precious metals have always been preferred. But now comes the tip by bank check. The idea came to Emory Winship while he was lying ill at the St. Francis. He needed a great deal of attention, and received it in a fashion which entirely satisfied him. So before he left he sat him down, glowing with convalescent gratitude, and drew twenty-five checks, each representing a substantial gratuity. The checks were made out to the servants by name, Winship having ascertained the names of all who waited on him. The advantage of this new tipping method was pointed out to me by Assistant Manager Keating of the St. Francis. "Nearly all the servants from buttons up," he told me, "have checking accounts at the bank, and it will be convenient for them to deposit the checks without converting them into cash."

Beel Missed His Boat

Sigmund Beel, master violinist and magician in chief of the inimitable Beel Quartet, tried to leave for Los Angeles a few days ago. But the artistic temperament balked him. Beel had booked passage on the Yale. His beloved fiddles were safely on board long before the order was given to cast off the headline. Beel and his bags were on the wharf in plenty of time. But alas! Beel didn't ascend the gangplank. There were a number of Beel's friends at the pier to bid him Godspeed, and at the last minute before adieux were said there was a lot of eager questioning about the great plans Beel has for the Los Angeles Symphony for which he is to be concert master. Beel became interested. He launched into symphonies and quartets, adagios and scherzos; he talked of Beethoven and Brahms, of Debussy and Rachmaninoff. He nor his auditors heard the warning whistle, the warning orders from the bridge, the warning creak of the gangplank as it was hauled aboard. The Yale was slipping down the dock in a cloud of waving handkerchiefs before Beel came out of his musical trance. There was scurrying hither and thither in hot haste, but it was too late. The Yale with Sigmund Beel's violins proceeded majestically on its way to San Pedro, and Beel forgot his music long enough to make a reservation on the Lark.

Why Harry Is Sad

Harry Litt the handsome and the debonnair, walks the St. Francis and the clubs a very sad man these days, and not even his pal Jack Beaufort can rally him into good humor. Harry is sad for the same reason that his better half in Portland is sad. A few days ago word came to Harry that his wife was ill. In great concern he went to a jewelry shop and bought her a magnificent bracelet set with diamonds and rubies. Then he ordered a great shower of American beauty roses. He put the bracelet in the box and sent the present with an affectionate note by Wells Fargo. When Mrs. Litt received the box of flowers she was delighted. The bracelet was overlooked.

"How sweet of Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Litt to her mother who brought the parcel to the sick chamber.

"Very thoughtful indeed," agreed Mrs. Litt's mother.

Whereupon she arranged the flowers in a vase and bestowed the box where the garbage man might take it. When Harry found that his wife made no mention of the bracelet in her next letter he became uneasy and wired her about it. There was a frantic search, but the bracelet had gone beyond recall.

The Busy Press Agent

I was mildly interested the other day to read in a New York paper that the actress Izetta Jewel is the great-great-granddaughter of a Mohican Indian princess, and that one of her more remote ancestors came to America with Eric the Red before Columbus was born. I wondered why Izetta Jewel hadn't confided this grandeur of family to her local friends when she was leading woman at the old Colonial Theatre. But I didn't wonder so much when I read in another paper that Izetta Jewel was on her way to New York from Washington "to find a play with a big role for a woman" and that she was going to be starred on Broadway by a Washington manager. And then I read a despatch from Washington that Miss Izetta Jewel was engaged to Frank Hitchcock, the recently superseded Postmaster General. It is nothing new to hear that Frank Hitchcock is on the verge of matrimony, for he's one of the most eligible bachelors in Washington and the mamas are angling for him all the time. The latest rumor has no more basis than half a dozen others. Was it started by the ingenious press agent who endowed Izetta with a Mohican strain and perched Eric the Red in her family tree, the better to impress Broadway when she arrived there in search of a starring vehicle? I shouldn't be surprised. The best-intentioned actresses are at the mercy of these imaginative scribes.

Golden State Wins Its Way

The men who make Golden State Champagne have become, as I predicted they would, prophets in their own home. The incredible has happened. Californians are drinking California champagne. To be sure they developed no quick thirst for it. They waited cautiously for a European verdict. They have received two. Golden State having been awarded first prize at two Expositions it no longer argues either an uncultivated palate or a short purse to order the juice of the home-grown grape. So the Shriners were in good form when they ordered one hundred cases for their banquet in Los Angeles, and so also, the fashionable athletic club of the same city. Hence the broad smiles that wreath the cherubic countenance of Signor Al. Coney.

Score Board at Techau's

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score board on which appears the score of the World's Series by innings. The score is thrown on the moving picture screen and, owing to the absence of posts on the main floor of the Tavern every guest has a perfect view of the board. This Saturday the souvenir for ladies will consist of bottles of Parfum Mary Garden, and it is hoped that on the Saturday following the new Greaseless Face Cream of the Aubrey Sisters will have arrived for presentation.

California Wines Abroad

There is elation among the wine men of California. Just after scoring a victory in the halls of legislation in Washington came pleasant news from South Australia of the esteem in which California wines are held in that far distant country. Six months ago the California Grape Growers' Association exchanged samples with the South Australian Vinegrowers' Association, the president of which, George W. Auld, has reported in a letter to Secretary Stoll of the California association on the impression made by the California wines. "A most interesting and enjoyable day," says Mr. Auld, "was spent by about seventy vinegrowers in sampling the wines. The consensus of opinion was in favor of the light wines. The wine which appealed mostly in this class was a Johannesberg Riesling of the Cresta Blanca Wine Company. The same company's Hock was pronounced of the true Continental type. Of the Moselle type the Cresta Blanca Company's was most preferred, and their Haut sauterne was declared to be 'wine for the gods.' The Clarets were a nice lot, particularly the Cresta Blanca Company's Medoc type." It appears from the letter that while all the wines made a favorable impression, the Australian experts were especially enthusiastic about the products of the Cresta Blanca Company. Even their Sparkling Moselle received special mention. Some samples of California brandy were also praised. In another letter from Ronald V. Martin, who was instrumental in effecting the exchange of samples, it is stated that five of the leading wine men of Australia have been appointed a committee to give a detailed report on all of the wines. He says: "When I tell you that about seventy of the growers turned up to taste the growths of California, you will guess that your samples aroused very keen interest. Personally the tasting was particularly interesting, and confirmed the opinion I formed when in your country. To me nearly all the Cresta Blanca wines stood in classes by themselves. They are wines possessing a very agreeable and characteristic flavor and aroma that was distinguished in both the light whites and red." In addition to all this gratifying news there has come from Glasgow the report that California wines have for the first time been served at a public banquet in Europe. On the twentieth of August the Lord Provost and the Corporation of Glasgow gave a banquet to the Medical Society of Germany and the Cresta Blanca wine was served. It made such a hit that the Corporation has decided to put the Cresta Blanca wine on the menu of all its public functions on account of its superiority even to French wines which come but a short distance.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Dr. C. L. McKown and family of Niles went to Pacific Grove last week for a few days, but were so well pleased with the attractions of the Peninsula that they sent for their car and will remain for an indefinite period. San Francisco people registered through the week were Mrs. N. S. Esteb, Wm. F. Burbank, Theodore Gibson, Julius Brownstein, J. Hall, H. Foley and S. L. Dorwin. Mrs. W. E. Gerber of Sacramento with her daughter and maid arrived to be with her other daughters, Mrs. Starkweather and Miss Harriet Gerber. Mr. Gerber is expected to join them next week. Mrs. John H. Sheriatt and Miss Mary J. Dight of Rockford, Ill., Wm. C. Hall and wife and Mrs. M. E. Sawyer and Miss C. B. Robie of Boston, Mrs. C. O. Roberts of Long Beach, W. W. Orcutt of Los Angeles, and Miss Helen J. Coffin of Boston were week-end arrivals.

Among the well known people who put up at Paso Robles lately were: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Schweitzer, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pell, Mr. and Mrs. L. Jacks, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Varney, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Daniels and many others.

LULU GLASER
The favorite comic opera prima donna who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore of San Francisco arrived at Hotel del Coronado by motor with Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Chase of Riverside recently. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Green of San Francisco are among the guests. Other arrivals by motor from San Francisco were Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Maxwell and Victor Maxwell. A delightful tea dance was given at the Coronado Country Club during the week, and was largely attended. Saturday evening preceding the dance several dinners were given, among those acting as hosts being Colonel and Mrs. Pierson (retired), Mrs. Sands Forman, and William R. Heberhart, the host of the hotel who entertained fourteen of the younger set, the table being a mass of pink Cosmos with light of the same shade. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morgan Waterman of New York, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Gross, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. James Bingham of St. Louis, Misses Florence and Dorothy Bailey of Pasadena, Lieut. Wood, U. S. A.

Faint praise ne'er won fair lady.

Some of us never talk about other people, because we are too busy talking about ourselves.

Irrigation makes a thing grow, especially a thirst.

Many a man's will is contested long before he is dead.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Some Resemblances

It is remarkable how physical types repeat themselves. It is sharply called to notice when the resemblance is striking between a celebrity of the stage and some one we know. Geraldine Farrar, for example, looks very like the present Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere. Not only in feature and coloring but she has the same sensitive air of refinement. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, though much handsomer, reminds one of Mme. Melba. Both have a characteristic movement of head and eyes as well as countenances somewhat similar. Mrs. Frederick Kohl looks like a big sister of beautiful Irene Bentley, the wife of the famous librettist Harry B. Smith. Of course the likeness between Mrs. Francis Carolan and Mrs. Pat Campbell, that of Mrs. James Shea and Mme. Gadski and that of Mrs. Cawthrope and Maxine Elliott are local traditions. Mrs. Frederick Henshaw is a miniature Lillian Russell and Mrs. Alfred Roncovieri is a second edition of Mme. Sembrich. Many remark the similarity in appearance of Mrs. Vincent Whitney and Mme. Bernhardt in her youth, and Mrs. James Whitney, widow of Dr. Whitney, all her life has borne a strong resemblance to Mme. Patti.

Modes on the Stage

Whenever there is a radical change in woman's style of dressing there is always an eagerness among women to see the really new mode worn properly by persons who have the cachet. The new puffy panniers have been worn more than a little in the East for months, but out here we have looked at them doubtingly. Geraldine Farrar settled the question for us Sunday. They are worn and we may now look for an epidemic of them. They give one the appearance of being enceinte but of course when Geraldine Farrar walked, or rather, fluttered across the stage it was plain to be seen from her figure the center of gravity had not shifted. Few can wear the new style with such distinction. In Manon Lescaut, by the way, with her dainty high panniers she is a never to be forgotten picture of dainty loveliness. No doubt the present new mode was thought out by some great Parisian designer out of compliment to some royal lady who was expecting the stork. That was the raison d'etre of the hoopskirt in the time of the Empress Eugenie, and history loves to repeat itself in matters of dress. Kitty Gordon who goes in strong for sensational dressing wears no puffy things. Her indescribable gowns cling to her goddess-like form. After all, then, we can take our choice, though as great an authority as Balzac advised ladies in Cousin Bette to take up the new modes as they came in, as it has a soothing effect on the mind.

Tragedy Repeats Itself

The death of Page Collier last week was a strangely repeated tragedy in the family. He was fatally burned by flaming gasoline on his motor-boat at Sausalito several weeks ago and died at Hahnemann Hospital a fortnight later. A number of years ago the youngest son of the Collier family was burned to death when the beautiful country home at Clear Lake was destroyed by fire. The child was thought to be in the care of a nurse-maid, but in the excitement the maid had lost sight of her charge and he perished in the flames. Mrs. Collier never quite recovered from the tragedy and was seen little in society afterward. She died several years later. The Colliers are very prominent socially and will be missed in the winter's gayeties this year. Miss Sara Collier, Mrs. Atherton Macondray, Mrs. Bergie Beckett and Miss Dorothy Collier and their father are receiving a great deal of sympathy. Page Collier was in the Government Indian service and had been a popular beau at the Greenways for many seasons. The accident occurred on the eve of a trip planned by Collier with his cousin Winston Churchill. They were to have explored the bay and Sacramento River together in Collier's motor boat and it was during preparations for the voyage that the fatal explosion occurred.

Burnt-out Nobles at Muckross

Some time ago Killarney House, one of the great country seats of Ireland, was destroyed by fire. Killarney House is near Muckross Abbey, and Muckross Abbey is the home of Arthur Vincent and his Californian wife Maud Bourn. So what more natural than that the burnt-out tenants of Killarney House should seek shelter at Muckross Abbey? That is just what happened. The fact that the refugees were the Earl and Countess of Kenmare lends an interest to the situation. The Earl of Kenmare is a mighty noble, and here he is accepting the hospitality of Maud Bourn Vincent! How some of her old friends here must envy her this intimacy with a real earl and his equally real countess! Of course the Vincents knew the Kenmares before the fire brought them so close together. When Lord Ardilaun sold Muckross to "Billy" Bourn who gave it to his daughter as a wedding gift, it was sadly in need of rehabilitation. One of the things Willis Polk did when he visited the Vincents at Muckross recently was to draw plans for this rehabilitation on which, it is said, a million and a quarter of "Billy" Bourn's money will be spent, though this is probably an exaggeration. Incidentally the kennels have been rebuilt to receive about fifty wolf hounds of the rare Irish breed. The preserve has been stocked with red deer.

The Count Who Dances

Count Montgelas is one of the most assiduous attendants at the tea dances. The Count is a dancer of indefatigable zeal and wonderful grace. He must know all the fifty-six (or are there eighty-eight?) steps of the tango, and in the less complicated whirls he has no superior. Already the people in "our set" are speculating whether the Count is going to make a great match. His devotion to one of our very greatest heiresses is much commented on. The charming girl in question has a dad so rich that he could buy the Count a European principality to match his title and not miss the outlay. Whether he would accept the Count as a son-in-law remains to be decided. He is not the man to be impressed by a title alone. Still, to do the Count justice, he has more than the title. He has nice manners and is really trying to work since he learned that men are expected to work in this interesting America. The Count is not rich. They tell me he is one of fourteen sons, so how could he be rich unless he had a father in the Rothschild class?

The Ranching King Girls

Friends visiting San Jose and Los Gatos lately give graphic descriptions of the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King in their ranch costumes. As all their intimates know, the Misses King are deeply interested in ranching. They wear regular cowboy costumes, leggings, short skirts, red bandana handkerchiefs tied around their shoulders and sombrero hats. They made an interesting picture one day driving prune wagons down to the dryer. Another day they were seen walking down Santa Clara street in their cowboy costumes. Yet only last week Miss Genevieve King was seen coming out of the Francisca Club with floating draperies, looking like a fashion plate. She had a book, supposedly on agriculture, tucked under her arm. It is interesting that wherever they are seen the Misses King carry

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these formidable books with them, and on the train to and from their ranch are always immersed in their favorite study.

Templeton as a "Tripper"

Templeton Crocker is breaking the Crocker record for quick commuting across the continent. He will arrive today from New York, spend two weeks in San Francisco, leave for New York on the twenty-fifth, spend a fortnight at that end again, and depart once more for California. Three transcontinental trips in a few brief weeks. Mrs. Templeton who isn't quite so experienced a "tripper" didn't attempt it. She is waiting in New York for the return of Templeton who had to rush home on business, and with the Irwins will accompany him back to San Francisco in November. There will be a merry reunion at the Malcolm Whitmans before the party leaves, and after Mrs. Henry T. Scott arrives. It is probable that Mrs. Scott and Lady Balfour will be guests in the Crocker private car on its return trip to New York. At any rate they will all meet at the Whitman's for the important ceremony of the christening of the Whitman son and heir.

The Hammond-King Engagement

The marriage of Miss Edwina Hammond and Frank King whose engagement surprised society this week, will unite two very fair fortunes. Both A. B. Hammond and Homer King are counted several times millionaires, so bride and groom-elect are heirs to nearly a million apiece. Frank King is the only son of the Homer Kings and is a banker like his father who not long ago retired from the presidency of the Bank of California. He has two sisters. There are quite a number of young Hammonds of whom Edwina is the youngest. She is a very bright attractive girl. She is often in the company of her young sister-in-law, Mrs. Leonard Hammond, the former Ruth Merrill. Which reminds me that I heard Mrs. Hammond called the most beautiful young matron in society the other day when she was lunching with friends at the St. Francis. She is tall and lithe with brunette coloring and the eyes of a houri, according to those who have seen houris. She wore black with a small black hat, and a crisp black gauze ruff about her throat.

Wintering in the Country

It is becoming the fashion down the peninsula to cut out the winter in town. There are always the St. Francis and the Fairmont for shelter when one desires to spend a night in the city, and the California winter days are too delightful in the country to be missed. Also it's the English way. Mrs. Carolan was, I think, the first to bring all-the-year-round country life to California. Or was it Mrs. Henry T. Scott? Anyway Mrs. Carolan lived the year through at The Crossways when the rest of her set was wintering in town; and afterward at Beaulieu. The Scotts kept their town house at Laguna and Clay streets for a few years after they built a place at Burlingame and then sold it to the Washington Dodges. They keep apartments at the St. Francis as the Fred Sharons of Menlo do at the Palace. The Joseph D. Grants and George Popes cling to their city mansions but the Mountford Wilsons never go near theirs. It is leased every year. The Will Crockers have no town house. Like the Walter Martins, the Breedens, De Sablas, Richard Tobin, Beylards and Charlie Clarks they live in Burlingame winter and summer.

The New Grant Home

The Grant home at Burlingame which was thrown open to their friends a few days ago is one of the most perfectly appointed places on the peninsula. Mrs. Grant has unusual taste and there are no disharmonies. In the house a rare collection of art treasures is perfectly disposed. The night of the reception was so warm that most of it was out of doors, and guests wandered over the lawns and through the gardens. Only the very young set, friends of Josephine and Edith, the two young daughters of the hosts, attempted dancing. The English tennis court is an interesting detail. It is surrounded by formal cypress trees and is of planks as carefully constructed as a ball-room floor for dancing. The wooden floor is covered with heavy dull green canvas and there is a border of turf. Experts say there is wonderful advantage in the spring of the board floor over turf or hard earth. Of course cement courts were long ago discarded.

Del Monte Society Notes

C. A. Smith, a millionaire lumberman of Berkeley, accompanied by Mrs. Smith and a party of ten friends, motored down to Del Monte last Saturday, taking dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge. They motored about the Peninsula on Sunday and returned in the evening. Dr. W. E. Waddell of Los Angeles stopped off for a few days of golf on his return trip from Portland. Mr. Rolla V. Watt accompanied by Geo. Chappell and R. H. Blake of Liverpool stopped over for a day while on a motor trip to Los Angeles. P. M. Johnson with Mrs. Johnson and Miss Alice Johnson of Los Angeles have been spending several days at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson of San Francisco spent the week-end at Del Monte. Samuel G. Buckbee accompanied by his daughter Miss Margaret and Miss Edna Taylor and Miss Laura Currey, spent a week at Del Monte. Mrs. M. Schweitzer and Walter Heyneman of San Francisco are spending the week-end at Del Monte with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Herman Heyneman. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weilby and Miss Walker of Oakland spent a few days at Del Monte while making a tour of the coast by auto. The weather is as usual in October, perfectly beautiful, and many of the guests are deferring their departure as they do not want to leave while it continues so lovely.

Always Something New at Tait's

Nothing can heighten the pleasure of a day's shopping more than an hour or so whiled away at Tait-Zinkand's Cafe. One is certain to find something new in the way of amusement—something that will drive away the trivial cares of the day—for the cafe is famous for the uniqueness of its entertainments. Then, too, the atmosphere of the place is in such pleasing contrast to the busy hum of the streets. The decorations have been chosen with an eye to the restful and harmonious, and give a delightful, pleasing effect.

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He—What was the occasion for that?

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The Bewitching Farrar

By Helen M. Bonnet

Wise men tell us that if the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter it would have changed the history of the world. After seeing and hearing Geraldine Farrar one suspects that if she were less bewitching musical criticism of recent years would have told a different story. We have heard much of the homage of admiration paid to her beauty, but not so much of the tribute of applause to her genuine artistry. I wonder if envy hasn't sought to detract from the deference due by ascribing the success she has had to her loveliness and the romance she inspires rather than to her gift of voice. Ah! but she is lovely, this blithe, sweet singer, divisible from all the radiant rest of songbirds. Sunday afternoon at the Cort she came gleaming upon the sight, a lovely apparition, an ornament to make all the stage glow. And then she sang, revealing a voice of haunting tenderness, of a quality as colorful as a kaleidoscope, her tones of sheer beauty blending like the tints of a rainbow. The program had been designed to show to the full her art and her versatility. In the first group of songs she displayed her virtuosity in the legato. In "Jubal's Lyre" the flexibility of her voice was shown by a series of exhilarating cadenzas. In the second group, all in German but one, every German in the house enshrined her in his heart for her very beautiful interpretation of some classics of the Fatherland. With true artistry she sang with mezza voce in the less dramatic numbers, but occasionally, as in a Strauss number, she astonished with the volume and intensity of her tones. Again she attained the same effect with a glorious pianissimo. I suppose it was "One Fine Day" that everyone wanted to hear her in. She sang it. No wonder Madame Butterfly was sung eight times last season at the Metropolitan as against two and three of other great favorites! Her adorable personality seems to have been made for the role of Cho-Cho-San. For encores she sang "Parting," "A Butterfly Kiss" and "Annie Laurie," and played her own charming accompaniments. To sum it all up in a few words Geraldine Farrar sings as beautifully as she looks. Possessed of a voice with a lovely lyric quality, she is the dramatic soprano who expresses every emotion with her voice. Her tones are winged things flashing with color, or they are waters laughing in sunny brooks or sighing in hidden caverns. There is really nothing to be said save in praise of this gossamer personality who comes to us like a plump sprite out of a Christmas extravaganza. Every tone is perfectly placed, the highest are warm and brilliant and have the same vibrant quality as those in her lower and middle registers. Her phrasing is scholarly and her breathing so perfect that you never even think of it. As for her concert manner, ah! it is so charming. She stood in the embrace of the curve of the grand piano, and while depending entirely upon her voice for dramatic effects gave delightful variety to her graceful attitudes. Every woman in the house knew that the modish Miss Farrar would come on in the very latest raiment. And she did. Just as Billie Burke has said in her letter from Paris about the new styles, there was drapery with a high round abdomen effect, and, as Lillian Russell reported, there was a great deal of drapery in the back and a huge butterfly bow. It doesn't sound pretty, but it was extremely so as worn by the petite songbird. She was indeed

"An image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to way-lay."

What Eugene Has Done To John

By Edward F. O'Day

It would be interesting to know how closely Eugene Walter has stuck by John Fox Jr. in making this latest play of his, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The reason is that some of us who are debarred by lack of time or weakness of inclination from reading the best-sellers as they best-sell, are not without curiosity as to the ingredients which the most popular literary cooks mix into their successes. I doubt if I have read a best-seller in half a dozen years, (unless "Bunker Bean" was one), but I confess to a recurrent speculation as to how such a literary phenomenon is brought about. Is a best-seller deliberate, or does it just happen? Does it best-sell on account of its merits or on account of its vices? Is a vulgar Hall Caine, a meretricious Chambers in the best-selling class for the same readers to whom this John Fox Jr. appeals? One cannot answer. One lacks the necessary knowledge of best-sellers. Those who most abundantly possess it probably couldn't differentiate, and those who think they could differentiate shrink from the reading ordeal that the solution would entail. This is taking it for granted that John Fox Jr. is in the ranks of those whose books go like hot cakes; that "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was a best seller. Supposing that it was, it would be interesting to know how much of the book Eugene Walter crammed into his play. Are best-sellers commonplace? This play is not far removed from the commonplace. Have best-sellers no character development? This play has almost none. A Yankee invades the mountainous "moonshine" South in search of coal and fortune. He meets a pretty little savage who loves him because he talks to the trees and does not laugh at her wild fancies. He buys her father's coal and induces the old man to send her to school. She goes for a year, and gossip begins to link her name to the Yankee's. This causes an old feud to break out. There is shooting, but nobody of consequence to the play is killed. In fact nothing much of dramatic consequence happens. A sort of theatrical impasse is created but not faced by the playwright. Emotions spring from no previously indicated source to help the action along. In the end the playright obliterates a serious disagreement and throws the girl into her lover's arms. Is this the John Fox Jr. book? If so, John wrote a book that would seem to lack rhyme or reason in reaching its goal. Things happen; they are not made to happen by the interplay of character and events. Is it thus things are done in best-sellers? Then their writers must have a comfortable time of it. Or is the book possessed of those elements of logical development which are altogether absent from the play? Is the fault Eugene Walter's, not John Fox's? That may be. Then Eugene has played John a scurvy trick, and John should pray to be delivered from his dramatizer. If Walter is to blame, we may well confess surprise. The man who wrote "The Easiest Way" knows what is to be known of logical development in drama, knows how to make his work meaningful. But he didn't employ his knowledge when he dramatized Fox. Was he simply writing down to the taste of the people who revel in best-sellers?

Gossip of the Theatre

Pulchritude on Parade

Lovely Kitty Gordon in the most resplendent modern costumes that ever could be imagined furnished a feast for the eyes in "The Enchantress" at the Cort. Her form is divine and the sense of sight is so gratified by the voluptuousness and grace of her beautiful person that the evening passes without one's realizing that one's sense of hearing, which is usually catered to at a theatrical feast is totally neglected. No one in the company knows how to sing, which is just as well as they have almost as little to sing as to talk about. Besides, it wouldn't matter if they did because everyone wants to be looking at the handsome Kitty and her radiant frocks all the time. I do recall that a young lady (Inez Bauer) danced a little dance, and that Sydney Deane pronounced most deliciously the English of his unimportant lyric about being happy. Also that the ladies of the commonplace looking and unpleasant sounding chorus held up in a very graceful manner the trains of their not-up-to-the-minute frocks, and that the second act was a charming study in violet interior decoration. Miss Gordon reminds one a little of Maxine Elliott. I can't fancy why she chose a musical vehicle for her charms. She would be more entertaining in a speaking role, for her English enunciation is of course quite charming. By the bye hasn't her style of facial make-up gone out of date? Might one be so bold as to suggest to the beautiful lady that some great and studious actresses recommend studying

oil paintings to get the right quantity of paint to bring out and subdue features for theatrical purposes? Miss Gordon's are so handsome that one naturally desires to see them at their best, you know.

—H. M. B.

"Over Night" at the Oriental

The Oriental is a little less different from other playhouses this week in that it has installed an orchestra of strings. Last week there was no overture and no music between the acts, and the deprivation was not considered fatal by those who

FRANK LA FORGE

Pianist and accompanist with Mme. Alda, Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 26, Wednesday evening, Oct. 29, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1.

like a change from the established order. But the opinion of the majority must be respected, and the majority of theatregoers perk the ear for entr'acte music. The judicious managers of the Oriental desire to supply the public with all that the public wants, so the stringed orchestra will henceforth discourse while the scenes are being set. The Oriental players are quite happy in the Bartholomae farce "Over Night." There is evident already an improvement in team work which gives the capable company the necessary coherence. If acting honors are to be discriminated the palm probably goes to Frank Gillen who plays the hotel clerk. It is a good role, and Gillen misses none of its breeziness. He was the maker of many laughs on Tuesday, the opening night. All the others, however, did their part in the manufacture of merriment. The principal roles were enacted by Frances Carson, Vivian Blackburn, Walker C. Graves and Eugene Shakespeare, and enacted very well indeed. The more we see of these and the other Oriental players the better we are going to like them.

—The First Nighter.

De Gogorza This Sunday

The Greenbaum season will open this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The attraction will be Emilio De Gogorza in German, French, Italian, English and Spanish songs. Among the composers represented will be Beethoven, Gluck, Mozart, Debussy, Schumann, Ruckauf, Brahms, Hue, Arthur Sullivan, Huhn, and the Spanish master Alvarez. A number of special interest will be the "Serenade of Mephistopheles" from "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz. Henri Gilles, one of the rising young piano virtuosi, will play numbers by Beethoven, Chopin and Grieg. The only evening concert by De Gogorza will be given next Thursday night when the feature of the program will be three "Tone Sketches" entitled "La Maja Dolorosa" (The Unhappy Grisette), the poem by F. Periquet and the music by Enrique Granados, one of the younger composers of Spain who is rapidly achieving fame. The farewell De Gogorza concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 19. Among the interesting works promised are "Ye Twice Ten Hundred Deities" from the old English opera "The Indian Maiden" by Purcell, the Ariosa from Massenet's "The King of Lahore" and the "Largo al Factotum" from "The Barber of Seville" which none of the opera stars can sing like De Gogorza. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's, and on Sunday the box office will be open at Scottish Rite after ten o'clock.

The Alda Concerts

The first concert by Mme. Alda will be given Sunday afternoon, October 26, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the second on Wednesday night, October 29, and the farewell will be a Saturday matinee on November 2 by special request of many who find it impossible to attend the usual Sunday events. Notwithstanding the enormous expense of such a combination of stars as Alda, Casini and La Forge the usual concert prices will prevail.

Harold Bauer

Harold Bauer, the master-pianist, will give the first piano recitals of the season at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The dates will be Sunday afternoon, November 2, Thursday night, November 6, and Saturday matinee, November 8. Mr. Bauer is now arranging the programs for his San Francisco season, and they will be announced very shortly. Following Harold Bauer will come Mme. Schumann-Heink.

Grand Opera at Tivoli

The season of light opera at the Tivoli will close this afternoon and evening when "Giroflé-Girofla" will be presented for the last times. On Sunday the Tivoli will be dark, and on Monday night the Western Metropolitan Opera Company will start a season of grand opera. This organization is made up of artists of fame whose advent has caused quite a stir here. The chorus includes sixty voices, the orchestra numbers fifty, and there will be a ballet. "Aida" has been chosen for the opening and will be repeated at the Wednesday matinee and on Saturday night, with Lucia Crestani in the titular role, Fanny Anitua as Amneris, Umberto Chiodo as Radames, Luigi Montesanto as Amonasro and Emilio Sesona as the high priest. "La Tosca" will be given Tuesday and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinee and will introduce the soprano Carmen Melis, and Luca Botta the young Italian lyric tenor. Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights "Carmen" will be given with Mme. Tarny, the prima donna who was here with the French Opera Company, as the cigarette girl. Pietro Schiavazzi who was at Covent Garden last year, will sing Don Jose, and Giorgio Mascal, the French tenor, will be the Toreador. The prices are reasonable and the advance sale of seats promises a prosperous engagement.

"The Confession" at Oriental

The Oriental Theatre players will produce "The Confession" next week, commencing Tuesday evening, and it is sure to arouse great interest, as few plays of recent years have occasioned so much discussion. "The Confession" which is by

JOHN STEPPLING

Appearing at the Oriental Theatre.

James Halleck Reid, has received the endorsement of the leading dignitaries of the Catholic Church as well as prominent city officials and church organizations. The play abounds in strong situations and in the hands of the capable stock company should draw large audiences to the McAllister street playhouse, formerly known as the Savoy. Thomas Bartlett, a ne'er-do-well and his brother, a parish priest, are the principal characters. The scene of the first act is laid in the rectory of Our Lady of Mercy Church at Gloucester. The priest hears the confession of Joseph Dumont, a French Canadian, guilty of a murder for which Thomas Bartlett stands accused. Father Bartlett is called as a witness at the trial, but as he cannot divulge the secrets of the confessional, is obliged to see his brother condemned to death for a crime of which he is innocent. The scenes that follow in the prison and at the office of the Governor of the State are of absorbing interest. The role of Father Bartlett will be in the hands of Walker C. Graves Jr., while E. Fleet Bostwick will be Thomas Bartlett. Frances Carson, Ada C. Nevil, Vivian Blackburn, Andrew Robson, John Steppling, Frank J. Gillen and Dan Jarrett Jr. are others in the cast. "Overnight," the attraction this week, will continue until Monday evening. There are matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday at the Oriental with bargain matinees Wednesday.

Lulu Glaser at Orpheum

Lulu Glaser, the comic opera star, will head the Orpheum bill next week in a play with music, "First Love," written by Raymond W. Peck. The lyrics are by Melville Alexander and the music by Anatol Friedland. With her is Tom Richards, a handsome young baritone. Swor and Mack sing coon songs. The eccentric dancing of Mack is highly diverting, while Swor does burlesque impersonations. The Langdons, Rose, Harry and Tully, have a spectacular travesty "A Night on the Boulevard." Kluting's Entertainers are trained pigeons, rabbits, cats and dogs. Emily Darrell and Charly Conway have a little comedy "Behind the Scenes." Next week will be the last of Maude Lambert and Ernest Ball; Ed Wynn and Company; and Charlotte Parry in her protean act "Into the Light."

Alice Nielsen in Two Concerts

Miss Alice Nielsen, the California singer who has attained such success in grand opera, will give a concert at Knights of Columbus Auditorium, 150 Golden Gate avenue, next Tuesday evening. It is certain that the new and beautiful hall will be thronged that night and again at the second and final appearance of Miss Nielsen on Friday evening. On Tuesday evening she will present a beautiful program with numbers by Moore and other ballad composers, Mozart, Landon Ronald, Cyril Scott, Charles G. Spross, Brahms, Grieg, Saint-Saens, Debussy, Chabrier, Bemberg, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Dr. Thomas Arne, Arensky, Rogers and Puccini. The second program will be announced upon the arrival of Miss Nielsen next Monday. In addition to the local concerts on Tuesday and Friday evenings of next week a number of California engagements for Miss Nielsen have been made by Manager M. D. Hardiman.

"T. M. A." Benefit

The nineteenth annual benefit in aid of the sick and charity fund of San Francisco Lodge, No. 21, Theatrical Mechanical Association, will take place at the Tivoli, Tuesday afternoon, October 21. The "T. M. A." benefit is always an event of importance as the members of this organization, composed of actors, musicians, men behind the scenes and others who make the theatrical business their livelihood, always give an entertainment of high merit. The program which will be continuous, will include acts from all the first class theatres. The stage will be under the direction of John Morrisey and Fred Butler.

"Your Neighbor's Wife" at Alcazar

"Your Neighbor's Wife," a comedy success by Elmer Harris, the San Francisco playwright, is announced for next week at the Alcazar, with Charles Ruggles, well and favorably known to Alcazar patrons, specially engaged for the role filled by him in the original production, and the best talent of the regular company rounding out the cast. This latest work of Mr. Harris is said

LUIGI MONTESANTO
From La Scala of Milan, gifted with a big and mellow voice, a great actor as well as a great singer, at the Tivoli Opera House.

KITTY GORDON
The dazzling beauty who is appearing at the Cort Theatre in "The Enchantress."

to be better than his "Shams" which scored in New York. In Los Angeles, where it ran four weeks, "Your Neighbor's Wife" received nothing but compliments from the reviewers, and they were unanimous in declaring that the acting of Ruggles was one of the best things he ever did there. That was why the Alcazar secured him for the local presentation. His ability as a light comedian was amply tested during the season he was employed as a member of the Alcazar's corps, and his reappearance next week will be welcomed by a strong following.

Another Week of Kitty

Kitty Gordon continues at the Cort in "The Enchantress." The second and final week of the engagement begins with Sunday's performance. On Monday, October 20, comes William Faversham's elaborate presentation of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," with R. D. MacLean and Constance Collier in addition to Faversham himself.

"Count of Luxembourg" Coming

Charlotte Walker continues at the Columbia in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" by Eugene Walter. The final week of the engagement begins with Sunday night's performance. Matinees

(Continued on Page 23.)

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Monday, Wednesday Matinee and Saturday, "AIDA," with Crestani, Anitua, Chiodo, Montesanto and Sesona. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Matinee, "LA TOSCA," with Melis and Sesona. Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, "CARMEN," with Tarny, Schiavazzi and Mascal.

Prices: $2.00 to 50c. Boxes, seating 8, $20.00. Mail orders filled. Send funds to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Money is easy although the crop movement period is in full swing and a large amount of capital is locked up in goods warehoused in bond awaiting the settlement of the tariff, which will now be turned loose. The United States is finally independent of Europe where the situation is by no means favorable, and its enormous credit balance abroad is not producing imports of gold. America is a creditor nation for the time being, and is not pressing its claims for payment. The feature of the market early in the week was the activity in Union Pacific and the old story of a cash dividend again made the rounds but this seemed to wear off and traders took advantage of the strength in Union Pacific to sell the balance of the market especially Steel which was under pressure all week. Rumors of further shutting down of steel mills and a big cut in finished steel products made the excuse for the selling of this stock, and in turn the bears hammered the general list. Coppers did not share in the general depression and while there was some loss in them prices generally were steady. There was selling of the rails on the poor statements issued by a number of the leading roads. While the gross earnings showed up well compared with a year ago the net earnings showed a fair decrease and it is expected that other roads will show poor statements from now on. The leading corn roads were depressed owing to the failure of the corn crop in their territory. Sentiment at the close of the week was decidedly pessimistic and it looks as if the market will be allowed to decline a little further but we believe advantage should be taken of such declines as this to accumulate good dividend paying stocks that are now selling on a seven per cent basis.

Wheat—Exporters have discovered that they can buy Manitobas cheaper than our No. 2 hard wheat and that it is fully equal in milling qualities, and they are exercising their privilege to save money as well as the rest of the world. Canada has millions of it to offer and will not let a customer get away, which again reduces our probabilities for foreign orders. This would be open to modification should anything happen to the Argentine crop, and some of the theorists who delve deep into agricultural conditions say that it is inconsistent with any and every rule of precedent to expect another full crop from South America in 1914. These people, if inclined to back their opinions, might dissipate a great deal of the pessimism which now hangs over and about the present market. Among the conservative element of the trade we find a strong leaning to the opinion that the demands of superabundance have been fully satisfied in the recent liquidation and that the present levels reflect every possible discrepancy between supply and demand. We all know how possible it is to exaggerate either the favorable or the objectionable when market action is desired, and we all know that the vacillating character of the South American climate presents grand opportunities to stimulate speculative sentiment, which we think is now naturally partial to price expansion.

Corn—There is no dearth of crop estimates and very little variation in the aggregate since the first of July so that it would be inconsistent to deny that their market effect had been fully determined. It is but rarely, however, that we are given a review of the magnitude of the substitutes which will play a very important part in the equalization of the shortage. Nor is the discrepancy between the supply and demand, compared to last year, very often referred to. At that time the country was destitute of supplies, high premiums prevailed and a continuous and aggressive demand existed for every bushel of corn available. Neither at that period had the feeding possibilities been contracted by disease and drought as now. Farmers in Iowa are feeding their live stock alfalfa in place of corn. There is already economy enough inaugurated to make this corn crop a big one.

Cotton—Not since the year at the close of the Civil War has cotton sold at so high a level at this time of the year as it is selling now, or say about 14 cents per pound for middlings. Not even in the 12,000,000 bale crop year of 1910 did cotton sell at so high a level until later in the year, and no such prices were had in the Sully year of 1903 when the crop was only 10,000,000 bales, until later in the season. Within the past six weeks the price of cotton has advanced three cents per pound, $15 per bale, or $1500 per contract of one hundred bales. Up to the first of August crop accounts were generally favorable. Texas promises to make more than 5,000,000 bales, but a record breaking spell of hot dry weather, the most severe in intensity and duration in Texas, Oklahoma and Western Arkansas, changed the crop outlook west of the Mississippi as if by magic, and it is now said that instead of a large yield, a small crop will be made in the western half of the cotton region. Trade is now working on the probability of the crop being between 13,500,000 and 14,500,000 bales, the consensus of opinion being that it will be about 14,000,000 bales if general killing frost over the northern half of the belt is deferred until about November 1 which is about the average date for such an occurrence. The question of consumption, however, looms up as the most important factor, as it is realized that the world used up 14,903,000 bales of American cotton last season on the basis of .1220 for middlings. Therefore, since it is probable that the world will need as much cotton this season as was used last year, the question at issue is what will discount a crop this year of 14,000,000 bales. The Government made the condition on September 25 64.1 which means a crop of about 13,250,000 bales. This is the lowest condition for this season of the year with one exception, in the past ten years. The market has acted very nervous the past week up and down within a range of about 40 points and while everything points ultimately to higher prices a good reaction should be in order.

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7,164; Department No. 10, Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH TOMPKINS, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to: CLARENCE W. TOMPKINS, as Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Tompkins, Deceased, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Tuesday, the 21st day of October, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why your Letters of Administration issued in the above entitled proceeding should not be revoked on the ground that you have wrongfully neglected the Estate of said Sarah Tompkins, Deceased, and on the ground that you have long neglected to perform any act as such Administrator, and have failed to perform the duties as such Administrator.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. SAWYER, Atty. at Law,
MacDonough Bldg., 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-27-4

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

promising careers, I had the confidence of everybody on my big beat.

"Chief Crowley was not a very brilliant policeman, but he was straight, manly and honest. After two years he brought me in, saying that he had done me an injustice and was sorry. There had been an epidemic of bank robberies, and he put me on the banking detail, telling me to clean up the safecrackers. There were no more safes opened after that. I did patrol duty for nine years, being taken off for detective work only when there were heavy crimes or mysteries to be handled.

"Meanwhile a Committee of One Hundred had selected John C. Kirkpatrick, a wholesale liquor man, for chief. He was a man of most admirable traits of character and of the sweetest disposition, but he was not a policeman.

"At this time occurred the failure of Duncan's Bank and the disappearance of J. C. Duncan who was president and general manager. Captain Lees upon whom Chief Kirkpatrick depended in such matters, sent for me to help find Duncan. The hunt lasted for three or four months in the course of which at least five hundred houses in San Francisco were searched for the fugitive. That hunt killed six policemen and all who engaged in it with the exception of Lees and myself were laid up from exhaustion when it ended.

"We got word that a prominent merchant, a pillar of the church, had arranged to take Duncan out of the city on a tug. Lees' plan was to follow in another tug and capture him at sea. I advised him to cover the waterfront thoroughly, but Lees was weakest in programming apprehension and capture, and what I foresaw actually happened. Duncan was landed from the tug when the pursuit was hottest and escaped through a lumber yard. We took up the chase again.

"What makes the detective is an intuition that conveys from a resourceful mind the correct theory in the absence of any facts. The detective is born, never cultivated. There are no books from which he can study. He can't be trained unless he has the gift to start with.

"An intuition came to me. I had Duncan's son arrested and I 'tailed' as the policeman was taking him to jail. I saw young Duncan tear up a letter and drop it in the mud, unknown to the arresting officer. I pieced that letter together and found the number of an apartment on Kearny street near California. I knew it as the residence of a friend of Duncan. I determined to cover that house. The next morning as I came downtown on the California street car I saw a ladder leaning against a wall near the corner of California and Kearny. The ladder had never been there before, and it made me suspicious. I studied the neighborhood and found that there was a perfect getaway from the apartments of Duncan's friend—from a window of the apartment to a low roof, from that roof to one still lower and thence to the ladder. It was as easy as a stairway. I told Lees of my discovery. The house was covered and Duncan was discovered.

"Next day I put on my gray uniform—we wore gray then—and went back to my beat. But I was called to Kirkpatrick's office. Lees was there.

"'The Chief says that you're to take off that gray coat and join the upper office,' he said.

"I remained in the detective bureau till 1894. I had been the confidential man of the district attorney's office since 1868 when that office was occupied by the best and most famous of all our district attorneys, Harry H. Byrne. In '94 Lees detailed me exclusively to the office of District Attorney 'Billy' Barnes, and I've been on the detail ever since.

"Why did Lees do that? Well, the peaked feeling of jealousy is only in its infancy among actors as compared with policemen. And Lees was a peculiar man. He expected you to agree with him. Often I found that impossible. I am slow to a decision but once decided I can't be swerved. Once my mind is made up you can no more change it than you can dent with your finger an aerolite falling from heaven.

"We split over the Benhayon case. I fought him to a finish, fought him undauntedly. That case presented the unique spectacle of two acknowledged leaders among detectives, both with an international reputation for ability, arrayed against each other, one taking the side of the defendant, the other at the elbow of the district attorney. But the odds were too great for me, and Lees was successful."

I should like to tell the story of the Bowers-Benhayon case as only "Bob" Hogan can tell it. I should like to tell of the detective work which distinguished his accumulation of evidence against Wright Le Roy, the murderer of Nicholas Skerritt. These and other incidents read like chapters from a detective story. But space forbids. I cannot compress a career of forty-five years into one article when that career is the detective career of "Bob" Hogan. It would take a book, a book like that which "Bob" Hogan declares he will never write.

The Horses

(Continued from Page 8.)

steadily beating the horse, not harshly, gently, in truth. He beat the horse without ill-will, almost without knowing he was doing it. It was a sort of wrist exercise. A quick, delicate twitch of the whip that caught the animal under the belly, always in the same place. It was very skillful, but the driver was so proficient in his art, that one wondered why he had to practice at it any longer. And the horse did not make any objection! Not even with his ears; they lay back to his mane as he jogged steadily forward in the sunlight. His hooves were shod with iron, but they moved with an unfaltering humble regularity. His mouth was filled with great, yellow teeth, but he kept his mouth shut, and one could not see them. He did not increase or diminish his pace under the lash, he jogged onwards, and did not seem to mind it.

The reins were jerked suddenly, and the horse turned in to the path and stopped, and when he stood he was not any quieter than when he had been moving. He did not raise his head or whisk his tail. He did not move his ears to the sounds behind and on either side of them. He did not paw and fumble with his feet. There was a swarm of flies about his head; they moved along from the point of his nose to the tip of his forehead, but mostly they clustered in black, obscene patches about his eyes, and through these patches his eyes looked out with a strange patience, a strange mildness. He was stating a fact over and over to himself, and he could not think of anything else—

"There are no longer any meadows in the world," said he. "They came in the night and took away the green meadows, and the horses do not know what to do." . . . Horse! Horse! Little Horse! . . . You do not believe me! There are those who have no whips. There are children who would love to lift you in their arms and stroke your head. . . . "

The driver came again, he mounted to his seat, and the horse turned carefully, and trotted away.

The man with the cigarette looked after them for a few minutes, and then he also turned carefully to do his errands.

He reached the railway station, and peered in at the clock. There were some men in uniform striding busily about. Three or four people were

HAPPY HEARN'S SEVEN BIKE RIDERS
Who will appear at the Empress beginning Sunday afternoon.

moving up the steps towards the ticket office. A ragged man shook a newspaper in his face, paused for half a second, and fled away bawling his news. A red-faced woman pushed hastily past him. She was carrying a big basket and a big baby. She was terribly engrossed by both, and he wondered, if she had to drop one, which of them it would be. A short, stout, elderly man was hoisting himself and a great leather portmanteau by easy stages up the steps. He was very determined. He bristled at everybody as at an enemy. He regarded inanimate nature as if he was daring it to move. It would not be easy to make that man miss a train. A young lady trod softly up the steps. She draped snowy garments about her, but her ankles rebelled: whoever looked quickly saw them once, and then she spoke very severely to them, and they hid themselves. It was plain that she could scarcely control them, and that they would escape again when she wasn't looking. A young man bounded up the steps; he was too late to see them, and he looked as if he knew it. He stared angrily at the girl, but she lifted her chin slightly and refused to admit that he was alive. A very small boy was trying to push a large India-rubber ball into his mouth, but his mouth was not big enough to hold it, and he wept because of his limitations. He was towed along by his sister, a girl so tall that one might say her legs reached to heaven, and maybe they did.

He looked again at the hour. It was one minute to two o'clock . . . and then something happened. The whole white world became red. The oldest seas in the world went suddenly lashing into storm. An ocean of blood thundered into his head, and the noise of that primitive flood, roaring from what prehistoric gulfs, deafened him at an instant. The waves whirled his feet from under him. He went foaming up the steps, was swept violently into the ticket office, and was swirled away like a bobbing cork into the train. A guard tried to stop him, for the train was already taking its pace, but one cannot keep out the tide with a ticket-puncher. The guard was overwhelmed, caught in the backwash, and swirled somewhere, anywhere out of sight and knowledge. The train gathered speed, went flying out of the station into the blazing sunlight, picked up its heels and ran, and ran, and ran; the wind leaped by the carriage window shrieking with laughter; the wide fields danced with each other, shouting aloud—"The horses are coming again to the green meadows, make way, make way for the great wild horses!" And the trees went leaping from horizon to horizon shrieking and shrieking the news.

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"I see the Parisian women are painting their ankles now instead of wearing stockings."

"An ingenious idea; but what would happen if they were caught in the rain?"

"I suppose they'd run."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,636; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of THOMAS A. CLARK, MARY B. CLARK, and KATHLEEN CLARK, Minors.

Mary A. Clark, guardian of the persons and estates of Thomas A. Clark, Mary B. Clark and Kathleen Clark, minors, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell all of the right, title, interest and estate of said minors in and to certain real property particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court therefrom that it is necesssary and that it would be beneficial to said minors that all of their right, title, interest and estate in and to said real property should be sold for the reasons and purposes mentioned in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said minors and all persons interested in the estates of said minors be and appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the temporary City Hall Building, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 30th day of October, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said guardian for the sale of all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors in and to said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, September 30th, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Guardian,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., 785 Market St.,
Rooms 1108-1118, San Francisco, Cal. 10--4-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7,168; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall on the southerly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of October, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have why an order of this Court should not be made authorizing and directing said Charles G. Lyman to make, execute and deliver a promissory note or notes for the sum of forty-two thousand (42,000) dollars, and a mortgage or mortgages to secure the payment of said note or notes of some or all of the following described real property situate, lying and being in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

PARCEL ONE:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Pine Street, distant thereon one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet and five (5) inches westerly from the westerly line of Polk Street; running thence westerly along said southerly line of Pine Street fifty (50) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles easterly and along the northerly line of Austin Avenue fifty (50) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Pine Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 460.

PARCEL TWO:

COMMENCING at the point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street with the westerly line of Taylor Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Taylor Street seventy (70) feet; thence at right angles westerly and along the northerly line of Adelaide Place forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly seventy (70) feet; thence at right angles easterly and along the said southerly line of Post Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches to the westerly line of Taylor Street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 252.

PARCEL THREE:

COMMENCING at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the easterly line of Dupont Street; running thence southerly and along the said easterly line of Dupont Street fifty-eight (58) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northerly fifty-eight (58) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along said southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Dupont Street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 116.

Reference is hereby made to the petition on file herein for further particulars.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED: That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, September 17, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor,
Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS EMANUEL GUTTE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Henry W. Gutte, at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, and Messrs. Loewy & Loewy, Rooms 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, deceased.

HENRY W. GUTTE,
Administrator of the Estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 20, 1913.

GEO. F. HATTON, HARTLEY F. PEART,
LOEWY & LOEWY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,935, N. S., Probate; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented by ANNA D. SCHMITZ, administratrix of the estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, deceased, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, that it is necessary that such real estate should be sold for the reasons and purposes specified in said petition:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said decedent and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 11th day of November, 1913, at 10 a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, in the City Hall, Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate, either at public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge to be most beneficial for the estate;

And, it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 7, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

tum SUDEN & tum SUDEN, Attorneys for Administratrix,
617-20 Western Metropolis Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-11-5

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet; Post-Office Address, 88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager, Chas. W. Raymond, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

Owners: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St. San Francisco; Ralph Grover, Berkeley, Cal.; G. L. Baraty, Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

CHAS. W. RAYMOND,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1913.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917)

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9995; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE KEARNAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made in the matter of the estate of Annie Kearnan, deceased, on the 5th day of August, 1913, the undersigned, John T. E. Smyth, the Administrator of the estate of Annie Kearnan, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, subject to the confirmation of the said Superior Court, upon the terms hereinafter set forth, either in one parcel or in subdivisions, as he shall judge most beneficial to the estate of said Annie Kearnan, deceased, all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, being known and designated as Lots Nos. 197 and 411, as per map of the Silver Terrace Homestead Association, divided into 494 lots, filed at the request of C. J. Flatt, February 19, 1874, in Liber C and E of Maps, page 155, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Said sale will be made on or after Thursday, the 16th day of October, 1913, upon the following terms, to-wit:

Cash, in gold coin of the United States, payable as follows: Ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to accompany the bid, and the balance payable on confirmation of the sale by said Superior Court; deed to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Bids to be received at the office of Hugh K. McKevitt, Esq., attorney for said administrator, at Room No. 313 Hearst Building, corner Third and Market Streets, San Francisco, California.

All bids or offers for the hereinabove described property must be in writing and may be left at the place hereinbefore designated, or delivered to the administrator personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court, to which the return of this sale must be made, at any time after the publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated this 30th day of September, 1913.

JOHN T. E. SMYTH,
Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kearnan, Deceased.

HUGH K. McKEVITT, Atty. for Administrator,
313 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-4-2

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The prices for the Wednesday matinee range from 25 cents to $1.00. The evening and Saturday matinees, from 25 cents to $1.50. Then comes "The Count of Luxembourg," Klaw and Erlanger's musical piece which ran in New York for months. It begins Monday evening, October 20, and will run for two weeks. It ran for three hundred and eighty performances in Berlin, and as long in nearly every other city of Europe. The fame of Franz Lehar's music preceded the production to this country, and today many are familiar with

ALICE NIELSEN
To be heard in concert.

several of the numbers. Glen MacDonough has provided a most interesting libretto. The lyrics are by Adrian Ross and Basil Hood. Klaw and Erlanger have provided an exceptional cast and stage settings that are gorgeous, including the setting for the famous Staircase Waltz. The company numbers over one hundred. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. Sale of seats starts next Thursday morning.

The Symphony Orchestra

The Symphony Orchestra opens its third season on Friday afternoon, October 24, at the Cort. The season promises to be a brilliant one. There will be symphonies by Franck, Schubert, Mozart, Brahms, Beethoven, Stanford, Mendelssohn, Tschaikowsky, Chadwick and others. Modern music will also be represented by Macdowell, Rachmaninoff, Reger, Humperdinck, Debussy, Loeffler, Strauss, Rabaud, and Hadley. A symphonic poem by Strauss entitled "Macbeth," and one by Sibelius will be given for the first time here. The assisting artists are Madam Schumann-Heink, contralto, Clarence Whitehill, baritone, Josef Hofmann, pianist, Fritz Kreisler, violinist, Jean Gerardy, 'cellist and others of equal importance. All subscriptions will be received at the offices of the association, 711 Head building. The season ticket sale will continue until Saturday night, October 18. The sale is materially larger than last season.

Lots of Comedy at Empress

Happy Hearn's Seven Comedy Bike Riders will be the headline attraction at the Empress. The act is very funny. "The Tamer" by Ernest W. Cortis will be a comedy feature. It is played by Mabel Florence and Beresford Lovett. Tom Dingle and Jack Corcoran, formerly comedians of the "Ziegfeld Follies," entertain in an original manner. Maurice Brierre and Grace King have an act of cleverness and originality. Dan Nagyfy does such stunts as running his tongue around the tip of a white hot iron bar. George F. Hall who made a success abroad as an eccentric Yankee type, will be one of the comedy features on the new bill.

Mrs. Biers at Music Matinee

Another interesting program has been prepared by Kohler and Chase for the Matinee of Music this Saturday. The soloist will be Mrs. Waldeck-Biers, a soprano who has a following that is always glad to hear her. She will sing works by Grieg, Strauss and Delibes. The program will contain a number of instrumental solos

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Spanish baritone, Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoons, October 12-19, Thursday evening, October 16.

interpreted on the Fischer Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

Four Marx's at Pantages

The Four Marx Brothers and company will have a novelty on the new bill at Pantages. Two musical skits will be offered backed by a cast of twenty clever singers and dancers. "Fun in Hi-Skool" is one, and it has six song numbers given by a chorus of twelve girls. "Mr. Green's Reception" is the other. Each member of the company contributes a specialty. The Wiltses, two men and two women, have a spectacular skating act. Eddie Howard has a burlesque acrobatic number. Grere and Green have a burnt-cork specialty. "The Prince of Song" is Al. Albott. Whirlwind dancers are Geo. and Victor Harris who do lightning clog steps.

California Land Show

When the doors of the California Land Show and Home Industry Exhibition open today the visitors will have the first opportunity of seeing a really comprehensive exhibit of the resources of California that has ever been held in the State. The setting of redwood trees and floral electric bulbs, the many ingenious exhibits of the agricultural products and the unique arrangement of the various tent units which comprise the great pavilion covering 100,000 square feet of space all go to distinguish this first California Land Show from any other exposition of State-wide interest ever held. Among the hundreds of exhibitors are many who have spent as high as $10,000 in preparation of their display and many hundreds of dollars are being daily expended merely for the building of many of the individual exhibits.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

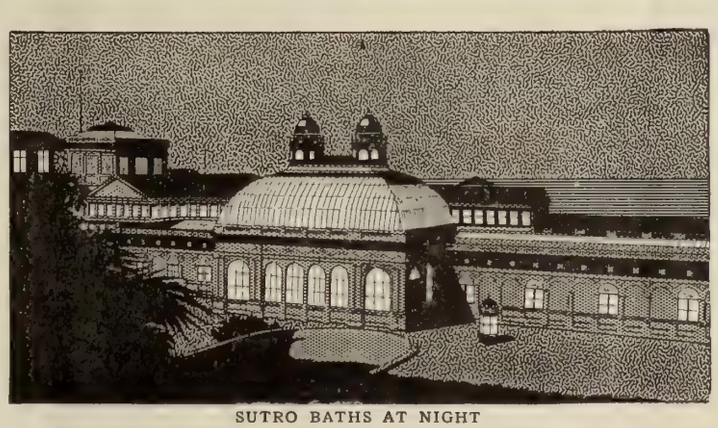
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXII. No. 1104 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 18, 1913 PRICE, 10 CENTS

SUTRO BATHS

at auction

to close the estate of the late Adolph Sutro.



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FOR SALE

at auction

to close the estate of the late Adolph Sutro.

By order of the Executrix, of the estate of Adolph Sutro, we will sell to the highest bidder subject to the approval of the Superior Court, at our salesroom, 318 Kearny Street, San Francisco, at 12 o'clock, noon, Thursday,

November 20th, 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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The Real Hobson

That was a mean attack that the "Hero of the Merrimac" made on House Leader Underwood last Monday. Representative Hobson challenged Mr. Underwood's integrity not because of anything Mr. Underwood had done but because of something somebody else had done. The imputation was dishonest. It was the calumny of an evil mind eager to think ill of a political rival. Of such stuff the limelight hero is made. By no means apocalyptic was the exhibition Hobson made of himself on the floor of Congress. You can tell a hero by the way he weathers the flattery that is showered upon him. Hobson came through the storm of adulation in poor shape. He was damaged goods. By the time the people regained their senses Hobson had lost his pedestal, but meanwhile he floated into office on the high tide of a generous emotion. It is not pleasant to see too much of men like Hobson. Contact withers them, and makes us sceptical and inclined to agree with the sour philosophers who tell us that if we make allowance for ambition and vanity we shall have few heroes.

The Professional Prophet

Some of our suffragists to whom the melodramatic methods of the bomb-throwing clan appeal were pleased some weeks ago when they learned that Mrs. Pankhurst was coming to this country to lecture for the benefit of the cause. While acknowledging that there was no need of militancy in this country they entertained a vague notion that "things were different" in England, and they were in favor of replenishing the depleted purse of the Women's Social and Political Union with American dollars. But now that they have learned that Mrs. Pankhurst is to receive enormous fees for her lectures they are protesting that this money could be used very well by the suffrage societies. It appears that Mrs. Pankhurst was generally believed to be a militant suffragist on principle only. With all her boasted gift of intuition how amazing is the credulity of woman! Mrs. Pankhurst is the same kind of fanatic as was the late Carrie Nation; that is, Emmeline is a fanatic on principle, the principle of the big noise that gets the money. All our up-to-date fanatics and prophets are professional enthusiasts whose messages are disseminated on the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire. From poverty Mrs. Pankhurst has risen to something like affluence in the short time in which she has been devoting all her energies to the cause of suffrage. There is money in all kinds of agitation if it be conducted on a business basis. Many of our own suffragists are sprouting bank accounts from the seed of their enthusiasm. They are but following the example of that thrifty champion of the pee-pul, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, whose hostility to the trusts has been kept alive through the years by the gate receipts on the Chautauqua circuit. And why not? Even the most ardent lovers of mankind cannot live by applause alone. Even a Roosevelt must eat, and his appetite grows by what it feeds upon. The Colonel lectured for hire in Europe where he was receiving honors as a former President of the United States. And he finds to this day that there is nothing that pays like keeping himself before the public. His books sell like Kipling's but not for the same reason. Now if we can tolerate the professional agitator who makes money by tormenting us why not for a brief space be amiable toward Emmeline who torments folk far away?

Sulzer and His Sympathizers

At this writing the case of William Sulzer is hanging fire. Sulzer may be acquitted, for he is strongly intrenched behind technicalities, but his political downfall is ensured. William Sulzer is probably the toughest rascal that was ever elected to office in the United States. Of this there is not the slightest doubt in the minds of men who have followed his career and read the testimony given at his trial before the Court of Impeachment. Yet he had many very respectable supporters, men who wished to see him retained in office, not because they believed him innocent, but because they knew he had "gone back" on Tammany and that the prosecution was inspired by that predatory organization. Even so very respectable a personage as Theodore Roosevelt was in sympathy with this mean, whining little crook. Yes, the vociferous apostle of the square deal, the stern exemplar of all the manly virtues, was not at all revolted by the spectacle of a slimy rogue taking refuge in the umbrage of his wife's skirts. Was it the recollection of the Dear Maria episode that made the Colonel appreciate the exigency and induced the fellow-feeling? The Colonel went so far as to try to influence the court during the trial by making a public speech in which he alluded to the case as an illustration of the recall by a boss. According to the argument of Sulzer's sympathizers, whilst it was not to be gainsaid that he was one of the most unconscionable of rascals yet as he had become the people's rascal therefore he should be upheld by the people, and the Court of Impeachment, which is the highest tribunal in the State, should be intimidated if need be to secure him in office. This is an argument somewhat repugnant at once to common sense and decency. Aside from the viciousness of the principle that a crook for the people should be acceptable to the people, it is absurd to assume that a rascal utterly unscrupulous who has been disloyal to his friends will be loyal to the people. Especially is it absurd in the case of such a pusillanimous and greedy rascal as Sulzer. A thoroughpaced freebooter of politics, his concern for the people was motived entirely in expediency. Like all demagogues he was for the people that they might put water on his wheel and make for him opportunities for self-aggrandizement by hook or by crook. The more the crooked demagogue disarms suspicion the easier it is for him to enrich himself at public expense.

Charges Proved

That there are many persons to whom a crook for the people is acceptable the history of governments and politics bears evidence. And often such persons have been in the ascendancy; so often that it is the dread of them as much as of the blindness of humanity that causes the principle of self-government to be held in disesteem by wise philosophers. We are told that the people of New York were opposed to the removal of Sulzer. Even after hearing the testimony in the case, when it was apparent that Sulzer had nothing to offer but technicalities it was by no means certain that if left to the arbitrament of the recall the question of removal would be resolved against him. But there was the unmasked hypocrite, the sweating, writhing and wriggling rascal asking for acquittal on the technical ground that his dishonest acts were not committed in his official capacity. It has been proved clearly enough that Sulzer was guilty of a systematic concealment of the contributions to his campaign fund, not only by the way he disposed of them but by his requests for cash or checks to the order of some one else. It has been proved that he used his office and his power and every means at his command to prevent the giving of true testimony and to procure false testimony. Furthermore there was testimony, perhaps not conclusive, that he bartered his power as Governor in pretended attacks on Wall Street and its systems while interested or prej-

udiced himself by reason of his own dealings. And while it may not justify removal it has been shown that notwithstanding his pretended devotion to the interests of the plain people he took money from every conceivable business interest not excepting interests to which he professed to be uncompromisingly opposed. Of the man's utter shamelessness and unscrupulosity the proof is overwhelming. It is even clear that it was himself that dragged his wife into the case, and it is likewise evident from the books of the Carnegie Trust Company that she was innocent. It was partly because of these books that he did not dare take the witness stand; partly, also, because of several large contributions running into five figures from big interests, the unearthing of which took place in the latter days of the trial. Sulzer well knew that if he took the witness stand there would be a grilling cross-examination in store for him and that he would be stripped of every rag of pretense down to his thick and spotted hide. Hence the disappointment of his sympathizers, especially, it is to be surmised, of the Colonel, who had publicly informed him that he must answer the charges. In the circumstances it would seem inconceivable that there are self-respecting citizens who hoped to see Sulzer win on a technicality, but the State of New York is full of them.

Untermyer Preferred

When President Wilson learned the other day that the bankers of the country in convention assembled had given voice to their opposition to certain provisions of the Administration currency bill he remarked that he was convinced that the sentiment of the bankers did not coincide with public sentiment. We cannot see what difference it makes whether the bankers voiced public sentiment or not. Nor can we conceive how the President furnished himself with evidence of any kind upon which to base a conviction of any nature whatsoever with reference to public sentiment. We have not heard of him calling the roll in any of the States. We suspect that the President merely guessed about public sentiment and permitted his guess to be influenced by his prepossession. But anyway wouldn't it be better for the President to take counsel of the bankers than to heed the opinions of a motley and colossal sanhedrim of college professors, butchers, bakers and candlestick makers? It is to be presumed that bankers know something about banking. It is not to be presumed that bankers in bulk are desirous of impairing the public interests. It would seem, indeed, to be to their interest to promote the public interests. Assuredly the bankers in convention assembled are more to be trusted than—let us say—Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the guide, philosopher and friend of the late, unlamented Pujo Committee. Mr. Untermyer, it appears, notwithstanding a change of administration at Washington, has been again taken into official confidence. He gave counsel to the framers of the currency bill and they acted thereon. Now Mr. Untermyer has never looked good to us. "Who's Who in America" tells us that Mr. Untermyer (doubtless on his word) as counsel for James Hazen Hyde brought on the great investigations of the life insurance companies. There are some incidents in Mr. Untermyer's career not touched upon in "Who's Who in America." In April, 1910 Mr. Untermyer made an elaborate statement respecting the conduct of an election held by the policyholders of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. That statement was characterized by Mr. Peabody, the president of the company, as false from beginning to end. Mr. Peabody made certain grave charges concerning the motives and methods and the estimation in which Mr. Untermyer was held by the business community in general; charges which were libellous if untrue. Mr. Untermyer sued Mr. Peabody for libel, asking $50,000 damages. He said at the time that the suit would "give the policyholders and the public the opportunity to find out who has been telling the truth," and that the duty which he purposed to perform "would be another service for the defenceless policyholders." This statement provoked from Mr. Peabody the somewhat contemptuous remark: "I do not consider it worth while to spend any time considering Mr. Untermyer's libel suit." Mr. Untermyer never prosecuted that suit. He never cared to take the stand to be cross-examined either for his own vindication or for the benefit of the defenceless policyholders. It would seem that after the experience Congress had with the "Wolf of Wall Street" it would be more cautious in the selection of counsel from that gilded alley. It would also seem that after taken counsel of Untermyer the Administration ought not to disdain the advice of the National Bankers' Association.

What Heaven Is Not

When we read the Sunday sermons in the Monday papers, we do not wonder why religious enthusiasm continues on the wane. Our ministers are a prosaic and literal-minded lot, occupied chiefly with the externals of religion and economic and political interpretations of the Bible. A little leaning toward the mysticism of Christianity would do them a world of good. Last Sunday, we find, Bishop Hughes of the Methodist Church lectured at Stanford University on Heaven. It is the favorite exercise of some clergymen to imagine what Heaven is. Bishop Hughes imagines what it is not. He imagines that the materialist conception of Heaven as a place where men continue the line of work they followed in life is absurd. What would lawyers and doctors do? he asked, in a world where there is no sickness, no quarreling. Mark Twain's conception of Heaven as a place of idleness, said Bishop Hughes, "throws the idea into an absurd light." This would seem to indicate that Mark Twain is regarded in the Methodist Church as supplementary to the New Testament. At that, Mark's conception was by no means unreasonable. It is all right enough to prate about the dignity of labor, but if we are to be literal-minded, let us not forget that idleness was the ideal state in the Garden of Eden, and that it was a curse that consigned Old Adam to the drudgery of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. After all, isn't it a bit presumptuous to try to imagine what Heaven is like? Any reasonable man ought to be satisfied with the theory of the old Pagan philosopher that God conceals the delights of Heaven so that man will try to find life tolerable on this sublunary sphere.

What Christ Meant

"Christ," says one of his pseudo-ministers, "had no objection to wealth provided good use was made of it. When he said 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth,' he meant to warn people against hoarding money for its own sake." This preacher does not affirm that he is divinely inspired for the purpose of construing the New Testament, and therefore we do not scruple at taking issue with him. Christ often spoke in parables, and his language at times was mystical and mystifying, but when he said "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," he employed no ambiguous terms. But had he done so, it would be easy to guess what he meant, his life and his teachings in general making it clear that he regarded the business of laying up treasures on earth as a bad business to be in. Christ's precepts were dictated by concern for the spirit, and he knew the difficulty of trying to serve God and Mammon at the same time. It is not to be supposed that he had any objection to any decent process by which treasures are laid up; but what he wanted men to understand was that humility is more conducive to salvation than vain glory, and that it was better for men to trust in God than in the things of this life. The man who has treasures laid up is generally self-satisfied and self-centred. This life is more precious to him than to the man who bears the cross. Christ desired that men should think chiefly of the next life. He regarded it as to their spiritual interest to have many tribulations on this earth that they might frequently turn to God for solace. It is tribulation that humbles and purifies the spirit. Of treasure pride is born, and riches render so many things accessible that the one thing Christ thought about is likely to be overlooked. Laying up treasures on earth is not in itself a sin. Therein it differs from perverting the precepts of Christ.

Prayers To The Saints

Bishops of the Episcopal Church all over the country are said to have been startled by the news from London that Bishop Arthur Ingram had advocated the doctrine of the invocation of the saints. Maybe Bishop Ingram didn't advocate anything of the kind. To accept all that appears in the despatches requires a greater effort in faith than to believe in the efficacy of supplications to the saints. Perhaps Bishop Ingram merely said that he had no objection to praying to the saints. But even though he has been quoted correctly he is not guilty of heresy. True the Thirty-nine Articles declare the invocation of the saints to be repugnant not being grounded upon any "warranty of scriptures," but the Episcopal

Church is more liberal than the Thirty-nine Articles, which were intended more or less as a protest against "Papacy" and all its works. It holds that prayer should be free, that prayers may be addressed to any one to whom the petitioner may see fit to pray. And as the Book of Homilies tells Episcopalians that "the souls of the saints are reigning in joy and in heaven with God," it would seem quite natural for a dignitary of the Episcopal Church to be in favor of cultivating faith in the intercession of saints; at least in the intercession of some saints—the apostles for instance. It would seem advisable, if one believes at all in the possibility of invoking spiritual intercession, to get as near the throne of grace as possible, and who are more likely to be close up than those beings that led saintly lives on earth? Now possibly Bishop Ingram is of the opinion that whatever turns the thoughts of man Godward is deserving of encouragement. The worst to be said against praying to the saints is that it may be a waste of time, but whatever time is spent in cultivating a feeling of devotion toward what is holy is not wasted. The sincerest of learned and cultured churchmen are beginning to perceive that what is most needed in the world today is faith, the kind of faith that leads to prayer. Prayer is really an excellent thing, not only for man but for society. If our militant Christian clergymen had faith, and were given to prayer, they would be wasting less time making work for the policeman. It is lack of faith that causes them to be preoccupied with righteousness, the righteousness of the early Jews of the Old Testament, expressed in smiting the enemies of the Lord and their own under the fifth rib. Bacon tells us that there was never in any age of the world "either philosopher, or sect, or law or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good as Christian faith." The reason is obvious. Men animated by Christian faith are given to prayer, and to pray is to strive toward perfection. There is no better medicine for the inner being than prayer,—holy, humble, penitent, believing, earnest, persevering prayer. Nor is there a more efficacious remedy for the ills of the body politic; for folks who pray earnestly, sincerely and penitently must yield in time the fruits of the spirit mentioned by St. Paul: love, joy, peace, kindness, goodness, mildness, self-control. These things are incompatible with the evils complained of by our crusaders of the ministry, yet their faith is in the policeman. We never hear of them starting a propaganda for prayer. We suspect that when they pray at all it is in the pulpit. But the prayer in the pulpit is like the prayer on the street corner or on the housetop. The prayer that should be encouraged is the wing on which the soul in solitude take its flight to heaven, the prayer that Lincoln meant when he said, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go." If Bishop Ingram has come to believe in the invocation of the saints it is probably because he is feeling the irresistible breath of the Zeitgeist. In the intellectual circles of Europe there is a reaction against the scepticism that questions everything but its own foundations. The reaction is once more toward religion.

Interior

By A. P. Begg

We keep our surface thoughts for neighborly exchange,
  Polite we are, and soft, and delicate and proud,
What if there came one day some sudden influence strange,
  That broke our guardian strength, and made us speak aloud?

Powerless did we then clear utterance bestow
  On all the thoughts we breed and all the dreams we find;
How credit it that Life could make a thing so low,
  Could harness such a heart to such a bestial mind?

Perspective Impressions

Advice to bachelors: Don't marry a girl who poses for a newspaper photographer.

When a man past forty is a loud-mouthed baseball fan his friends have a right to suspect his sincerity.

One might say that there's many a slit 'twixt the slip and the shin, only women don't wear slips any more.

Wouldn't it be well to extend the Chautauqua circuit to Mexico? Bryan and a few yodlers and snake charmers might do a world of pacifying.

The cowardly crew of the Volturno were Germans, and the brave officers, English. Take hope Brittania! Of course the German comment will be that under German officers crews are never cowardly.

Prince Chimay, who weathered his wife for many years, perished of a simple attack of pneumonia the other day. Clara is now suing her third husband for a divorce. Her lovers she merely dismisses.

So there has been a change of heart among Democrats in Congress, and they have decided to vote for more battleships! Here is bona fide occasion for a hullabaloo in the Hearst papers over the triumph of "My Policies," but at this writing it is still overdue.

Bet you can't give offhand the date of Portola's first sight of San Francisco Bay.

Some men are so lacking in moral courage they are ashamed to confess that they cannot dance the tango.

The mortality in grandmothers was greater than ever during this year's championship baseball series.

Wanted: A pastor for the First Congregational Church, Oakland. Must be a man of pleasant address, but not so pleasant as the late Dr. Brown's.

One way to start Monday in a happy frame of mind is to remind yourself that you don't have to read the newspaper reports of the Sunday sermons.

A press despatch from Seattle informs us that when a woman gets on a street car in that city she shows her leg to the knee. Seattle hasn't anything on San Francisco. Our cars are in style too.

Milton describes the London suffragettes: "Man and wife were often the most inveterate foes. The man often staid to take care of his children at home, while the mother of the family was seen in the camp of the enemy, threatening death and destruction to her husband"—Second Defence of the English People.

Some people are literary, while others memorize the quotations on illustrated calendars.

Since they had phonetic spelling in Nippur four thousand years ago Andy Carnegie's cult may be regarded as mere atavism.

Doesn't it make you sad to think that folks are beginning to figure out fool presents to give you at Christmas?

The world is full of people who would like to know why former King Manuel's wife left him. Manuel knows—but he won't tell.

"Busch Coming Home in Favorite Steamer."—Examiner headline.
But not in his favorite state-room. It was a coffin.

The Hon. Ben. B. Lindsey of the Juvenile Court of Denver, long pursued by the "Beast" appears at last to be in danger of being swallowed. If the dose doesn't act as an emetic the Beast will die of ptomaine poisoning.

Our militiamen in convention assembled are now demanding the right to run the War Department of the country. At the rate we are going it will not be long before the right is conceded them, unless, of course, the man on horseback beats them to it.

Varied Types

CXLVIII—GILBERT ANDERSON

By Edward F. O'Day

Ladies and gentlemen, step this way and meet the greatest desperado of the western world. He's a cattle rustler, a horse thief and a highwayman. He sticks up trains, robs stages, murders, pillages, ravishes and betrays. In his hardened heart there is no pity, mercy or other redeeming quality. He is ruthless, remorseless, bloodthirsty and cruel; an unconscionable scoundrel, a ripsnorting rascal, a hell-roaring villain. His smile is like the devil's mocking sneer; his laugh like the wail of the damned; his thoughts are black as the pit of Tophet; his talk a blasphemous affront to high Heaven. There are grim notches on the handle of his gun; there is blood on his bridle; there is deep-dyed, indelible guilt on his lost soul. He lives in the atmosphere of violent crime, and when he dies the moans of his victims will ring in his ears, a funeral dirge singing him to eternity of punishment.

Step this way, ladies and gentlemen, and meet "Broncho Billy" Anderson, the unlynched monster of the plains.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, step this way also that you may meet the softest hearted cow puncher that ever wept for innocence in danger, that ever risked his skin to pluck afflicted womanhood from the grasp of menacing evil, that ever dared tremendous odds to turn the tide against wickedness and save the day for right. Under his coarse shirt beats a heart as pure as the lily, its every pulse racing in tune with virtue, its warm blood quickening to the opportunity of good deeds, a tender heart, a heart of sentiment and romance, of chivalry and knightly courage. His keen eye flashes terror to the souls of evildoers, his weapon is ready for the protection of the weak and worthy, his life is consecrated to the noblest service, given to the oppressed, lived for the unhappy, exposed for the wretched and downtrodden. He is blessed among men; he wears a halo in the sight of the angels who are preparing a place for him in the throne room of Paradise.

Ladies and gentlemen, meet "Broncho Billy" Anderson, the uncanonized saint of the wild and wooly range.

"Broncho Billy" Anderson is the protean superman of the age. In half a dozen years he has died a hundred quick and lingering deaths. He has cut throats and had his weasand slitted. He has hanged others and been hanged himself. He has served a hundred jail sentences. He has looted Wells Fargo boxes and saved Wells Fargo boxes from looters. He has kidnaped heiresses and rescued pretty girls from the hands of despoilers. He has "cut out" steers and been trampled beneath stampeded hooves. He has performed incredible feats of horsemanship. He has worked miracles with his lasso. He is quickest on the draw, his aim is the deadliest, his horses the swiftest and his judgment in the midst of danger the most unerring of any cowboy that ever lived. "Broncho Billy" Anderson is Jesse James, Buffalo Bill and the Virginian rolled into one.

But you wouldn't think so to meet him in his apartment at the St. Francis. Sitting there amid books and papers and autographed pictures of beautiful queens of the stage, he's the mildest mannered, softest spoken human you can imagine. You'd expect bluster; you find meekness. You'd expect braggadocio; you find modesty. Yes, modesty! The last virtue in the world you ordinarily think of in connection with actors of the stage or of the films. Whether Gilbert Anderson is naturally modest or has cultivated modesty I don't know. It's none of my business. Suffice it that the man is modest. For instance:

"I never was much of an actor, and I don't suppose I'd ever have become much of an actor if I had stuck to it. The best I ever got was sixty a week for playing juveniles, and I wasn't worth any more."

Isn't that a remarkable statement? Ever hear any other actor, active or retired, say anything like that? I haven't. But Gilbert Anderson says it by way of ordinary conversation. And again:

"I went to pose for the movies at three dollars a day because I had no job and needed the money. After a while my commercial instinct asserted itself, and I got into the manufacturing end of the business."

Considering that Gilbert Anderson is today one of the merchant princes of the film industry, that's pretty plain, unvarnished talking. Most of the

George G. Fraser Copyright
GILBERT ANDERSON

merchant princes give themselves more credit than that. And still again:

"I've succeeded because I've appealed to the lowbrow. A man with a great mind wouldn't write the scenarios I write. And people with great minds wouldn't be interested in them. They appeal to the eye; they don't appeal to the mind at all."

No wonder Gilbert Anderson has succeeded. He knows his own limitations.

Anderson has lived the entire life of moving pictures. The industry is about nine years old; it had just been born when Anderson became a film actor. When he started to pose at three dollars a day the movie companies made films seventy-five or a hundred feet long. One day he went to the Edison people and asked them why they didn't make a long film. They laughed at him. He persisted. They told him that nobody would have the patience to watch a long film. He had arguments to prove that they would. Finally he made his impression, and the Edison people made "The Great Train Robbery." Remember it? It was the first long film ever shown, and it is still being shown. It remains one of the most popular films ever made.

Anderson thought that its success proved his contention. The Edison people didn't agree with him. They said "The Great Train Robbery" succeeded because it was sensational, blood-curdling; but they thought people wouldn't stand for another long film. So they went on making short films. But Anderson knew what he was talking about. He suggested that they make "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The Edison people pooh-poohed the idea. In the end, though, they made it. Another success. They began to get interested. So Anderson prepared a scenario for "Raffles." They made "Raffles" and it went like wildfire. Ever since then the film companies have been manufacturing one-thousand-feet films.

Anderson worked with one company after another. The business was getting bigger all the time. One day he asked Selig of Chicago for an interest in his factory. He thought he was entitled to it because he had helped to build it up. Selig couldn't think of such a preposterous thing.

So Anderson went to his friend George K. Spoor and suggested that they start a company of their own. Spoor didn't fancy the investment at first, but Anderson was persistent. At last he induced Spoor to put up $2100 to start a studio in Chicago. That was the beginning of the Spoor and Anderson Company, the world-known Essanay. Today the Essanay has $210,000 invested in its Chicago factory and employs 300 people there. Its branch factory at Niles where sixty people are employed represents an investment of $52,000. And all this has been accomplished in five years.

"If it's a fair question, how much do you make a year?" I asked him.

"You won't believe me," answered Anderson with a laugh. "Out of the General Film Company, the exchange you know, we make $200,000 a year. Out of Essanay we make about $500,000 a year."

"You see," he added to allay my astonishment, "thirty-three per cent of the people in this country patronize the movies every day. And the Essanay pictures are being shown every night in every city and town in the country, to say nothing of foreign countries."

Is it any wonder that wherever Gilbert Anderson goes the boys on the street hail him with, "Oh you Broncho Billy"?

The "Broncho Billy" pictures just happened, Anderson informs me. His company made a picture in San Rafael one day, a picture in which a cowboy rescued a girl from a runaway stage. Anderson named it "Broncho Billy's Christmas Dinner." It was a great success. The next picture was also a cowboy picture, so he named it Broncho Billy's something else. That was a great

(Continued on Page 21.)

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A Doctor of Divinity

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Sauntering down Post street from the Bohemian Club the other day I passed all that is left of the First Congregational Church, Dr. Aked's church. All of the sacred edifice except the portal has been pulled down. Looking at the portal I thought: "How like the facade of Dr. Aked! A gaping mouth with nothing behind it!" Do not accuse me of harshness. I have been studying Dr. Aked. I have heard him lecture and debate, and I have read his newspaper effusions. If there is anything in this man besides noise it would take Sherlock Holmes to detect it. He is a talker, a writer; not a thinker. He is a dealer in second hand wares, an auctioneer who cries damaged goods. I do not charge him with lack of originality, for that is no offense; none of us is original. The trouble with Dr. Aked is that he chatters, babbles, repeats words like a parrot. Nothing he says is the product of study. He is not a self-searcher, though most assuredly a self-seeker. He is conceited; therefore he betrays himself. Take his article on Mrs. Pankhurst and her lecture fees. He writes: "Naturally, I believe in big fees! I never had a lecture fee myself that was big enough!" There is the man exposed, "Aked and unashamed" as Garnet Holme admirably put it. He is a clergyman for revenue only, just as William J. Bryan is a Secretary of State for revenue only. A man of gentle breeding could not say such a thing, let alone think it. Aked is not a man of gentle breeding. The best that can be said of him is that he is a Doctor of Divinity—by virtue of the University of Nevada. This collegiate investiture which once meant so much is now meaningless because such men as Dr. Aked are empowered to write it after their names. Once a doctor of divinity was a learned man. Do you suppose Dr. Aked could read the homilies of Chrysostom in the original Greek or the Confesions of St. Augustine in the original Latin? I don't think so. Do you suppose he has ever studied any theology? any metaphysics? any exegesis? I don't think so. The man has not the religious turn of mind. Can you think of him appreciating a work like Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven"? I cannot. Can you think of him understanding even faintly the soul of a mystic like St. Teresa? I cannot. I even wonder whether he was ever thrilled by the Sermon on the Mount. A doctor of divinity worried about the size of his lecture fees! And getting ten thousand a year too!

Sincerely,

—A Christian.

A Note of Weariness

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I am getting tired of women's legs. I am sick of seeing women's legs on the streets and pictures of women's legs in the papers. There was a time when only actresses and female acrobats showed their legs. Now all women show them. The slit skirt bores me. Still I could put up with that, for I don't have to look at the slit. But in the papers women's legs are thrust at me. Clubwomen in knee skirts, swimmers in no skirts, society girls with their skirts lifted—all the newspaper illustrations are full of legs. When the British Ambassador presented the Queen of Spain with a pair of silk stockings, the gift of Queen Elizabeth, the Spanish prime minister informed him, "The Queen of Spain has no legs." Can't we get back to that old fashioned idea?

Respectfully,

—Disgusted.

Praise For a Good Man

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I read with much interest the paragraphs in "The Spectator" about the clergymen of Chicago who are warning the people against coming to San Francisco during the World's Fair because of vice conditions. The Spectator says the news will probably thrill Dr. Aked. Does he not remember that Dr. Aked promised months ago to tell the people of the East about San Francisco? Dr. Aked went East some weeks ago, and probably he told his friends of the clergy about this city, and probably that is why we have heard from them. Dr. Aked is a man of great influence, a very sincere man, and clergymen all over the country have great respect for him. I wish you wouldn't have so much to say about him. I don't read your paper much, but friends of mine tell me that you don't like Dr. Aked. I am sorry to hear that, as you are a newspaperman, and an editor, and you ought not to dislike any minister of God. Dr. Aked is trying to purify our city, and as he does not get enough sympathy, why shouldn't he go East and tell people about it? We must let people know that we are against vice, and before the Fair we ought to close up all the saloons.

Sincerely,

—Rebecca Clayton.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Tea Makes Long Teeth

That tea drinking makes the teeth grow long is a scare which has just seized Paris society women, who are now renouncing the cup that cheers in favor of chocolate or coffee. If pressed for evidence, these women point to Englishwomen whose long teeth are a standing joke among the French, and say that this is certainly the result of tea. A Paris physician states that this idea has a serious foundation in scientific fact, as excessive tea drinking may produce, among other bad results, a constant yawning, and the facial muscles, which are distended in yawning, react on the gums and tend rather to push the teeth out. This, he says, only occurs in exaggerated cases. Nevertheless, the idea has taken firm root in the minds of Parisiennes.

A Press Agent for Germany

A Socialist paper in Berlin has revealed a remarkable newspaper scheme backed by prominent members of the Reichstag. A daily world review is to be started, and is to have an international news agency for the purpose of "organizing the foreign press, and in the first place the oversea press, in the interest of German policy and of German economic life." In other words German imperialism is to be advanced by means of a gigantic press agency. All foreign papers of importance are to be supplied at regular intervals with a "letter" describing events in Germany as seen through the eyes of the new governmental organ. It is hoped that in this way Germany will have in its hand a weapon "hitherto neglected, which in the struggle for political and economic supremacy is becoming more and more important." It is said that fifty foreign papers have already promises to publish these "letters." The big German armament firms have put up money to finance the project.

A German Jingo

General von Bernhardi, a German strategist, has got himself into hot water by a jingoistic article in which he estimates the bearing of Ulster opposition to Home Rule on a possible war between England and Germany. The article contains these offensive words: "It is not without interest to know that, if it ever comes to a war with England, Germany will have allies in the enemy's camp itself, who in the given circumstances are resolved to bargain, and at any rate will constitute a grave anxiety for England, and perhaps tie fast a portion of the English troops." This of course refers to the armed force of Orangemen in Ulster, the Belfast contingent of which numbering 12,000 drilled men were reviewed recently. General von Bernhardi also touches on other "weaknesses" which he finds in South Africa, India, Egypt and elsewhere, and this is no time for "a policy of renunciation."

British Employers Combine

The United Kingdom Employers Defense Union was organized recently in London, and will be registered as a trade union. Its object is to consolidate the resources of the employers of labor throughout Great Britain and Ireland, to maintain their rights and their freedom to bargain individually with free workers or collectively with trade unions. It will defend its members against outside interference, uphold the inviolability of contracts, and when strikes are forced, prevent workmen from being intimidated. It will also attempt to deal with boycotting and peaceful picketing. A guarantee fund of $250,000,000 is now being raised. This fund will be used for the protection of employers during strikes. On the day when the project was first outlined two employers pledged $250,000 apiece for the guarantee fund, and there were other pledges of $50,000 and smaller sums.

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Happiness

By Elizabeth Pennell

Miss Taylor is the dressmaker of the Quarter. She would be the last to set herself up as a rival to Jay & Redfern, whose carts are sometimes seen on our terrace. It is doubtful whether, under any circumstances, she could have developed into a Worth. But when it comes to what she calls "odd jobs"—to putting a new braid on a skirt or a new trimming on a bodice—she can hold her own with anybody, and for these services she charges a sum I blush to pay.

She lives in one of the shabby little houses in the shabby little street with the tumbled roofs my windows overlook. Once I watched a pair of young lovers turn a garret down there into Paradise. But I could not imagine Miss Taylor making a Heaven of the much more respectable ground floor, where she presides as her own sweater. The sun rarely gets into her stuffy front parlor, which, whenever I visit it, reeks of the stale greens of her daily dinner, mingled with the centuries' dust in the woollen curtains at her window. In winter a few coals smoulder in the grate. At all seasons a group of pink and white vases decorates the mantelpiece, with the yellowing photograph of a parson in surplice hanging above on one side, and a funeral wreath in a bulging frame on the other. A very old lady, as driedup and silent as a mummy, sits in the far corner, a dressmaker's form faces her, scraps of silk and cloth litter the floor, and if my visit happens to be timed for four o'clock, a couple of big, thick white teacups are set out on the marble-topped centre table. Miss Taylor is what you would expect from her surroundings. She looks as unaired as her room, as worn-out as her furniture, though I do not suppose she is much over fifty. Her rusty black dress is of an ample Victorian cut, the bodice is low at the neck, and a piece of narrow black velvet, fastened by a steel bar in front, encircles her poor wrinkled throat.

To me Miss Taylor, in her gentility, was for long the most depressing figure in the Quarter. Even the forlorn, frowsy women in our own particular slum seemed better off, for they have the chance of occasional oblivion in the public-house, or even the little slavies in her street, who can enliven their labors by an occasional gossip with the milkman or the butcher's boy. These are distractions denied to a woman of Miss Taylor's irreproachable respectability, and for any others she has neither the time nor the money. I used to ask myself how she could endure the dreariness of her life, and altogether I could not have gone to her again but for the certainty that the thought of her with one "odd job" the less must be still more unendurable. I never invited her confidence, fearing it might deepen the impression of gloom, and she having been brought up with the proper British contempt for her own class, knew her place too well to offer it. Our conversation was confined strictly to business, and I seldom caught her venturing beyond, "It will be as good as new, madam," or "It will look sweetly, madam."

But one morning, without any apparent reason, unless because it was spring, and a coster with a basket of daffodils was crying "Penny a market bunch!" down the shabby little street, and she suddenly discovered I was an American, Miss Taylor began to talk of her early life. I had thought, if I had thought about it at all, that nothing short of a couple of generations of London fog and genteel poverty could have produced quite such a parchment skin, quite so rusty a black gown. But the memories with which she honored me carried her back to the village where she was born.

"Do you know it, madam?" she interrupted her story to ask.

It happened that I did. During one long July my favorite walk in the cool of the late afternoon was from C——— across the fragrant meadows to the quiet village, with its old houses hidden behind high walls, and its ancient church hidden among limes, and its grey village cross where the villagers loitered of a Sunday evening after service. And though this had been years and years before, my memory of it was still fresh and sunny and sweet, and made Miss Taylor's dingy parlor the dingier.

Her confidence did not end here. She had too little the habit of talk to know where to stop once she got started. She went on to tell me that, when she was a mere child, one of the Canons at the Cathedral in C——— asked her mother—the mummy in the corner, but then a brisk middle-aged widow in need of work—to come to him as housekeeper. His house was in the Close, and for nine months in the year he was away and it was theirs. The mother could hardly refuse. "It was such a pleasant home for us," Miss Taylor explained.

I thought pleasant a mild word as I recalled the Close, where I had lived that July, and the Canon's great Georgian house, and the grey mass of the Cathedral opposite, and the beautiful tower springing up into the blue air, and the bells chiming their old hymn tunes, and the anthem floating from the open windows, and the rooks cawing about their nests in the golden evening.

Miss Taylor, I am afraid, remembered less the charm of the Cathedral town and the Cathedral Close than her good fortune in having the months of the Canon's absence to devote to learning how to sew and to dress hair, and to fit herself to become a lady's maid. This was the height of her ambition. Her mother had served as parlor maid in the big house near B———, and she could conceive of no more splendid destiny than to serve there too, though in a higher capacity. At the end of eight years she was old enough and accomplished enough to begin her duties, the place was promised her—and then the Canon died, his successor dismissed her mother who, losing her common sense with the pleasant home she had counted upon as hers for life, grew hysterical, would not work for anybody else, refused to be left alone, and Miss Taylor, a dutiful daughter, put aside her own hopes and ambitions and took in sewing to support them both. There was not much sewing to take in at C———; things went badly with her, and like so many others with whom things go badly, she drifted up to London. There, somehow, she managed to get a few odd jobs of dressmaking, and she was settled in the shabby little house in the shabby little street before she knew it, her career postponed indefinitely. Once, only once she went back to C———.

"I couldn't bear it, madam," she said. "And when I went to the church I was christened in and I'd allus gone to as a child, it came over me as how I hadn't done nothink of what I meant to, and I burst out crying"—the tears were running down her face as she told the story—"and the folks stared, and I couldn't stay. But you mustn't think I'm complaining, madam. I've enough odd jobs to get along. And of course I couldn't leave mother. But when she's gone, madam, then, madam, I can begin the work I'm trained to do, and go out as lady's maid."

I looked at the mummy in the corner. She seemed to me not a bit readier to leave it than the mummies in the British Museum are to get up out of their cases. I looked at Miss Taylor—she was as likely to get "odd jobs" to do in the moon as to find the mistress who would employ her as maid. But what matter! She does not think so. She has not a doubt of her future. It is not the magic of patience, with which we credit the sweated and the starved, that reconciles her to existence; it is the magic of make-believe. She does not see in her face "the map of days outworn," nor in herself the dressmaker I know. She is not conscious of the smell of greens and dust, of the poverty-stricken room, of the shabby house in the shabby street. As she sits there stitching, she has put on a neat white apron over the rusty gown, a smart white cap over the chignon. She breathes perfume-laden air, she trips over soft carpets, she moves in luxuriance and warmth. When she draws the curtain at the window, it is to gaze out upon princely parks and flower-filled gardens. She lives not for what she does, but for what she dreams. I understand now, and, understanding, begin to suspect that so far from being the most depressing figure in the Quarter, she is really the happiest.

II heard you turned 'em away in Plunkville," said Yorick Hamm.

Hamlett Fatt smiled feebly. "Not exactly," said he, truthfully. "They stayed away of their own accord."

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Poems About San Francisco

CXVI—TO SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Ceryl Kerr

(The following verses by Ceryl Kerr (an unfamiliar name) are taken from the old Californian Magazine of March, 1893. The Californian was a good periodical, and poems to be found in the volumes of Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham and others were first published in its pages.)

Thou harbored nook of ocean's boundless tide,
Encompassed by a land of wondrous hope,
Where countless multitudes will one day cope
For bare existence or the pomp of pride,
While on thy waves while argosies will ride!
Thy matchless gate! E'en now its portals ope
To flowery field or mountain's swelling slope;
Can'st not to me thy future power confide?
I see thee, now when freshening breezes blow
The waves' white tips in never-ending chase
And each rough hill stands stamped on evening's glow,—
Now veiled in gauzy fog, thy form and face
But half disclosed to view, like some coy maid,
Half anxious to be seen yet half afraid.
Thus each fresh mood the promised bounty shows
Of art and love which nature here bestows.

The Spectator

Big Bosses On a Tour

A touring car left this city a week or two ago, packed with precious freight. That touring car was a substitute for the old back room where the boss of former years sat down with his trusted henchmen to fix up a slate. In the touring car was a trio of bosses the like of which was never known in the days before the people became Progressive and had the government brought back to them. The Governor of the State, the Mayor of the metropolis, their mutual friend and grateful beneficiary, Matt. I. Sullivan of the clan Sullivan-Dwyer—these are the notables that composed the trio. Ostensibly they were off on a pleasure jaunt, intending to while away a few halcyon days in the waste places of their broad and beloved State. As a matter of fact the trip was undertaken mainly for the purpose of fixing up a political program. This is no conjecture. I am but repeating information that comes from politicians in the confidence of Governor Johnson and Mayor Rolph. Perhaps they are in error. You can never tell.

Johnson For the Senate

Rather odd this combination of Governor and Mayor with but a single boss between, a lawyer occupying a position most propitious for the practice of a pull, but with the pee-pul complaisant and not at all curious. Odd, but times have changed. The convention system is no more. The man on the job is now his own boss, and the political machine is beholden to none but him. Consider the potentialities when two such bosses get together, as in this instance—the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the metropolis. Looks like a fine snap, doesn't it? But to my story, or rather the story that the henchmen of the bosses hereabouts are discussing with bated breath. The story is that Governor Johnson isn't so sure about being a candidate for re-election. The battle at Armageddon gave him a taste for national politics. He'd like to be in the Senate. Heney? Well, so the story goes, the Governor has changed his mind about Heney. He doesn't think the wild ass can be elected even with Kent's barrel broached for the campaign.

Rolph and Gallagher

Now as to Sullivan's man Rolph. If the Governor finds the way clear for his candidacy for the Senate, or, if he should decide to return to private life, as may be the case, then Rolph will run for Governor. These were some of the things they talked over on the trip, but not all. A way of strengthening the combination has been suggested. Andy Gallagher, it appears, has been considered available for the purpose of a triangular combination. Andy has the labor vote behind him, and Andy and Hiram are pals. If all three get together with Andy running for Mayor, Rolph for Governor and Johnson for the Senate, each contributing his personal machine to the support of the other two, the dear pee-pul will achieve a great triumph, for such a combination would be invincible. Of course if the program is to be put through the wild ass will hee-haw his head off, but so multitudinous and distracting are the calls upon this rather fatigued and cynical world that Heney will find it impossible to rouse the public conscience. The overworked populace is taking but a languid interest in politics, so what could Heney do against a combination of organized labor and two political machines that fill the State with the odor of their sanctity? Heney can give us heat without light—nothing more.

Peck and Greenwood Resign

The Bohemian Club has lost two of its most prominent members. Orrin Peck, the distinguished artist and Fred Greenwood, the millionaire have given their resignations to the board of directors. Orrin Peck severed his connection with the club some little time ago. Greenwood submitted his resignation recently, just before leaving for one of his periodical tours of the world. In neither instance, so far as I have heard, was any reason publicly given for the action. That both Peck and Greenwood surprised their friends may be taken for granted. Both were prominent in all Bohemian activities, whether at the San Francisco clubhouse or in the Sonoma County grove. And both were extremely popular with their particular coteries. The resignation of Peck is especially surprising, for he was an honorary member of the club. There are not many honorary members of the Bohemian, the list being made up of a few men of world-wide fame, and a few others who rendered distinguished services. It includes David Bispham, Luther Burbank, Ina Coolbrith (the only woman who has ever belonged to the Bohemian), David Starr Jordan, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Jack London, Pietro Mascagni, the late Joaquin Miller, Forbes Robertson, Colonel Roosevelt, Tomasso Salvini, E. H. Sothern, David Warfield and William Winter. Peck presented several pictures to the club, and it was on this account, I take it, that he was made an honorary member.

The Case of Dr. Hunkin

The medical profession is bubbling over with gossip these days about the case of Dr. J. F. Hunkin. Nothing more sensational than this case has happened in medical circles in many a day.

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that it has not received publicity is due to the reluctance of doctors to talk about it for publication. Doctors are great sticklers for professional ethics. It is unethical to discuss for publication matters that are before the committee on ethics of the County Medical Society, and the case of Dr. Hunkin is among those matters and has been among them for several weeks. Vagrant rumors about the case reached the daily newspapers shortly after Dr. Hunkin resigned his professorship in the University of California Hospital. A plausible reason for his resignation was given and published. Then came the report that it wasn't the real reason. A little later came the report that charges had been preferred against Dr. Hunkin by Dr. Edward McConnell and that these charges were to be investigated by the County Medical Society. Reporters were sent out to dig up the facts, but the facts have not appeared in print. The reporters were told there were two sides to the story, which is probably true, but the fact remains that Dr. Hunkin resigned from the staff of California University. Dr. Hunkin is a man of high standing in his profession. He is our most successful bone specialist. Dr. McConnell is a man of equally high standing. The whole profession is waiting for the outcome with keen interest.

Philbrook Redivivus

How short is the memory of your editor! Here is Horace Philbrook in trouble for insulting the federal bench and nary an editor remembers that it is not his first offense. Years ago Horace Philbrook wrote a letter in which he coarsely reviled a justice of our Supreme Court. His conduct called for discipline, so a committee of the Bar Association headed by the late Robin Y. Hayne took cognizance of the matter and asked for the lawyer's disbarment. Philbrook was exonerated, and for several years thereafter lost no opportunity to harass the members of the tribunal who had punished him. He wrote pamphlets and brought suits against them. After the lapse of several years he called upon them to "right the wrong" they had done him and he was reinstated at the bar. Now he has broken out again. Apparently Philbrook is irrepressible. He is a Hotspur at the court room. No judge can cross him with impunity. As the man who wields the fiery cloak put it to me the other day, "Philbrook would rather bite a poker in the fire than eat a square meal."

Hearst and Mitchel

That gallant young patriot, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, is once more worrying the politicians of New York. He is right in the thick of the municipality fight. He is one of the storm centres. Some weeks ago John Purroy Mitchel, the Fusion candidate, turned his back on Hearst, but he afterwards reconsidered the matter. Like most reformers Mitchel is a great stickler for principle, but the rob concerns him more than all else. Hearst and the Independence League have been irritating the Fusion flanks ever since the slatemakers began thinking of candidates. The deciding straw in the nomination of Mitchel was the feeling that he could swing the support of Hearst and the League to the Fusion ticket. It was Mr. Hearst himself who showed that this hope was vain. He sent a telegram from this city to his political workers there in which he denounced Comptroller Prendergast and Borough President McAneny as betrayers of the city, saying that they had sold the city out in the subway contracts. The Independence League city designating committee, meeting a few days later, designated Mr. Mitchel for Mayor and turned down Mr. McAneny and Mr. Prendergast. Mr. Mitchel sent a letter to William J. Taylor, chairman of the committee, a day or two before the committee met saying that he could not take a nomination from the League unless Mr. McAneny and Mr. Prendergast were named also. He then had his eye on the Gaynor League, which was thinking of naming McAneny and Prendergast for the two other places on the ticket with Mayor Gaynor, and his letter was assumed to be as much by way of advice to the Comptroller and the Borough President to keep free of it as it was of regret that he must decline the Independence League designation. Subsequently he made his threat good and formally declined the Hearst nomination.

Schiff Gets In Wrong

A little later came news of the death of Gaynor turning everybody's calculations topsy-turvy. Mitchel, who had been abusing Gaynor, made a public retraction of his assertions, and shortly after he began fishing for the Independence League nomination, which was given him and which he gladly accepted, much to the indignation of some of his friends, and especially, no doubt, of Banker Schiff. Compared with this gentleman's hatred of Hearst the mental attitude of a wild bull toward a red rag is but a coy reluctance. When Mitchel retracted what he had to say about Gaynor, Schiff sent him a letter saying, "Now I can support you with all my heart." Then Mitchel embraced Hearst. Meanwhile Tammany is sawing wood.

Los Angeles and the Fair

Will Los Angeles and the other counties south of Tehachapi exhibit at our World's Fair? The World's Fair people think they will. So far none of the southern counties has signified its intention of taking space in the California Building, although a certain amount of space has been set aside provisionally for them. Los Angeles has taken a top-lofty position towards the Fair, pointing out that her people paid a heavy proportion of the State appropriation and assuming on that account that she is entitled to specially considerate treatment. The other southern counties have backed her up. There is only one argument which appeals to Los Angeles, the argument of self-aggrandizement, and the World's Fair people are using it. They expect that it will have its effect.

Hearst Paper in Portland?

Now there is talk of Hearst starting an evening paper in Portland. Portland already has three evening papers and three would seem to be enough, but just the same the gossip in Portland is that Hearst's most enthusiastic paper starter is studying the field. Quite a while ago there was the same rumor abroad in Seattle, but noth-

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ing happened. Nothing may happen in Portland either, but it seems plausible that Hearst should want to extend his influence northward. Of course newspapermen would welcome his advent in Portland, for wherever there is a Hearst paper there are Hearst salaries and the salaries on other papers go up to meet them.

Pike's Water Project Denounced

When the Water Commission denied Charles S. Wheeler's application for a permit to store water in Clear Lake for power purposes it looked like clear sailing for Roy Pike and the Yolo Water and Power Company. This company was opposed to the Wheeler project, and fought the Wheeler application, and so when Wheeler's petition was denied the supposition was that Pike had the right to go ahead. At least that was my supposition. Now I learn that there is just as vigorous opposition to the Pike project as there was to Wheeler's. I also learn that I was in error, or rather Attorney Arthur Huston was in error, in saying that the people of Lake County were in favor of the power scheme of the Yolo company. The people of Lake County are very much opposed to any power scheme by which the level of Clear Lake will be artificially raised or lowered. A big delegation of Lake County folk headed by Colonel Charles Mifflin Hammond came to town this week to appear before the Water Commission and protest against permitting Pike and his associates to carry out their project. They are equipped with all kinds of data by which they expect to show that the people of Lake County will be irreparably injured if the waters of the lake are employed in the manner proposed. They say that thousands of acres of land will be ruined, that the lake will no longer be navigable and that the sudden lowering of the lake will cause a pestilence every year. These folk are in a very indignant frame of mind. They speak of the Yolo company as bitterly as Attorney Huston spoke of Wheeler and his company. They are prepared to fight to the last ditch.

Harris Shatters a Precedent

All the world and his wife may not know that "Larry" Harris, the lightning conductor of the Family Club, is the author of the "traffic cop" dialogues in the Saturday Call, but those who are familiar with the Harris style of rapid-fire wit recognized his handiwork in the first article, though the author of "The Damndest Finest Ruins" modestly refrained from signing his "stuff." Since becoming a contributing journalist "Larry" has broken a precedent that all newspaper people from the editors down to the office boys considered inviolable. He has neglected to collect his pay. Your typical newspaperman is usually at the cashier's window on pay day before the pay roll has been made up, not because he is of a grasping tendency but because he so sorely needs the money. And that newspaperman is a rare bird indeed who doesn't draw a goodly portion of his salary in advance. But "Larry" is different. He let the pay envelopes accumulate week after week until the cashier of the Call was constrained to beg him by telephone to come down and receipt for his earnings. When this became known in the Call office the name of Harris was spoken with awe. The general conjecture was that Harris must be a millionaire.

"Ministers' Week" on the Farm

From the hardworking press agent of the University of California I have just received a communication announcing that the first sennight in December will be "Ministers' Week" on the University Farm at Davis. "Problems of country life" will be studied by the assembled clergymen, the problems, it is explained, being of an economic and sociological kind. This innovation is owing to the request of "a clergyman" (unnamed) "that the College of Agriculture conduct some work for rural ministers," a request which the Reverend Benjamin Ide Wheeler hastened to comply with. Just what economic and sociological problems the ministers will attempt to solve I am at a loss to fathom. Perhaps they will tackle the high cost of living. Perhaps they will observe cattle how they breed in order to work out a eugenic program for human beings. Perhaps they will delve into the influence of "chores" on the growing boy. At any rate they will have a nice little winter vacation at the expense of the State.

No Automobile Building

There is to be no automobile building at the World's Fair. The beautiful plans which were made for one have been put away on the shelf. Wherefore there is gloom in the soul of Captain Baker, the genial and very capable Chief of Transportation. It was Captain Baker's idea to have a splendid building devoted to motor transportation with exhibits to present to the eye the whole history of man's motor triumph over land and air. So a site of about three acres was set aside between Machinery Hall and Fort Mason, and architects were set to work drawing the plans of the structure. Those who saw the plans were delighted with them. The scheme was for the Exposition people to erect the building and then invite the automobile manufacturers to buy space in it. But the automobile manufacturers considered the matter in their national association and turned it down. Their action came as a great surprise. The explanation of it seems to be that the automobile manufacturers think that a big exhibition in a special building at our World's Fair would ruin all the automobile shows they intend to give throughout the country in 1915. In other words they think there is more money for them in their annual shows than there would be in one World's Fair exhibition on a large scale. So the automobile manufacturers will content themselves with a section of the General Transportation Building.

Brown and Palmer Oil

The petition for a receiver for Palmer Oil calls attention to the ill luck which has attended the financial operations of Frank L. Brown. This city never saw a breezier, a more enthusiastic or a more optimistic promoter than Frank L. Brown. There was a time when fortune smiled upon him in her most heartening humor and it looked as though he was on the sure road to millions. In those days fortune was no more genial than Frank L. Brown himself. His face wore a perpetual smile, words of good cheer were ever upon his lips, his hand was always stretched out in gladdest greeting. He overflowed with the milk of human kindness, even as Palmer gushed forth in golden streams of oil. Among the projectors of the World's Fair he was a pioneer who labored unceasingly, both at home and during those strenuous days at Washington when New Orleans gave San Francisco battle. But dark days came to Palmer Oil. The wells did not yield as they had yielded. Law suits came to complicate matters. The stock of the company was assessed heavily. Frank Brown had to turn

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many of his other assets into cash in order to hold his Palmer stock. Finally he closed his home here and went to live modestly at the oil fields, fighting strenuously all the time. The outlook just now is gloomy, but Frank Brown is not a man to stay down and I look to see him get on his feet again.

A Candidate for Governor

Comes now Fred H. Hall of Bakersfield and shies his caster into the gubernatorial ring, arousing the interest of the politicians as only an indeterminate political factor can. Not that Hall is unknown in politics. He has been a Democratic assemblyman and was in attendance at the last Democratic national convention as an alternate. Down around the Tehachapi Pass he is known as a manful striver who usually gets what he goes after, and this reputation has penetrated to our section. Hence the interest the politicians are taking in him. Like that other genial Bourbon Tim Spellacy, Hall has a comfortable fortune which he made largely out of oil, and of course the politicians are not unmindful of the fact that he may put some of his money in circulation when the campaign begins in earnest. From what I have heard of Hall he is a self-made man who has not been overwhelmed by the success he achieved but remains likable and level-headed. He was born in the San Joaquin and has lived there ever since. Starting as a poor boy with a mother to support he has worked up from "chores," hog herding, hod carrying and other manual labor to the directorate of banks and substantial oil companies. As a deputy constable at Visalia he took part in the chase of Evans and Sonntag, acquitting himself bravely. As city marshall of Visalia he cleaned the town of the "bad men" who infested it in the early nineties. He's a big man physically, in the prime of life and full of mental and animal vigor: just the sort of man to give a good account of himself in the hurlyburly of the gubernatorial fight.

The Return of Father Yorke

Father Peter C. Yorke has returned from Oakland to the scene of his former militant activities. He has been made pastor of St. Peter's by Archbishop Riordan who thus fulfills, if I am not mistaken, the dying request of Father Casey, the well beloved pastor of St. Peter's who died recently. In recent years Father Yorke has devoted himself almost exclusively to parochial ministrations, only occasionally exercising his rare eloquence outside the pulpit. If Father Yorke acceded to half the requests for his appearance in the rostrum or on the lecture platform he would be forced to delegate a large part of his priestly duty to other hands, and this does not square with his conception of the sacred office. I make no doubt that he will pursue the same course in San Francisco, resisting all attempts however flattering to draw him away from the cure of souls.

Cullen of the Impeachment Court

From the moment Governor Sulzer was put on trial his fate, according to the New York papers, was in the hands of one man—Edgar M. Cullen, the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. Judge Cullen was the dominant figure at the trial, and on his opinion and final judgment hangs the legal and official vindication of the Governor or his effacement from the public life of the State. Of the thirty-nine votes required to convict, twenty-four were thoroughly under the Murphy influence. Fifteen Senators holding the balance of power would in all probability be afraid to vote for conviction whatsoever the testimony unless Judge Cullen cast his vote against the Governor. Judge Cullen is a great jurist of perfect balance steeped in respect for the law. He completes his three score and ten on December 4, and on the first of January next he will take off his silken robe and close his judgment book, the retiracy law of New York coinciding with the span of life of a man as laid down by the Psalmist. Judge Cullen has been on the bench since 1880. He was seriously considered by President Cleveland for the United States Supreme Court. It was Governor Roosevelt who appointed him to the Court of Appeals. In such high regard is Judge Cullen held in New York that it was said during the impeachment trial that William Sulzer would be known in history not as an eruptive Governor of the State, but rather as having been tried before Judge Cullen.

Cromwell and Huerta

History is repeating itself in Mexico where General Huerta is giving an imitation of Cromwell. The resemblance would be more striking if Huerta would attribute his conduct to Providence. During the Commonwealth Cromwell went into the House of Commons with two files of Musketeers and drove the M. P.'s into the street, but first he solemnly observed: "I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." Cromwell's method of dissolving the Parliament of the Protectorate was very much like Huerta's method of adjourning the Mexican legislature. He sent the soldiers to attend to the disagreeable business. But instead of locking up the statesmen Cromwell ordered them adjourned to a private chamber where he informed them that it was only of his own will that he accepted limits to his power.

Felton's Occupation

Felton Elkins is a candidate for admission to the Bohemian Club. The fact is interesting for more reasons than one. It seems to indicate, for one thing, that Felton is not satisfied with the cloistered dignity of the Pacific-Union Club, and I don't blame him as that is essentially a club for elderly men and Felton is still a very young man. It is interesting too because Felton gives his occupation as "playwright." And so he is, though he has only produced one play in public so far. That was "Felton's First Play" which was given last winter at the St. Francis with Miss Enid Gregg, the author and Willard Barton in the principal roles. Before long I look to see another Elkins play on the boards, for Felton is now in the East conferring with managers. The fact that he gives his occupation as "playwright" shows that he intends to devote his serious hours to the work, perhaps for several years to come. His sponsors at the club are Dr. "Jack" Shiels and Harry Holbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. "Town Tal.." Reader

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Gogorza's Doubles

There were two distinguished men at the Gogorza concert Sunday afternoon who bore considerable resemblance to the handsome baritone. One of them was Will Greenbaum, the genial impresario who brought Emilio de Gogorza here. The resemblance between de Gogorza and Greenbaum is particularly striking about the eyes, though the conformation of the entire face is quite similar in both celebrities. But Gogorza unconsciously prevents the perfecting of the likeness by the typically Latin upward twist he gives to the ends of his mustache. Greenbaum crops his mustache rather close and there are no ends worth mentioning to twist up or down. The other famous man whose countenance bears a resemblance to de Gogorza's is the great lawyer Peter F. Dunne. He was one of the rapt listeners while the Latin singer discoursed Henry Carey's "Sally in Our Alley" and Adelaide Proctor's "Lost Chord" and Henley's "Invictus" and Kipling's "Mother o' Mine," to say nothing of the French, German and Spanish songs with less familiar names. Peter F. Dunne cannot be said to look as much like Emilio de Gogorza as Will Greenbaum does. The similarity won't stand close comparison. But there is enough likeness in these two dark men, both of whom rejoice in carefully tonsored mustaches and chubbily turned cheeks, to warrant mention of them side by side.

At the Land Show

I dropped into the Land Show the other night, not so much to be amused or instructed myself as to see whether others were extracting amusement or instruction from it. They were. One of the first familiar faces I saw was that of Leonidas Scooffy, the real estate and lumberman. That Scooffy was enjoying himself there could be no doubt, for he was throwing rings at decoy ducks in a pail of water, and when he ringed one of them and was awarded a live duck he was as happy as a boy with a new top. The next man I ran into was Jack Beaufort, the handsome champagne agent. He had under his arm a plaster cast of a young woman without any clothes on labeled "September Morn." He explained that he got it by buying the winning paddle on a wheel of fortune. Then I saw "Billy" Maguire, the oil man, and as he had a white and wooly toy dog tucked under his arm I concluded that he had been lucky at the wheel of fortune too. I am sure that he profited by his visit because he was holding a chunk of spineless cactus in his hand and listening very gravely to a demonstrator who explained why it was a better food for cattle than alfalfa.

The Price of Keiths

The exhibition of ten Keiths with which H. Taylor Curtis has opened his new art room in Sutter street brings to mind a similar exhibition which Curtis held last spring. Keiths up to that time had brought good figures, but San Francisco's somnolent art public was by no means prepared for the skyward flight of prices which the succeeding auction brought forth. The climax of the sale was reached when an easterner paid over $12,000 for "The Glory of the Heavens," the gem of the collection. The present exhibition includes a painting which many critics have declared the peer of "The Glory of the Heavens" and it would be interesting to speculate on the amount of the small fortune which will undoubtedly change hands on its sale.

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"The Confession" at the Savoy

That "playhouse beautiful," the Savoy Theatre, recently the Oriental, and once more the Savoy, on McAllister street, near Market, makes the laughter-loving populace happy. "Overnight," Philip Bartholomae's farce, is just completing a second successful week. The last matinees will be given on Saturday and Sunday, and on Tuesday evening a more serious play, "The Confession," will be presented for the first time in this city. "The Confession," by James Halleck Reid, is a drama of absorbing interest and created a profound impression when it was first produced in New York. The story concerns the inviolable seal of the confessional in the Catholic Church. E. Fleet Botswick, Frank J. Gillen, Andrew Robson, and Vera McCord, the new leading lady, will be the principal players. Pretty Frances Carson, Vivian Blackburn, Ada Neville, John Steppling and other favorites of the Savoy stock company will complete the list. The production will be perfect in every particular and commencing with "The Confession" reserved seats will be but twenty-five and fifty cents, with the midweek matinee twenty-five cents. On account of the Portola parade the midweek afternoon performance will be given on Thursday.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

At a House Warming

A pleasant family which recently achieved considerable wealth housewarmed a brand new mansion in a fashionable district the other night. It was an enjoyable affair, and all the guests were impressed with the grandeur of the domicile. A few—a very few—of the sterner sex allowed themselves to become a bit—only a little bit—heated with the wine which flowed generously. One of these was wrought upon by the delusion that his hands were soiled, so he very gravely washed them in the water of the beautiful fountain which sparkles in the entrance hall. In the midst of his ablutions which were enjoyed by most of the other guests the hostess appeared on the scene. The washer looked up with an aggrieved expression upon his face.

"There ain't no soap," he complained.

"Don't be a damned fool," said the hostess.

He complied.

These Buds Are Different

They are an interesting set, the 1913 debutantes. So delightfully natural and girlishly independent. It is a new type they are turning out of the fashionable finishing schools these days, when vocational training is included in curricula. The 1913 debutantes have agreed not to "come out" formally. It is foolish and unnecessary, they believe, to make a great ceremony of the debut. And it is usually a bore. "So we decided," said one of them, "never to make debuts. We're just going about this winter, without having any formal presentation, gowned in white and smothered by a florist shop of flowers. It's not necessary." The girls who share these sentiments are Helen Keeney, Gertrude Hopkins, Lucille Johns, Marie Russell and Ruth Welch. The last two are granddaughters of Mrs. Bertha Welch and heiresses, of course, who could have elaborate balls and no end of social flutter over their coming out. For that matter, the others could also. They are merely refreshingly simple in their tastes in the modern approved way. Even the debut of Ruth Zeile of the Hopkins clan was a rather small country dance at the Menlo Club last week, instead of a brilliant and tiresome reception in town with eight hundred people to be greeted. Artificiality and splurge seem to be out of fashion.

At the Tea Dances

Mrs. Coleridge Ertz has established a record for her gowns at the "the dansants." She wears a different gown at each dance. And since she is one of the star dancers they are very much in evidence. The other day she wore a striking plaid effect. It was plaid silk in Roman colors, combined with black. The plaid seemed to swirl madly about her slender figure but was caught and held in bounds by draperies of black, and it was fairly dazzling when she did the tango with Count Montgelas. Mrs. Ertz and Enid Gregg are voted the best dancers of the St. Francis matinees. A queer hat on a young Burlingame matron attracted wondering admiration. More of a bonnet it was, of the Dolly Varden style, with long strings tied under the chin. As a fashion show the St. Francis afternoon parties are unparalleled. Templeton Crocker graced the last dance and avoiding the tango essayed the one-step with success.

Advantage of Tea-Dancing

One advantage of the tea dance is dawning upon the perception of our belles. It is simply this—the chaperon is not considered necessary. If you have a card you may motor down to the St. Francis and attend the tea dance alone, or you may go with another girl of your set. The tea dance is quite properly and decorously conducted, and the belles see no more reason to enlist the service of a chaperon for an hour or so of dancing than for an hour or so of tea in the court of the Palace. Of course some of the girls go with chaperons, but some of them don't. This lends a romantic interest to the tea dance. I wonder if this or that love affair will not be carried to the engagement point at the tea dance before mother and father are aware that daughter is no longer fancy-free?

The Dancing Craze

The Douglas Cranes have their admirers and clientele among the various social sets in town, but I hear that Thalia Newcome is the person to whom the real smart set goes to learn the new dances. Mrs. Frederick Kohl has under her instruction become a charming dancer, and many others are following in her footsteps. Dancing lessons just now are among the necessaries of life unless one lives in a cloister, for it is impossible to go any place now where there is no dancing. I am daily expecting to hear "dancing in the foyer between acts" announced at the theatres as an "extra attraction."

A House of Sugar

As Charles Templeton Crocker has not a very subtle wit the probability is that he had no thought of irony when he ordered the table decorations at a dinner which he gave in New York the other night. His guests were the Russian Ambassador, George Bakhmeteff and Mme. Bakhmeteff and Mr. and Mrs. Gus Spreckels. In the centre of the table was a sugar model of the home which Mr. Crocker is building at Burlingame. It is called an Italian villa, I believe, but it is more like a French chateau. But whatever the style of architecture, fancy, after what has happened, reproducing the structure in sugar. Mrs. Crocker's father and her uncle Richard Ivers have had a lot of experience in sugar, some of which Gus Spreckels had a hand in giving them, as he was one of the leading advocates of the reduction in the tariff on sugar. Hawaiian sugar took a big drop not long ago, and from all accounts it occasioned lamentations in the Irwin home. Was the sugar house a tribute to Gus Spreckels or by way of a delicate allusion to recent events in the stock market?

Brains Rampant at the Philomath

Certain members of the Philomath Club which is one of our intellectual women's clubs, were talking it over.

"If some of us only had the brains of those women!" sighed a prominent woman who shall be nameless.

"Ah, if we only had!" sighed the others in echoing chorus.

It was a tribute, a well deserved tribute, to the five charming women who had entertained the club that day. It had been newspaper day at the Philomath, and five newspaperwomen had made addresses. They were Miss Hazel Pedlar of the Examiner, Mrs. Genevieve Parkhurst of the Chronicle, Miss Mary Ashe Miller of the Call, Miss Frances Joliffe of the Bulletin and Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson of the Post. It was an aggregation of talent such as any club of bluestockings would be glad to entertain. The Philomath ladies had been completely charmed with the mental poise, the maturity of thought, the kindly understanding of life and the wit of expression which had enlivened the talks made by the five newspaperwomen. Lest some of the Philomath members decide to undertake newspaper work in order to be like these five intellectuals, let me hasten to inform the good ladies one and all that the quintet they entertained would have been conspicuous in any walk of life—they had unusual native ability when they started their present careers.

A Red-Haired Prince

People at the Cliff House the other night were wondering about the small red-haired man who danced with so much grace and enthusiasm. He was obviously interested in the crowd

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and closely watched the dancing before his own efforts in the one-step made him the center of interest. He looked foreign. He was. It might have lent a zest to the enjoyment of other dancers had they known they were doing the light fantastic so close as occasionally to bump into Prince Croy of Belgium. In appearance he's not at all one's idea of a Prince. Also when he talks he is far more like a clever man of affairs than a nobleman. However he is a clever man of affairs as well as a nobleman, and his visit to California is made in the interests of certain big business enterprises in his native land, in which it is said William Miller Graham is concerned. The Prince is both intellectual and charming. He was with a party of officers and ladies from the Presidio when he distinguished himself in the one-step at the Cliff House, and apparently had the time of his life. So did Count Robert de La Barre who was also in the party. Neither of these titled gentlemen cares a rap for society. They can't put their minds to it, though they were guests of honor at several smart dinners here, among them one given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and Mrs. Frank McComas gave a party for them in Monterey.

A Sought After Singer

Of all the artists at the Metropolitan none brings from Europe on her annual visits such an array of costly and beautiful gowns as Mme. Frances Alda. On her arrival in New York last month the value of her dresses, wraps, etc., was declared at the Customs House as ten thousand dollars. Some of these of course were for use on the stage, but the majority were for concert and ball room purposes, for Mme. Alda is the most sought after socially of all the artists. As the wife of Gatti-Cassazza, the managing director of our greatest opera house, she is invited to many of the smartest New York functions. Besides, her own personality is such that she makes a host of friends wherever she goes. There are many in this city who will remember the splendid concerts given in old Platts Hall by Mme. Simonsen, a truly great singer from Uraguay, and her gifted husband who was both a violinist and orchestral conductor of exceptional merit. These were the grandparents of Frances Alda. From here they went to Australia where they have ever since been identified with the musical history of the Antipodes.

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The Missing Head-Dress

The Monday night's audience at the Tivoli must have been a joy to the management and the artists. It pulsated with temperament. Society was creditably represented, especially by the music lovers among its members, and they came arrayed en regle whether because they had dined somewhere or were supping somewhere else or out of compliment to the opera, or because they always wear evening clothes anyway. Only there seemed to be a conspicuous absence of head-dresses. Someone has said that the splendor and importance of an occasion can be gauged by the women's head-dresses, and that even in the Metropolitan Opera House there are degrees of splendor in head-decorations. Puccini nights bring out the most splendid. So maybe our modish friends are keeping theirs in seclusion for the Chicago company.

The Doll Show

La poupee in her infinite variety will fill the Red Room of the St. Francis with all the colors of the rainbow next Thursday afternoon and evening. Such a bewildering array of dolls as will be shown on this occasion has never been seen outside the toyshops of Nuremberg. There will be lady dolls and baby dolls and dolls of all ages between, bride dolls and debutante dolls, haughty mondaine dolls and meek Quaker dolls, Chinese, Japanese and Turkish dolls, baseball dolls and Red Riding Hood dolls, dolls in hoops and dolls in slit skirts, a "Broncho Billy" doll given by Gilbert Anderson and a wonderful Indian doll in a papoose basket which was made by Dat-So-La-Lee, the Washoe Indian woman who is the greatest basket maker in the world. A wondrous Portola Queen doll will have her maids of honor and her court jester. All of the dolls to the number of three hundred were imported from Germany and dressed in this city, many of them by ladies whom you wouldn't suspect of the ability to sew so daintily. The doll show is for charity. The proceeds will be given to the Paulists of Old St. Mary's who sorely need the money for the improvement of their church. The doll show was organized by Mrs. Thomas S. Robinson who has the active co-operation of some of the most distinguished ladies of the city. That the Red Room will be thronged with fashionables next Thursday afternoon and evening goes without saying.

An Art Exhibition

An art exhibition that will excite much interest will be held in Sorosis Hall, 536 Sutter street next week. It will be under the direction of Mr. G. P. Piazzoni, and will comprise the best works of the painters and sculptors of the northern section of the State. It will serve to bring to the attention of people of culture and taste the achievements of a group of young men who are doing notable work.

The Portola Balls

It is confidently predicted that the Portola Ball this year will be a greater success than it was the last time. From present indications everybody who is anybody will be there. Lucky indeed will be the men who have the honor of dancing with the charming Miss Sepulveda, for of course all will want the Queen for a partner. The plans for the masked ball are nearly complete, and the committee promises a night of madcap merriment. It looks as though the social features of the Portola will attract the attention of our smartest and most exclusive aristocrats.

Tait's During the Portola

Now that the Portola celebration is drawing near San Francisco is taking on a gala attire. Soon her streets and buildings will be one maze of gorgeous and harmonious decorations. Soon will come within her portals hundreds of thousands of visitors, all filled with the festive spirit, with Bohemian abandon and carefree gaiety. The numerous cafes of the city are announcing special entertainment features during this historic celebration—the Tait-Zinkand cafe especially promising some rare and pleasing innovations. It seems that the management of this cafe is a master hand at striking the chord of popular fancy and the events promised for Portola week will no doubt be out of the ordinary.

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The Italian Opera Company

By Helen M. Bonnet

The Auditorium was crowded to Eddy street. That proved the new Dutch floor mounted still to efficacy. A long by Italian singers brought from real Italy to Frisco the atmosphere of the Italian theatre and them. They were greeted by applause also made atmospheric this expectancy of the night of the Romance opening. Lovers of melodrama of manoeuvres quarrels, battles and the conflict between vice and virtue. Lurk which here they for mystic symbolism. Searched on the sparkling air of Italy, they feel the beauties of romance music they make their members feel it—the music that feeds the mind and comforts the heart. Ah! it was good to see and to hear again a real Italian opera company from over the sea, a company robustly equipped with abounding health of body, vigor of intelligence, virility of voice, overflowing with the traditional Italian temperament and exhibiting the dear familiar operatic mannerisms that contribute to an evening's musical rapture. The opening opera was Aida in obedience to the unwritten law that with it we shall inaugurate each opera season. When an impresario gets the majestic wood off his mind he feels I fancy, quite equal to the task of presenting all the rest of his company's repertoire. The Western Metropolitan Opera Company gave a production of great beauty and merit. Vocally the cast was excellent, while dramatically and in appearance they compared favorably with the numerous companies that have preceded them. The mounting was extremely beautiful and free from mechanicalness. The lighting of the Isis in the Temple of Ptah scene and in the Nile scene was such as Strindberg dreamed of and desired. The full company in ensemble in the second act made a spectacle as dazzling as the colorful stage setting. Here the handsome chorus distinguished itself. Dazzlingly with the background of the splendid orchestra it brought out the brilliant colors with which Verdi was so lavish in the finale of this scene. Lucia Crestani sang Aida's music beautifully. She has a brilliant soprano voice and she sings artistically. Dramatically she seemed a rather spiritless Aida and her make-up was, to say the least, unattractive. She looked a cross between a Samoan woman and an American negress. Perhaps she has the right conception of an Ethiopian princess, but it is certainly not in accord with the ideal that her many predecessors in the role have given us. A somewhat more impressive personality is Fanny Anitua, who played Amneris. This lady has a strong mezzo-soprano voice with rather forced lower tones. Imposing in her manner and apparently with the instinct to command she took charge of the management of things during the acknowledgment of applause relegating the prima donna to second place. Montesanto sang Amonasro finely. Chiodo the Radames, is a good looking young tenor who made a fine impression. Needless to say that director Bellucci was stormily applauded and deserved the tribute. A word for the ballet. The dance by the little Moorish boys was excellent. Their little bodies moving in perfect unison, in their posturing they were like shifting cuneiform characters. The movements of the priestesses in their dance were conventionally classical and therefore graceful. This spectacle and dance was designed by Ida Wyatt, ballet mistress of the old Tivoli, who taught Gertrude Hoffman for five years and made clever dancers of Grace Field and Ann Tasker, who became star dancers in Eastern productions.

* * * * * * *

Tuesday night came the first sensation of the season—a joyous one to thrill all hearts, especially Italian hearts. The sensation was Luca Botta, a tenor with a glorious voice. Here is a young man to whom we may be pointing with the pride of discovery some day, for there are conquests ahead for him. He is young, looks almost boyish. From the first note the audience was hushed. The full worth of him was realized in the last act when in the grey of daybreak he sang the beautiful aria When the Stars Were Brightly Shining before the castle of St. Angelo. It was as though we heard again the divine tones of Caruso. The house went wild. Latin enthusiasm ran riot. The orchestra played on, but in vain. The prima donna came on in the midst of the din to go on with the act. But the audience would not be denied. One excited man stood up in the aisle and waved his hat. Director Belucci did not see, but he heard from all parts of the house, Bis! bis! and he surrendered. When it was all over we consulted our programs to see when Botta would sing again. Carmen Melis was the Tosca of the performance. Her voice is a beautiful, brilliant soprano. It was especially beautiful in the eagerly awaited prayer in the second act and in her duet with Mario in the third. She sang the dramatic music superbly. She is a handsome woman and an excellent actress. Modesti was a good Scarpia, his fine baritone winning him many admirers. This Italian company abounds in good material, and it ought to have a very successful season.

Gossip of the Theatre

Capital Nonsense

It is because the Orpheum occasionally furnishes a bill like the present one that I am especially grateful to the management. This week's bill is overflowing with sprightly nonsense that kindles the heart through laughter—unless it be the heart of a man who wouldn't blush if you pricked him. By-the-by nonsense. In lieu of the Spirit of Comedy nonsense goes a long way. Without it in these days of angry socialists armed with the cudgel and stern politicians swearing unmolested by their honor and no school of comedy to fly to for relief, no [illegible] to [illegible] what ails us, no [illegible] of thoughtful laughter to probe pretenses for what they are or to comfort us in our suffering by exposing the cause of it, nonsense is all we have to keep us from being mentally dull, outwardly grave and woefully tragic. So I welcome with all my heart E. J. Wynn & Co. in "The King's Jester." I laugh to see that jester's every efforts to save his own bacon by making the King laugh, and when on the way to execution he saves himself by thinking of a story not to be told out loud even in these days when verbal freedom is the only freedom permitted and obscenity is on every unbridled tongue. I laugh as heartily at anybody in the house. This is nonsense that approximates the Aristophanic comic. Let loose of coarse jokes. Also I welcome heartily the Langdons in their conceived absurdities and mechanical surprises, but no more so than Swor and Mack, who prove to me that the ridiculously comic spirit of the lamented Lulu Schoolcraft is still animating latter-day negro minstrelsy. In addition to all these purveyors of refreshing nonsense the Orpheum has Emily Darrell who does some good fooling, Charlotte Parry who contributes a splash of tragedy in a way that compels admiration of her versatility, and Lulu Glaser, not so long ago a queen of comic opera, famous for her long run on Broadway in Dolly Varden, and just as vivacious as ever, if she isn't quite so slender or so full of song.

Theodore Bonnet

GUIDO CASINI
Violoncellist with Music Viola at Scottish Rite Auditorium

The de Gogorza Concert

It would be difficult for Mr. Greenbaum to choose a more popular singer to open his concert season with than Emilio de Gogorza. Sunday Scottish Rite Hall was well filled by his admirers. Every time he comes their number increases. Apparently there is a preponderance of men among them. De Gogorza has the kind of voice that most men, I suppose, would love to have—if they loved to have any—a big resonant baritone. But in addition to voice de Gogorza has the art and understanding to express every shade of feeling. Sunday's program was made up by a master-mind. There were numbers to appeal not only to the lover of the classical but to those to whom refinement in popular compositions is grateful. In the Beethoven and Mozart numbers as well as in the later German composers the singer gave specimens of his unexcelled legato singing. In a Debussy number

(Mandoline) the lightness and the flexibility of his voice were as remarkable as that of any famous soprano. His dramatic interpretation of every song is delightful. But it was hard to appreciate him in "Sally In Our Alley," not because it was not the "Sally" we heard about, the "Sally" of the ministrel of tradition with the sustained top note, but because, perhaps, Mr. de Gogorza is too much of the Spanish grandee to enter into the spirit of the English apprentice. "Uncle Rome" is another song that is hardly suited either to the de Gogorza manner or the de Gogorza tongue. However, there is nothing too big, too dramatic, too difficult in a baritone's repertoire for him to sing with glory to himself and delight to the most captious critic. Another delicious music feast awaits those who will go to hear de Gogorza this Sunday.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

"Your Neighbor's Wife"

Elmer Harris went about the writing of this play in a leisurely fashion. He sauntered from situation to situation, pausing whenever the fancy took him, to insert more or less witty dialogue. He was in no hurry at any time. The result is that the play moves along at a very easy pace. Sometimes it stops to rest. Not that it is out of breath. How can a play that saunters get out of breath? Once in a while it quickens its pace, but not for long. Elmer Harris probably avoided speed because he didn't want to write a farce. Just why he didn't want to write a farce I don't know. Certainly he picked out a farcical situation. But he treated it in the manner of the most leisurely comedy. The laughs are comfortably distributed. There is no danger of one laugh choking another. This seems to show an unnecessary restraint. A more necessary restraint was shown in handling the situation on which "Your Neighbor's Wife" was based. There is nothing shocking in the play. All is quite proper. Your neighbor's wife won't blush if you take her to see it; neither will your own. Harris is fortunate in having Charles Ruggles in the principal part. Ruggles makes much of slender material. He is a capable mummer, and has definitely entered on his career. Kernan Cripps plays the other husband very well. The two wives are Louise Brownell and Alice Patek, and I set them down in the order of their merit. Lois Meredith and Jerome Storm have little parts, and Burt Wesner contributes one of his justly esteemed character etchings. But why the deuce didn't they let him play that other husband instead of Kernan Cripps? Perhaps because that would have brought the play closer to the farcical, something which Harris has been at great pains to avoid.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"The Candy Shop" at the New Gaiety

With chorus and comedy to suit any taste the much talked-of musical piece "The Candy Shop" will open at the New Gaiety Theatre in O'Farrell street this Saturday evening. It will be the opening of the new playhouse which has been constructed to house this organization, one of the biggest and highest priced that was ever put together. The management of the new theatre promises San Francisco theatre patrons more for one dollar than was ever given before. The cities visited by this company en route to dedicate the New Gaiety have declared "The Candy Shop" one of the best musical comedies, and none of the theatres in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Kansas City or Denver have been big enough to accommodate the throngs that were anxious to see it. Extra matinees had to be given in a number of places. The company includes such favorites as Rock and Fulton, Al. Shean, Tom Waters, Will Philbrick, Oscar Ragland, Franklyn Farnum, Gene Luneska, Catherine Hayes, Byrdine Zuber, Kitty Doner, Bessie Franklyn, Mazie Kimball and sixty singing and dancing associates comprising statuesque show girls, dainty "ponies," beautiful chorus girls and natty boys. "The Candy Shop" is in a class with Ziegfeld's Follies. It is in two acts, and they will be a revelation in scenic splendor and gowns, so it is promised. The first act is the candy shop, a veritable palace of sweets. In the second act we see first Coney Island and its thousands of delights. Then the action changes to the Panama Canal, a remarkable bit of scenic construction, and finally ends in a cabaret scene where the artists do their various stunts and the chorus disports itself.

De Gogorza Farewell

With a program including groups of French, German, Italian, Spanish and English songs and excerpts from three operas "The Indian Queen" (an almost forgotten work by Purcell), "Le Roi de Lahore" by Massenet and "The Barber of Seville," Emilio de Gogorza will give his final concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at half past two. Tickets may be had at the usual Greenbaum box offices and on Sunday at the hall after ten o'clock.

The Alda Concerts

The supporting artists who will appear with Mme. Alda are both of the rank that would cause a theatrical magnate to bill the attraction as an "all star combination," Gutia Casini, the young Russian 'cello virtuoso who shared the honors with Mme. Sembrich last season and that artist-accompanist and composer Frank La Forge will add greatly to the brilliancy of the Alda season. The first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, October 26, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Mme. Alda will render songs by Secchi, Purcell, Reichardt, Carey, Sibelius, Leo Blech, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, Georges Hue, Grieg, Cesar Franck and La Forge, many of which have never before been sung in concert in this city. The only operatic number on the list is the "Prayer" from "La Tosca" with violoncello obligato by Casini. The violoncello numbers will be the beautiful "Rococo Variations" by Tschaikowsky, Glazounow's "Chant du Menestrel" and a brilliant Piatti work. La Forge will play numbers by Chopin, Liszt and Dohnanyi. The second Alda concert with a complete change of program will be given Wednesday night, October 29, and a specially arranged farewell program with many novelties will be given Saturday matinee, November 1. So many requests have been received from out of

MME. ALDA

Metropolitan Opera House soprano, who appears at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon, October 26th, Wednesday night, October 29th, Saturday afternoon, November 1st.

town patrons for a Saturday performance that Manager Greenbaum has consented to give this special event. The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's next Wednesday morning and complete programs may be obtained there. Mail orders should be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum at either box office.

Harold Bauer

Harold Bauer, one of the few artists with a right to be called "master-pianist," is coming to this city, and Greenbaum announces a series of three recitals by him, the dates being Sunday afternoon, November 2, Thursday night, November 6 and Saturday afternoon, November 8. Special programs according to the demands of our local teachers and students are being prepared and will be shortly announced.

ROSALIND COGHLAN
The gifted young actress who will present "The Obstinate Miss Granger" next week at the Orpheum.

"The Count of Luxembourg"

Klaw & Erlanger's production of "The Count of Luxembourg," Franz Lehar's musical romance, will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night. Visitors to London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna last year returned home with glowing accounts of the popularity of this show. The original New York production will be seen in San Francisco. Lehar's music is said to be the most brilliant of his career. There are twenty musical numbers. The company numbers about one hundred people. In the cast are Mildred Elaine, George Leon Moore, Frank Moulan, Maude Gray, Fern Rogers, F. C. Jones, Edward Kirby, Paul Frenac, George Krugger, Helen Gilmore, Harold J. Rehill, and Fred Walton, the English pantomimist. The chorus is said to be excellently trained. A special orchestra of twenty-six is under the direction of Watty Hydes. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Mary Hampton at Empress

Sullivan & Considine will offer another big feature at the Empress next week when Francis Gerard, the heavyweight juggler and his funny assistant will appear. "Who Was He"? will be the added feature. It combines comedy, pathos and mystery. Mary Hampton who portrays the principal role was for several years a member of the Frohman forces and appeared with Faversham and Miller. Miss Corinne Rollins, a Californian, will make her vaudeville debut. She will sing songs written for her. An old-fashioned village choir will be a feature. George Schreck and Mabel Percival do acrobatic dancing, tumbling, contortions and pantomime. Miss Nina Payne will captivate with song and dance. Several other features and motion pictures complete this entertaining bill.

Portola Ball Game Today

There is to be a ball game today to raise money for the Portola Festival Committee. It will be as much a society as a sporting event. Well known women are on a committee which is working hard for the success of the game. Among them are Mrs. Wallace Bertholf, Mrs. E. C. Greenfield, Mrs. Dent H. Robert, Mrs. Charles S. Young, Mrs. Oscar Chopin, Mrs. McClue Kelly, Mrs. S. Brady, Mrs. W. A. Drennan, Miss Mildred Lomax, Miss Aileen Cade, Miss Helen Hamilton and Miss Elsie Booth. They are going to help on the grounds by selling flowers. The game will be the regular scheduled game between the Oakland and San Francisco clubs. The day will start with an auto parade up Market street; and before the contest there will be an athletic meet for the players of the two teams, for which special prizes will be awarded. A Portola cup will also be given the winning team. It will be a day of vaudeville, too, Clarence Kolb impersonating Doc. Frost on the field.

"Help Wanted" at Alcazar

By special arrangement with Oliver Morosco the Alcazar management is enabled to announce that its attraction next week will be Jack Lait's sensational play of today "Help Wanted" which has just finished a profitable six weeks' run in Los Angeles and will be presented on December 1 in the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York. Mr. Morosco who wants to have San Francisco's verdict on the play before submitting it to Broadway, is personally superintending the rehearsals and has expressed himself as more than satisfied with the cast which includes Charles Ruggles, Will R. Walling and Lillian Elliott (all specially engaged) and the best talent of the Alcazar's regular acting corps. "Help Wanted" treats of a phase of modern business life which is now engaging country-wide attention—the struggle of a young working girl to retain her self-respect while beset by an unscrupulous employer. Regardless of what degree of success "Help Wanted" may achieve, it can be retained only one week, owing to the short time until its New York opening and the fact that Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell will open their annual starring season at the Alcazar on Monday night, October 27.

Lambs' Skit at Orpheum

Hassard Short's "Dance Reveries" will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. It scored the greatest hit of an all-star Lambs' Gambol bill. The Dreamer will be played by Cort Albert who is supported by six fascinating

GEORGE LEON MOORE AS "THE COUNT" AND SHOW GIRLS
In Klaw & Erlanger's production "The Count of Luxembourg" at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, October 20th

girls. Nellie V. Nichols, the favorite singing comedienne will introduce a number of new songs and stories. One of the funniest and most successful singing and conversational acts of the season is "The Wrong Hero" which will be presented by the popular song writers Keller Mack and Frank Orth. The Athletas are four graceful and beautiful girls who give an exhibition of gymnastics. Rosalind Coghlan, daughter of Rose Coghlan, will appear in "The Obstinate Miss Granger" by Edgar Allan Woolf. She will be supported by Robert Pitman. Next week will be the last of Swor and Mack and Kluting's Entertainers. It will also conclude the engagement of Lulu Glaser in her musical play "First Love."

Second Week of Opera

The Western Metropolitan Opera Company continues sucessfully at the Tivoli. This Saturday afternoon "La Tosca" with Carmen Melis and Luca Botta will be sung for the last time. Tonight "Aida" will be given. Tomorrow evening Bizet's "Carmen" will again be given. The second week of the season is full of promise. On Monday and Saturday nights and at the Thursday matinee Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly" will be presented with Carmen Melis as Cho-Cho-San, a role that she has sung with great success. Luca Botta will be Lieutenant Pinkerton and the remainder of the cast will be strong. "Il Trovatore" will be sung on Tuesday and Friday evenings, with George Mascal as the Count di Luna, Umberto Chiodo as Manrico, Lucia Crestani as Leonora, and Fanny Anitua as Azucena. On Wednesday evening Ruggiero Leoncavallo will direct the orchestra for his own opera "I Pagliacci," which will be repeated Thursday and Sunday evenings and at the Saturday matinee. The cast will include Luigi Montesanto, Maria Mosciska and Pietro Schiavazzi. Leoncavallo will also conduct a number of his symphonic compositions on these occasions.

The Symphony Orchestra

Next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock the first concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's 1913-1914 season will take place at the Cort. The Musical Association of San Francisco, comprised of three hundred public spirited citizens, has left nothing undone to make this season memorable. The orchestra has been augmented, the best musicians obtainable have been engaged, the

(Continued on Page 21.)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—European stock markets began to feel the effects of tighter money in London following the rise to 5 per cent in the Bank of England's discount rate. The passage of the tariff bill, the poor August earnings of the St. Paul system and talk of Federal interference with plans to pay an extra dividend to Union Pacific shareholders furnished the bears with amunition, and the general list declined. Steel common was the weakest of the big stocks and sold at its lowest level on this decline. Traders who specialize in Harriman stocks and bonds find it hard work to keep track of the various issues. Union Pacific was weak because the extra dividend looks further away. The reports of August earnings of the St. Paul system was the off-told story of little change in gross and a big decrease in net earnings. Northern Pacific did somewhat better, but only in degree, for the general tenor of its report was to the same effect. As the rush of harvest work was unusually heavy last August throughout the Northwest, it is too soon to judge of the results to traffic and general business that will follow a good spring wheat harvest combined with a new tariff bill. Canadian Pacific was relatively strong early in the week but the advance was lost and the stock broke badly later in the week. The Canadian Northwest has nothing to lose on account of tariff changes in this country. London was weaker than New York and some foreign investment bonds acted badly. Five bank failures in British India added to the uneasiness. The collapse of the boom in copper shares made the whole group weak on both side of the Atlantic. Sentiment has become bearish and traders look for lower prices all around. Money was unchanged and the demand for stock exchange loans was light.

Wheat—Conditions similar to those that have prevailed the past week were again in evidence this week. There is little doubt that the final passage of the tariff bill had a depressing effect on values of about everything in this country, subject to a quick change of feeling or sentiment. This country is still protected by a 10 cents countervailing duty and the wheat sold because of the final action on the tariff bill will have to be bought back before many days. Total receipts this side of Canada show lighter than the previous week. This is a hint as to what the trade may expect next week as a result of the much lighter offerings from first hands last week at spring wheat shipping points. Already there is a lot of grumbling about weather conditions in Argentine provinces. It will take but a few positive reports from that quarter about damage of any kind to the growing crop to turn prices higher in our market. If such news should come at the time when there is a drop in the Northwestern receipts, which is now due, the combined influence would give us a broad bull market in which the public as well as the local trade will take a hand. It will be well to bear in mind that wheat is in a different position than the coarse grains. Wheat prices are now at the lowest point of the year and far below normal. They have been forced down by speculative selling, not hedging sales. Wheat bought around these low levels should show good returns as there is everything that could send it up from here and very little that could cause any further decline.

Corn—There was a hopeless heaviness in corn futures early in the week, but the trade got oversold and a good rally followed only to lose the advance again at the close of the week. The talk of Argentine corn moving to our ports was the principal factor although the demand for cash corn not only at Chicago but at all primary markets has been very slow and showed a declining tendency. The weather too was favorable for shipping and curing of the new corn and in the absence of any country orders and no aggressive support from the bull leaders the market was allowed to slip. The country may be heard of soon and refuse to sell the actual stuff at this level but it will take some bull news to offset the present bearish feeling. We look for much lower prices for this commodity.

Cotton—The cotton market was at times strong and weak but finally finished the week at the lowest level since the recent advance. Heavy rain early in the week in Texas and Oklahoma gave the bulls a chance to advance prices and as Liverpool seemed to be inclined to advance there was no trouble in putting the market up. Later in the week Liverpool reported labor troubles at Manchester and said that business was not as good as it might be and that there was some cancellation of orders from the far east. The weather too took a sudden change for the better and the market soon lost all of its snap and prices broke badly at the close of the week. Port receipts for the week have been quite large considering the wet weather generally in the belt and it shows that farmers are willing to accept present prices. Reports from the eastern part of the belt tell of a more favorable outlook and farmers are rushing their cotton to market. Texas and Oklahoma are still sending in unfavaroble reports due to the heavy rains and there is also some complaint of insect damage. The general feeling, however, seems to be that the crop will turn out much larger than was thought possible some weeks ago. Already some of the expert statisticians are raising their estimates and those that were predicting only 13 million bale crop are now talking from 14 to 14 1-2 million bales if frost holds off another ten days. One of the leading houses in the trade was out with an estimate of 15 3-4 million bales but this was considered a joke and very little attention was paid to it. The market has had a good advance and it is only natural to expect a fair sized decline, especially if the weather remains favorable and as long as receipts continue so large there is no inducement to put the market up in face of so large offerings from first hands. If the crop is only 14 million bales or less it will mean ultimately higher prices as our consumption is now nearer 15 million bales than 14 million and holders can demand fair prices. We look for some recession from present levels but believe cotton can be bought on a scale down for an investment.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS EMANUEL GUTTE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Henry W. Gutte, at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, and Messrs. Loewy & Loewy, Rooms 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, deceased.

HENRY W. GUTTE,
Administrator of the Estate of Julius Emanuel Gutte, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 20, 1913.
GEO. F. HATTON, HARTLEY F. PEART,
LOEWY & LOEWY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-5

Mr. Property Owner

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Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
Number of Depositors	52,134

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

success too. So he stuck to the name. And it has certainly stuck to him.

Gilbert Anderson writes one "Broncho Billy" scenario and takes part in the making of one "Broncho Billy" picture every week over at Niles. Essanay makes three pictures a week there, but Anderson doesn't appear in the other two. He's too busy. He's going into the regular theatrical business. Pretty soon a company headed by our old friends Rock and Fulton will open in Anderson's new theatre in O'Farrell street. I asked him why he ventured his money in a theatre.

"I like to gamble," he said, "and I think I'm going to win. But if I fail I shall never try the theatrical business again. I'll devote myself exclusively to the film drama. For five years at least. Why for five years? Well, the film people are beginning to cater to the classes instead of the masses, and perhaps in five years it won't be the business it is now. Not for me anyway. I can't invent pictures for the highbrows."

Ladies and gentlemen, is it not wonderful? "Broncho Billy" is not only the unlynched monster of the plains and the uncanonized saint of the wild and wooly range, but he is also a modest millionaire!

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

greatest soloists have been secured. The conductor has made public his entire ten programs and they contain works of great importance. Many composers about whom the music lovers of Europe are excited at present, as well as those of the great masters will be found on this season's programs. The Board of Governors consisting of Dr. A. Barkan, E. D. Beylard, Antoine Borel, W. B. Bourn, J. W. Byrne, C. H. Crocker, Wm. H. Crocker, E. P. Deering, J. D. Grant, Frank W. Griffin, E. S. Heller, I. W. Hellman Jr., A. C. Kains, J. B. Levison, John D. McKee, Joseph D. Redding, John Rothschild, Dr. Grant Selfridge, Leon Sloss, Sigmund Stern, Dr. Stanley Stillman, R. M. Tobin, now asks the public, including guarantors, subscribers, casual patrons of the orchestra and those not yet awakened to the fact that their aid is appreciated, to co-operate by purchasing season tickets. For the greater convenience of those who have not purchased season tickets, the box offices at Sherman, Clay and Company will continue to sell season tickets until Thursday, October 23. The sale of single seats for the first concert will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay and Company.

Faversham at Cort

William Faversham's spectacular performance of "Julius Caesar" which is to be the attraction at the Cort beginning Monday, is a most complete production. It is massive. Three baggage cars carry the scenery. The scenery was designed and executed in the studio of Joseph Harker of London, one of the foremost living scenic artists. The designs and coloring are reproductions of colored sketches by the late Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. The costumes which are beautiful and historically accurate, were made by Simmons and Company of London. They were designed by Sir Alma-Tadema and Norman Wilkinson. The incidental music was composed for the production by S. Coleridge Taylor and Christopher Wilson. It is said to be a splendid company which Faversham has gathered. He plays Marc Anthony. Associated with him is Miss Constance Collier, the English actress who will play Portia, and Mr. R. D. MacLean who will be seen as Brutus. Others are Jane Wheatley, Arthur Elliot, Ernest Rowan and Thomas Tracy. "The Bird of Paradise" follows.

Miss McCargar in Matinee

Miss Dorothy McCargar, a lyric soprano, will be the soloist at the Kohler & Chase Matinee of Music this Saturday. She has appeared with much success in a number of musical events. She will show her mastery of the romantic by singing works by Arne and Gounod. A novel feature will be introduced at this matinee. Two numbers will be given on the Victor Victrola. These will be Schubert-Wilhelmj's Ave Maria played by Mischa Elman, and the Vesta la giuba aria from Pagliacci sung by Caruso. There will be instrumental selections interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano.

Howling Dervishes at Pantages

A troupe of twelve howling Dervishes styling themselves the Abou Ameen Hamid company will be the principal drawing card at Pantages next week. They do pyramid building, gun spinning and tumbling. Harold Holland will make his entry as a vaudeville star in a breezy Western playlet "The Earl and the Maid." A genuine dancing novelty will be presented by Miss Pony Moore, Dancing Davey and pretty Fifi. The act is different. "The Indian Rustler" is the title of a drama presented by Josa Meleno and company. Anderson and Goines are burnt cork comedians. Two society girls hiding their identity under the billing of "a study in black and white" will present a singing specialty elaborately gowned. The DeVoce Trio are aerial gymnasts.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Colonel D. S. Dorn, the well known attorney, is out of the hospital after a serious illness of three months and is convalescing at his home in Menlo Park.

Members of the Ophite Club entertained a number of their friends at an informal gathering Thursday evening in the banquet room of the Palace Hotel. Several members came up from Santa Barbara for the occacsion.

Recent guests at Paso Robles included the following: Sydney Hillgard and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mahoney, Lloyd Tevis, William S. Tevis Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Scott, Peter Tognazzini and party, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Lewis, Mayor James Rolph Jr., Matt I. Sullivan, Eustace Cullinan, Theodore J. Roche, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Eberhardt, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Gage and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Winslow, accompanied by Miss Bernice Brandt of San Francisco, are making a week's visit at Pacific Grove and are taking advantage of the delightful weather to keep out of doors. Mrs. M. A. Barber with her daughters Miss A. M. and Miss E. J. Barber and Mrs. M. A. Gerevan of San Francisco are out every day in their car on the different drives. Mrs. M. K. Delton of Oakland is there with her architect arranging to begin work at once on her new home

(Continued on Page 23.)

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

The distinguished actor-manager, who will be seen as Marc Antony in his spectacular production of "Julius Caesar" at the Cort Theatre beginning Monday night, October 20.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,935, N. S., Probate; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the petition this day presented by ANNA D. SCHMITZ, administratrix of the estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, deceased, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, that it is necessary that such real estate should be sold for the reasons and purposes specified in said petition:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said decedent and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 11th day of November, 1913, at 10 a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, in the City Hall, Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate, either at public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge to be most beneficial for the estate.

And, it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 7, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

tum SULLIVAN & tum SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Petitioner, 20 Westen Mutual Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-11-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7,105, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Charles G. Lyman, executor of the last will and testament of Charlotte F. Clarke, deceased,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall on the southerly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of October, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have why an order of this Court should not be made authorizing and directing said Charles G. Lyman to make, execute and deliver a promissory note or notes for the sum of forty-two thousand (42,000) dollars, and a mortgage or mortgages to secure the payment of said note or notes of some or all of the following described real property situate, lying and being in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

PARCEL ONE:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Pine Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet and five (5) inches westerly from the westerly line of Polk Street; running thence westerly along said southerly line of Pine Street fifty (50) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles easterly and along the southerly line of Austin Avenue fifty (50) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the southerly line of Pine Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of Western Addition Block No. 460.

PARCEL TWO:

COMMENCING at the point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Post Street with the westerly line of Taylor Street; running thence southerly and along said westerly line of Taylor Street seventy (70) feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with the southerly line of Adelaide Place forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at right angles northerly seventy (70) feet to the southerly line of Post Street; thence at right angles easterly and along the said southerly line of Post Street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches to the westerly line of Taylor Street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 252.

PARCEL THREE:

COMMENCING at a point formed by the intersection of the southerly line of California Street with the easterly line of Dupont Street running thence southerly and along the said easterly line of Dupont Street fifty-eight (58) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northerly fifty-eight (58) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly and along said southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Dupont Street and the point of commencement.

Being a part of Fifty Vara Block No. 116.

Reference is made to the records of the Tax Office for further particulars.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

Dated, September 17, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Executor, Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-20-5

Office Phone: Kearny 711
Residence Phone: Franklin 277
Residence: Marquette Apts., 965 Geary St.

Julius Calmann

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CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7,164; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH TOMPKINS, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to: CLARENCE W. TOMPKINS, as Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Tompkins, Deceased, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Tuesday, the 21st day of October, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why your Letters of Administration issued in the above entitled proceeding should not be revoked on the ground that you have wrongfully neglected the Estate of said Sarah Tompkins, Deceased, and on the ground that you have long neglected to perform any act as such Administrator, and have failed to perform the duties as such Administrator.

BY ORDER of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WM. F. SAWYER, Atty. at Law,
MacDonough Bldg., 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-27-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,636; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of THOMAS A. CLARK, MARY B. CLARK, and KATHLEEN CLARK, Minors.

Mary A. Clark, guardian of the persons and estates of Thomas A. Clark, Mary B. Clark and Kathleen Clark, minors, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell all of the right, title, interest and estate of said minors in and to certain real property particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court therefrom that it is necesssary and that it would be beneficial to said minors that all of their right, title, interest and estate in and to said real property should be sold for the reasons and purposes mentioned in said petition,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said minors and all persons interested in the estates of said minors be and appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the temporary City Hall Building, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 30th day of October, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said guardian for the sale of all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors in and to said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, September 30th, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Guardian,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., 785 Market St.,
Rooms 1108-1118, San Francisco, Cal. 10-4-4

Daddy's Birthday

Did you ever 'spect to see,
My Daddy Dear,
Such a booful cake from me
As this one here?
For every bit I mixed
An' stirred till it was fixed
An' frosted till it stixed
For Daddy Dear!

An' if you'll never breave it,
Daddy Dear,
I'll tell you what is in it,
If you'll hear,—
Rolled oats an' egg an' butter,
An' lard an' salt an' pepper,
Some chocolate an' water,—
Daddy Dear!

Then to make it extra nice
For Daddy Dear,
Some vanilla and allspice
An'—never fear,—
Your own best bakin' powder,
Wiv cinnamon an' sugar
An' heaps of love for filler,—
My Daddy Dear!

P'raps it will not be so good,
Daddy Dear,
As it re'ly ought to should,—
For it's queer,—
Mother 'sisted she must bake
An' so 'taint every bit my make,
But anyway it is your cake,
Daddy Dear!

Candles on it, mor'n I can tell,
My Daddy Dear,
'Spress the love I cannot spell
For Daddy Dear,
But I wish it was all kisses
Mixed only wiv good wishes,
Which is truly just what this is,—
Betty's Daddy Dear!

—"Bostwick"

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IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

(Continued on Page 21.)

to be built in Hillcrest, the attractive addition to Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hull (Margaret Anglin) arrived at Hotel del Coronado early in the week. Other members of Miss Anglin's company registering were Mrs. Ruth Holt Boucicault, Miss J. E. Wollersen, Miss Marjorie Card and Mrs. C. H. Riegel. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hindey of San Francisco spent several days during the past week. Mrs. W. A. Ross, Mrs. C. J. Owen and Miss G. Owen are registered from San Francisco. Mr. Frank Baum, the composer of "The Wizzard of Oz," is a guest accompanied by Mrs. Baum and his son Robert. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton arrived on Monday on the yacht "Venetia." Mr. Hamilton comes for the hunting season. Mr. William Ramsay Heberhart, the "host" at Coronado arrived in San Francisco on Thursday and is at the St. Francis where he will spend two or three weeks.

Mr. John Ohmeis of New York arrived at Del Monte on Thursday with a party of twenty in his private car. Immediately upon their arrival they motored around the Seventeen Mile Drive and other boulevards after which they enjoyed luncheon at Pebble Beach Lodge. Miss Hazel King, Miss Hammond, Mr. Frank King and Mr. Scrutton arrived on Saturday evening for a week-end of golf. Mr. Carlton T. Chapman, the marine artist of New York, accompanied by Mrs. Chapman, has been spending a few days. They were entertained at a dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge by Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ritschell, who are living in a beautiful bungalow some miles below Point Lobos, Mr. Sammann, a well known New York artist who is now occupying his attractive new home near Pebble Beach Lodge, and Mrs. and Miss Sammann, Miss Blanche, the curator of the Del Monte Art Gallery, and Miss A. D. Ames. Mr. S. G. Buckbee returned to his home in San Francisco on Saturday with his daughter and niece after spending two delightful weeks. Some of those who arrived for the week-end were: Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Moore of San Francisco, Mr. Roy Ryone of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Henderson of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hudson of Bradford, England, and Mr. W. L. Webb of Melbourne, Australia.

Letters

A Good Detective Story

Arthur Hornblow has made a book out of the play written by Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins with the collaboration of Detective William J. Burns, so that at the outset the reader is called upon to decide whether it will prove a case of too many cooks and spoiled broth or many hands and light work. "The Argyle Case" ought to make a good acting play, for events move rapidly, there is not too much talk, the mystery is well shrouded from the other participants in the events which lead up to the climax, and there are sensations and clever moves enough to satisfy the most insatiate admirers of detective literature. John Argyle, a millionaire banker, was found one morning murdered in the library of his New York home. He had an only son with whom he was constantly quarreling most bitterly, and shortly before his death he was known to have made a new will disinheriting Bruce and leaving the bulk of his fortune to an adopted daughter. On the night before his death, after a reconciliation, the son had dined in the house and as far as any one appeared to know, had left early on excellent terms with Argyle who had again changed his mind and decided to reinstate the son as heir to his fortune. Like all successful men, Argyle had enemies but none known to be active or bitter enough to kill him. The servants were old employees without grievances and no stranger was known to have been about the premises. No one heard any unusual noise, though there was evidence of a severe struggle, and in the absence of any better or other motive for the crime the police had settled down to two theories, either that Mary Masuret, the adopted daughter, knowing that Argyle intended to make another will, killed him in order to secure the probating of the document by which she would profit, or that Bruce Argyle had quarreled again with his father and either murdered him before leaving the premises or returned for that purpose after he had left the house. Of this particular kind of play or story, "The Argyle Case" is amongst the best, frankly melodramatic, without preachment, and best of all, without any sloppy sentimentality on the sex question. From Harpers.

"Amanda of the Mill"

When Marie Van Vorst's "Amanda of the Mill" was published serially some years ago it attracted a full meed of attention as a study of child labor. Today there is a newer fad engaging the attention of the philanthropic reformers and it will probably be viewed from the angle of the overworked and underpaid girl employee and her trials and temptations. Miss Van Vorst was one of that early band of personal investigators who sampled conditions for themselves and in describing the work in the cotton mills she speaks of what she knows, for she spent considerable time amongst the cotton spinners, sharing their lives and their labors, and while there is no question about the hardship of their long hours, monotonous work and poor pay, it must still be borne in mind that the comparison to be instituted is not between them and the favored children of fortune but between them as mill hands and any other position open to them. Also it is to be remembered that it is not that vague and ill-defined body called "society" which "hunts" miserable little children to all-night work, but their own parents, and that in the matter of food, clothing, housing and sanitation the mill hands in the villages are no whit worse off than they are in their mountain cabins before they listen to the lure of the overseer. Their morals, at best, are but rudimentary. As to the white-slavery slant, it has become the fashion to allude to every possible breach of the Seventh Commandment, under any circumstances whatever, as an instance of female innocence and unprotectedness at the mercy of the predacious male, but Amanda's strongest temptation came to her not as a downtrodden girl but after she acquired wealth, education and all that go with them. The depiction of the hard and sordid lives of the mill hands is much more convincing than the lights and shadows of the romantic hero and heroine, but despite that, there is more in "Amanda of the Mill" than is to be found in half a score of the novels of the day. From Bobbs Merrill.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
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In The Same Old Way

The Grand Jury has been investigating the Board of Public Works just as it used to investigate the office of the Superintendent of Streets in the mad, glad days of the bad political boss, and precisely as in those days it finds that the poor property owner is the prey of the crooked street contractor with the acquiescence, if not the connivance, of the protector of the public interests. This is somewhat staggering news—not to us but to that rapt idolator, the man in the street. How disquieting to him to learn that they are doing things as of old under a nice, clean business administration! Poor silly fool, what a lot he has to learn! For him there is to be a rude awakening. Some day he will understand why it is that reform comes high. His lesson is now in course of preparation. Too bad that we haven't a grand jury with sufficient zeal to examine some of the big things that have been done of late. It would be worth while to take up the Hetch-Hetchy enterprise and write a history of it down to date. It would be a thriller.

'Rah for Taxes

The assessment roll shows that the value of the assessable property of San Francisco has increased $19,037,265 since last year. It is said that these figures "tell the story of San Francisco's strides toward a permanent prosperity." These figures then, are excellent fiction, but let us hope that the truth may be stranger. As a matter of fact the average assessment roll abounds in romance. Figures never lie so plausibly as in the hands of an assessor. Let it not be supposed that we are less optimistic than our worthy Mayor who points with pride to the assessment roll as evidence that San Francisco "is going ahead by leaps and bounds." The Mayor's optimism, though the fruit of a state of mind cultivated under glass is justified. Only in this instance it has taken the wrong cue. San Francisco is indeed going ahead— in despite the assessment roll and all that it really betokens. Nothing can stop San Francisco. The time is coming when we shall not have to invoke the shade of Portola or of Balboa to quicken the pulse of our jaded community. Indeed the time will doubtless come when the assessment roll will really reflect the prosperity of the city. For in time actual values will catch up with assessed values; unless, of course, we continue to pile up the bonded debt for the greater glory of optimistic public servants. Were we at all pyrrhonic we might dread that very contingency, observing as we do that as a result of years of extravagance in New York assessed values are in excess of actual values. The people of New York are only now awakening to the horrible anomaly, and economy is the issue of the present mayoralty campaign. Who knows but that we may continue indefinitely to be lulled by the optimism of a Rolph who rejoices that taxes are higher and exults over a big assessment roll.

A Touch of Spanish Irony

King Alfonso having proposed that he and his people should join with the people of California in restoring and maintaining the old missions, reminds an Examiner writer of "the best traditions of the old Spanish courtesy and chivalry." At the same time curiously enough King Alfonso reminds us of the very best quality of Spanish irony as made somewhat familiar by the subtle pen of Cervantes. The Spanish are notable for their irony. This is probably because of their courtesy. When a Spaniard meets a person whom he regards as an ass he does not say so point-blank; he implies it in the politest terms he can invent. The Spaniard is an adept in the art of insinuating galling satire under the phraseology of panegyric. He delights in placing his victim on a bed of briers thinly covered with rose leaves. Now this is what the smiling and courteous Alfonso appears to be doing to us, the bumptious, self-satisfied people of one of the rich and prosperous United States. He has learned that here in the great, progressive and enlightened State that onced belonged to Spain, certain monuments of a storied and romantic past are falling into decay from lack of a sentiment on which all highly civilized peoples pride themselves. Doubtless he feels we should be ashamed of ourselves. Of one thing he is certain,—we'd not be sensible of the reproach did he propose to take a hand in preserving our monuments, putting our house in order, as it were. Indeed we are not so sensitive; for though we relish slapstick, knock-about farce, subtle Spanish irony is certain to go over our head. Alfonso more than got away with it. The Examiner in all seriousnesness pats the King patronizingly on the back, and tells him he's a good fellow in thus showing that he cherishes no hard feelings. We hear the raucous laughter of the gods in the background.

The Study of Music

Now that the symphony concert season is on there is no lack of good music hereabouts. What with grand opera, orchestral concerts and the performances each week of eminent soloists, vocal and instrumental, there is good music galore for everybody with the price. San Francisco is a favored city in this respect. Through the years it has had more than its share of good music. In no other American city have the plain people been so fortunate, for elsewhere opera comes high. No Tetrazzini ever sang to the masses in New York. Italian opera at popular prices is a luxury little known in this country outside of San Francisco. A great deal has been done for the musical education of the plain people hereabouts, but we wonder whether the plain people have availed themselves of their opportunities to the utmost. Where are the young folks that study music? Few are to be seen at the opera or at any of the concerts. But the city is full of them, as is evident from the number of our music teachers. Apparently there are parents in San Francisco with the old-fashioned idea that music is merely a decorative art like what is known as "fancy work," and that it may be acquired as any other accomplishment by a certain amount of practice. How many young ladies have been educated (?) in music! And as a consequence what a vast lot of ignorance of music has been spread over the surface of the earth! A great deal of money has been wasted on "music lessons" on the theory that the end of a musical education is some degree of technical skill. Without a genuine feeling for an art there is little to be gained in pursuing the study of it. Now a feeling for music is to be cultivated not by pounding a piano or scratching a fiddle but by steeping the soul in good music, and much is to be gained in the direction of technical proficiency by observing the methods of great artists. It is both for the purpose of observation and for the atmosphere and culture conducive to feeling that students of music are sent to Europe. But it is by no means necessary for a resident of San Francisco to go abroad to cultivate a taste or feeling for music.

A Great Calumny

"I think I do not exaggerate," Senator O'Gorman is reported as saying, "when I say that not a single member of this committee (Banking and Currency)—not a single member—favors the passage of this bill as it stands." Also it is reported that President Wilson does not despair of inducing Senator O'Gorman to vote for the bill. According to a despatch from Washington if Senator O'Gorman will consent to take orders from the White House with regard to his voice and vote on the currency bill he will be permitted to name the man to succeed John Mitchel as Collector of New York. In other words it is openly reported that the President of the United States stands ready to offer a bribe to a Senator of the United States. This is the coarse, brutal way of describing a transac-

tion said to be in contemplation, but it is in nowise inaccurate. A Senator who surrenders his convictions for patronage is just as corrupt as a Senator who sells his vote for hard cash. Morally there is no distinction. And when the bribe-giver is the President of the United States he is a much greater scoundrel than any corporation hireling who seduces a public servant no matter how exalted. The story from Washington is therefore incredible. But though we regard it as an egregious calumny it is not that we are unaware that the scruples of officialdom are exceedingly pliable. It is one of the portentous signs of the times that whilst it is generally believed that votes are sold for patronage in Washington nobody appears to care.

A Fifty Million Pound Union

Whenever one of our demagogic reformers proposes something new in legislation, whether it be for the general uplift or for the benefit of organized labor, he thinks it a sufficient answer to all objection thereto that "something similar has been done in England." We have been following English example a long time. Perhaps we may continue to follow it. The very latest example set in England is the example of employers. Having grown tired of submitting to the dictates of organized labor, they have organized to resist unionism and to get a square deal from the government. The United Kingdom Employers' Defence Union which came into existence the other day, has for its avowed policy the protection and encouragement of free labor and free employers against the endeavors of Trade Unionism to organize for collective bargaining in the several trades. The employers of England have come to see that there is no hope for them unless they are able to call a halt on unionism, and they have decided to make a fight to a finish. To that end they have raised a fund of fifty million pounds. The newspapers of course question the wisdom of their policy, for even the newspapers of England play to the union gallery. But the employers of the British isles know their business, and having learned a lot from experience they are not to be guided by the press. The Defence Union has taken for one of its chief objects the amendment of the Trades Disputes Acts in respect to boycotting and peaceful picketing; and also it is resolved to compel the fulfilment of all trade agreements. It will be interesting and instructive to watch the titanic struggle about to ensue between organized employers and organized labor in the British isles, and as we have found much to inspire us in British conduct of late there should be no objection to borrowing a leaf from the book of history about to be written. Perhaps there is more to be learned of solid worth from this struggle than from the federal commission which has been appointed to find out the cause of industrial warfare. This we say notwithstanding that we are aware that one of the members of the federal commission is that tremendous intellectual giant from the bargain counter and the Governor's staff, Colonel Harris Weinstock.

A Propaganda Against Child-Birth

Now it's the problem of limiting child-birth, of discouraging the nest-making habit, that absorbs the attention of sociologists and all their kith and kidney of the esoteric inner-circle. It is the very latest question brulante, as the French say. Norman Hapgood and Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont, shining exponents of first-aid to Providence, have taken it up with enthusiasm and endorsed a drama, "The Guilty Man," which deals with the problem with a maximum of earnestness and a minimum of obscenity. Nowadays the supposition is we go to the theatre to be disturbed, and whatever is wrong with the world must be shown upon the stage, and the play is the instrument for altering the scheme of creation in accordance with new ideas notable for their antiquity. Our contemporary malthusians are terribly worried about excessive child-birth, and are for removing penal and other restrictions designed to prevent mothers and physicians from retarding the growth of population. Which reminds us that Spencer once remarked that when an evil is very great it attracts little or no attention, but that when from any cause it is greatly diminished there comes a demand that strong measures be taken for its extinction. This truth is illustrated by the agitation for limitation of child-birth; not that the propagation of the species is an evil, but that it is an industry which has ceased to be carried on with vigor. It seems but the other day that Colonel Roosevelt was galloping over the country like Paul Revere begging women to rise up and get busy and bear children. The Colonel was in a panic at the prospect of a vanishing race, and all the pulpits were ringing with exhortations to the fertile to fructify. A great deal of lung power was employed in that campaign, but to no avail. Sex-patriotism remained dormant. There has been no perceptible increase in the birth-rate. But in view of what Norman and Ella and the rest of our half-witted sociologists are clamoring for you'd think that babies were swarming over the country like grasshoppers in Kansas. These agitators are terribly concerned about the ignorance and fructiferousness of married folks. They sympathize with poor mothers who either don't know that the vices have become the fashionable moralties of the moment or who aren't familiar with the means of limiting their offspring. Therefore they would spread knowledge and take restrictions off doctors, and thus make it generally easier for all women married or unmarried. Meanwhile the indications are that women all over the world, even the most benighted haven't much to learn either from Norman or Ella. Comparative statistics show that the birth-rate in every European State great and small, with the exception of Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria, has definitely entered an era of decline. In England, significantly enough, the greatest decline is taking place not in London and the county boroughs, but in the smaller urban districts. Not in society alone are women sophisticated.

Hiram Coy But Ready

Our Excellency of Sacramento is off to a commonwealth of the Atlantic seaboard to fight another battle for the Lord; in other words, to wrestle with the heathen like a missionary bishop. California being an altruistic State, in every way worthy of her native son, lends him gladly and proudly. But what is this we hear that puts our ears on edge, our hearts in suspense, touching the immediate future? Before leaving us Hiram had himself interviewed for the Faithful, and his utterances were somewhat cryptic. In December, he said, the Progressive leaders will meet, and they will determine as to whether he shall be a candidate. A candidate for what? At a time when California is in the sorest need of great thinkers, great economists, great uplifters, is she to lose Hiram? Not by a jugful! For the moment we were on the point of being carried away by one of those theatrical devices which have become essential to the success of every political drama in this highly seasoned Roosevelt era. We know the tongue of the just is as choice silver, but occasionally Hiram's has the ring of a plugged quarter. There is really naught to fear. The Progressive leaders will demand our Excellency's sacrifice of himself on the altar of public service. Hiram cannot be spared. Hiram must peg away at the Progressive plans for the uplift of mankind. Hiram is a marvel at uplift. Every problem is made easy after he casts his luminous mind into the midst and marrow of it. He will be a candidate—but not for Governor. When Hiram spoke with a tongue of plugged silver he did not designate the office for which he might be a candidate. He prefers to let Progressive leaders determine. The Progressive leaders are eating out of the State treasury by grace of Saint Hiram, and as the heart panteth for the water-brook, so the Exalted One for a seat in the Senate of his country. There is the field of wider scope for his service not only to mankind but to the State that he loves with a burning passion. There he will devote himself to the larger, grander, nobler concerns of his country, letting all the people bask in his beams while he feeds them on his wisdom. Doubtless all this is premature. It is in the nature of a forecast based chiefly on intuition and knowledge of the character of the righteous political reformer of the Johnsonian temperament and of the ways of the Johnson-Roosevelt type of civic patriot. Coyness is the distinguishing trait. Indecision pending the psychological moment is the fundamental principle of the plan of campaign. If our Excellency intended to run for Governor again he would have no reason to be playing the flirt. There are several reasons for keeping his real ambition in cold storage. One reason is Heney, who is a candidate for the Senate. Heney is to be served by Johnson as La Follette was served by Roosevelt—at the psychological moment. There is one notable characteristic of these righteous reformers: their indifference to the ties of friendship when conscience tells them to advance the greater good by taking a job.

The Ritual Murder Case

By Theodore Bonnet

Andrey Yuschinskey, a twelve-year-old boy, was found murdered in a cave near Kieff in Russia on March 20, 1911. He was the illegitimate son of Alexandra Prihodko, a woman of bad repute. There were forty-seven wounds on the boy's body, the majority of which it was said were made while he was still alive. This is the so-called "ritual murder case" which is the subject of discussion among civilized peoples the world over.

The police investigated the murder and found that the killing was done by a band of criminals about whose operations the boy had learned too much. The ritual murder theory was advanced by members of the Black Hundred in Kieff, an organization of nationalists inspired with fanatic hatred of the Jews. The Czar heard of the theory, gave it credence, and put the case in the hands of the Minister of Justice. At this time there was not the slightest foundation for the theory, but material for a foundation is always ready to hand when fanatic fury demands a sacrifice. The Russians are not at all singular in their fierce injustice. What they have done in this murder case has been done many thousands of times before. The annals of intolerance are full of whatever is cunning and treacherous in fraud and detestable in tyranny. Dip into the annals and how much wickedness of every kind is to be found! What perversions of justice, what cruel ferocity of persecution! The spectre of religious and racial bigotry rises before us in the shape of a blood-dripping monster. Across the centuries we can still see the flash of its lightnings, still hear the roar of its thunders, while the bolts fall about the heads of its victims. From contemplation of the gloom and sorrow of those awful periods of desolation that followed the eruptions of intolerance through the centuries the soul recoils in horror.

In Kieff Christian fanatics have behaved just as Christian fanatics behaved in Toulouse in the days of the Calas tragedy when the Catholics of France were convinced that according to the doctrine of the Reformed Churches it was proper for parents to murder their children if they showed signs of conversion to Rome. In other words the bigots of Russia procured testimony to fit their theory. First it was necessary to find a basis for the belief that sacrifices calling for human blood were a part of the Jewish faith; secondly, it was necessary to find a person of Jewish faith upon whom to saddle the crime. All of which was easy enough. The first essential was supplied by a college professor. The college authorities, be it known, were in sympathy with the mob, precisely as were our own darling college men in the days a few years agone when political intolerance was rampant in San Franciscans and certain newspapers were in favor of hanging the judges of the Supreme Court. It was a professor of neurology, Sikorsky by name, who served as the authority for the purposes of the Black Hundred. He swore that there were Jewish books in which there were references to the use of Christian blood at the Passover. The books have not been found, but this is a circumstance considered to be of no consequence. The authorities accepted it as a fact indisputable that the Jews use Christian blood in their ceremonies, and they arrested and charged with the crime Mendell Beilis, a poor Jew, who was employed in a brick yard.

Now the question of the guilt or innocence of Mendel Beilis is one of small consequence compared with the question of ritual murder. This is a question that affects all the Jewish people. It affects especially the Jews of Russia who are at the mercy of the fanatics of that country. Beilis in this case, it is said, is merely a pretext for the revival of what is known as the "Blood Accusation." This monstrous fable of religious child murder has often served to incite fanatics to outrages against the Jews. It is the same fable that was employed by the heathen persecutors of the early Christians and a generation ago by the Chinese against the Christian missionaries. The Jews have often found it necessary to appeal for defense against this libel to the Catholic Church, and Bulls against belief in the ritual murder theory were issued by Popes Innocent IV, Gregory X, Martin V and Paul III. The tradition of the church has been continued in our day by Cardinal Manning and the editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, and but a few weeks ago Cardinal Bourne of London wrote a letter on the subject at the request of Chief Rabbi Hertz.

It is interesting to inquire as to the origin of the Blood Accusation. It is perhaps to be traced to the Old Testament, for in the Books of Kings it is mentioned that human sacrifices were common among the children of Judah. These sacrifices, however, were not in accordance with the faith of Israel; rather, in defiance of the teachings of the Prophets. In the days of their corruption certain tribes made an effort to worship Moloch without denying Jehovah, the One God of Hebrew Monotheism. And they were punished according to the Prophet Jeremiah. Their city was made "desolate and hissing."

One of the very latest discussions of this subject took place in London a little over two years ago when a writer in the New Witness, a paper that has been striving to rouse prejudice against the Jews of London, related that the Board of Deputies of the British Jews obtained an injunction to prevent the publication of a great historical work by the famous Orientalist, Sir Richard Burton. The book was entitled Human Sacrifice Among the Sephardim or Eastern Jews. Why this book should have been suppressed it is hard to understand, since the author declares according to the New Witness writer that the superstition regarding human sacrifices, while it affected a few tribes, was utterly abhorrent to Jewish orthodoxy and utterly detested by the priests and prophets of Israel.

It is doubtless on account of the Old Testament stories that the libel has persisted through the years. It has been especially active in Russia, Roumania, the Balkans, Asia Minor and Syria. Many of the movements against the Jews in those countries have been on account of the accusation of privity to mysterious disappearances of children or revolting cases of inexplicable crime. Of course these cases have kept the libel alive, for as a rule evidence is manufactured to satisfy the mob. To what extent the authorities go in their efforts to support the accusation of ritual murder is shown by the prosecution of Beilis in Kieff. Shortly after his arrest it was learned that the woman who made the accusation had invented her yarn, but the defendant was not released. Then the chief of the Kieff detective department made an investigation and reported that the boy was not murdered for ritualistic purposes and that Beilis was not the murderer. For making this report the detective was arrested on a charge of manufacturing evidence and sentenced to one year of imprisonment at hard labor. Two police agents investigated the case and arrived at the conclusion that the boy was murdered by a band of thieves headed by the woman who made the accusation against Beilis. They too were arrested and sent to jail. Kieff, by the way, is the most important city in Southern Russia. It is filled with ancient churches, huge monasteries and historical traditions. It is the natural centre of Russian orthodoxy.

The Aristocrat

By G. K. Chesterton

The Devil is a gentleman, and asks you down to stay
At his little place at What'sitsname (it isn't far away).
They say the sport is splendid; there is always something new,
And fairy scenes, and fearful feats that none but he can do;
He can shoot the feathered cherubs if they fly on the estate,
Or fish for Father Neptune with mermaids for a bait:
He scaled amid the staggering stars that precipice, the sky,
And blew his trumpet above heaven; and got by mastery
The starry crown of God Himself, and shoved it on the shelf;
But the Devil is a gentleman, and doesn't brag himself.
O blind your eyes and break your heart and hack your hand away,
And lose your love and shave your head; but do not go to stay
At the little place in What'sitsname where folks are rich and clever;
The golden and the goodly house, where things grow worse for ever.
There are things you need not know of, though you live and die in vain,
There are souls more sick of pleasure than you are sick of pain;
There is a game of April Fool that's played behind its door,
Where the fool remains for ever and the April comes no more,
Where the splendor of the daylight grows drearier than the dark,
And life droops like a vulture that once was such a lark;
And that is the Blue Devil that once was the Blue Bird;
For the Devil is a gentleman, and doesn't keep his word.

Varied Types

CXLIX—OLIVER MOROSCO

By Edward F. O'Day

"My name is not Morosco," said Oliver Morosco, "and I am not related to the late Walter Morosco, though most people think he was my father. The name Morosco is a copyrighted circus name and I took it when I became a member of the Morosco Family of acrobats."

Oliver Morosco is the Young Lochinvar who went out of the West last year and captured the season's dramatic prize in New York. Oliver Morosco has five theaters in Los Angeles and a theatre in New York where Laurette Taylor is smashing all the records with "Peg o' My Heart." Oliver Morosco has just concluded arrangements with Fred Belasco whereby he will give his plays a second tryout at the Alcazar after their first tryout in Los Angeles before venturing them on Broadway. And aside from his Los Angeles theaters which are all doing well, Oliver Morosco is making an average of ten thousand dollars a week from his own productions. That's pretty fair, is it not, for a San Francisco man of thirty-six who left here fourteen years ago with a bank roll of forty dollars?

"One day about twenty-four years ago," says Oliver Morosco, "I was playing with my brother Leslie at Woodwards Gardens. We were throwing somersaults and turning handsprings in the sand. A man came along and watched us. He wore an enormous diamond in his shirt front and had rather a cross look on his face. But when he spoke to Leslie and me he had a very kindly voice. He told us we were natural-born acrobats and asked us how we would like to join Morosco's Royal Russian Circus. Of course we would like to! And we did.

"So Leslie and I became members of the Morosco Family and took part in the performances given at Woodwards Gardens by Morosco's Royal Russian Circus which was a one-ring circus and Russian in name only. The Morosco Family consisted of the late Walter Morosco, his real son Harry Bishop, now of Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, Leslie and myself. The specialty of the Morosco troupe was risley and double somersaults. When Harry Bishop became too heavy for the work Leslie who was a great acrobat, took his place. I practiced with the troupe but never actually appeared in the circus.

"While Walter Morosco didn't adopt me I was brought up like a son. Walter had a home at Fruitvale called Geranium Place and I lived there, going to school at Fruitvale part of the time. I also went to the Lincoln School and had some private instruction.

"The circus traveled a good deal but at the time I joined it played principally at Woodwards which was then run by Louis Ohnimus. Then Walter Morosco went out of the circus business and with a man named Burns got hold of a dance hall on Howard street and turned it into a theater. That was the first Morosco's Theater. By the time I was finished with school Walter Morosco had moved up to Mission street and was running the Grand Opera House.

"Leslie became an actor. He was a comedian and a great favorite, but I always thought he was the worst actor I ever saw. He has retired from the stage and is now in business in New York, doing very nicely. I went into the box office, and I suppose all San Francisco remembers me there. I became treasurer and business manager of the Grand Opera, also press agent. At odd times I was stage manager. In fact I was a little of everything. I went to work at nine in the morning, cashed up all departments of the theater, including the saloon and candy store, as they closed, and locked the Grand Opera House at two in the morning. It was a long day and it was hard work, but it was wonderful experience and I wouldn't trade it for any experience in the world. It taught me the theatrical business from top to bottom and enabled me to make a success on my own account later on.

"Walter Morosco was a curious character. In reality he was a very modest man, but while it actually hurt him to do some of the conspicuous things he did, he realized the value of publicity. Hence the eight black horses he drove and the enormous diamonds he wore. These advertised him, kept him before the public. But these things didn't appeal to me. The lurid melodrama of the Grand Opera House, the tinsel and gaudiness, the blood and thunder that attracted the people who patronized us were not in accord with my ideas of drama. I wanted something more artistic and said so. I was regarded as the black

Courtesy of the Call
OLIVER MOROSCO

sheep of the family. Walter said I had the big head.

"However I left and went to Los Angeles, determined to become a producer of good plays. I had forty dollars and a family to support. I got hold of the Burbank Theater on a bluff and produced 'Sans-Gene' with Dan Frawley and Mary Van Buren in the cast. Walter Morosco thought I was crazy, but in ten weeks I made seven thousand dollars. That was my start. I was my own director, and having a natural aptitude for the work I got along.

"That was fourteen years ago. Today I have five theaters in Los Angeles: the Burbank which is my pet, the Morosco and the Majestic which I built and the old Belasco, now the Republic and the old Los Angeles, now the Lyceum, which I acquired.

"I give the people all sorts of theatrical entertainment, but I devote my own time exclusively to new productions. I have a two-dollar house but a manager takes care of that for me. Anybody can run a two-dollar house. I could do it with my eyes shut. All that is necessary is to be on the job in case anything happens. But I have no time for that. Just to show you how my time is occupied, take the tryout of 'Peg o' My Heart.' It played one hundred and one performances in Los Angeles, and Hartley Manners and I attended ninety of them, studying, making notes, trying a scene first this way, then that and discussing changes in the text. Hartley Manners rewrote and rewrote again and again before that play was in the shape that satisfied us.

"The result was that when 'Peg o' My Heart' was presented in New York it was as perfect as playwright and producer could make it. There was an ovation in the middle of the first act which stopped the performance, and at the end of the second act people stood up and cheered and tossed their hats in the air. It is now in its second year, playing to packed houses, and it could run three years. Laurette Taylor has broken the records. She has played more consecutive performances in one play than any other American star who has ever appeared in New York. And there are three 'Peg o' My Heart' companies on the road.

"Yet when I announced the preparation of 'Peg o' My Heart' in New York everybody said it would be a failure. Why? Well, they never welcome you in New York until you have made good. They may do nothing to retard you but they don't help you. The first production I attempted in New York was Dick Tully's 'Bird of Paradise.' I was given a theater that nobody else wanted. When the 'Bird of Paradise' made good I was offered any theater I wanted. Still they all figured that the success of the 'Bird' was an accident. They didn't know how much time Tully and I had spent on it, just as Manners and I spent time on 'Peg.' So they thought that the success would make me conceited and that I'd follow it with a few failures. But I had had the judgment of California on 'Peg' and I knew it wouldn't fail. And it didn't.

"I have been very successful. Not counting my Los Angeles theaters the four 'Peg' companies, the 'Bird' and 'The Tik Tok Man' are doing so well that my profits average $10,000 a week which is a bit more than the President of the United States makes.

"I could stop right now, but I don't want to. My joy, my life's work is to create. Not to write plays, you understand, although I have done that too, and they were very bad plays. But to create a successful drama out of the author's manuscript; to help the author realize his play; to give him ideas; if necessary, to take a play which has a good idea in it and mold it into a play full of good ideas. And when I say this I do not wish to detract from the credit of the author. But the author and the producer must work together.

'I am enlarging my field. I will henceforth get the judgment of two cities on a new play instead

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Perspective Impressions

It was really fine! But Don Gaspar de Portola, oh, where was he?

Miss Leah Alexander is not the Leah to be forsaken with impunity. Bet she doesn't demand a trial by a jury of her own sex.

The simulacra of monarchs are more difficult to handle than the real crown-bearers. At the first Portola Nick Covarrubias almost spoiled the ball by pouting at the last minute. This year the Queen was indisposed to appear in the parade.

According to one of the dailies our clubwomen have discovered the paternal instinct. It is to be hoped that the spinsters will not make too much of the discovery.

Just as one begins to have hope for women they invite a Lincoln Steffens to drivel to them, and they give ear to his inane platitudinous patter as it were the profound philosophizing of a Lord Bacon.

Pleasing at it may be for some folk to hear Sulzer discuss the iniquities of Boss Murphy their delight would be greater if they could believe what he says. The time for Sulzer to speak was when he was on trial. Failing then he rendered himself forever powerless in the role of calumniator.

The news that Paderewski suffers from la grippe doesn't even move us to a sympathetic sneeze.

That the Tarpey banquet was without political significance was evident when the price was fixed at six dollars a plate.

Carnegie is fond of speaking of "the Kaiser and myself." But a king and a jack don't make a pair.

Perhaps Zeppelin is making airships for Germany at the instigation of the British Foreign Office.

Now there is great indignation because Mr. Hearst is putting up a building in Los Angeles in defiance of organized labor. It is about time for some folks to realize that Mr. Hearst is as much afraid of organized labor as of a newspaper rival.

Speaking of the reports we have received from time to time of the doings of the militant suffragettes John D. Barry says "they have been masculinized"; also, "they have been subjected to the treatment of manliness; in other words they have been garbled." Apparently Mr. Barry holds that to be manly is to be a liar. Excessive concentration on sex matters appears to be emasculative.

Dr. Friedmann and his turtle serum are bobbing up again. Good men are not the only ones who can't be kept down.

The Rev. George Burlingame says Chief White is worse than Belshazzar. A Daniel come to judgment—rash judgment.

Of course Great Britain didn't ask to have Mrs. Pankhurst excluded from this country. The only country Great Britain would like to have her excluded from is Great Britain.

"The fight has only just begun"—Roosevelt speaking about the Progressive party just before sailing.

"The fight has only just begun"—Sulzer speaking about himself just after being found guilty.

Dr. Frederick Parker Gay, professor of pathology at the State University, has discovered a new and improved method of typhoid vaccination. Dr. Gay has made a valuable contribution to human knowledge. Meanwhile Professor Tommy Reed is busy making contributions to human ignorance.

Dr. Aked is for and against Mrs. Pankhurst. He would exclude her, and he wouldn't. He reminds us of an hermaphrodite trying to straddle a fence in a hobble gown.

The People's Forum

The Clear Lake Dispute

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: To one who is a constant reader of your excellent paper and who wishes that it could be read by every citizen of the State of California it appears that you are not fully conversant with the facts in connection with the efforts of the Yolo Water and Power Company, represented by Roy M. Pike, on the one hand, and the Power and Irrigation Company of Clear Lake, represented by Charles S. Wheeler on the other, to steal Lake County from the inhabitants thereof, and Clear Lake from the said inhabitants and also from the people of the State of California. At least it would so appear from your recent articles on the subject. The Wheeler company had a hearing before the State Water Commission in June on their application for permission to store ten feet of water in the lake. They were opposed solely by the Pike company, for the simple reason that Lake County, representing the State, knew practically nothing about the hearing. In September this application was denied by the Commission. In the meantime the Pike company had applied for a hearing on a similar application, and took mighty good care to keep it secret. When the date of the hearing was set by the Commission notice of it was sent to one of Lake's citizens, and the people having been thoroughly aroused by that time on account of the work actually being done by the Pike company on Cache Creek looking to the impounding of the water, a large delegation appeared last week before the Commission to protest in a most vigorous fashion against the granting of this permit. Mr. Pike's two witnesses were himself and Mr. C. E. Grunsky, the latter basing his statements and testimony on Government publications alone, and the former claiming everything in sight, among others forty-three miles of the lake shore, whereupon Mr. Wheeler made him admit that twenty-nine of these were in serious dispute between themselves and that even the title to the land on which the dam is now being constructed is the subject of a case before the United States courts. Lake County certainly presented very strong arguments in its own behalf by the testimony of witnesses who had lived there for many years, who had seen the material damage caused to property and health by previous dams, and by a set of most complete private weather records. It is uncontradicted that the proposed storage of water in the lake will raise its mean high water two and one-half feet, maintain this level at least three months later in the season, draw it off very rapidly during the hot summer months, thus exposing mud flats and causing them to breed disease, and lower the mean low water of the lake over two feet, which latter will prevent navigation on many parts of the lake. It was further shown that, while the people who now own lands which would be submerged might secure some damages, no provision was made for those whose lands immediately adjoin these in the rear, for, owing to the material raising of the water table, they would be ruined. Where is the Native Sons' organization? It is doing excellent work in the preservation of the old landmarks and the natural beauties of the State, and yet here is one of our chief attractions and a future playground being utterly neglected and in danger of being despoiled by a gang of pirates for their own private ends. The Pike company claims that it wants the water for the purpose of generating electricity. As a matter of fact, its territory is now being supplied by two companies, with two more ready and anxious to enter the field. It is a mean subterfuge. What it wants is the water to sell for irrigation. Is Lake County to be despoiled for the benefit of a few thousand acres in Yolo County? Respectfully,

—A Citizen of California.

Steffens on Wickedness

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Speaking to the members of the New Era League the other day Lincoln Steffens told about a New Englander who said he loved San Francisco for its wickedness. "He saw the truth of the matter," said Steffens; "that wickedness may not be bad if it is a mere expression of vitality." I am not quoting from memory, for I was not at the luncheon at which these remarkable words were spoken. Had I heard them I might have doubted the accuracy of my auditory apparatus. I quote them from a report of the speech published in the Bulletin, a report which was evidently made by a stenographer for it was very full. I rubbed my eyes when I read this. "Wickedness may not be bad if it is a mere expression of vitality." I went to the dictionary and turned to the word "wickedness." It is defined as "moral depravity; iniquity; sin; vice; crime; opposed to goodness." How can moral depravity, iniquity, sin, vice, crime, the opposite of goodness, be anything but bad? The answer is, according to Steffens, when it is "a mere expression of vitality." Is fornication not bad when it expresses vitality? And adultery? And rape? And the unmentionable horrors of psychopathic sexuality? This is the most devilish doctrine I have ever heard enunciated. When I see such statements published I am inclined to think that we ought to have a newspaper censorship. And yet I suppose Lincoln Steffens would be insulted if asked what form of wickedness his "vitality" expresses itself in.

—A Christian.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXVII—SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Mrs. E. C. Tompkins

(Mrs. E. C. Tompkins is the "E. C. T." who writes "Marginal Notes" for the Star, Naval Officer James H. Barry's paper. The following stanzas are taken from a poem, too long for publication in its entirety here, which appeared in the Star of August 2 this year.)

O gift me, Clio, for a song of San Francisco Bay,
Which hath been sung so fair, so long, what can a singer say?
We love the wide, deep waters so, somehow the heart will overflow
And hearts must have their way.

Salerno's sky to bend above and that were small compare
In this a lover's song of love to praise a place more fair.
Thy flowery slopes waft out to thee the scents of storied Araby,
The sweets of Persian air.

Thy circling hills are lovers all that kneel and link their hands,
And shaded rill and waterfall leap to thy golden sands
With joy to tell what groves of green, what homes in smiling dells between
Bless all thy fruitful lands.

O wide-armed, world-embracing Bay! the ships must love you too,
Be glad to come and glad to stay, and sorry when they go.
And who can blame them, water sweet, for kissing so your clean white feet
That guide them to and fro!

Thrice favored one, awaits the day when, venturing, hail to thee
Another tide and swell and spray, another billowy sea;
A gate beyond thy golden own shall set its portals wide
And stately ships from every zone its terraced waters ride.

And gaily will the summer shores salute them on the way
And open all their vine-wreathed doors and cry aloud to say—
"Sail on, sail on, O good and true, the world is there to welcome you
In San Francisco Bay!"

The Spectator

Short, Rowell and the "Republican"

There is a curious newspaper situation in Fresno, a situation which sometimes makes for comic complications. The Fresno "Republican" is edited and managed by Chester H. Rowell, but it is owned by the Fresno Republican Publishing Co. Chester Rowell owns stock in this company, and so does Frank H. Short. As a stockholder Short is entitled to the free expression of his personal views in the columns of the paper. Being a keen student of politics who likes to embody his observations in mordant language Short occasionally sends an article dealing with current political happenings to Editor Rowell. Of course Editor Rowell has to publish it. Editor Rowell is an advanced Progressive while Frank Short is an old-line Republican. Their political views are as divergent as can be imagined. So the spectacle is frequently presented of the Fresno Republican placing before its readers a political article which is a slap in the face for the political opinions voiced in Rowell's editorials. The subscribers of the Republican have become used to this anomalous situation, but the occasional reader has to grin when it is brought to his attention.

Frank on Chester

There was a characteristic example in last Sunday's Republican. From an article on "Political Logic" contributed by Short it appears that he had had something to say about the Californian Progressives previously and that Chester Rowell had answered him editorially. So Short takes up the cudgel again and lays it vigorously about the brain pan of Editor Chet. Thus we are told by Short: "The reading of editorials on political subjects, including those in the Republican, has not been recently nor for a long time proof of the theory that politics and logic are any longer relatives." This is a pretty slam at Editor Rowell. Speaking of the particular editorial he is answering Short goes on to say: "The editorial is to be commended over my article for the reason that it has crowded into a space of twenty-five lines more in the way of misapprehension than could possibly have been found in my entire article of a couple of columns." And finally Frank deals Chester this smashing blow: "As a matter of fact, a lawyer, to be successful, is obliged to be logical, and upon the contrary, an editor, except as a matter of conscience, has to pay little attention to either his premises or his logic. The chief reason a good lawyer can never make a good political writer is that he feels the necessity of stating his premise and supporting it by logic, and the principal reason that the average editor would get nonsuited in court and beaten before the jury, if he ever got that far, is that he has become accustomed to trying default cases and making his statement without regard to the evidence and reaching a conclusion in the absence of either a premise or a deduction, largely by the process of sustaining his points by eulogizing his own saints and reviling the sinners of the other party." Of course Chester doesn't relish publishing this sort of thing, but in the case of Short he cannot help himself.

Older Pleads For Sulzer

According to the editor of the Bulletin Tammany caused the impeachment of Sulzer not because of the bad he had done, but for the good he had done, and therefore the press of New York was wrong in not defending him. Thus we see that another change has come o'er the spirit of Mr. Older's philosophy. Mr. Older seems to imply that a bad motive will vitiate a good action, as formerly he argued that a good motive would sanctify a bad action. Tammany's motive was bad, therefore Sulzer the mean, contemptible crook should be retained in high office where he had the power to indulge his criminal proclivities to their full bent, and whatever crimes he committed would be sanctified by his break with Tammany on a question of political patronage. How different this line of reasoning from the ratiocination of the learned editor in the days of the Graft Prosecution! In that not remote period he was terribly incensed at everybody who said anything about motives. The prosecutors he argued were for punishing bad men. Then why talk about motives?

A Contrast

A few of us mildly protested in other days that while it might be all right to punish bad men, still if the prosecutors were overflowing with

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
ROBERTSON
UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

vengeance, if their private hate was masquerading as zeal for the public weal then it would hardly be advisable to put them in possession of the machinery of justice and let them go as far as they liked. That was all. But those sentiments evoked from the profound philosopher of the Bulletin wholesale abuse scattered as from a mitrailleuse. Yet there was really some ground for the objection that was raised in those days—the objection to motives. The case was somewhat different from the case in New York. Sulzer was impeached by the constituted authorities, and he was given a fair trial. Whatever may be said of the Tammany men in the Legislature nobody questions the honesty of the nine judges of the Court of Appeals. The case against Sulzer took the regular course. There were no frame-ups, no attempt to take full charge of the machinery of government or to muzzle the press. It was a somewhat different situation in San Francisco, where Mr. Older as he has since confessed was lying in the fulness of his zeal, lying with the same facility of misrepresentation which he now exhibits when talking about Sulzer—"his peccadillos," his "trifling error in his election expenses." The disclosures on the trial showed that Sulzer collected $104,800. Of this $43,000 was in currency. In his sworn statement filed with the Secretary of State under the corrupt practices act of which he was the author, he acknowledged only a little over five thousand in receipts and showed expeditures aggregating about $7,000. A trifling error indeed! And this man who was impeached by Tammany, and who is now saying that the breach accurred when he refused to take a bribe from Murphy, urged his friends after impeachment to go to Murphy and arrange a reconciliation. It is easy to understand compassion for the under-dog, but wholly incomprehensible and incredible is the mind that argues justification for the unspeakable meanness of so mangy a mongrel as Sulzer.

Tom McCaleb and Harry Thaw

I see that the Examiner is dishing up to its Sunday readers the story of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw's disgusting career. All the fantastic details about the Stanford White apartments in the tower of Madison Square Gardens, details which, I have been told, were woven out of the imagination of one of Evelyn's lawyers prior to the first trial of Harry Thaw, are included in this nasty narrative. The velvet swing, the mirrored bed chamber, the drugged champagne and all the other fictions which blackened the name of White and saved Thaw from the chair are being salaciously rehashed. I am not interested in them, but I am reminded of a rather remarkable story which has never been published. It may or may not explain how Harry Thaw came to conceive the idea of shooting Stanford White. It may be recalled that Harry Thaw and Evelyn came to San Francisco on their wedding tour. One day in the St. Francis Harry Thaw was introduced to Tom McCaleb, at that time a member of the Pacific-Union Club and a gay man about town. Thaw took a fancy to McCaleb who was a good mixer. When Evelyn and he were leaving for New York he invited Tom to go along, and Tom promptly accepted the invitation. It was at this time that Thaw's hatred of Stanford White was at its height, and he harped continually on the supposed wrongs which Evelyn had suffered at the hands of the great architect. On the day of the tragedy McCaleb and Thaw were drinking in the bar of the Waldorf-Astoria when Truxtun Beale entered. McCaleb pointed him out to Thaw saying, "There's a man who shot a San Francisco editor for insulting his wife and was acquitted." It was an airy way of transfiguring the facts in a cause celebre, but it interested Thaw and he asked to be introduced to Beale. McCaleb made the two men acquainted, and Thaw promptly asked Beale to dine that night at the Cafe Martin. Beale accepted and dined with Thaw, Evelyn and McCaleb, but did not accompany the Thaws to the roof garden where the shooting occurred. Of course it is likely that Thaw had thought of killing White before McCaleb told him about the San Francisco shooting, but it is a strange coincidence that all this should have happened as it did.

The Rising Star

It will be interesting when Mme. Alda visits San Francisco next week to observe whether she will take an interest in Luca Botta whom our town unhesitatingly declares to be great. If she does then it will be interesting to observe if she will endeavor to enthuse her husband Gatti-Casazza over the young tenor. When Conried was manager of the Metropolitan Opera House he scoffed at the idea of Tetrazzini's being great enough for the Metropolitan. Hammerstein secured her for his rival house and that was one of the reasons why Conried was deposed by the directors of the Metropolitan. Mr. Gatti-Casazza is said to have confidence in his handsome wife's musical judgment. It was Mme. Marchesi, by the way, an Italian, who proclaimed Mme. Melba, an Australian, the greatest of sopranos and who sent her forth a blazing star. It will be reciprocity if the Australian Alda perceives and heralds the merits of the Italian Botta. However, Botta should worry. He will arrive whatever the attitude of the operatic stars when he sings Open Sesame! before the gates of operatic fortune. The great singers are not altruistic. The star's own voice is the only one he appreciates. When San Francisco was pulsating with joy at the feet of Tetrazzini, Caruso, who had sung with her in Europe came hither with the Metropolitan company. Questioned by an interviewer he said she had a nice voice but it was not what New York cared for. Later when Luiza was engaged by Hammerstein she diverted many golden ducats from the Metropolitan to the Manhattan box-office on Caruso nights. Again, when Tetrazzini was singing at the Tivoli, Mme. Melba came to town to give a concert at the Alhambra a few blocks away in Eddy street. The great Australian diva did not take the trouble to go to hear the unknown Italian who, a year or two later, was acknowledged by the powers that be in opera Melba's only living rival.

Getting On In Opera

As a rule the great stars of the operatic stage are persons who succeeded by their own efforts without much encouragement or assistance.

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Melba had a hard struggle, and so did Mme. Alda who will be here next week. Mme. Alda's experience in Australia was somewhat similar to Melba's. The potentialities of her voice were not perceived by the public. Melba gave concerts in Sydney for a shilling a throw before she became famous, and few went to hear her. When she became famous the people were so chagrined at the thought that they had allowed so great a singer to leave them without recognition that a few years later when a sixteen-year-old convent girl at Ballarat showed signs of becoming a singer the Catholic Church had no difficulty in raising money to send her abroad to study with Mme. Marchesi. The whole country was in ecstasy over her gift, and the Australian press lauded her extravagantly. In a few years she "made good" in England in concert, and I believe she is there now, but her fame is not international. At the very time of the furore over the convent girl Alda was singing in Melbourne and Sydney. She was known as a member of the famous musical Simonson family. She was beautiful, ambitious, studious, and far from independent financially. But nothing whatever was done for her advancement. However, she has walked in Melba's footsteps to a great height. Self-confidence, perseverance, intelligence and ability have proved in her case an invincible combination. She is a lady with the gentle Australian manner, and with many captivating qualities. She is still in a prima donna's infancy—the early thirties.

Willis and the Stereotypers

Perhaps a great many people do not know that Willis Polk used to be a newspaperman. Get Willis in a reminiscing vein some day, and he'll tell you how he entered the service of the Examiner by way of the Evans and Sonntag case. The old timers in all departments of the Examiner are Willis' fast friends, though he is too busy an architect to see some of them very often. And so when he met Emil Dengel on the street the other night there was a joyous reunion. They calculated that they hadn't exchanged words of greeting for twenty-two years. Twenty-two years ago Emil Dengel had charge of the Examiner's stereotyping department, and he occupies the same position today. As the Examiner's was one of the very first stereotyping plants in the country and Emil saw the first Examiner stereotyping tables installed, it will be realized that Emil is quite a pioneer. Nothing would do but that Willis should accompany Emil to the Examiner office and see the improvements which have been made in the process during two decades. The old-timers greeted Willis effusively, and he helped to stereotype the plates for the first edition. Then, as is the honored custom among stereotypers, everybody adjourned to Jellison's for a drink. The talk was of Jack Bryant and Pete Bigelow and Billy Hart and Cosey Noble and other departed good fellows, and of Sam Chamberlain and Ned Townsend and more who are still very much alive. Willis stayed by the job till the plates for the last edition had been stereotyped, and then went to bed. "It was one of the best nights I've had in years," he declared afterwards.

More "Call" Men Out

Changes in the personnel of the Call's editorial force have been going on ever since the new management took charge. The first to lose their positions were George Van Smith, the political editor and Walter Anthony, the dramatic critic. More recently Walter Doyle, the hotel reporter, Russell Cole, the city editor and Frank Mulgrew of the federal detail were told that their services were no longer required. "Retrenchment" is given as the reason in every case, and it is to be supposed that the men who replaced these newspapermen do not receive as high salaries. All of the men who are out are numbered among the brightest and most reliable reporters in the city. All of them have wide circles of friends and have had a great deal of newspaper experience. There is a restive feeling in the Call's local room. Nobody knows who will be the next to get the "blue envelope."

The New City Editor

City Editor Cole's place is taken by a youngster named Will Wren who has had a surprising career on the Call. About four years ago he came to San Francisco penniless and got a job on the Call as a sort of superior office boy. He received so little in the way of wages that he was forced to put up at a lodging house in Market street run as an annex to an employment agency. Pretty soon, however, Wren showed that he had the news instinct. He became a member of the staff and was assigned to odd jobs of "picture chasing" and the like. Soon he was a full-fledged reporter. Then it was discovered that he could edit "copy," so he was assigned to the copy desk. I believe he was head of the copy desk when he received his recent promotion to the city editorship.

Tarpey for Senator?

I hear that Theodore Bell will not be a candidate for the United States Senate or any other position this year. Bell, it appears, has determined to devote himself strictly to his law practice and to put politics out of his mind until the next national campaign begins. Another rumor has it that Mike Tarpey is considering the advisability of running for United States Senator. It has been said in some circles that Tarpey intended to be a candidate for the governorship, but I have heard this denied on pretty good authority. It seems that Tarpey is not eager to be

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THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

governor but would like very much to put on the senatorial toga.

Such Is Fame

Herbert Payne, the young millionaire who has gone in for moving pictures the way other young millionaires go in for polo or golf, took one of his operators down to Monterey the other day and had him photograph a number of the historic places.

"Take that house," he told the operator.

"Whose place is that?" asked the operator.

"It's the home of Robert Louis Stevenson," said Payne.

"Where does he tend bar?" asked the operator.

"Didn't you ever hear of Robert Louis Stevenson?" exclaimed Payne.

"Come to think of it, I have," said the operator. "He's a poet, ain't he?"

"A poet and a novelist and a few other things," said Payne.

"Let's ask him to come out of the house and get in the picture," suggested the operator.

Payne is a vigorous young chap so he didn't faint.

Austin Adams in Hot Water

Henry Austin Adams of San Diego had a play tried out in Providence, Rhode Island, recently. Most playwrights have their troubles before production, but Adams' didn't start till after the first night. The critics found that certain scenes in the play were altogether too daring, and they likewise discovered that Adams had drawn upon certain adventures of his own past for the material of his drama. Philip Bartholomae, the producer, promptly eliminated the scenes to which objection had been made and declared that if he had known Austin Adams' past he wouldn't have accepted Austin Adams' play, a rather remarkable statement. Now it is doubtful whether the play will be given in New York. The name is "The Bird Cage" and the theme, the bondage of marriage. Adams has very advanced views on marriage as on most subjects, and has not hesitated to put them in practice.

The Art Exhibitions

It has been a busy time for the artists. Exhibitions are going on or are in preparation to an extent that is exceptional in this strenuous city of ours. Up at Paul Elder's Miss Kate Chandler Thomson has been showing her wonderful water colors in the new art gallery which could hardly be opened under happier auspices. Miss Thomson has the courage of her art, and when she says in the folder announcing the exhibition that one of her paintings "is gradually becoming famous," her serious admirers do not smile. At the beautifully appointed art room of the Taylor Curtis auction rooms a group of Keiths, eight in number, are being shown. Here is that marvelous poem in oils "Lagunitas in Autumn" which many regard as Keith's masterpiece. There is a history connected with this picture. After Keith's death it was displayed in one of our well known art shops and a connoisseur offered $5,000 for it. When the Keith executor turned down this offer, $6,000 was offered. But the executor refused to sell at any price, and that art shop has never handled a Keith since. Here too is the massive "Tamalpais," companion picture to "The Glory of the Heavens" which was sold to a Chicago connoisseur for $12,000. It may not be generally known that Gordon Blanding paid the Chicago man $15,000 and brought "The Glory of the Heavens" back to California. In another art shop Walter Cox is exhibiting his fine portrait of Miss Enid Gregg. Miss Gregg is an ideal subject for the portrait-painter, and Cox has caught her butterfly elusiveness with admirable skill. We are soon to have an exhibition by Maynard Dixon which will excite interest, for Dixon hasn't shown here for a long time. His subjects cover the Western country from the intermountain lands to the desert, and are too well known to need more description. He will exhibit beginning November 1 in one of the Sutter street art shops. And before the year is over we shall see what Xavier Martinez found in the desert. That will be a most notable exhibition.

Benson Scorns New York

F. R. Benson, the English producer and actor whose name is inseparably connected with the notable Shakespearian performances given at Stratford-on-Avon, has begun his American tour. Benson has brought across the Atlantic a company of forty players and a repertoire of sixteen Shakespearian plays. In due time he will arrive in San Francisco. This will be his second visit within two years, for he was here some time ago to confer with the Exposition authorities on the subject of a great pageant for the World's Fair. That project fell through, despite the enthusiasm it evoked in certain quarters. Benson will give performances in all the principal cities of the United States with the exception of New York. He doesn't think New York would be interested in his Shakespearian offerings. He reached this conclusion soon after his arrival in the metropolis, principally through inspecting the bill boards and noting the character of the attractions advertised as the season's successes. Of course this action has hurt the pride of New York, and the scribes who attend to news of the theatre are pointing out that Benson has made a grievous mistake. They call attention to the success of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in Shakespearian repertoire and to that of Forbes-Robertson in "Hamlet." But Benson cooly says, "New York interests me less than any other American city, and I doubt if I should interest New York." His manager adds: "New York is so taken up with cabarets and musical comedies that it has ignored even those productions to which its own critics have accorded the highest praise."

Scheffauer's Success

Herman Scheffauer whom we are proud to call one of our poets, has added to his laurels by presenting a successful play in Germany. It is said that this is the first time an American play by an American writer has had a premier outside the United States. Gladys Unger's name comes to the mind in this connection, but the talented daughter of Frank Unger, the Bohemian clubman, has chosen English themes for the successful plays which she has presented in London. Scheffauer laid the scene of his tragedy "The New Shylock" in the New York Ghetto. The drama was translated into German by Leon Lenhard, the German translator of John Galsworthy's plays and stories. It was presented at the Municipal Theatre of Danzig last week, and registered an immediate hit. Scheffauer was present at the premiere and in response to repeated crief of "Author!" appeared before the curtain and made a graceful speech. Arrangements are now under way to have the play produced in Bonn, Strassburg and Posen, and a Berlin pro-

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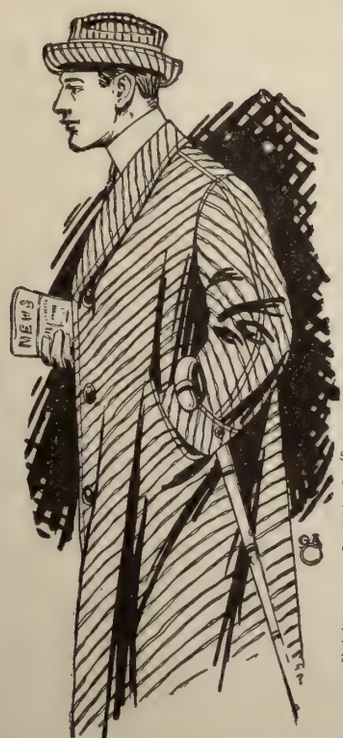

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duction will probably follow. Later on "The New Shylock" will be presented in New York.

George X. Wendling, D.V.S.

George X. Wendling, the millionaire lumber baron, has decided that the next time he travels incognito he will adopt a disguise which does not permit of embarrassing complications. Meanwhile his friends are enjoying a little joke at his expense, and being a good fellow with a sense of humor he enters heartily into the merriment whenever the jest is told. A short time ago Wendling went up into the white pine country of Humboldt to buy some big lumber tracts, taking a crew of lumber cruisers with him. One night they were to put up at the ranch house of a farmer with whom Wendling intended to bargain for his forest holdings. Fearing that the shrewd farmer would boost the price if he knew that he had to do with a millionaire, Wendling warned the cruisers that his identity must be concealed. "You better call me Dr. Johnson," he suggested, and Dr. Johnson he immediately became. All went well until dinner was over and then the farmer's wife addressed the incognito millionaire as follows:

"Dr. Johnson, we have a neighbor a mile from here whose little girl has been very sick for several days. There isn't a doctor within forty miles, and the poor child's father hasn't been able to go that far. Would you mind riding over there to prescribe for the poor little thing?"

The lumber cruisers winked furtively at one another, and Wendling did his best to conceal his embarrassment.

"I'm sorry," he said, "that I can't help the youngster, but as a matter of fact I'm a horse doctor!"

The good wife shook her head in disappointment, and it was the farmer's turn.

"So you're a 'vet,' Dr. Johnson," he said. "Well, it's hard on the child but it's lucky for me. There's a mare in the barn that's been sick all week. Would you mind taking a look at her?"

More furtive winks from the cruisers, and more embarrassment on the part of our disguised millionaire. Wendling explained that he hadn't practiced his profession for years and was afraid to prescribe, he was so rusty. The farmer accepted the excuse. But Wendling felt much better when he had left that farm house.

Monterey Damaged by False Report

It is a very simple matter jumping to conclusions as to the channel through which typhoid germs are conveyed to the human system, but the exercise may occasion much harm. We frequently hear of persons getting typhoid from drinking water, but infected water is seldom found in pipes of a water system connected with a lake or reservoir properly safeguarded against contamination. Milk cans washed in runing streams often become infected, and often milk is affected by the dirty hands of dairy workers. So are vegetables and fruit infected in the handling. The difficulty of tracing typhoid is due to the great length of time that elapses before the germ manifests itself. Some time ago it was surmised in the public prints that a case of typhoid had its origin in Monterey, and immediately the purity of the water supply at the Hotel Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Carmel and the Presidio of Monterey was questioned. Of course it was only a surmise, but it caused as much mischief as though it were a fact duly authenticated. The Del Monte Hotel being the resort of people from all parts of the world, whatever does injury to that famous hostelry does injury to the whole State. Now, as a matter of fact the water supply of Monterey is pure, but to satisfy the people everywhere of the truth it has been deemed advisable to obtain and publish expert testimony on the subject. As will be seen from the announcement appearing in this issue of Town Talk the water has been examined by physicians and bacteriologists and all have pronounced it pure. Furthermore it appears that there has not been a case of typhoid anywhere on the Monterey peninsula at any time this year. This represents a period of 275 days, during which time 10,000 people have been served daily by the Del Monte water system.

Functions at Techau's

Gay with Portola decorations, Techau Tavern presents an appearance even more attractive than usual. This famous cafe has recently been the scene of several important functions. On October 15 occurred the elaborate luncheon of the Ladies Auxiliary of the California Commandery, Knights Templar, at which ninety-eight ladies were present, the officers being Mrs. Sam Clarke, president; Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, Mrs. E. Weule, Mrs. John Sinclair, Mrs. W. S. Gray, Mrs. E. J. Morser, Mrs. Wm. C. Hassler and Mrs. J. W. Lewis. On the night of October 16 Doric Lodge, F. & A. M., entertained at a sumptuous banquet Mr. Filmer, Grand Master Mason and many other prominent Masons from all over the State. The decorations were on a scale of unusual magnificence and were said by many of the guests to surpass any hitherto seen at home or abroad.

Good Tip

"Everything all right, sir?" asked the waiter.

The diner nodded, but still the waiter hovered near.

"Steak cooked to suit you, sir?" he asked again, presently.

Again the diner nodded.

"Potatoes the way you like 'em, sir?"

"Yes."

Another period of silence.

"I hope the service is satisfactory, sir?"

"Are you asking for a tip?" demanded the diner.

"Well, sir, of course we get the tips sometimes, and I've got to go to the kitchen for another party, so"—

"So you'd like the tip now, to be sure of it? Well, I'll give you one."

"Yes, sir."

"Here is the tip: I have a powerful voice that I am capable of using. If anything is wrong I'll let out a roar. If you do not hear from me you can know that I am dining in peace and comfort and not in the least regretting your absence, for it's no fun to have to pass verbal judgment on every mouthful I eat."

"But the tip?"

"That's the tip, and a mighty good one it is, too."

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Masonry

Address Delivered by Samuel M. Shortridge at the Dedication of the Masonic Temple in San Francisco, October 13, 1913

Most Worshipful Grand Master, and you, my Brethren:

Behold! it is finished: the house is built. The architect, the artist, the artisan rests from his labor, happy each in knowing that his brain and hand have helped to rear a glorious temple which shall perpetuate his name and honor his memory.

Behold! it is finished: the house is built. A splendid ideal design has become a more splendid physical creation—hope has been transmuted into a fact—a sublime purpose has been achieved. On the corner-stone which we laid and upon which we poured the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment and the oil of joy has risen in splendor and stands in majestic beauty this glorious Temple, erected and this night and forever dedicated to Masonry and to God.

Yes, my brethren, we dedicate this Temple to Masonry and to the Almighty Architect who created all things in heaven and earth and endued the universe with harmony and law, who planted in the soul of man a yearning after immortality and promised him eternal life.

Even as they who went in gladness to dedicate the Temple erected on Mount Moriah, so we come to consecrate to sacred and divine uses this Temple of our faith. Gratefully we dedicate it to Masonry, the daughter of heaven; humbly we dedicate it to God whose continuing approval we invoke and whose everlasting blessing we implore.

We come rejoicing, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, with lips that fain would tell the world our faith, our purpose, and our hope.

We come in spirit exalted by a consciousness of the holy and glorious deeds our brethren have wrought, recalling with humble hearts but lofty pride, if we may not recount, the record of our blessed order which is ennobled by countless acts of charity, by untold works of love.

We come singing anthems for the dead who through danger and calumny carried our celestial banner until danger turned into security and calumny into praise—the dead brothers of ancient and mediaeval times who, misunderstood, distrusted, and denounced, were faithful to the Word and kept alive on her many altars the Light of Masonry—a Light which illumines the gate of death and leads us safely through the valley and shadow of doubt even into that mansion "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We come proclaiming aloud, that all men may hear, our Faith—that high above all earthly principalities and powers, above all kings and thrones, sits the Almighty Architect whose plans are infinitely divine, whose works are sublimely perfect, whose promise is immortality.

Thus coming, with hearts rejoicing, with spirits exalted, singing anthems of praise, and proclaiming our faith, we thank all who have aided greatly or little toward the building of this Temple.

To the architect in whose brain this glorious creation took on its symmetry and beauty; to the artist whose genius embellished and adorned it; to the artisan whose skilled hand reared these lofty columns—to all whose brain and hand designed and wrought this noble and magnificent Temple I am bidden to express our admiration and our gratitude.

Let us rejoice, my brethren, let us rejoice aloud; for the house is built; the altar is in place, the ark of the covenant is secure. Here are the implements of our craft, suggestive of precious moral truth. Here are the cup of mercy, the rod of discipline, the sword of justice. Here are the symbols of our faith—the gauge by which we divide the day into periods of labor, of rest and of service to God and distressed brothers; the gavel by which our hearts are purified and our minds ennobled; the plumb by which we are taught to stand and walk erect, leaning not, lest we fall; the square which reminds us of the duty of discharging every moral and legal obligation imposed or assumed; the level which enforces the truth that we are all equal in rights and responsibilities, that rich and poor, distinguished and obscure, stand on a common footing, that as Masons we are comrades of like rank and station; the compass by which our duties and rights are measured and adjusted; the trowel which cements us together in union.

Here are the Globes suggestive of the earth and moon and sun—of all the heavenly bodies that, started on their eternal journey, sweep onward through unmeasurable space in harmony and glory, obedient to law and reflecting the omnipotence of their Creator.

Here are the Ornaments, the Lights, and the Jewels of our fraternity, the deep significance of which are this night vivid in our minds and radiant in our hearts.

And here is the revealed word of God, the Book of Books, the Holy Bible, containing his Commandments whom we praise and serve and that other Commandment of Him who spoke as never man spake—Love ye one another.

With all these symbols and tokens as continuing inducements to noble thoughts and generous deeds; with all these proud memories as excitement to our zeal in acts of charity; with all these precious truths leading us in the path of honor and admonishing us to justify our faith by worthy acts; with God's word before us, lighting us through the darkness into the perfect day, let us renew our devotion, let us re-affirm our allegiance, let us reconsecrate our minds and hearts to the eternal and just principles and the righteous and godlike purposes of our Order.

And what, my brethren, are those principles and purposes which make of our fraternity an institution deserving, we think, the praise of men and worthy, we humbly trust, of the approval of heaven? Suffer me to remind you of some of them:

Masonry teaches temperance in all things, fortitude under all circumstances, prudence in all walks of life, and justice to all men.

Masonry teaches Faith in God and believes that his "judgments are true and righteous altogether."

Masonry consoles the sorrowing, inspires the despondent, revives the drooping spirit of the forlorn and fallen, and, smoothing his path, wet it may be with his tears and blood, encourages man with Hope to do and die for country, for God and truth. Masonry teaches and would have her disciples exemplify in their daily lives those virtues comprehended in the sublime word Charity—that charity whose very soul is love—that charity which St. Paul reckons as first and greatest of the trinity of virtues. Listen once more to her angel voice as it issued from the inspired lips of God's ambassador:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

'And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Masonry believes in the immortality of the soul—that the body perishes but the soul ascendeth unto God; that this little journey from the cradle to the grave is not all of life; that, created in His image, with capacity for love, with a yearning for truth, with a desire for eternal existence, the soul of man shall triumph over death and, emancipated from mortality, exist forever.

Masonry recognizes and teaches that throughout the universe—from the drop of dew sparkling on the bosom of morn to the shining star on the dark forehead of night—all nature, animate and inanimate, is subservient and obedient to law. And observing this beneficent reign of divine law, whereby all nature moves in harmony and order, Masonry inculcates obedience to human laws, enjoins loyalty to wisely established governments, inspires respect for the rights of men and nations, be they strong or weak, and seeks ever and everywhere to remove the causes and mitigate the horrors of unrighteous war and bring in that blessed day when Peace shall gather her children about her in one great fraternal brotherhood.

Yes, my brethren, Masonry is the champion of orderly, regulated government, the defender of freedom, and teaches that no state, no nation can be great, or its people prosperous and happy without just and equal laws, equally and justly administered.

Masonry is the patron of the sciences and the arts—of the sciences which have reared the beneficent structure of civilization—of the arts which have beautified it. She recognizes that this beautiful structure of civilization, from turret to foundation-stone, is the result of labor of hand and brain, and labor she exalts. Labor in the

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

An Announcement Coming?

Everyone is expecting that Miss Eleanor Landers will announce her engagement at the tea she is giving on the 29th. The happy fiance of rumor is a certain young bachelor who has been her devoted cavalier for many months. Miss Landers declares now she's not engaged, but all the same guests are going to the party on Wednesday, anticipating romance. The reception will be a large and elaborate affair at the Sorosis Club. Over five hundred invitations have been sent out. But it is not Miss Eleanor's debut since she has been doing society for a year or two. She is an attractive girl, the youngest daughter of the William J. Landers of San Leandro, and a cousin of Mrs. Vincent Whitney and Mrs. Fred Tallant. Her sister Bernice Landers was a great belle a decade ago. She married Jack Johnston of the Albert Sydney Johnston family of Los Angeles and the wedding was a brilliant affair in Trinity Church. Eleanor has cared less for society and when she does decide to be married will probably have a quiet wedding.

And Another?

Another announcement is expected today when Mrs. Chrystal Harrison gives a luncheon for Miss Cali Phillips, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Phillips, U. S. A. The engagement of Miss Phillips and Lieutenant Harrison has been announced and denied several times. But when the young officer's mother invited guests "to meet Miss Phillips" it really looked as though a permanent announcement might be made at the luncheon. Lieutenant Harrison is a relative of the Whitelaw Reid family and is a cousin of the Cleveland Hickoxes, one of whom married Martha Cahoun. Colonel Phillips and his family are spending a leave in San Francisco before sailing for the Philippines and it is said Miss Cali may remain in San Francisco a bride, after all.

A Retiring Queen

It was a great disappointment to the men who had the Portola in charge when Miss Conchita Sepulveda announced that she would not ride in the parades. Regal robes had been prepared for her at a cost of about fifteen hundred dollars, and it was taken for granted that she would consent to show herself in gorgeous raiment to the thousands who could not hope to inspect her loveliness at the two Portola balls. But Miss Sepulveda is a retiring queen, and she refused to place herself on exhibition in the streets. The fact that Queen Vergilia Bogue had done so did not move her. Even Dent H. Robert who spoke with something of the Hearst authority, could not persuade her to change her mind. So the committee gave it up, realizing that if Miss Sepulveda was not amenable to Hearst influence (she is one of Mrs. Hearst's favorites), there was nothing to be done. It was planned to have Miss Avia Tietjen, a very beautiful girl, act as queen in the parades, but Miss Sepulveda pointed out that this would trench upon her regal dignity, so Miss Tietjen rode under the title of "ruler of pageantry."

She Polished Her Legs

This story concerning a prima donna's beauty secret is true and really has nothing whatever to do with a press agent. A certain young matron of our city enthusiastically promised at three o'clock last Monday to meet her friends at five at the St. Francis Dansant. "I am dying for your opinion on my new gown—but I know you will rave over it and I am crazy to get into it." As time flew and the lady and the gown came not, a curious friend telephoned to find out why. "Oh! I can't come," was the reply. "No, I'm not sick. No, I've had an accident. I don't know yet but I hope it won't be serious." The sympathetic friend rushed to the lady's house. The pretty matron was enthroned in a horizontal position on a couch with her feet braced high above her reclining head. To her friend's alarmed inquiries she said it was all Mme. Gatti-Cassazza's fault, and it began fourteen years ago over in Melbourne, when Mme. Alda was plain Frances Adler, a young singer in a provincial operetta company. The young matron, it appears, mentioned to a young actress who knew Mme. Alda very well that she thought this Miss Adler quite the prettiest and best dressed young lady she had seen over there. "Indeed yes," said the actress, "and you've no idea what pains she takes with her grooming. She even polishes her legs with a preparation of pumice stone." "My word!" exclaimed the young matron; "her legs? But, why?" The answer was, "To make them gleam like ivory columns through silk stockings." The young matron ridiculed the idea and declared that the Australian girl had been spoofing the actress because she was an American. "A few years later," said the matron, "I came across the same idea in Ovid's Art of Love. Right away I thought of Frances Adler and said to myself, 'Aha! maybe it was true—the polished legs. She may have read Ovid too, or maybe she learned it from her aunt Frances Saville who then had a big European reputation in grand opera or from Mrs. James Brown Potter with whom Miss Adler maintained a correspondence since that artist's antipodean visit a few years before.' However, I thought no more about the subject until I learned indisputably this very day from some Australians that Frances Alda and Frances Adler are one and the same person. On the spot I decided that any girl with the industry and appreciation of artistic detail to polish her legs as well as to study music for years and years had won her crown as a grand opera queen by right of conquest and was worthy of imitation. For days I've been picturing the sensation my tango gown would make. Here was an unparalleled opportunity to bring into appreciation my priceless Chantilly lace stockings and my dernier cri high-heeled adaptations of Greek sandals. I am the only woman in town owning such treasures and aha! I would polish my legs. You know, dears, I am always strong for anything in the beautifying line. And so I polished. In two minutes I thought I saw the gleam. I was so delighted that I 'rubbed it in.' Pretty soon I saw my poor legs begin to bleed. Alas! maybe I had broken the walls of the veins. So promptly I elevated my feet like this. Once I read in a Sunday Supp that Pavolowa always does so when long continued dancing causes a too copious flow of blood to her feet." The friend didn't dare to laugh just then but she did at Friday's tango and the fair cireuse joined heartily in her mirth. Will any intrepid interviewer dare to ask Mme. Alda just with what and how long one may judiciously polish to get an ivory gleam?

Local Girl at a Royal Wedding

A former Burlingame belle was one of the few American guests at the recent royal wedding in London when the Duchess of Fife married Prince Arthur of Connaught. It was Mrs. Shane Leslie, the former Margery Ide who accompanied her dashing mother-in-law Mrs. Jack Leslie. The later was for several years lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, mother to the Prince, and is the sister of Mrs. George Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, so it will be seen that, socially speaking, the former Miss Ide is well among the elect in London where she is having a great success. Young Mrs. Leslie is very loyal to her California friends. She keeps up a correspondence with Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Carolan and is still the devoted friend she always was to Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali.

Felton Marries

So Felton Elkins has gone and done it! And so quietly too! It is to be doubted whether half a dozen out here knew that there was even a friendship between him and the girl from overseas whom he married. Felton evidently possesses a

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secretiveness which nobody suspected. And how some of our girls must have been shocked when they read that he was no longer an eligible bachelor! I could name several whom he honored with a little more than the ordinary polite attention, every one of whom would have answered in the affirmative if he had only said, "Be my wife." But the wind bloweth where it listeth and love refuses to be bound by considerations of geography. But, Felton, you have pained the heart of many a managing mama.

The Brazilian Ball

This was a thoroughly enjoyable affair because it was thoroughly democratic. To use the ridiculous language of the snobs, "somebodies" and "nobodies" rubbed elbows. Caste distinctions did not exist that night. And never a soul was a whit the worse off for this letting down of the bars. For one thing, this liberality brought a great crowd, and a great crowd always makes for fun. Most of the guests were Oaklanders. San Francisco sent a few of its dancing people, but not as many as had been expected. Some of the Oaklanders were a bit disappointed at this, and I suppose Douglas Crane was a bit disappointed too; but he didn't show it. All the ladies surveyed his Brazilian costume and voted him a perfect dear. When he danced the tango they said he was just too darling for words The decorations were unusual, and there were lots of them. The gowns were beautiful but not unusual with the exception of one Turkish costume with white satin trousers. It was evident that few knew the tango. Plain ragging was most in favor, and the hesitation waltz came second. One thing must be said. The Hotel Oakland is an ideal place for a big party, and those who had not been there before were loud in their praise of its exquisite appointments.

The Portola Masquerade

The most exciting feature of the Portola masquerade ball this Saturday night at Dreamland and Pavilion Rinks (they will be thrown into one great hall for the occasion), will be the tango contest. The couple acclaimed the best tango dancers will be rewarded with a prize from one of our great jewelry firms valued at $200. The contest is open to all, and the entrants will dance in mask, so none will know till the conclusion of the contest who the participants are. Of course it goes without saying that tango artists like the Douglas Cranes, Count Montgelas, the Fred Burnhams and Mrs. Coleridge Ertz will take part. The contest will also bring out the spirit of merry rivalry between the tango dancers of San Francisco and Oakland.

A Wedding That Surprised

Great was the surprise in the Bohemian Club last Saturday evening when the news came that "Dick" O'Connor had been quietly married that afternoon. "Dick" kept the secret of his betrothal as closely as he guards the legal confidences entrusted to him by his numerous clients. None of the Bohemians, even in that inner coterie of Bohemia which he ornaments with his quiet humor and his searching wit, suspected that "Dick" was engaged, but when the news of the wedding was buzzed through the club a host of his friends choked the telegraph wires with messages of felicitation addressed to Santa Barbara where the benedick and his bride are spending their honeymoon. The news also caused a sensation in the University of California Club where his college pals had not dreamed that "Dick" was contemplating an end of bachelorhood. "Dick's" bride was Miss Alice Cyril Dwyer of this city, a charming girl whom "Dick" first met when both were brilliant students at the university. She is the leader of an intellectual set of girls who look up to her not only for her undoubted talents but also for her appealing beauty and her unaffected vivacity. It was a very quiet wedding, the ceremony being performed at Star of the Sea Church with only two attendants, the sister of the bride and "Dick's" brother Hugh acting as bridesmaid and best man.

A Beautiful New Hotel

On November first another exclusive family hotel, the Cecil, will be opened under the management of Mrs. W. F. Morris who for the past five years has conducted the Hotel Victoria in this city. The hotel is on the south side of Post between Taylor and Mason. It contains one hundred and fifty rooms. Each is supplied with every modern device for comfort and convenience that goes to make up the up-to-date luxurious hostelry. The main entrance on Post street opens into a spacious lobby, to the left of which is the ladies' writing room for the use of the guests and their friends. To the right of the lobby is a billiard room with a buffet in the rear. One of the most pleasing features will be a Pompeiian garden on the roof, and on the seventh floor there will be a charmingly attractive, exquisitely furnished apartment of eight rooms where a family of four may enjoy all the privacy and comfort of their own home without the incidental worry and care of marketing, etc., as the meals will be served from the hotel dining room by means of a dumb waiter. The dining room of the hotel will be in the colonial style, in the ivory tints, the prevailing tones of the furnishings being blue and mahogany. The woodwork throughout the building is of Australian eucalyptus. The cuisine will be ordered with that nicety and perfection by which Mrs. Morris has won distinction. She will continue to run the Victoria.

A Surprise at Tait's

On Monday next, the 27th day of the month to be exact, the management of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe has a surprise in store for patrons. What "It" will be the cafe refuses to divulge, but if it is on a par with its other innovations nobody will be disappointed. The entertainment and music there during the past week have been exceptionally fine. The performers seem to be imbued with the gay Portola Spirit and are doing their utmost to please their audiences. Seats are always at a premium at this most popular of all dining places which means that cuisine, service and entertainment are the best procurable.

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The Triumph of Faversham

By Edward F. O'Day

Booth is a tradition, and Barrett—he is a tradition and so is Kean. We love them for what we have been told of them. But in this generation, this age of "new men that in the flying of a wheel cry down the past," what have we to do with traditions? Let us therefore consider William Faversham without reference to those who have gone before him, and let us say of him in all gravity—in all thankfulness too—that the men of this generation will almost certainly complete their allotted years without seeing a greater Marc Antony. To us who have been at the Cort this week William Faversham is going to be a tradition. He has done something which the most of us have not before seen done so well—which the most of us will probably never see done quite so well again. He has given us a Marc Antony at which the most hypecritical would not think to cavil—a Marc Antony from which the most niggardly would not dream of withholding the most generous praise. The success of Faversham in the great test scene of "Julius Caesar," the scene in the Forum wherein Marc Antony makes the speech which determines the course of Roman history, was so complete, so overwhelming, so delightfully unexpected if you will, as to be nothing short of sensational. He brought us forward on our toes. He made our cheeks to glow with an unwonted warmth. He made the thrills of physical excitement race up and down our spines while the blood beat in our brains in mad surges of intoxication. You wanted to cry out in sheer excess of enthusiasm. You wanted to reach up over the footlights and grasp Faversham by the hand and strike him on the shoulder and tell him what an exquisite pleasure that of listening to him, of absorbing his tones, his gestures, his meaning had been. . . . One goes to see "Julius Caesar" with misgivings. One never knows how bad the performance is going to be. In this instance one couldn't have imagined or dreamed or hoped that the performance would be anywhere so near the perfection that Shakespearian devotees long for all their lives. Among The Plays "Julius Caesar" occupies a peculiar position. The true Shakespearian loves it with a love that is perhaps stronger for the recognition of its weaknesses—the sort of love one has for a friend thoroughly understood in all his faults no less than in his merits. The true Shakespearian cherishes "Julius Caesar" just as a man, howsoever blase, howsoever cynical he may have become, cherishes in his heart of hearts the love of some youthtide's sweetheart. For "Julius Caesar" is a boy's play, and only insofar as the boy lives in the man (and woe to the man in whom the boy does not live!), insofar only as the exuberance of juvenile straight thinking has not died can "Julius Caesar" be truly appreciated. . . . The actors are usually obstacles to this generous appreciation. Thank heaven, one occasionally appears who does not hamper it. Such a one is Faversham, and in his happy interpretation of the genuine Shakespearian's dream of an ideal "Julius Caesar" there is no awkward hampering by the members of his company. Faversham is not alone successful in Marc Antony. He is successful too in the players who are associated with him. But the great scene, the supreme test of the play belongs to Faversham. The whole production must be unforgetable, but in the chamber of the mind where this "Julius Caesar" is enshrined, there is a particular altar where incense must burn for Faversham's Marc Antony. . . . But let us not anticipate that great speech in the Forum. Let us begin at the beginning, and be just. In this case justice means lavishness of praise. . . . The version is Edwin Booth's, the program tells us, but not Booth's alone. "Mr. Faversham has restored several scenes extant in the First Folio, which he deems essential to the fullest enhancement of the drama's continuity." That is a very human touch. We would all appear erudite if we might. Let us not pause to carp or even smile. . . . Ingeniously enough Mr. Faversham has assigned the opening scene, not to Flavius and Marullus to whom it belongs, but to Decius Brutus and Casca. This is not Shakespeare but it is quite effective. Giving that great bit of impassioned, indignant,

MME. FRANCES ALDA
Soprano Metropolitan Opera House who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, next Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon.

scornful eloquence, "Wherefore rejoice? What conquests brings he home?" to Casca instead of to the negligible Marullus, violates just a little bit the blunt character of Casca but adds indubitably to his dramatic importance. 'Twas well done of Mr. Faversham, especially when he had enlisted the services of so good a Casca as Arthur Elliot. In that opening outburst Mr. Elliot strikes the key of the performance, and happily none falls short of his pitch. In this first scene too we are made acquainted with the best Roman mob that has ever shouted and bullied and "clapped chopped hands" and "tossed sweaty night-caps" within the memory, I dare say, of men not too uncomfortably old. Here is a mob drilled perfectly, a credible mob, the sort of mob one knew in the old days of political conventions, a real omnium-gatherum of human beings with the mob's minimum of brains and maximum of emotional impulse. Recall the performances of "Julius Caesar" that have been made ridiculous by their mobs, and you will better appreciate Mr. Faversham's feat of training this stageful of intelligent supernumeraries. . . . The good impression Mr. Elliot made in that first scene was deepened when it came his turn to explain to Brutus and Cassius how Caesar had thrice refused the kingly crown. But this scene belonged particularly to R. D. MacLean who played Brutus and to Ernest Rowan who played Cassius. Splendid looking Romans both of them are and fine actors, though MacLean is incomparably the better of the two. He is a handsome Brutus and he talks and walks and gesticulates in the fashion of lofty dignity one imagines while reading the play. Mr. Rowan is a fine Cassius too, lean and choleric and passionate and waspish. He has not perfected the modulation of his voice as Mr. MacLean has, but he interprets Shakespeare with splendid intelligence. . . . . Mr. MacLean deepened the first impression of his worth when he played the orchard scene. And here we heard the Portia of Miss Constance Collier. We had seen her earlier, a majestic figure, on her way to the ceremonies of the Lupercal. Now we heard her beautiful voice. Shall we ever see a lovelier Portia? I doubt it. This was one of the most touching scenes in the play, given with all the dignity and pathos and poetry Shakespeare intended. Miss Collier was a picture of ravishing loveliness as she clung to her husband and entreated him to unfold to her the "sick offense" within his mind. We saw Miss Collier again in that pretty scene so rarely given wherein she entreats Lucius to run to the senate and bring her word of her husband. Never before have I wished so ardently that Shakespeare had given us more of Portia. Toward the end of the play, when Brutus tells of her death, the image of Miss Collier came to the mind and added to the poignancy of the Stoic's few simple words of grief. . . . . The Julius Caesar of Thomas Tracey and the Calpurnia of Miss Jane Wheatley were commanding figures. Mr. Faversham has introduced a fine touch, by the way, after the assassination. When Antony is about to have the body of the murdered Caesar removed Calpurnia enters and sinks moaning on the corse. It is not Shakespeare, but again it is very effective. . . . . The assassination is by far the most thrilling I have ever seen. Impending tragedy charges the air like electricity. You hold your breath in painful suspense. It is wonderful stagecraft. . . . . And now at last the play is Antony's and Mr. Faversham's. You are disappointed at first in this Antony, his manner is so different from all others you remember. He is almost a youthful Antony, and he has none of the Warde-and-James thumping heaviness we associate with these togaed parts. He is subtle, plausible, and by degrees you realize how telling it all is. There is something of the Nilotic serpent about this man, and he has not yet loved Cleopatra! You are still more profoundly impressed in the next scene when he ascends the rostrum to make that wonderful speech. I never saw an audience sit so tensely through a Shakespearian scene. He sways you as he sways that mob. You are putty in his fingers, and you take the impress of his every craftily calculated mood. This is not declamation, this is not the old fashioned eloquence; it is a man with a tremendous mind hypnotizing a mob, and you are part of that mob. If you do not thrill to this, you are not a genuine Shakespearian. . . . . And what a mob! You realize with a shock of surprise how

Shakespeare understood the mob. You knew this academically, if only from reading "Julius Caesar" and "Coriolanus," but now you see with freshened eyes and mind what scorn the dramatist had for the mercurial groundlings of all ages and all histories who love and hate, hiss and cheer, insult and deify the same man wthin a space of time pitifully brief. There cannot be anything in the newfangled "psychology of the mob" which Shakespeare did not know. And thanks to Mr. Faversham this is brought home to us in a way we can never forget. This is his triumph. In my little private gallery of Shakespearian players this great actor henceforth takes his well-deserved niche with Miss Viola Allen's Viola and Miss Annie Russell's Puck and Louis James' Falstaff. This Marc Antony supplies a standard of comparison. . . . . The concluding honors belong to Mr. MacLean. He is the hero of the quarrel scene. There are moments in that overpowering act which begins with a battle of giants, passes on to the announcement of Portia's death and concludes with the apparition of Caesar, when Mr. MacLean nearly moves you to tears. . . . . Yes, it is a masterly performance all through. This time we have seen a Shakespearian play mounted with exquisite taste and played with all-pervading beauty.

Melis, Botta and Montesanto

By Helen M. Bonnet

The "Mme. Butterfly" given by the Western Metropolitan Opera Company is now a memory that will linger and be cherished. It was a most artistic rendition of a beautiful work. I think it vain to hope ever to see again in a single performance of this opera three artists rise to all the requirements as do Carmen Melis, Luca Botta and Signor Montesanto. The music of Butterfly calls for every shade of tonal expression and the artistry of Melis easily meets its exactions. Throughout its great length there is never one of her tones that is not at once fresh and brilliant, never a phrase slighted of its musical value or intention. It was impossible not to compare her Un Bel Di with that of the world renowned Butterfly, that great artiste Miss Farrar whom we heard so recently. The laurels go to Melis. Great is Botta! But with Melis in the cast and Montesanto I will not emphasize too heartily this estimate. Botta does not occupy the cloud-capped heights alone. The greatness of Botta impels one to rhapsody because tenors of his class are rare. His is the soul-laden voice heard at long intervals, a joy not only to the ear but to the deepest sensibilities. Less rare is the dramatic soprano of the first class, or the baritone god with the resonant tones that thrill with their impassioned fervor. So hearing the unusual tenor one may fail to do justice to a Carmen Melis or a Montesanto. But not after hearing and seeing the Japanese opera. What a lot of fine talent there is in this company! By degrees it has been revealing itself. The talented ones, too, they have been revealing themselves only by degrees. While Carmen Melis was wholly satisfying as Tosca it was not till I saw her as Butterfly that I was impressed with the range of her gifts and her genius. Why, she's a "discovery" too! A soprano who sings with a skill that drains one of superlatives, she is also a fine emotional actress. It's a big transition from Tosca to Butterfly but Carmen Melis accomplishes it, and with a finesse that stamps only the highest mimetic ability. Statuesquely robust she does not realize physically my conception of the frail little Japanese woman who

CLARA MORTON
(Of the Four Mortons) who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

was wooed and won by the fickle naval officer from over the sea, and like a true if misguided artist she makes up for the role even to the point of being unprepossessing to Caucasian eyes. Though a handsome woman, in this role she has none of the pink and white beauty that the average actress affects even in Japanese costume. Nevertheless in the play of her intellect she portrays the part with such wealth of technical detail as to achieve the perfection of illusion. The heartfelt sympathy and compassion of her audience go out to her. She grips, she moves, she thrills, she melts to tears. Not often does Italian opera stir the emotions as they were stirred on Monday night by the performance of those great artists, Melis, Botta and Montesanto. Ah, it was a performance to be remembered. The opera was perfectly sung and perfectly acted. For once Lieutenant Pinkerton was young and looked the part. While Botta might have given us a litttle more of diablerie in his first scene with the consul it was impossible not to be impressed with his joyousness and youthful irresponsibility. He was a tender lover and his admirers had lots of thrills from his "high" notes, for his music abounds in them and he trolls them forth with the greatest ease, and all his tones are ringing gold. The trio in the last act with Pinkerton, Sharpless and Suzulsi was gloriously done. Montesanto's superb baritone was as delightful as his fine acting. A man of distinguished appearance is this big baritone, and he has an instinct for clothes. As I have said the memory of the performance will linger. The music of the opera was splendidly rendered by the fine orchestra. Like the music of Boheme it is music that was written to be played and enjoyed, not, like so much modern music to be read, analyzed and admired as "clever." It is music that renders the mood and feeling of the drama. When the tenuous plaintive wailing of the strings floats up out of the orchestra it is full of the most melancholy poetry, and the most enchanting cadences are like meditative comment. There is no uproar. All is quiet lyricism, but it touches the feelings.

Gossip of the Theatre

Now Comes the Gaiety

There's a splendid new playhouse on the Rialto, and as a result there is congestion more merrily congested in O'Farrell street and another focus of rollicking laughter and irrepressible joy. Conjured out of a hole in the ground by the golden wand of "Broncho Billy" Anderson, the Gaiety rose in brilliant accouterment last Saturday night, throwing open its portals to a crush of hungry pleasure-seekers and spreading a banquet whereat they filled themselves to the verge of surfeit. The Gaiety reduces the high cost of entertainment and raises the standard of first class foolery. The Gaiety has split the price in two, and lets you smoke besides. And at the entrance to welcome you stands Sam Berger, the handsomest Olympian that ever donned a boxing glove or managed a championship fight. The Gaiety people are not pikers. They commissioned George Hobart and John Golden, Arthur Gillespie and Russell Tarbox to build them "a spotless and plotless fashion, fun and song show," and they got it, indeed they got it! When "The Candy Shop" was constructed its principal roles were fitted to men and women whose names all of us know. There are that inimitable team William Rock and Maude Fulton, Catherine Hayes, Al Shean, Franklyn Farnum, Gene Luneska, Tom Waters, Bessie Franklyn and Will Philbrick. There are many others, the men full of fun and dance, the women fair of face and of form divine. From "The Candy Shop" they extract all the sugary sweetness, all the melting deliciousness and all the laughs, smiles, giggles and guffaws stored up in it by the authors. "The Candy Shop" rests on that most fragile yet most trustworthy of supports, the silken leg, and although the silken leg scorns the base earth and forever whirls and kicks in the upper air, the show is in no danger of collapse. As a revelation in underpinning we have had nothing to surpass it. It beats a Market street safety station on a Saturday afternoon. If you are deaf you need not stay away, but if you are myopic be fitted for glasses before you go, or you'll tantalize your eyes into strabismus.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"The Count of Luxembourg" is Popular

"The Count of Luxembourg" which has come to San Francisco after a season and a half of remarkable success in the East, has been found by the many hundreds of theatergoers who have witnessed its presentation at the evening or matinee performances of the current week one of the best

musical offerings of the season. The Columbia has been taxed to its capacity. The second week of the engagement which begins with Sunday night's performance, has already brought out a big advance sale of seats. Klaw and Erlanger in this case have given to San Francisco the same production enjoyed by the New Yorkers and their efforts to please have been appreciated. It is a great cast that makes fun and sings in this musical romance by Frank Lehar. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Henry Miller in "The Rainbow"

The management of the Columbia announces that one of the notable bookings of the season is Henry Miller in his latest success, "The Rainbow." This attraction comes to the Columbia on Monday night, November 3. That Mr. Miller will bring the New York cast and production in "The Rainbow" is a matter of congratulation, for much has been heard here of the brilliant comedy which is said to be one of the best vehicles this distinguished actor has ever had. Its long run in New York followed by extended engagements in Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia kept it from the road for two seasons and have given it increased interest. The cast will include Ruth Chatterton whose creation of the role of the daughter was one of the features of the New York run. Seats for the Miller engagement will go on sale Thursday morning.

Greenbaum to Manage "Theatre Francais"

Encouraged by the success of its initial season the "Theatre Francais de San Francisco" will give its second season of performances in the French language. This announcement will be welcomed by the many Americans studying French and the host of French citizens of this community. M. Andre Ferrier, the director of the organization, has just returned from Paris where he secured the rights to some of the best plays of the "Comedie Francais" and the charming operettas of Offenbach, Massenet and others. It is proposed to give several evenings of short works, one being a play and the other an opera. The company has been greatly strengthened and the performances will be mounted with the most careful attention to stage detail, costuming, music, etc. A number of French citizens have asked Will L. Greenbaum to take charge of the business part of the enterprise and he has accepted the charge. The first performance will be given Thursday night, November 13, when the romantic comedy in four acts "Mlle. de la Siegliere" by Jules Sandeau will be given. This work is one of the favorites in the repertoire of the "Comedie Francais." The second performance will consist of the comedy "L'Ete de la Saint-Martin" by Meilhac and Halevy and Offenbach's opera-comique "Marriage aux Lanternes." M. Emilio Puyans will be the musical director. Full details regarding season tickets, etc., may be secured on application to Mr. Greenbaum at 101 Post street.

De Mille and Moffat Plays at Empress

"The Mission Garden," a picturesque American operetta, will headline the bill at the Empress next week. The book was written by Cecil De Mille and Robert Bowers and Grant Stuart composed the music and lyrics. Nellie Brewster has the leading role. Graham Moffat's Scottish players will present Mr. Moffat's playlet "The Concealed Bed." The cast comprises Marie Stuart, Hilda Robertson, Jean Hamilton, Andrew Clyde and Stuart Black. Moffat is the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings." The Gypsy Countess will be heard on the czimbalom in classical and popular melodies. Fletcher Norton and Maude Earl will offer "Echoes from Musical Comedy." Hastings and Wilson are eccentric comedians. Billy Sheers has a new line of stories, dances and parodies. Melnotte and Rogers are acrobatic comedians.

Alda Sings on Sunday

On Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium Mme. Frances Alda of the Metropolitan Opera House will be introduced to us by Manager Greenbaum. As a "lieder" singer in all languages Mme. Alda ranks with the best, and with the assistance of Gutia Casini, the Russian violoncello virtuoso, and Frank LaForge, that master-accompanist and pianist, the Alda concerts will be as artistic offerings as Greenbaum has ever brought us. Complete programs for the three Alda concerts which are to be given Sunday afternoon, Wednesday night and the following Saturday afternoon (November 1), may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Company's or Kohler and Chase's where the box offices are now open. Next Thursday night Mme. Alda will give a concert in the Assembly Hall at Stanford University.

Harold Bauer

Harold Bauer, the "master-pianist" and one of those great artists who can interest the teacher, student and music lover from the moment he takes his place at the instrument until the final note of the program, will give his first concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, November 2, at 2:30 p. m. This is Bauer's fourth visit to this city, so there is not much to tell our concertgoers about him. His programs have been arranged to suit the expressed desires of our local music lovers by a novel means adopted by Manager Greenbaum. At the opening concert he will play the Bach "Suite" in G minor, Schumann's "Davidsbundlertanze," Chopin's "Polonaise" in F sharp minor and "Tarantelle," the rarely played "Laendler" by Schubert and works by Caesar Franck, Beethoven and Brahms. There will be two modern novelties on the list, a "Pavanne" by Ravel whose "Quartet" was introduced to us by the Flonzaleys and a "Fandango" by Granados, the Spanish composer whose "La Maja Dolorosa" was a feature at a De Gogorza concert. The second Bauer concert is announced for Thursday night, November 6. Seats will be on sale next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's.

"The Bird of Paradise" at Cort

"The Bird of Paradise," a drama of Americans and modern Hawaii, will be seen at the Cort next week, commencing Sunday evening, with matinee Saturday and a popular matinee Wednesday. The play is by Richard Walton Tully, the well known author of "The Strenuous Life, "The Rose of the Rancho" and other pieces. The production has been under the personal supervision of Oliver Morosco. Miss Lenore Ulrich, a nineteen-year-old discovery of Manager Morosco's at the close of last season, plays the principal role with sensational force, it is said. William Desmond who has just returned from a starring tour in Australia, has the principal male role, and the rest of the cast is of the highest order. Anna Held's all-star Variete Jubilee follows.

Third Week of Opera

The second week of grand opera at the Tivoli will end with the symphonic concert and per-

LENORE ULRICH
The charming young actress who plays the part of Luana in "The Bird of Paradise," which will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre next week.

formance of "I Pagliacci" under the direction of Leoncavallo this afternoon and tomorrow evening, and "Madam Butterfly" in which Carmen Melis, Luca Botta and Luigi Montesanto sing tonight. The repertoire for the third week, commencing Monday, is full of big events. On Monday and Saturday nights and at the Wednesday matinee "La Boheme" will be given with a cast including Mosciska, Simzis, Botta, Modesti and Sesona. On Tuesday and Friday nights Leoncavallo will direct the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" with Crestani, Cechetti, Schiavazzi and Mascal in the first opera, and Melis, Anitua, Schiavazzi and Modesti in "Pagliacci." On Wednesday night "Madam Butterfly" will be repeated with the same cast as before. Thursday and Sunday nights and the Saturday matinee will be notable occasions, for they

HAROLD BAUER
Pianist who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon, November 2, Thursday evening, November 6, Saturday afternoon, November 8.

will mark the first production in America of Leoncavallo's "Zingari," (The Gypsy), the cast including Mosciska, Chiodo, Montesanto and Brilli. Leoncavallo will direct and supervise the production.

One of the Mortons at Orpheum

Clara Morton, erstwhile of the Four Mortons, assisted by Frank Sheen, will appear in a skit called "Finding the Family" at the Orpheum next week. She introduces her piano dance, several new songs and her flute playing story. Sam Chip and Mary Marble have a new act "The Land of Dykes." Its author is Herbert Hall Winslow, and it is said to afford Miss Marble and Mr. Chip the best opportunity they have yet had. Agnes Scott and Henry Keane will present "Drifting" by Agnes Scott. James P. Conlin, Lillian Steele and Eddie Carr term their act "The Follies of Vaude-

(Continued on Page 21.)

CALIFORNIA
LAND SHOW
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The most original, comprehensive and artistic exhibition of California's agricultural and industrial resources ever held. Displayed in a beautiful sylvan setting.

100,000 People Have Attended the Land Show

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ALDA
Star Soprano—Metropolitan Opera House
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GUTIA CASININ—'Cello Virtuoso
FRANK LA FORGE—Pianist-Composer
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 26th at 2:30
WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29th at 8:15
and
SPECIAL SATURDAY MATINEE, NOVEMBER 1st
Tickets, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. Sunday at Hall.
Knabe Piano Used

Harold Bauer
Master-Pianist
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 2nd
THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 6th
and
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 8th
Tickets, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at both box offices, ready next Wednesday.
Mason and Hamlin Piano
Mail Orders now for SCHUMANN-HEINK

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
MIRTHFUL VAUDEVILLE
CLARA MORTON (Of the Four Mortons) in "Finding the Family," assisted by Frank Sheen; SAM CHIP & MARY MARBLE in the picture book playlet "The Land of Dykes"; AGNES SCOTT & HENRY KEANE in "Drifting"; CONLIN, STEELE & CARR, Follies of Vaudeville; HASSARD SHORT'S "DANCE REVERIES"; MACK & ORTH; FOUR ATHLETAS; "THE RAILROADERS' WARNING," Taken Exclusively for the Orpheum. Last Week—Great Comedy Hit of NELLIE NICHOLS, Songstress Comedienne.
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phone Douglas 70.

SAVOY THEATRE
"The Playhouse Beautiful"
McALLISTER St., Near MARKET
PHONE MARKET 130
Matinee Today and Tomorrow—Last Two Nights of
"THE CONFESSION"
All Seats 25c to 50c
Starting Monday Night—One Week Only
Return Engagement of
"THE TRAFFIC"
The Most Startling Play of the Period
Same Superior Cast and Production as Before
Special Prices, This Engagement Only—Nights, 25c to $1.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c

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O'Farrell Opposite Orpheum
PHONE SUTTER 4141
THE BIG MUSICAL REVIEW
THE CANDY SHOP
ROCK AND FULTON
And 70 Comedians
Prices—Nights and Saturday Matinee, 25c to $1.00; Tuesday and Thursday Matinees, 25c, 50c and 75c.
SEATS SELLING FOUR WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Pantages Theatre
Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Commencing, Sunday, Octooer 26th
"A DAY AT ELLIS ISLAND"
A Story of Immigrant Life
Maurice Samuels & Co.
Home Again
TOM KELLY
San Francisco's Singing Idol
Boris Fridkin Harold Holland & Co.
Troupe of 10
"THE EARL AND THE MAID"
A STUNNING EIGHT ACT SHOW
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phone Franklin 150.
NIGHTLY INCLUDING SUNDAY
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
Second and Last Week Begins Monday, October 27th
THE CLASSIEST SHOW OF THE YEAR
Klaw and Erlanger Present Franz Lehar's Musical Romance
"THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG"
American Book by Glen Macdonough
100 People—Orchestra of 26
Special Prices—Wednesday Matinee, 25c to $1.50
Monday, November 3 HENRY MILLER in
"The Rainbow"

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time Saturday Night—William Faversham in
"Julius Caesar"
STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 26th
One Week—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Oliver Morosco Present a Romance of Hawaii
"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"
By Richard Walton Tully
The Play of a Woman's Soul
Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to $2. $1 Mat. Wednesday
Next Sunday, November 2 ANNA HELD'S ALL-STAR VARIETE JUBILEE.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
EDDY STREET, NEAR MARKET
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GRAND OPERA SEASON
Matinee Today and Sunday Night, Symphonic Concert and "I PAGLIACCI," under the direction of LEONCAVALLO; Tonight, "MADAM BUTTERFLY," with Melis, Botta and Montesanto; Monday and Saturday Nights and Wednesday Matinee, "LA BOHEME," with Mosciska, Simzis, Botta, Modesti and Sesona; Tuesday and Friday Nights, LEONCAVALLO, directing "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA," with Crestani, Cechetti, Schiavazzi and Mascal, and "I PAGLIACCI," with Melis, Anitua, Schiavazzi and Modesti; Wednesday Night, "MADAM BUTTERFLY," with Melis, Botta and Montesanto; Thursday and Sunday Nights and Saturday Matinee, "ZINGARI," under the direction of the composer, LEONCAVALLO, with Moschiska, Chiodo, Montesanto and Brilli.
Prices—$2 to 50c. Mail Orders Filled. Send funds to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
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Week Commencing Monday Night, October 27, with
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Return of the Perennial Favorites
EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL
With the Alcazar Company They Will Appear in
George M. Cohan's Brilliant Comedy
"BROADWAY JONES"
Capably Acted and Splendidly Staged
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.

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A Typical American Operetta
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NELLIE BREWSTER
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was in control of the bears the past week and in some instances new low prices were made on this movement. Steel common is the chief object of the bear attacks and tariff talk, but it acts better than any other active stock on the list. With a reduction of only about 200,000 tons in unfilled orders for September and its plants running at more than 90 per cent of capacity business must have been good and no reason exists for believing that any serious decline is in sight. Canadian steel mills have been able to meet the competition of English and Continental mills with the help of the protection they now enjoy, but they are now asking parliament to raise the duties still higher because they fear American competition. In their plea for such additional protection they state specifically that the Steel Corporation can turn out steel cheaper than the mills of any other country and that its position has been strengthened by the changes in the United States tariff as far as its ability to export is concerned. There was a fair sized rally early in the week but after the shorts had covered there did not seem to be any outside demand and prices were allowed to sag. The short interest has grown larger on the slump and will cover when outside buying improves. In a general way the expectation that anti-trust legislation will engage the attention of Congress at its regular session has a depressing influence. Attorney-General McReynolds has announced that he will bring suit against the Southern Pacific to make it part with the Central Pacific Railroad on the ground that they are competing roads and that possession of one by the other violates the Sherman anti-trust law. This will prevent the Union Pacific from paying extra dividends out of the proceeds of the sale of the Southern Pacific stock. It may need the money to buy the Central Pacific before long. Southern Pacific made a new low record on the strength of this long expected news. There was a fair recovery in the market toward the end of the week and it is to be hoped that we have seen the worst but there are still a number of factors hanging over the market that do not look very cheerful to the constructive side of the market.

Wheat—This is a trying, tiresome situation in wheat. To some extent the conditions are different from what the trade of this country ever was confronted with before. There is little doubt that the tariff proposition is having an important influence on the public mind. The market sold at the lowest price on this crop and closed the week with only a fair rally. We may also note that wheat seemingly has very few friends and apparently nothing in sight to bring about a higher level of prices with the exception of the fact that in comparison to the previously accepted standard of values, wheat is cheap. This fact alone will not bring about any bull market, but it should have a tendency to cause the bears to hesitate about selling wheat short at the present basis, as something usually comes up to turn the tide when the market looks the sickest. The fact, however, that the primary markets keep accumulating stocks, and the expected export demand is apparently lacking to absorb any large amount of wheat or flour, creates a sentiment unfavorable to an advance in prices. The Chicago market is one where the bulk of hedging sales finally lands, and is obliged to carry a load which the limited volume of speculation finds extremely heavy, and, while the big declines would seem to us to warrant investment buying, values may work off a little further.

Corn—The corn market has held up better than wheat and apparently gets good support on the breaks. Gathering new corn has not become general yet, but in the majority of instances the husking returns indicate a strong possibility of the yield being smaller than previously predicted. The market has had a severe break from the tip, running from 7 to 10 cents per bushel which, under ordinary circumstances, would be quite sufficient, but new features are being brought to the attention of the trade, which have never before existed; for instance, October corn is selling at a discount under the December; old corn is now being offered freely at prices much under futures, and owing to the talk of Argentine corn being imported to supply the eastern demand, the cash situation is anything but encouraging to the bull. The situation, however, is likely to change at any time and we believe corn should be bought on a scale down.

Cotton—After showing a reaction of over 100 points from the previous high level the cotton market again turned strong and closed the week with a good advance and if the expected heavy frost materializes which has been predicted for next week higher prices may be expected. It is still a weather market and the weather news from day to day governs the price of futures. There are, however, other factors that should not be lost sight of. The United States Census Bureau issued its first monthly report of the season and announced that the consumption of cotton in the United States during the month of September was larger than the consumption for the corresponding month of last season by 34,000 bales. American spinners stocks on September 30 were 46,000 bales less than one year ago. Independent warehouse stocks in the United States on September 30 were 82,000 bales smaller than last year. Active spindles in the United States were 845,000 larger than one year ago. Last season the United States consumed 5,587,000 bales of American cotton. This year they will probably need 6,000,000 bales, as stocks of American cotton goods is reported to be very light. Last season Europe consumed 9,316,000 bales of American cotton. It is probable, therefore, that Europe will need at least 9,000,000 bales of American cotton this season. Under the circumstances it would seem as if the world will need about 15,000,000 bales this season. But where is this cotton to come from? The South Atlantic States have good crops, the Valley States moderately good, but crops in the great southwest are reported to be very poor. If the eastern half of the belt does not do any better than to make up for the loss in the western half of the cotton region, the total crop will be no larger than last year. We can see but one side to the cotton market and that is the long side and we believe that May cotton that is now selling at a discount of over 100 points below spot cotton in New York is an excellent investment purchase.

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Have you not always some slight repair—stopped basin, broken window cord, or electric light won't work? We will assume all your repair expenses and bother for a small monthly rate. Our representative will call at your request.

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June 30, 1913

Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

of one. Beginning this week with 'Help Wanted' I shall give my new productions tryouts before the public and the critics of San Francisco as well as of Los Angeles. I have a working agreement with Fred Belasco whereby the Alcazar will present my new plays with augmented companies, including actors and actresses I wish to send to New York for the Broadway production.

'This will be of benefit to me, and there is another side to it. San Francisco has to wait two years to see the 'Bird of Paradise' which was written by a Californian. It has to wait two years and a half to see 'Peg' which was first produced in Los Angeles. Henceforth San Francisco will see my plays before New York. There is a local pride which makes people want to see a native work before New York passes on it, and I shall help to gratify this natural feeling."

Masonry

(Continued from Page 13.)

quarry, procuring the Rough Ashlar, and in the workshop preparing the Perfect Ashlar; labor in the studio of Phidias fashioning into classic beauty lifeless marble and breathing into it the soul of a goddess; labor of the poet singing to us of Paradise, of the historian garnering the lessons of ages dead and gone; labor at the easel of Rubens moving the heart to unutterable emotion by the "Descent from the Cross" or of a Turner transferring to canvas the dappled morning, the tranquil beauty of the purple hills, the fading glory of retreating day; labor of the composer, making the air to vibrate with celestial harmony and ravishing our hearts with sublime and heavenly symphonies; labor in the pulpit expounding the Holy Bible and "justifying the ways of God to man"; labor of the scientist, wresting from nature her most hidden secrets and conquering the malignant enemies that prey on life; labor on Mount Hamilton, measuring, weighing the stars as they speed onward, and tracing the mysterious path of the comet as it pursues its flight, "lone, wandering, but not lost"; labor of the lawgiver, laying broad and deep the foundation of wise and stable government and formulating laws for the safeguarding of life and liberty; labor on the bench, patient and merciful, administering God's justice on earth; labor in the deep, dark mine that mankind may be lighted and warmed and industry reward the countless hands of toil; labor on the earth ploughing, planting, reaping the prairies, tunneling the mountains, felling the forests, erecting habitations, guiding the lightning, conquering the air; labor on the sea—carrying the products of industry from land to land and bringing into harmonious relation once alien and hostile peoples,—manly, godlike labor, thou has nobly performed thy appointed task and behold the work of thy hands! Law, order, government; literature, science, art; the earth made habitable, human life prolonged, and mankind, risen from ignorance to knowledge, from bondage to freedom, approaching nearer and nearer, day by day, to that long dreamed-of hour when Justice shall be crowned and from her throne of beauty rule the world!

And it is because Masonry exalts labor that we treasure the memory of the Operative Masons to whom we are indebted for whatever makes our Order symmetrical and enduring, worthy and beneficent. They builded better than they knew. We see them toiling through the centuries; we see them exemplifying the beauties of harmony, the blessing of union, the virtue of obedience, and the necessity for law; we see the useful and reverent work of their master hands—the palace, the temple, the cathedral rising in majestic beauty and exciting the wonder and admiration of all time; we see them laying the foundation of a spiritual temple—the temple of Free and Accepted Masonry, which shall exist as long as love stands by a human grave, as long as man has faith in God, practices Charity, worships Justice and yearns for immortality.

Yes, my brethren, we may well pay grateful tribute to the Operative Masons. "If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life." Rest, rest in thy unmarked grave, O humble Mason. The temple we are dedicating tonight is the fruit of thy labor, a monument to thy memory. As long as gratitude abides in Masonic hearts thy name, thy glory shall not die.

Most Worshipful Grand Master, two years ago we laid the corner-stone of this Temple. Our faith has been justified, our hope realized. I would renew and prolong the prayer I then was privileged to utter.

May this temple be a home of nourishment for the poor, the weary and heavy-laden. May it be a place of joy for eyes dimmed by tears, for hearts bowed by grief, for the distressed in body and in mind. May the gladsome light of morning play upon its walls; may the lingering rays of the evening reflect its glory. May it stand for generations yet to be, immune from fire and shock, welcoming to its fraternal hospitality the Masons of California and of all lands.

But, oh, if it should fall, like that other beloved temple, if it should be consumed by fire or overwhelmed by disaster, the principles and truths for which it stands will not perish in its ruins. Those principles are immutable, those truths are immortal, and being of celestial origin they cannot die, they will survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. Oh, may this temple stand, watched over and guarded by the approving stars of heaven, and when it falls, if fall it must, may our brothers yet unborn erect another and even more glorious and worthy temple to Masonry and to God.

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

ville." Conlin and Carr sing and dance, and Miss Steele is vivacious and clever. Next week will be the last of the All-Star Lambs' Gambol success, Hassard Short's "Dance Reveries"; Mack and Orth; the Four Athletas and Nellie Nichols.

Lytell-Vaughan Season Opens

George M. Cohan's most brilliant comedy "Broadway Jones" will be the medium of opening Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell's third annual starring season at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday night, and no better vehicle could have been selected to reintroduce the popular couple to an admiring clientele, for it enables them to appear in roles that could not be better suited if made to order. In the cast with them will be the full strength of the stock company and several specially engaged players.

"The Traffic" at Savoy

The Savoy has come into its own again and large and well satisfied audiences are in evidence at the McAllister street "playhouse beautiful" where that play of absorbing interest "The Confession," splendidly produced and acted, is holding the boards. "The Confession" will be given for the last times this and tomorrow afternoon and evening, and on Monday "The Traffic," which did a record-breaking business here for four weeks recently, will return for an engagement limited to a single week. "The Traffic" tells a story of white slavery. Since leaving the Savoy it ran to packed houses for five weeks in Los Angeles. The cast and production are the same as on the original presentation here. There will be matinees on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, and at the conclusion of the engagement here the play and company jump direct to Chicago for a long run.

Newman in Music Matinee

The Matinee of Music at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday will introduce L. I. Newman, a baritone soloist of exceptional merit. He interprets classic songs and English ballads. He will sing compositions by Rubinstein, Nessler, Schubert and Bullard. The instrumental section of the program will contain principally compositions by Chopin which will be interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano. There will also be a selection on the Pipe Organ.

Tom Kelly Back at Pantages

Maurice Samuels, a character actor with a reputation in the East, heads the new bill at Pantages in his own playlet "A Day at Ellis Island." Back again is our old "townie" Tom Kelly. He is on his twelfth tour of the Pantages circuit, and his stories this time are funnier than before and he has ripping popular songs. Eight Russian dancers and singers compose the Boris Fridkin troupe. Aldo brothers have a comedy horizontal bar performance. "An Episode in a Cafe" is a special offering shown by Will Connors and Alice Edna. Harold Holland in his comedy playlet, "The Earl and the Maid" with a big cast, and the two Cappellis, high class instrumentalists and singers, round out the bill.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

The hundred and more real estate men from different sections of the State who held their convention at Del Monte a few days ago were tendered a banquet by the local real estate men at the big hotel last Saturday night. Brilliant speakers and story tellers kept things interesting until midnight. The big ball of Friday night proved a great success, a large number of society people from Monterey and Pacific Grove attending. Mrs. Hartland Law and Herbert Law of San Francisco accompanied by Miss Glassford and Miss Monorgan of London are spending several days at Del Monte. Both Mrs. Law and Herbert Law are very fond of golf. On Saturday they motored around the peninsula and over to Carmel. Mr. Clinton La Montayne spent the week-end with his mother Mrs. Chas. Maud in Monterey. Mr. La Montayne has become a business man and only runs down to Monterey for the week-ends. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth and Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Booth of San Francisco and Mr. Wm. Bowie motored down from San Francisco for an indefinite stay. Mr. Booth owns a large sardine cannery in Monterey. Among those who stopped off for a few days en route for San Francisco by motor are: Mr. and Mrs. D. McNair, Miss McNair and Ethel McNair of Los Angeles and Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Ross, also of Los Angeles.

A. B. Rodman of Woodland is at the Pacific Grove Hotel for several days while visiting old friends. S. P. Mesick and wife of Oakland arrived in their motor and after spending a day on the drives went to Del Monte to attend the meeting of the State Realty Federation. The California State Realty Federation which convened at Del Monte on the 15th, were tendered a mussel and abalone smoker at the Pacific Grove Hotel on Thursday evening by the citizens of Pacific Grove. It was a very successful affair, short speeches, new stories and good music holding the hundred guests until midnight. O. P. Johnstone

of Reno joined his wife and children who have been at the hotel for the last two weeks. Auto parties for the week-end who registered on Saturday were L. J. Beckett and family of San Jose; L. A. Hufschmidt and family of San Francisco; F. D. Sanborn and wife of Los Angeles, and a party of three young ladies from Los Angeles with their chauffeur who are to remain for a week or more. The ladies are Miss Edna Wyman, Miss Yerba Avery and Miss Bertha Lebus.

Among the recent visitors at Paso Robles were Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Pruett, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Varney, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Babcock, Mr and Mrs. A. C. Franklin, Mrs. J. R. Hanify and child, Mr. and Mrs. J. Loew and maid, Mr. and Mrs. H. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Foster, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bentley and a great many others.

During the week a party including Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, J. Downey Harvey, Harry Williams, Captain Chas. Lyman, Latham McMullin and J. D. Spreckels enjoyed a day's fishing off the Coronado Islands, their efforts being rewarded with a fine catch of tuna. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mahoney of San Francisco were recent guests at Coronado. So were Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Barnwell of San Francisco. H. H. Ebey of San Francisco arrived recently.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,935, N. S., Probate; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented by ANNA D. SCHMITZ, administratrix of the estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, deceased, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, that it is necessary that such real estate should be sold for the reasons and purposes specified in said petition:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said decedent and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 11th day of November, 1913, at 10 a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, in the City Hall, Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate, either at public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge to be most beneficial for the estate;

And, it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 7, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

tum SUDEN & tum SUDEN, Attorneys for Administratrix, 617-20 Western Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-11-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,636; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of THOMAS A. CLARK, MARY B. CLARK, and KATHLEEN CLARK, Minors.

Mary A. Clark, guardian of the persons and estates of Thomas A. Clark, Mary B. Clark and Kathleen Clark, minors, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell all of the right,, title, interest and estate of said minors in and to certain real property particularly described in said petition, and it appearing to the Court therefrom that it is necesssary and that it would be beneficial to said minors that all of their right, title, interest and estate in and to said real property should be sold for the reasons and purposes mentioned in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said minors and all persons interested in the estates of said minors be and appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the temporary City Hall Building, South side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 30th day of October, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said guardian for the sale of all the right, title, interest and estate of said minors in and to said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, September 30th, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE, Attorneys for Guardian, Humboldt Bank Bldg., 785 Market St., Rooms 1108-1118, San Francisco, Cal. 10--4-4

"I refuse him regularly every week now. He proposed last night for the twentieth time."

"Oh, well, he's convinced now that it is safe."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 172, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent remaining unsold, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they hereby are directed to appear before said Court on TUESDAY, the 25th day of November, 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California

Dated at San Francisco, this 17th day of October, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed Oct. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, In propria persona, Attorney for Petitioner, Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-25-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of OLGA PARIS MILLINERY, a corporation, for dissolution.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Public notice hereby given that the above named corporation has filed in the above named Court its application for dissolution. At any time before the expiration of thirty (30) days from the first publication of this notice, any person may file his objection to the said application.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco and ex-officio clerk of the above named Court.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

L. L. SOLOMONS, Attorney for Olga Paris Millinery, a corporation. 10-25-5

Letters

"John Barleycorn"

If Jack London has told the unvarnished truth in "John Barleycorn," and there is no reason to assume that he has not, he has preached a more powerful temperance sermon than Father Matthew, John B. Gough, Francis Murphy or any and all of the great crusaders who made fame and fortune by their denunciation of the "demon rum." Mr. London makes no weak-kneed plaint of "couldn't help it." He does not fall back on that useful carryall, heredity, and from first to last he disclaims any taste for drink, but he shows how practically impossible it is to live in a man's world and do a man's part without the social obligation to drink and to treat to drink. London was an abnormal and precocious boy too early initiated into the mysteries and miseries of adult life, and it is a singular commentary on our beautiful school system which is so concerned with the welfare of the subnormal, the incorrigible, the feeble bodied and the feeble minded, that this youth, endowed with exceptional physical and mental vigor, passed his school days without apparently ever having been taken in hand and given a little wholesome advice and encouragement which would have set him on a higher plane than that of water front loafer and hobo. Here was good material running to waste while the navy and the revenue service would have offered honorable employment and all the excitement a healthy-minded boy could want. What is to be thought of a teacher who, finding a nine year old boy capable of reading and enjoying Irving's "Alhambra," and that in a country district school, could not recognize her pearl of rare price nor the book-hunger in the child's

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eyes, but let him pass on without a word or another book?

"A sweet little angel that sits up aloft
And looks out for the life of poor Jack"

must have been a literal fact in this case, else how the boy escaped whole and alive from his wild adventures is a miracle. It is a sordid story of neglect and indifference in which a boy, battling single handed against the world and with his brain saturated with undigested and undiluted accounts of great deeds, must essay to play at pirate and buccaneer and conqueror, with the difference that where other lads played their games with those of their age and saw with the mind's eye only, Jack London was out in the world of men, handling real weapons. His game was no afternoon frolic to cease at sundown. Somehow, one would expect that seasoned men who must have seen times without number the results of indulgence in liquor, the accidents and deaths and disasters that overtook their mates, would have put some restraint on a half-grown, ignorant lad instead of encouraging him, but it would appear to be a poor dependence to expect assistance from that quarter. There is, of course, amongst certain classes, a superstition that no undertaking will prove fortunate unless a libation is poured, but for the first time one begins to realize that it is a continuous stream, from which there is no escaping, but it is difficult to believe that our author can be so addicted to indulgence as he confesses to be and yet turn out the same steady quantity of good work year after year. Nor can one have such abiding faith in the efficacy of the woman's vote as Mr. London voices. No doubt they will abolish the saloon. That will be a spectacular stunt, but just the same, though they may vote to do away with "the poor man's club," they will not abolish liquor for their own sakes. Women in this twentieth century drink more, on an average, than at any other period of the world's history. Scarcely a generation ago, any woman who drank a glass of beer or light wine in a public place laid herself open to comment and criticism. Within a short time one of our local judges dismissed a complaint of malicious mischief against a woman of good social position who had been dining at a public restaurant, and admitted that she had imbibed too freely. It was "a little accident that might happen to any lady." One of the curious results of our wave of prohibition sentiment is that the consumption of liquor per capita is larger than it ever was before. It will take more than the ballot to eliminate the saloon. When Nehemiah undertook to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem he gave the order to every householder to repair what lay in front of his own dwelling. The drink question must be solved in the same way. Let every man look to himself and his own household, transact his own business somewhere else than in a drinking shop and see that his boys are not driven upon the street for a meeting place with their kind. Let the home be something more than a place to eat and sleep and the father something besides the "man that stays around here on Sundays," and the saloons will go out of business for lack of patronage. Meanwhile "John Barleycorn" throws a strong light on the condition of things as they are. The Century Company.

"Diamond Cut Diamond"

"Jane Bunker" is a new name in the literary calendar, but we are told that it has been assumed by a well known writer who wishes to be no longer known as the author of mystery stories. If so she has taken a roundabout road to escape from her rut for "Diamond Cut Diamond" is a rapid-fire sequence of mysteries and perilous situations relieved by desperate remedies. It will not keep the reader guessing, for events follow each other so quickly that there is no time left for conjecture. Nobody is going to put the book down until the last knot is untangled. It is not precisely a detective story, though there are detectives amongst its minor characters, because, with one exception everyone has some good reason for desiring to escape any sort of publicity. It is a rattling good yarn with very little sentimentalizing, and though there are ticklish places in it where almost any sort of tragedy might be precipitated there is too much high-keyed interest to leave room for harrowing apprehension. From Bobbs-Merrill.

A Superior Boys' Book

Edwin L. Sabin has added a fourth volume to his series of boys' books dealing with the pioneer industries of the west. The two lads, Chet Simms, son of a western rancher, and Phil Macowan, an eastern friend, who put in some serious hard work with the Bar B cattle men and the Circle K sheep outfit, have been vacationing in the company of an old mountain trapper, hale and active though well past his eightieth year. The trio were to go in search of a lost mine, guided thereto by a very sketchy map and Grizzly Dan's practical knowledge and topographical wisdom. On their way they picked up another character, "Flapjack Jim," crippled but enthusiastic, and from Jim they absorbed as much of the lore of float and placers and ore tests as they had learned before from Dan of life in the open. There were adventures galore, enemies to circumvent, friends to meet, and wonders untold to be uncovered. Any of the remarkable happenings on this trip would have been ample justification for the Indian belief in "medicine." "Treasure Mountain" will please those boys who are addicted to the perusal of this kind of books and it is decidedly superior to the average juvenile both in matter and in manner. From T. Y. Crowell.

Books for the Young

"Betty Tucker's Ambition" is the second volume of a series for growing girls, and its author, Angelina M. Wray, evidently is bearing in mind the success of the "Little Pepper Series" of a generation ago.

Everett T. Tomlinson, a writer of boys' books, has put forth his best efforts to give the young generation at least a smattering of history and geography along with incident and adventure, and he has succeeded remarkably well in concealing his pills in the jam. The centennial of Perry's victory on Lake Erie has furnished the occasion for "The Boy Sailors of 1812," in which the author gives a graphic picture of life along the shores of the Great Lakes.

"The Half-Miler" is another of A. T. Dudley's school-athletic series. The hero of the story is David Stuart, a youth who, after spending four years at work in a mill, decides that without more education the future holds no special promise for him.

All three are published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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In view of the fact that certain statements have been made lately by local papers and by individuals, derogatory to the character and purity of the water supply at the Hotel Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Monterey, Carmel and the Presidio of Monterey, the owners of the Water Company supplying these places deem it wise, in justice to themselves, to publish the following statements:

First—That the Monterey County Water Works Company supplies the complete system and all distributing pipes in the above places.

Second—That at request of this company an inspection of the source of supply and distribution thereof has been carefully made with results shown in the following authoritative statements:

Monterey, Cal., October 2, 1913.

"We, the undersigned practicing physicians of Monterey and Pacific Grove, hereby certify over our respective signatures, that we personally and collectively did on the 21st day of September, 1913, procure samples of the water furnished the residents of this peninsula by THE MONTEREY COUNTY WATER WORKS, from the hereinafter mentioned places:

"One-eighth of a mile above the intake, at the Dam. From a faucet in Carmel. From both the large and small Reservoirs, and from several faucets in and around the different TENNIS COURTS at DEL MONTE. Also from faucets on the GOLF COURSE.

"We find the condition at all of the above mentioned places in perfect sanitary condition. And it is our opinion that the MONTEREY PENINSULA now has, and always has had, the very best of water, and that the conditions in and about the fountain head cannot be improved.

"We also wish to state that there have been NO CASES OF TYPHOID ON THIS PENINSULA during any of the months of the year 1913."

Acknowledged before Notaries Public Chas. T. Norton and Geo. S. Gould Jr., on the 3d day of October, 1913.

(Signed) WM. McAULAY,
LORNE B. GRAHAM,
W. V. GRIMES, President Board of Health, City of Pacific Grove, Cal.
W. L. TEABY.

REPORT FROM CURTIS & TOMPKINS

Analytical, Industrial and Consulting Chemists

San Francisco, Cal., October 9, 1913.

TO THE MONTEREY COUNTY WATER WORKS.

The nine samples of water (herein described) drawn in the presence of Dr. Teaby, Dr. McAulay, Dr. Graham, Dr. Grimes, H. R. Warner and C. S. Olmsted, and submitted by you September 22, 1913, for Bacteriological Examination, have been examined with the following results:

DESCRIPTION OF SAMPLES

TEST No. 21,143—Water taken from stand pipe at tennis court near lake in Del Monte grounds.

TEST No. 21,144—Water taken from stand pipe near tennis court opposite front of Hotel Del Monte.

TEST No. 21,145—Water taken from stand pipe on which drinking fountain is connected near club house at Del Monte Golf Links.

TEST No. 21,146—Water taken at Carmel Dam. Conditions: Gravel bottom, rock sides, no vegetation, no dwellings near.

TEST No. 21,147—Water taken from the margin of Clay Pits Reservoir.

TEST No. 21,148—Water taken from center of Clay Pits Reservoir.

TEST No. 21,149—Water taken from Carmel River about 100 yards above the dam.

TEST No. 21,150—Water taken from Pacific Grove Reservoir, near gate house.

TEST No. 21,151—Water taken from tap in school yard at Carmel-by-the-Sea, pumped from the Carmel River.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS

All these samples furnished normal results, with reasonable counts and no evidence of B. Coli, indicating a satisfactory condition and the absence of intestinal bacteria due to pollution.

Interpreted, the foregoing indications are that these waters were free from contamination and entirely safe for domestic consumption.

(Signed) CURTIS & TOMPKINS,
By P. W. TOMPKINS.

Respectfully submitted,
THE MONTEREY COUNTY WATER WORKS,
By A. D. SHEPARD, General Manager.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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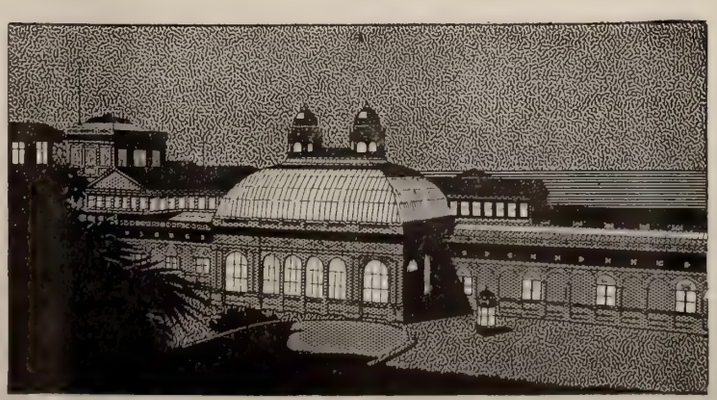

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Patient President

Whatever else we may think of President Wilson we are sure that he is a man of infinite patience and that in his policy toward Mexico he is gaining more respect for his country than it has enjoyed for some years. It has required considerable effort to maintain a placable attitude toward the man on horseback in the turbulent capital of Mexico. The insolence of the treacherous Huerta has been hard to bear, and besides in this country there has been much stinging censure of President Wilson for not intervening and asserting the dignity of the nation. Moreover plausible pretexts for crossing the Rio Grande have not been wanting. And according to Tartarin of Oyster Bay the President should not only have availed himself of a pretext but considered it his duty to wield the big stick and assert his authority as the policeman of the Monroe Doctrine. The Colonel longs for more glory of the kind that was won in the war with decrepit Spain. But President Wilson probably entertains the sentiment, by no means uncommon, that it would be well to get that glory off our system. There is no stronger symptom of decadence in a nation than a passion for war with a small or weak power. It is like the ugly disposition of the big bully who is eager to swat the lightweight or the cripple. The big bully is a coward who shrinks from conflict with the man who is physically his equal. Now nations are like men, and whilst we are reluctant to draw invidious comparisons, it is a painful reflection that we cannot avoid that while there has been much agitation for intervention in Mexico there was but recently a great dread of the possible consequence of irritating Japan. Also we reflect with sorrow on the power of discrimination that has been exhibited by our one best bet in the national hero-paddock. The Colonel now eager to invade Mexico, when President was shaking at the knees in the midst of the embroglio that grew out of the Japanese school-boy question. It is such reflections as these that cause us to view with great satisfaction the philosophic restraint of President Wilson. He has shirked no duty, evaded no obligation. He has made it clear to the world that we are not thirsting for the kind of glory that is gained by the mastiff when he shakes a terrier. He has given Huerta lots of rope, and in the end the provisional President may hang himself. Likewise Mr. Wilson has given Mexico every opportunity and plenty of time to straighten out her affairs. If it should appear that the case is hopeless we shall take the matter in hand. Meanwhile it is but fair to assume that the Monroe Doctrine has not been forgotten.

Another Union Wanted

The Bulletin tells us that the United Railroads to vindicate the sincerity of its profession of good intentions must encourage its employes to organize a union. Quoting that stuffed prophet of magazinedom, Heney's Boswell, the ineffable Steffens, the Bulletin says: "The only way to help labor is to help labor to help itself." Which, interpreted by the Bulletin's reverent exegete, means that the only way to help labor is to help labor organize and establish a treasury for the enrichment of a few mischief-making loafers. The Bulletin may be right about this. The unionization of labor may be a good thing from the standpoint of the working man. In theory, we are sure, it is a good thing, but as to its practical consequences there is some reason for doubt notwithstanding the calm assurances of college professors, demagogues and editors. If unionism were of positive benefit to the majority of the working class then it would certainly deserve commendation. But thus far only a small minority of the working class is enrolled in the unions, and judging unionism only by its effects within its own circle we cannot bring ourselves to the conviction that it is the one and only means of helping labor. One of its most salient effects is the strike, which can hardly be guaranteed as safe, sane and infallible. The strike is a weapon that cuts both ways. It has brought misery to many thousands of families. There are men who have been on strike who have never caught up to where they were before. Still it must be admitted that good is done by strikes. There was a strike recently against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company which occasioned many vacancies now filled by men in need of work and wages. The pressmen in job-printing offices went on a strike a few months ago, and thus they provided work for many needy persons who are perhaps grateful. At the same time they enlightened their former employers as to the folly of running their presses as they had been run. It is in this indirect fashion that the merits of unionism are revealed. But it is not to be gainsaid that unionism has its shortcomings. A few years ago when the United Railroads permitted its men to do what the Bulletin insists should be done again we had a strike that nearly bankrupted the town. That strike was of benefit to the men who took the jobs of the poor strikers, but it was an affliction to the men who struck and to the merchants now advertising in the Bulletin, brave merchants who lick the hand that smites them, nay, the boot that kicks them in the precious spot where most of them carry their brains. So there are some objections to be urged against unionism. There is this vital objection,—that the men who live off unions, who, to prove they earn their salaries agitate and pick quarrels, are usually very bad match-makers. The strikes that are lost greatly outnumber the strikes that are won. But you don't hear of the lost ones. The newspapers that love labor for what there is in it befriend the poor working man by keeping him in the dark and celebrating the activities of the labor bosses and encouraging him when on strike to deeds of violence, which, by the way, are among the most regrettable consequences of unionism. There is many a man behind prison bars who wishes he never had joined a union. Whilst, however, we are sensible of many objections to unionism we are not at all cocksure as to the inadvisability of encouraging the carmen to organize. We are inclined to defer in this matter to the judgment of the Bulletin. Our contemporary is in close touch with our leading merchants, all of whom love unionism as Mr. Crothers loves it, with a consuming passion. Doubtless they would help labor by helping labor to help itself in the manner advocated by their friend and obedient servant the smug proprietor of the Bulletin. Doubtless our altruistic merchants hope to see another street railroad tie-up in the interest of our carmen. For of course the Bulletin expresses the sentiment of the mercantile community.

On Heney's Trail

Why the adjective "enlightened" should be applied to the public it is difficult to determine. The public is a babbling, gullible infant in the hands of politicians who amuse it by telling it incredible fairy tales and playing in preposterous masques. Here for instance are Charley Wheeler, Rolla Virtuous Watt and several other Progressive saints who exhale an odor of sanctity from all their medicated pores getting down on their marrow-bones to exhort the Hon. Chesty Rowell of Fresno to run for the Senate of his country. The play is the thing to conquest the credulity of the asinine public, and situations must be contrived howsoever artificial to seduce benighted susceptibilities. Fancy the Watts and the Wheelers constituting themselves a preprimary committee to suggestionize the populace! How deliciously naive! The

convention system being a thing of the past, it is deemed advisable to have a spontaneous popular demand for the logical man. How to give the public the cue, is the problem to be solved. Nothing easier. A few Tooley street tailors summoned by the Panjandarum get together and resolve that as none but Soandso is equipped for the task of rescuing the pillars of government he must sacrifice his private inclinations and enter upon an arduous public career. This is spontaneity manufactured while you wait. There were bosses before the Agamemnon of State now at the helm in Sacramento. They had other ways of creating demands for the men of the moment. For example when Chris Buckley had a good henchman in mind for some job he first made him foreman of a grand jury and permitted him to file a report denouncing extravagance in public office. Was it a man for Sheriff? then he made him Grand Marshal of the Fourth of July parade, and provided canned cheers for him all along the line of march. Perhaps it is because of an inherent disposition to look backward with an admiring regret that we prefer the simple theatricalities of Buckley to the more complicated devices of Johnson. At any rate Buckley arranged it so that job-chasers should win their spurs, and that the public should make their acquaintance. And Buckley was frank. Now let it not be supposed that we are taking seriously the "call" for Rowell. This Johnson henchman is nothing more than a stalking-horse for Johnson's ambition. Rowell is programmed for the reason that he is impossible; none other. Were he possible he might upset the Governor's plans. A luncheon and pink-tea expounder of the obvious, his political career began when he ran for Mayor of Fresno and ended when he was beaten to a pulp by an undertaker. If only to use him as a stalking-horse, there must be artificial treatment to make him plausible. Hence the pre-primary committee. Nobody takes Rowell seriously but Rowell. The plan of campaign is to threaten Heney with Rowell, make it appear that the Progressives are divided, the cause in danger, and thus create a political emergency in which Johnson will fit like a glove. Yes, Heney is to be done to death in the house of his friends. He will soon experience the grim and heartless sarcasm of fate. The men whose present felicities are all to be traced to a period and a drama made possible by Heney are now getting ready to throttle him. Even now they are whispering him to oblivion. There is deep regret among them that the Contra Costa check matter has never been satisfactorily explained. Whilst it was all right enough, they are saying, for Heney to ignore the question asked him by his enemies in the heat of his campaign for District Attorney he must explain to his friends now that he is a candidate for the Senate, especially as his friends are all sticklers for purity of character. So Heney, never very strong himself for the ties of friendship, will soon be praying to the Lord, if he hasn't forgotten how, to deliver him from the canting ones of the State machine. The breach will widen. There'll be ructions here presently.

Religious Bigotry

The New York Evening Post has let the cat out of the bag, the cat that explains the inexplicable mental acrobatics of the unashamed defenders of William Sulzer. "There have been cleverly circulated rumors," says the Post, "to the effect that Murphy was not dissatisfied with the prospect of having a co-religionist Governor of a State which has known no Catholic Executive since colonial days." The Papal bugaboo!—that was the reason. That explains the intellectual twists, the mental obliquities of the defenders of the scoundrel who did not dare defend himself. Now we know what it was that gave impulse to the curious judgments of the reformers of New York and elsewhere. From the first their vehemence seemed more than the warmth of sincerity, but we assumed that they were betrayed by those natural defects of moral vision which distinguish the reformer with the broad phylacteries. Now it appears that their combustible tempers were kindled at the flame of religious bigotry. Governor Martin F. Glynn is a Catholic, the first to occupy the gubernatorial chair of New York since colonial days. The removal of Sulzer meant the installation of Glynn—a consummation to be regarded as a positive, definite calamity. Now are we to believe that the authors of the rumors mentioned by the Post were really affrighted by the old-time Papal bugaboo? that they really believe that there is always danger that a Catholic in high office may turn the government over to the College of Cardinals? Surely such is not the case. The poor old Pope, as everybody knows, not excepting the most ignorant Methodist, isn't able to keep a concordat alive even in a Catholic country. History teaches that the Catholic laity of Catholic countries are not to be depended upon by the Pope in political crises. What chance would the Pope have in this country were he to harbor the hallucination and cultivate the ambition to annex it to the Vatican? About as much chance as a cat in hell without claws. No, the dread of that implausible fiction—the Catholic menace—is nothing more than an affectation prompted by hatred of Catholics. Benighted Russia is not the only country in which men are hated on account of their religious beliefs; nor, were our institutions somewhat different, would it be the only country where fanatic fury persecutes men unto death. New York, says the Post, has not had a Catholic Governor since the colonial days. We doubt whether New York ever had a Jew in the gubernatorial chair. How many States have had Jewish or Catholic Governors? California we know is no different from New York. Who remembers when California had a Catholic Executive? We know that the Democratic convention that nominated James H. Budd preferred Barney Murphy, but was of the opinion that the nomination of Murphy would spell defeat. Budd's opponent before the people was Morris M. Estee, who employed a Catholic stenographer in his office whom he refused to discharge when called upon to do so in the midst of the campaign. His moral courage brought him to defeat. However, this is a free country where no man, so runs the national boast, is proscribed on account of his religion. Russia is the only country where sentiment is so unenlightened that men pay any penalty for religious belief. Nevertheless the suspicion is widespread, and it has been often voiced, that William Howard Taft might have fared better had he perceived the terrible danger of appointing a Catholic Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the land.

Ungrateful Convicts

Wholly inexplicable on any principle known to our amateur penologists is the impulse on which three convicts overpowered a guard at Folsom and took to the tall timbers. The penitentiary at Folsom is a model prison according to the conception of our wise sociologists. It is under an ideal management promptly responsive to the ultra-humane dictations of a morbid morality and sentimental sympathy. The Warden of Folsom is a man of tender heart who has studied the psychology of incarceration and the psychoneurology of criminal types, and he cares for his convict charges with paternal, almost maternal, solicitude. He has no use for strait-jackets or any of the traditional devices for the improvement of discipline. His policy is to pamper prisoners, to make their lot hardly less enviable than his own. Yet three of his pets forswore the hospitality of Folsom, attacked a guard and made a desperate attempt to escape, taking their lives in their hands to carry out what is generally regarded as an almost futile enterprise. It is hard to account for their ingratitude on any other hypothesis than that they were surfeited to imbecility with kindness. Sentimentality has so improved the lot of the convict that there are men with a relish for it. Not long ago an ex-convict paroled from San Quentin violated the conditions on which he had been set at liberty, and was sent back to the penitentiary. Asked by Prison Commissioner Duffy why he had been so foolish, he explained that his act was deliberate and proceeded to argue that the pleasures of life behind prison walls were far more enticing than those of the wide world. Maybe it is a mistake to pamper our criminals. Whilst Lombroso, Ferri, Westphal, Krafft-Ebing and the other students of the submerged criminal minorities that cumber the ground like the leaves of autumn have done much toward advancing urgent prison reforms, perhaps they have been in a great measure misunderstood. It is well to realize that there are persons in prison on account of abnormalities or defects which they could no more keep away from by their own efforts than they could stave off mania or cancer, but such is not the case with all prisoners. There are professional criminals with a cultivated taste for crime, who might be made sensible of the desirability of overcoming it. There are many habitual prisoners to whom the habit might be made repugnant. To pamper them is to do injustice to them-

selves and society. Until we get the most urgent of all prison reforms, which is classification, it would be well to keep the penitentiary as far as possible from resembling a seminary for young ladies.

A Musical Dogmatist

In the hands of an interviewer our distinguished visitor Ruggiero Leoncavallo takes occasion to lay down the laws of art in so far as they relate to music. Music according to the eminent composer is a beautiful combination of sounds. A piece of music to be beautiful must be melodious. It is easy to perceive that the composer of "I Pagliacci" has contempt for Richard Strauss and all his works. One may be inclined to agree with the implied views of Leoncavallo that the music of modernity is hopelessly decadent and that there will surely be a reaction toward the simple ideals of the early Verdi, but at the same time one may also be inclined to smile at his hearty dogmatism. Music is an art of many schools and each has its stout defenders. Music is a distressingly vexed subject. Among friends it ought to be tabu like religion and politics. It is a curious paradox that nothing is more provocative of discord than music. There are men who hate each other on account of their conflicting conceptions of music. There is as much intolerance among musicians and critics and connoisseurs of music as among the bigoted of any of the jarring sects. The man to whom music is music, nothing more than delightful loveliness without signification, is regarded with contempt by the highbrow with a large ear for sensuous symbols, who discourses learnedly on the messages of Wagner and the psychologizing of Strauss. The Wagnerites are just as dogmatic about their darling as Leoncavallo is about his own tonal arabesques and the pretty airs of Italy. Indeed the Wagnerites are more so. For them there is but one god of music and his heaven is Bayreuth. Now as a matter of fact one may be unappreciative of Wagner on very good authority. Learned opinion has been in conflict over Wagner for years. So learned a critic as Nietzsche was in conflict with himself on the subject. The first to proclaim the genius of Wagner, he was also the first to denounce that erratic composer. Toward the end of his life his views were about the same as those now held by Leoncavallo. Tolstoi, also, though he recognized the poetic genius of Wagner, declared that the beauty of his works was of the lowest type, that the Ring was a joke and that the success at Bayreuth was the success not of art but of hypnotism. Against Wagner we have also the opinion of Schumann. In the interval of the announcement of Chopin and the discovery of Brahms, Schumann pronounced Mendelssohn the first musician of the day and referred to Wagner as a man who "cannot write or think out four consecutive bars of beautiful, hardly of good music." Yet Schumman was a very good critic. He was the first to pronounce on the "unapproachableness" of Bach and his admiration of Schubert was a kind of idolatry. It is evident that to get all there is to be got of music one must keep away from cults and inner circles and cultivate an eclectic attitude. Not to be able to enjoy a pretty tune merely because it is a tune is to be as unfortunate as to be insensible to the charms of a sonnet because it isn't an epic. Equally unfortunate is it to be deaf to music when it is trying to express what is most essential in humanity—the supreme emotions. Music in all its phases, all its schools, all its moods and tenses, whether merely beautiful, expressing no definite ideas, or compounded of dissonances and harmonies and expressing the most trivial details of life is deserving of serious, if not too serious, attention.

The Road's End

By Arthur Wallace Peach

The roads of life are many,
Hither and yon they wend,
A maze they seem, uncharted,
With neither start nor end.

But every road if followed
Will lead a pilgrim heart
Back to one spot wherever
Life's winding roadways start.

And ever if we journey
With pilgrim heart again
We find where roads have ended
A place beloved of men.

Where paths begin forever
For those who stay or roam.
And where they end forever
Is—at the door of home!

Perspective Impressions

If you would try to picture the impossible, imagine Doctor Aked throwing confetti.

He must have a long spoon that must eat with Huerta.

If you want to be up to date don't call them cafes but postums; nor moral waves, but marcelles.

"Come into my parlor says the spider to the fly." "I'm too fly," said Diaz, putting a thumb to his nose and making a fan of his fingers.

"Chief Petersen," says Dr. Aked, "is out of touch with the best thought of the day." In what crucible does this elegant gentleman test the thought of the day?

Richmond Hobson has been elected a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Drink to me with thine eyes, Dickie, but see that the juice of the grape is unfermented!

What ever became of Isabella de Vermandois?

With Katherine Elkins and Nancy Leishmann out of the way we can all breathe easier.

To be oneself is one of the really difficult things some men never accomplish.

Governor Hiram thinks President Woodrow should not let Secretary of State Bill go a-campaigning. Meanwhile our own State papers are being signed with a rubber stamp

Professor Lowell, noted astronomer, does not think that the Martians are signalling to us. The rest of us do not think about it at all.

Because Chief Petersen's views do not coincide with Dr. Aked's views the eminent yellow journalist pronounces him "behind the times." Which reminds us of Bishop Warburton's definition: "Orthodoxy is my doxy,—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

Would Chief Petersen stand for a psychological dramatization of Dr. Aked?

In Paris decollete evening dress for men is coming into vogue. Some men will have to shave below the throat.

Judge Gary says that our agitators have made it difficult for an American captain of industry to borrow money abroad on "good security." What is "good security" in a country where the properties which securities represent are regulated by politicians engaged in devising new schemes for vindicating their hostility to capital and devotion to the plain people?

Los Angeles wants a "get-together" meeting of representatives of all the cities of California. Of course Los Angeles wants the meeting to be held in Los Angeles. Suppose it were to be held at the State capital would Los Angeles care to take a hand?

Varied Types

CL—W. J. PETERSEN

By Edward F. O'Day

"Do you think the opinions of a man like Aked are worth discussing?" asked Chief of Police Petersen of Oakland.

"Do you?" I parried.

"Well," said the Chief of Police of Oakland, "the man does a good deal of harm. There's no question about that. But of what value are the opinions of a man who is not a thinker? Aked is not a thinker."

"What is he, then?" I inquired.

"He's an emotionalist," answered the Chief, "an emotionalist with his ear to the ground. He is trying to further his own ends by voicing opinions which he thinks are popular in certain circles."

"You question his sincerity?"

"I must question either his sincerity or his common sense. As between the two I am inclined to think that he is not sincere."

Chief of Police Petersen, it will be seen, is not a mincer of words. Plain, blunt talk is characteristic of the efficient policeman, and Chief of Police Petersen of Oakland is one of the most efficient policemen we have in these parts.

Doctor Aked does not think so. He has criticized Chief Petersen pretty severely. Discussing the suppression of "The Traffic" by the city officials of Oakland, Doctor Aked held up Chief Petersen as an example of most of the things a policeman should not be. Of course Doctor Aked professes to be an authority on policemen, as on all other things under the sun.

Doctor Aked in his Monday causerie very patronizingly allowed that Chief Petersen was "an entirely honest police official." He granted that the Chief was "conscientious." He hazarded the guess that when called upon to enforce the law the Chief will "do his duty," moved thereto by "the instinct of discipline, the responsibility of office, and loyalty to his salt."

But that is as far as Doctor Aked goes in commendation of Chief Petersen. Having damned him with faint praise, Doctor Aked proceeds to damn him with louder and less complimentary utterances. Doctor Aked finds that Chief Petersen's opinions "are hopelessly behind the times"; that "the authorities to whom he appeals are out of date"; indeed that the Chief is "completely out of touch with the best thought of the day we live in."

Chief of Police Petersen excited the wrath of Doctor Aked by suppressing "The Traffic" in Oakland. Doctor Aked is in favor of "The Traffic," and in common with certain feminine uplifters whom he calls "some of the best women in Oakland," he demands that the Oakland engagement be allowed to run its course. But Chief Petersen won't let it run its course, and Chief Petersen by virtue of an ordinance recently passed is the duly constituted dramatic censor of Oakland.

Chief Petersen thinks that "The Traffic" is a vicious play. This proves what Doctor Aked already knew, that Chief Petersen is a poor, benighted dunce. Doctor Aked knew this already because he was aware that Chief Petersen favored the segregation of prostitution. Doctor Aked is for scattering prostitution, and it does not surprise him that a man who favors a restricted redlight district should also object to "The Traffic." Both things show that Chief Petersen is hopelessly behind the times. The "best thought of our day" teaches Doctor Aked that segregation is a failure and that "The Traffic" "sets on fire a passionate pity" for white slaves and "a passionate hatred" of white slavers.

And so he takes the Chief severely to task. But there may be another reason for his animadversions. Chief of Police Petersen suggests it.

On the twenty-second of April Chief of Police Petersen and Doctor Rosenstirn debated with Doctor Aked and Clayton Herrington the question, Can the social evil be minimized by wiping out segregated districts? The debate took place in the Economic Club.

Hartsook photo.
CHIEF OF POLICE PETERSEN.

"It was the consensus of opinion," says Chief Petersen, "that Aked was wiped off the map in that discussion. Those who heard the debate stated that I got the better of him. Now I imagine that Doctor Aked does not relish being bested by a mere policeman. I believe the experience made him sore. The soreness is probably there still, so he takes this opportunity to have the last word."

This puts additional light on the matter. Doctor Aked is not merely rebuking Chief Petersen for his benighted views; he is getting back at him, indulging an unchristian desire for revenge.

"How do you regard Doctor Aked as a debater?" I asked.

"Aked is not a debater," answered the Chief. "He advances no arguments. He merely makes statements and indulges in criticisms. And he is not a fair opponent. He takes dirty side slaps at you. He is unjust, unfair and ungentlemanly. He has not the first elements of a gentleman in debate.

"Doctor Aked says now, as he said in that debate, that my authorities are out of date. Is the Hon. Ardeen Foster out of date? Foster is the international commissioner for the British Humanitarian Federation. He has been studying the problems of prostitution ever since he was a police reporter in London. He has investigated prostitution all over the world. When he came to this country he was recommended to the State Department by Ambassador Bryce. Here is his statement:

" 'Segregation is the mildest and least harmful form in which it has been possible to recognize prostitution so far.'

"Is Havelock Ellis out of date? Is Forel? And Fournier? And Lydston? All of these authorities regard segregation as the best policy. So does Dr. Cabot of Boston, one of the foremost American authorities on this subject.

"I am quite willing to be tried with Aked in the public forum on this matter. Let the question be determined on the evidence of the past. Let the experience of Berlin, New York and Chicago be the warrant for my stand.

"A short time ago I spoke in favor of segregation before the convention of the State Medical Association, and the three hundred doctors present agreed that I was right. I'd rather have the indorsement of three hundred doctors of medicine than of three hundred doctors of divinity.

"Not long ago I spoke on this same subject before the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police at Washington, D. C. There were three hundred chiefs of police present from cities of the United States and Canada. Only five disagreed with me, and they were from the smaller cities, the largest being Rochester and Los Angeles. The Chief of Police of Los Angeles didn't dare agree with me. He was afraid. He does what he is told.

"Mind you, when I speak of segregation I mean segregation in cities where the police are honest and fearless. Where they are dishonest or weak and subordinate to the powers that be, it is bound to be a failure.

"All the authorities agree that the worst prostitution of all is the clandestine form, and that is the form which will come if the Akeds have their way."

They are going to have that form in Oakland where the redlight district will be abolished at the end of the year, much to Chief Petersen's disappointment. The results may prove disconcerting to Doctor Aked. Doctor Aked sneers at the "hush-up policy" which burns Brieux, suppresses "The Traffic" and condemns the teaching of sex hygiene in schools. But what about the "hush-up policy" which multiplies clandestine prostitution, the worst form of all? Is Doctor Aked prepared to deny that the policy of "scat-

(Continued on Page 22.)

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The People's Forum

Morosco Memories

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I was very much interested in your Varied Type of issue October 25 concerning the early life of Oliver Morosco. It occurs to me that he has really lost the keynote of the whole story when he omits at least a brief history of the famous old Union Hall. I think he really does it an injustice when he refers to it merely as "a dance hall." Union Hall in its day was as famous for its dances, its balls and its masquerades as the grand hall of the Fairmont where today the Czar Greenway holds sway. My memory brings me back to the Saturday evenings when the teamster, yes, and the coffee-and-doughtnut prizefighter wended his way for an evening devoted to Terpsichore to that never-to-be-forgotten rendezvous of the Saturday night crowd. Here one could find the dark-eyed Irish beauty or the flaxen-haired Swede. Little did they care whether they were dancing the latest cotillon or the old-time quadrille providing the music held out and the beer kegs did not run dry. I remember in those days the gallantry of a Chesterfield and the pugnacious spirit of a Molyneux, the grace of a Beau Nash and the heavy foot of a Tommy Kirk displayed in the light fantastic as tripped in old Union Hall. I remember well the wail that went forth when Union Hall was taken away from the Saturday night devotee. Irish-American Hall had become a thing of the past; and now came forward a man unknown to the denizens of South-of-the-Slot to deprive them of the only place they had left where they could assemble to spend the pleasant hours between the putting-up of the four-horse team on Saturday night and the calling to harness on Monday morning. I remember distinctly the first performances at the old Union Hall or, as its new name ran, "Morosco's Amphitheatre." The people did not take kindly to the usurpation, but when a muchly-bespangled tightrope walker made his way across Howard street and back, augmented by the blazoned trumpetry of a very loud brass band, their skepticism was quickly swept away. This heterogeneous performance was very soon supplanted by a stock company headed by a leading man then very popular, carrying the euphonious name of Darrel Vinton. And what a hero he was! There was not a man living in those days who could save with prettier gallantry the poor beleaguered leading woman or despatch with more unerring aim the devilish villain. O Darrel Vinton, art thou dead or dost thou rustle "coffee-and" in some obscure rotisserie? And Essie Tittel! What hast become of thee, with thy sweet resignation and appealing eyes, who didst so often suffer the stroke of adversity but rose in supreme majesty when Darrel stepped into the center of the breach and saved thee from an ignominious death? Has any audience this wide world over ever given more freely of its love and affection than that crowd gave to you Essie, and to you, Darrel, in those good old days? And what a wail arose when announcement was made that Morosco's Amphitheatre was to become a thing of the past! The word went out that Morosco had taken over the Grand Opera House on Mission street, two blocks further north. What prognostications of dire failure! What terrific monetary losses confidently calculated! All the result of Walter Morosco's "caput expandum." But how he fooled them all! Instead of the dire failure, the terrific monetary loss, the departure from its very inception was a great success. There, on almost any night, one might find the social leader sitting in the best seat in the house with the longshoreman as his next door neighbor. But pardon me, Mr. Editor, "fond memory brings the light of other days around me" and I have wandered far afield. I wished merely to put flesh upon a skeleton that Oliver Morosco conjured out of the past. I wonder how many of our old San Franciscans will share these memories of mine. Surely there are some who like to warm their hands at the firelight of happier (even if less prosperous) years.

Sincerely yours,
—John R. Smith.

Berkeley, October 25, 1913.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Syndicalism in Portugal

You cannot please all sorts of people with any sort of government. Of this the Portuguese republic is a striking instance. The Portuguese are far from satisfied with their new polity. There are various reasons for this, political and religious especially. But it seems strange that the Syndicalists should disapprove of the republic. Yet they do. At the International Syndicalist Congress in London recently a syndicalist from Lisbon introduced a resolution protesting against the persecution of Syndicalists by the new republican government. The resolution concluded with the words: "The persecution almost awakens feelings of regret at the downfall of the monarchy."

Alcoholism in Italy

Italy, the greatest wine producing country, formerly had the lowest death rate from chronic alcoholism. In recent years, however, the death rate has been increasing. In 1887 the death rate was fourteen per million of population. It remained at that figure for three years. In 1902 and 1903 it reached eighteen. In 1909 it had risen to forty-one. The latest statistics are for 1910 when the rate was twenty-eight. The government is about to take steps to combat this evil. It is acknowledged that the low rate was due to the prevalence of wine drinking in Italy as opposed to the consumption of spirits in other countries.

Dogs in London Hotels

Managers of the fashionable London hotels are worried over the present craze of American women for pet dogs, which they fear is likely to be of great financial detriment to the London season owing to the regulations regarding the admission of canines into England. The manager of the Berkeley says he personally knows several women who formerly stopped in London the entire season, but now remain only a few days, making Paris their headquarters simply because they can take their dogs into France and not into England. The English quarantine against dogs is severe. The animals must be placed in quarantine for three months wearing a sealed muzzle. This leads to considerable smuggling. Small dogs are easily hidden in muffs and coats. The prevention of this is one of the most difficult duties of the customs officers.

Cancer and Raw Food

Professor Fibiger of Copenhagen makes an announcement in connection with cancer which Professor Metchnikoff of Paris considers important. It is that cancer comes from eating raw food, and it is based on careful research. Says Professor Fibiger: "The only and sure way to protect oneself from cancer is to eat nothing raw. The precautions are elementary and do not cause great inconvenience. Take, for instance, the case of fruits, or to be more precise, bananas. Because bananas are protected by a thick skin many people imagine that this fruit is free from microbes. Now it is a well known fact that in order to ripen bananas must be affected by air germs which reach the pulp of the fruit after traversing the peel protecting it. And that is the reason why, at my home, bananas are always scalded. I plunge them for a minute into boiling water and the fruit loses none of its exquisite flavor. All knives, forks and spoons used in my household are passed through the flame of a Bunsen burner, and I toast my bread to destroy the microbes which might have settled on the surface of the loaf. I have barred all raw vegetables from my meals. I never eat strawberries and I advise those who like them to plunge the berries for a minute or two into boiling water."

Aigrette Dealers Worried

London holders of stocks of aigrettes, which are no longer allowed to be imported into the United States, although dismayed by the prompt action of the American customs authorities in enforcing the law, have not as yet reduced their prices. They are hopeful that some arrangement can be made by which they can sell their stock to Americans or otherwise they will face heavy losses. Much money has been sunk in expeditions in search of aigrettes for this season, for which Americans and Russians are the only important customers. If the former do not buy any more there will not be a market sufficient to dispose of the existing stock.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXVIII—SAN FRANCISCO

By John S. McGroarty

(John S. McGroarty is one of the singers of the Southland, but occasionally his muse bids him celebrate the North too. He is the author of the Mission Play which was so successfully presented in San Francisco not long ago. The following verses were written after the calamity of 1906.)

Night with its revel and its song,
Night with the lights agleam—
And some sat with the festal throng,
And some lay down to dream.

Some they quaffed life's purple wine,
And watched its bubbles play,
And some before the cloistered shrine
Bent low their heads to pray.

And over all who, staying late,
Kept tryst with good or ill,
The sea fogs through the Golden Gate
Crept white on bay and hill.

Soft and white the sea fogs lay
On hill and wave and shore,
While yet, before the break of day,
One grim hour waited more.

One grim hour more and then unbent
The battle guns of hell,
And from the hills the veil was rent
Where white the sea fogs fell.

Dead failed the morning wind that fills
The galleon's eager sail,
While yet the city's tumbling hills
Were rocked as in a gale.

Steeple and tower and stately mart,
Shrine and the lair of lust,
Like toppling cards were flung apart
And crumbled in the dust.

Some to grasp her trembling knees
From blasted altars came,
Some with Christ's bitter agonies,
And some with cheeks of shame;

Moan of the stricken hearts that rushed
To dust and flame-swept sky,
Till all the seven seas were hushed
And stricken with the cry.

The Spectator

The Portola

It was preceded by skepticism, inaugurated in doubt and carried out in delighted surprise, to end in unanimous enthusiasm. The history of this second Portola was in some respects like the history of the first. Even the men who conceived the idea of the first Portola didn't realize what a great success it was going to be. They builded better than they knew, and frankly expressed their amazement at the result. You remember that San Francisco woke up one morning to find its streets jammed with people with carnival in their hearts and expectation written on their faces. The rest was easy. This time the men who worked for months to make the Portola knew that it was going to be a success. They had their fingers on the pulse of the Pacific Coast, so they were aware that there was to be a tremendous influx of visitors. The rest of us did not share their optimism. Confess that you thought the Portola committee would "toss a bloomer," to use the elegant language of Ellis and Powell streets. The committeemen knew better. Yet when their faith was justified they had the grace to refrain from saying, "I told you so." The reason for their forbearance is a simple one—these Portola committeemen are the very best fellows in town.

Collecting Money

Perhaps our pessimism was based principally on the fact that the committee had rather a hard time collecting money. Many of those who were asked to contribute flatly refused, explaining that they regarded any sort of celebration as a mistake at this time. Some of them went further and declared that they would not even decorate their buildings. Raphael Weill was the most prominent of these. The head of the White House thought it a blunder to hold any big fete in advance of the World's Fair, and of course he is entitled to his opinion. So the collections were slow, and this was a disheartening factor to all except the buoyant committeemen. They did not lose heart even when business men who ought to have contributed $250 wrote checks for a measly $25. They kept at it with a determination to succeed which bore down every obstacle. And they handled the business end of the Portola with judicious care. The manner in which the grand stands were made to yield a substantial revenue was a striking example of the best business methods.

Some Contributors

I noticed in the published list that Frank Maskey, the candy man, contributed $25 to the fund. This is the price of five hundred sticks of chewing gum, and it is to be hoped that Frank got his money back. As compared with Maskey, Haas gave $200, a generous sum. I note that the Anheuser-Busch Co. gave the same sum as Maskey, namely $25. I wonder how many quarts of Bud were opened during the celebration? As opposed to this contribution from a millionaire corporation we find a saloonkeeper, Harry Flannery, contributing $250, ten times as much. And yet Harry couldn't have reaped one-tenth the benefit the Budweiser people did. Truly, civic patriotism shows itself even in these matters of business. I hope that some of the stingy givers will be severely importuned for more money if there is a deficit to make up.

The Big Crowds

It has been estimated that at least 250,000 visitors came to San Francisco for the Portola. They came from all the coast cities from Vancouver to San Diego, and they came from the interior in droves. On one day twenty packed trains left Los Angeles for San Francisco. The Lark that day had six sections. This enormous crowd began to spend money as soon as it reached San Francisco, and it kept on spending as long as it stayed. I think it is safe to say that at least ten million dollars of outside money went into the channels of trade during the three days of the celebration. The United Railroads broke all its records on Saturday, the big day, taking in $39,000 from 1,175,000 passengers. I believe the receipts of an average day are about $23,000. The Geary street line and the Presidio and Ferries Company also broke the records. Thus were the predictions of our Gloomy Guses turned to scorn. And the committeemen smiled their appreciation. They had known what would happen all along.

Portola Shopping

It is true that the expensive shops did not get much additional patronage during the three days of the fiesta. The merrymakers were not in the mood for shopping. But it is an undeniable fact that a great many of the visitors remained in the city for a day or two this week to do the shopping they had no time for while the fun was on. And a great deal of money was spent by San Franciscans. The saloonkeepers, the hotel men and the restaurant men made a barrel of money which their wives and mothers and daughters are now spending. Even the humble popcorn

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vendor or the confetti peddler gathered a little stake which enabled him to buy the hat or the overcoat or the shoes which he had felt the need of but could not afford before. The moral effect was splendid. A lot of pessimism was cleared from the atmosphere. The feeling is better in all circles of business. There are not as many Jeremiahs in the Chamber of Commerce as there were two weeks ago.

The Celebration

The celebration this time was organized coherently, every advantage being taken of the experience gained during the first Portola. The parades were all good. The Friday morning parade was perhaps the best of its kind ever given in this city. As we have come to expect, the Chinese appropriated first honors by their tasteful turnout. The Saturday night parade was noteworthy because it expressed a single idea, and expressed it well. It was a happy thought to illustrate the evolution of the modern fighting ship, for the vessel of war, of no matter what age, makes a strong appeal to the popular imagination. The formal ball at the Fairmont was perhaps not the brilliant success that it was in the first Portola. There were not so many distinguished guests from foreign nations, for one thing. But the masquerade ball this year eclipsed its predecessor. There was a splendid crowd of representative people, and the true spirit of festive revelry prevailed. It was late morning when the last dancer left the big hall, and later by two hours when the after-breakfast devotees of the light fantastic reluctantly quit the Cliff House for bed.

The Writing Honors

I should say that the writing honors of the Portola went to the regular newspapermen. I do not wish to undervalue the work done by Mary Austin, Grace MacGowan Cooke, George Wharton James, William Faversham and others who lent their pens to the description of the fete, but it seemed to me that the trained reporters like "Ned" Hamilton, "Mike" Williams, "Larry" Toole, "Bill" Jacobs and others, gave a much more satisfactory account of all that took place. They wrote more news and less "fluff" than the others. The crop of verse was unusually good. George Sterling's "Path of Portola" stood out as a dignified performance, and John Northern Hilliard's "Miss San Francisco" was full of rollick and spirit; it sang itself.

The Humorist of the Fete

"Larry Harris was the only writer who developed the humorous side of the festival. His articles in the Call were eminently readable, every one. Harris has a genuine vein of humor, the result of a viewpoint a little different from the ordinary one. Only the best of his Traffic Cop articles compared with his Portola screeds. They were discussing "Larry's" work in the Family Club the other day in "Larry's" own unblushing presence.

"What did you think of his stuff?" asked Jim Armsby, addressing Ned Hamilton of the Examiner.

"Larry is an excellent awning maker," said Ned

"He's a splendid amateur auctioneer," said 'Bill' Jacobs of the Chronicle.

"He presides rather well at a dinner" quoth Wally Young, the dramatic critic.

"Professional jealousy," said Harris, and passed on.

Why Was This?

Truth compels the statement that Queen Conchita Sepulveda did not strike the general imagination the way Queen Vergilia Bogue did. Perhaps one reason was that Queen Conchita refused to ride in the two processions. Nevertheless she was a queenly queen, and had a most courteous and gallant consort in Ralph Phelps. Sunday night last the Portola moving pictures were shown at the Orpheum. When the picture of Queen Conchita appeared on the screen there was silence. But when the picture of Miss Avia Tietjen, the fair ruler of pageantry, was flashed the house came down in tumultuous applause. The mob is a curious animal, is it not?

Frank on Parade

"The handsomest float in the parade, what was it?" asked the man who winds the ferry clock, biting off a triangle of plug tobacco.

"The Chinese float?" I hazarded.

"Wrong," said the sententious philosopher of the Embarcadero.

"Well, what was it then?"

"Frank Marston," replied the commuter's friend. "Did you see him, all alone in his automobile, dressed like a nigger minstrel and carrying a truncheon with long streaming ribbons? That gray plug hat of his was the loveliest decoration I saw during the whole Portola. By the way, did you hear about the committee they put Frank on?"

I hadn't heard, so the clockwinder enlightened me. "Frank let out a roar that he had been slighted, and they had to find a committee for him. And what do you suppose it was? The carpet-laying committee. Frank found that the duty of his committee was to lay the carpet in Union Square for the Queen to walk on. And maybe he wasn't sore when he found that there was nobody on the committee except himself, and no appropriation for the carpet!"

Looking for Information

Friday's parade was countermarching at the grand stand opposite Van Ness avenue, and several newspapermen were watching it from the base of the Spanish-American War monument. Along came a fair young lady on horseback bearing a gorgeous banner. It was plain to be seen that her steed was "all in." In fact one youngster was pulling the horse by the bridle, while another followed in the rear, literally pushing the poor animal along. One of the newspapermen saw symptoms of equine collapse, so he shouted to the boy bringing up the rear:

"Hey, that horse is going to fall down."

"How do you know?" replied the youngster. "He's taken three tumbles already, but I'm darned if I can tell when they're coming."

Blowing The War Blast in Berkeley

Even when Benjamin Ide Wheeler is not on the job our State University takes its politics from Oyster Bay. Just before leaving for South America the Colonel censured President Wilson for not speeding the army into Mexico. Then up rose Acting President Barrows of Berkeley at a banquet of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, and with blood in his eye and iron in his blood, not to mention brave words on his tongue, he tore feathers from the eagle's tail and made the bird of freedom shriek. "A timid policy that is willing to take a backward step," said the swordless Belisarius of Berkeley, "a policy that would admit at this moment European participation—none of these will serve at this time." When the blood burns how prodigal the soul! 'Rah for the neighing steed and the shrill trumpet,—"Prexy" Barrows would be off to the wars with pennons flying at the head of a troop of college professors. But listen: "There must be no indefiniteness as to our aim or weak-heartedness as to the lengths to which we are prepared to go." No, indeed, "Prexy" means business.

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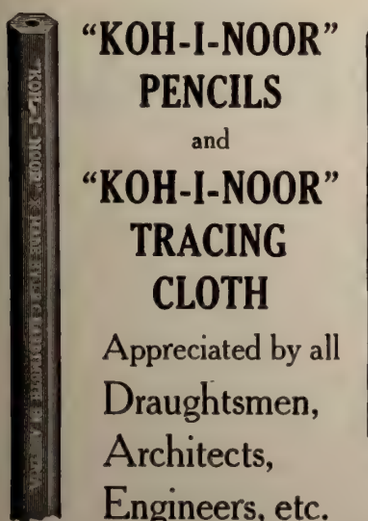

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He would sweat to put a tyrant down. Give ear while he lends the eye a terrible aspect, sets the teeth and stretches the nostrils wide: "When the American nation under courageous leadership, fully commits itself to the assumption of the full responsibility which the present hour is urging upon us, only then will the crisis in our foreign policy be ended." Will David Starr Jordan please try to assuage the inflammatory one of Berkeley? Perhaps Dave may be kind enough to explain that there is no crisis in our foreign policy. Perhaps he may suggest that when the policeman subdues the impulse to use his club on a drunken dwarf it isn't because of timidity or weak-heartedness.

Colonel Frederick For Governor

Politicians of this section of the State are beginning to realize that the gubernatorial question is not to be settled so easily as they have thought. They have learned that the politicians of Los Angeles, though eminently Progressive, are more or less influenced by tradition. Now it is a tradition that when the Governor is a northern man his successor should be from the South. This tradition has been neglected of late years, ever since Henry T. Gage was at the helm of State. Johnson is the third man from the North to occupy the Governor's chair. This is unfortunate for Rolph or for whomsoever the Progressive machine has in mind. To make matters worse the Republicans of Los Angeles are of the opinion that they have a man who was made for the job, none other than Colonel Frederick, the brilliant District Attorney who handled the McNamara cases. Frederick is the most popular man in Los Angeles, and he has a few friends in San Francisco. What chance would the Rolph-Sullivan-Johnson machine have in a contest with the Los Angeles attorney? This machine has been relying principally on the support of organized labor and the long-haired zealots of Los Angeles. With Frederick in the race there would be nothing left for the machine but organized labor.

A Graceful Tribute

While the new First Congregational Church is being constructed Doctor Aked's congregation is worshiping in the Temple Emanu-El. To show their appreciation of the courtesy extended to them by Doctor Martin Meyer the members of the First Congregational Church gave a dinner to the members of Temple Emanu-El at the Commercial Club a few nights ago. Jesse W. Lilienthal, acting president of Emanu-El presided and introduced four speakers who spoke to the theme, "What Next for the World?" Their forecasts were interesting. Otto Irving Wise thought that the next thing for the world was "religious unity in practice"; Ralph C. Goodwin, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. thought it was "the renascence of the home"; Doctor Meyer spoke for "an enthusiastic support of liberalism"; while Doctor Aked was strong for the "single standard of morality." When the discussion was over Lilienthal arose to acknowledge the hospitality of the First Congregational Church. He did it most gracefully merely by telling a short story. He told of a favorite guide in the Canadian Rockies who won favor with every fisherman by lying about the weight of his catch. But when his lying became notorious he bought a pair of scales to weigh the fish caught by those he guided, and strangely enough he retained his popularity. In course of time the guide married and became the father of a boy. The new-born youngster was placed on the guide's scales, and weighed fifty-three pounds!

"In recalling the hospitality of the First Congregational Church," concluded Lilienthal, "we shall always weigh it on the fisherman's scales!"

The Colonel in Wrong Again

Colonel Roosevelt had hardly arrived in South America when, as might have been expected, he began riling the natives and explaining that he didn't mean any harm. The news occupies much space in the big daily papers everywhere save in San Francisco. The trouble began in Rio de Janeiro where in a formal address Teddy said the United States and Brazil were powerful enough, acting jointly, to maintain peace on this hemisphere. When the news reached Buenos Ayres it was to the effect that the Colonel had said that the United States must be paramount in North America and Brazil in South America. The news filled the people of the tango capital with indignation, and the Colonel immediately sent word that his speech had been garbled. As a matter of fact the Colonel implied clearly enough that he regarded Brazil as the State of first importance in South America and the one therefore that should share with the United States right of intervening in all quarrels between States in this hemisphere. "If ever," he said, "as regards any country intervention does unfortunately become necessary I hope that it will be a joint intervention by such Powers as the United States and Brazil." The Colonel may be depended upon to wriggle out of the unpleasantness.

The Irrepressible Poetaster

I have had occasion from time to time to call attention to the effusions of the poetasters who string rhymes together for the pedestrian commemoration of this, that or the other public event. These crack-voiced singers are always with us. They are, not a necessary but an endurable evil. One finds no fault with them for writing. The quarrel is with those who ought to know better, but show they don't know better by taking these poetasters seriously. Has anybody a word of censure for a James Henry MacLaferty? Indeed no! Or for a Fred Emerson Brooks? Certainly not! But when the former is exalted by supposedly cultivated men

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THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

for producing "The City Loved Around the World," and when the latter wins official recognition from the directors of the World's Fair for a set of verses that would become but not adorn a railroad folder, one naturally speaks a word of protest.

The Latest Exposition Singer

Just now the genuine poets of the State—and thank Heaven! we have several of golden inspiration unalloyed—are talking dispiritedly of the official recognition which the World's Fair people have given to Mrs. Mary Cameron Benjamin of Alameda. This is a name unknown to poetical fame. Yet it is to be blazoned to the world from the space above the door of the Administration Building at our World's Fair. To commemorate the turning of the water into the Panama Canal Mrs. Benjamin wrote three lines which have received the indorsement of the Fair men. They will appear on the front of the Administration Building thus:

The Panama Canal is done,
Man's hand completes what God begun
And turns two mighty seas in one.
—Mary Cameron Benjamin.

The neglected poets are wondering whether the poetess intended her name to end the stanza, and if so, why she did not take the poetic license of writing it "Mary Cameron Benjamon" for the sake of the rhyme. And they would like to know whether Charley Moore or Jim McNab passes on the poetry which gets official recognition from the Fair people. Why is there not some man of genuine poetical attainments to save us from embarrassment before the world in this matter? I have heard the name of Porter Garnett mentioned. The Fair people could not make a more excellent choice.

Ashton Talks of Truly

Ashton Stevens is once more "grinding out copy" for the Chicago Examiner, working like a Trojan, too. In addition to his criticisms and his Sunday interviews he is writing a column daily of "Stage Notes" in the crisp and snappy style of yore. The other day he had something to say about Truly Shattuck, who is playing in Chicago minor vaudeville. This is what he wrote: "Why is Miss Truly Shattuck at the Wilson Avenue 10-20-25? I knew you were going to ask that question. For it is not as though Miss Truly had lost her charm. She is as youthful as you or I, and looks it. Well, she is out there because Broadway and downtown Chicago told her once too often to put more 'ginger' in her 'act.' Her 'material' was managerially voted bad. 'Big time' managers said that it was not 'big league stuff.' Hence Miss Truly is in the bush. This is not a note of sympathy. I cannot believe that Miss Truly will be permanently bushed. She hasn't sufficient ivory, as the ball players say. She was made for the Great Yellow Path: Broadway was her strawberry-mark. Fate attended to that when Miss Truly, a girl in her teens, was carrying a spear in San Francisco's old Tivoli Opera House. They used spears in those days because the Tivoli used real comic opera. That was long before Tetrazzini and 'musical comedy' broke the traditions of the house. But let us go back to what Fate did."

When Truly Dropped Her Spear

In reminiscent mood the sprightly critic calls up the past: "Truly had a sweetheart—a bold, brave wit of a fellow, who should have lived in the days of D'Artagnan, or of Mr. Brummel, for that matter. But he didn't live long, anyhow. With his boots on he died like many another Californian before him and a few after. You may be sure that directly this young adventurer had been buried with the proper splash and baked meats of ancient San Francisco—a city that was still glorying in the record that Mr. Harte had immortalized—you may be sure, then, that Miss Truly dropped her spear and lent a considerate ear to louder and larger offers. But ever adventure found her, or ever Miss Truly found adventure. Her automobile in New York was among the first and the fastest; her suppers were the latest and surely not the slowest. She played with George M. Cohan in the days of his making; she played with Joe Weber in the first days of his Fieldslessness; she played almost everywhere where tall beauty and untiring good nature were in demand. She was often the toast of Broadway. She stood high; she lived high; and one night at Louis Martin's, when there was a second call for lobster with the last magnum of '98, she declared that life was worth the liver. . . . . Nothing daunts Miss Truly Shattuck. The last time I 'interviewed' her was in New York at the old Joe Weber Music Hall. And while we were swapping optimisms in her dressing room the 'blue envelope' was delivered. It gave Miss Truly the regulation two weeks' notice. . . . Weep? Never a tear. New plans, new frocks, new managers. She would attend to them that very afternoon and give me a lift home in the biggest French limousine on the avenue. Miss Truly is just the same out at the Wilson Avenue. 'It's only a few minutes' drive to the College Inn,' says she, 'and the people here aren't forever trying to beginger me. You don't know how decent they are. I don't like to brag, and you may not believe me when I do, but it's a fact that the stage hands in this theatre treat me as they would treat their wives or sweethearts. Adelina Patti never did better than that.' Gentlemen—I give you Miss Truly Shattuck."

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Benrimo of O'Farrell Street

How many old-time San Franciscans remember J. Henry Benrimo? "Harry," as we used to call him before he parted his name in the middle, was the Pipe Mender in Powers' First Born, the little Chinese drama through which ozone was piped into the Alcazar's lungs in the long ago just as the undertaker was getting ready to hang crepe on the door. Benrimo wasn't much of an actor. But he has been playing well his part in life's drama. He is now a man of such importance that the Associated Press mentions him in cable despatches; as for instance, from London thus: "The San Francisco dramatist, J. Henry Benrimo, who underwent a serious operation Monday, is now making progress toward recovery." Benrimo is the co-author of "The Yellow Jacket," a Chinese play that has brought him fame and money. It is now running at the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago, which Ashton Stevens calls a "skybrow" house. It is supported by wealthy people for the encouragement of the artistic drama that goes over the heads of the polloi.

Germany and the Fair

There is to be an entirely adequate German exhibition at our World's Fair. For this cheerful outlook we may thank General Manager Ballin of the Hamburg-American Line who has won a striking victory over the exhibitions department of the Kaiser's own Government in connection with our Exposition. That, at least, is the construction generally placed in Berlin on the sudden announcement of the resignation of Privy Councilor Ludwig Max Goldberger from the presidency of the semi-official but permanent Exhibitions Commission. The commission is an adjunct of the German Foreign Office, and the Imperial Department of the Interior. It was on its recommendation that the Government declined the invitation to come to San Francisco in 1915. Herr Goldberger is a man to whom credit has been given for the commission's hostility. The official reason for his retirement is that his health does not permit him to continue his old-time activities. Others insist that he was placed in an untenable position by the success of Herr Ballin's movement for an independent German exhibit, which within four weeks of its inception has reached a point where more than one thousand great firms and corporations have declared their readiness to come to San Francisco. This has made utterly ridiculous the contention of Herr Goldberger's commission that German industry had no interest in the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

An Official Backdown

That Herr Goldberger's disappearance from the commission, which he founded and of which he was for seven years the dominating spirit, was not altogether dissociated with Herr Ballin is shown by the revelation that the general manager of the Hamburg-American Line was in conference with Herr Goldberger just prior to the latter's resignation. Persons who assert that they know say that the conference was extremely warm. Both Ballin and Goldberger are hard hitters, plain speakers, and vigorous fighters. Herr Ballin several weeks ago demanded that the commission, notwithstanding its boycott of the San Francisco fair, should refrain from opposing an independent movement. The commission replied with a hot communique adhering stubbornly to its original attitude. Further light on the circumstances of Herr Goldberger's going is thrown by the announcement that the commission, while formally unable to rescind its previous action, has decided henceforth to accord its moral support to the independent scheme provided that there be no attempt to convert it into a universal exhibit. This meets the independents' views, and they will now proceed to organize a display which will be representative of certain great branches of German industry.

Government May O. K.

There is hardly any reason to doubt that when the smoke of the recent battle shall have cleared away some method will be found of securing the official hallmark of the Kaiser's Government for the independent exhibit after all. Undoubtedly the main barrier to such a consummation has disappeared in the retirement of Herr Goldberger, who, owing to his strength of character, expert knowledge, and forceful methods has been the boss of Germany's exhibition policy since 1906. Privy Councilor Goldberger is a well-know economist, who wrote the best book on contemporary American affairs ever published in the German language. Its title, "The Land of Unlimited Possibilities," has added a new phrase to the German language.

Loring Pickering in Harness

After two years of travel in Europe and Asia Loring Pickering, the young owner of the Bulletin, is back in town, buckling down to hard newspaper work. Pickering returned last Wednesday, and was in harness on Thursday morning.

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thereby indicating the serious purpose which animates his activities. Pickering had some experience on the editorial staff before he went away; now he is tackling the game from the business office side. He has gone into the circulation department, and will stay there until he has mastered that important branch of newspaper work. Circulation (it may be said without punning design) is the pulse of a paper, and Pickering wants to keep his hand on the Bulletin's pulse for a while. He had two splendid years abroad, traveling in Great Britain and Ireland, Norway, Germany, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, France and Italy. He spent some time in Athens and was in Constantinople when the rout of the Turkish forces began, and army corps were hurled back panic-stricken on the capital. He traversed the Balkans, crossed the Black Sea into Russia and made a four hundred mile journey by horse from Tabriz to Teheran. In the Persian capital he created considerable stir, being mistaken by the Russians for the agent of a British syndicate that is figuring on a railroad from Trebizond, and by the English for an American secret service man investigating the Morgan Shuster affair. But it was all straightened out, and after a Persian Christmas he returned by way of the Caspian. In Paris Pickering took a special course at the Sorbonne, and says that this was one of the most delightful features of his tour. In England he was the guest of Lord Northcliffe, and returns with a number of newspaper ideas which in due time will be tried out in the Bulletin.

W. C. T. U. Gratitude

"Deacon" Balentine is one of the oldest and one of the best engineers the Southern Pacific has on the local runs. For years he has been piloting trains between this city and Santa Cruz, and his record is an enviable one. A fortnight ago "Deacon" Balentine hauled a trainload of W. C. T. U. women from Santa Cruz where they had been holding an anti-booze powwow. The forest fire was raging at the time, and when "Deacon" Balentine approached the little station of Eccles he found that the flames were on the track. He asked himself whether he should stop, but promptly answered the question in the negative, for to stop would mean that the train with its big load of women would be stalled all night. The "Deacon" decided to keep on, so he threw the throttle open and the train went skyhooting through the fire. The intense heat cracked all the windows of the train and the flames licked the paint off the sides of the coaches. It was two miles of hell, but the "Deacon" brought his train into Third and Townsend on time, with nobody the worse for the experience. The women of the W. C. T. U. were grateful, and they lost no time in showing their profound appreciation. They presented to "Deacon" Balentine a nifty W. C. T. U. badge, a nice white ribbon and a blank temperance pledge!

A Lamp Exhibit

San Francisco women are known for their originality. The latest addition to the ranks of the women who do things just a bit out of the ordinary is Miss Kathryn Purcell. Miss Purcell has a passion for lamps. Bits of well modeled statuary, slim, graceful pedestals, rich, oriental colors, gold encrusted silks and brocades all go to make up the remarkably beautiful creations which she designs. Her first exhibition is now in progress at the new H. Taylor Curtis art room at 534 Sutter street, the piece de resistance being the "Elephant Lamp." The lamp itself is supported by a stately gold elephant and canopied by a shade of heavy gold embroideries fringed and buttoned in true oriental style. Bits of sandalwood and rose beads have been cunningly employed in the general scheme with the result that when lighted, the lamp gives forth an indescribable aroma which is as delightful as it is unusual.

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Loans and Discounts	$19,924,371.37
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par	2,500,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds	155,000.00
Other Bonds	3,042,236.30
Other Assets	390,893.00
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	1,751,531.45
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,239,625.05
	$40,003,657.17

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,789,256.76
Circulation	2,487,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	1,751,531.45
Deposits	29,975,868.96
	$40,003,657.17

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The Lake Spaulding Dam

By Which Is Made a Reservoir in the Sierra That Will Hold Thirty Billion Gallons of Water

By Robert McTavish

From the summit region of the Sierra Nevada comes news of wonderful progress made by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in its big power and irrigation project which has its beginning at Lake Spaulding, one of a chain of storage reservoirs owned by the company in the historic section of the Sierra crossed by the overland route of the Southern Pacific.

There has been a good deal written about this South Yuba-Bear River development, as it is called, but as yet the public at large, which as a rule is more concerned with rates than statistics, has not fully grasped its scope. Briefly, this gigantic construction work includes the erection of a new dam at Lake Spaulding which, when carried to final completion, will tower 305 feet above bedrock and will transform what is now a modest reservoir of something like 250,000,000 cubic feet capacity to one of 4,000,000,000 cubic feet or 30,000,000,000 gallons capacity. Some idea of what this means may be gleaned from the fact that at her present rate of consumption a thirty billion-gallon reservoir once filled could supply San Francisco with water for a period of nearly three years. The outlet of this dam will be a tunnel which has been bored through solid rock nearly a mile in length to connect with an open ditch or canal that will carry the water about nine miles down Bear valley, below Lake Spaulding, to a point whence it will be shot down a 1375-foot steep to a new power-house in the Bear river gorge. From that point the newly developed electric energy will be carried across country by a line of steel towers to the company's big distributing station at Cordelia in the Suisun valley. Meanwhile, the water which will flow through the power-house, named after Mr. Frank G. Drum, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's president, will be picked up again and carried by additional ditches down valley, being dropped at least five times to turn the wheels of various additional power-houses in process of construction between the Drum power-house in Bear valley and the city of Auburn many miles below.

All this means, in the aggregate, the addition of something like 190,000 horsepower, eventually, to the company's supply of electricity for use in the mines, in the factories, on orchard and farm, in the cities, everywhere, in fact, that electricity is made use of for whatever purpose, industrial, agricultural, commercial or domestic, in the thirty counties of the State of California covered by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's system. In addition to this it means the irrigation of between 40,000 and 50,000 acres of rich lands in which Placer County and the upper part of the Sacramento valley abound. The so-called conservationists to the contrary notwithstanding, this work that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and other kindred corporations are undertaking is to the very best interests of the communities of the interior, for it is placing vast amounts of stored waters at the disposal of farmers and other residents of California's great valleys at periods of the year when melted snows have poured into the ocean and the absence of rainfall parches everything in sight.

But the extraordinary thing about this particular construction work is that it has grown up within a very few months to a point of practical completion. The first spadeful of earth was turned in July last year, and before the winter shut down surface work in the Sierra region all that had been done was to lay the foundation of the big dam at Lake Spaulding—no mean task, by the way—so as to secure it against winter storm and spring flood, mark the course of tunnel, ditch and pipe line, and prepare a foundation for the Drum power-house. During the winter the only surface work possible was the boring of the tunnel, so that practically an entire new job lay before the engineers when work was resumed in April of this year.

But today General Manager John A. Britton sends word to all interested that the big dam has reached a point 215 feet above bedrock, that the tunnel and ditch are completed, that the Drum power-house has been erected and two great electric generators are in place ready to grind out the "juice" as soon as the water shall be turned loose down the enormous pipes that already lie upon the 1375-foot steep referred to, to the water wheels already in place whose turning will set the entire machinery in motion. Mr. Britton announces further that it has been decided to make use of some of this power without delay; in other words, that when the dam has reached the 225-foot point the waters will be let in, the power-house put in operation and the work of sending the electric energy on its 110-mile journey across country begun. By this means it is estimated that an initial service of about 33,000 horsepower of electricity will be at the disposal of customers of "Pacific Service" not later than Thanksgiving of this year.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company surely deserves a word of commendation for this stupendous undertaking. That it represents an enormous outlay of money goes without saying. Up to August 31 of this year the expenditure on this South Yuba-Bear river development totaled $5,169,000, and it is estimated that by the close of this year the investment will have reached $6,600,000. The heaviest burden, however, has already been borne; for, by the expenditure next year of an amount in the neighborhood of $1,250,000 the company will be able to double its output of electric energy from the Drum plant, raising it from 33,000 to 66,000 horsepower. When that is done the remaining developments reaching from Bear river to the Auburn ravine will be taken up and completed, and while this will involve the expenditure of more money the enormous revenues to be derived will more than justify the outlay.

As a spectacle the big dam at Lake Spaulding and the power-house development below are rivals just now. Each has its points of special interest not only for the engineer but also for the lay-visitor. Frederick Myrtle, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's manager of publicity, took two representatives of Pathe Freres, the great motion picture house, up there the week before last. These men had heard of what was going on up there in the Sierra region, and as they are always on the lookout for new features to supply their customers all over the globe they thought a visit to the scene of action might not be amiss. From all accounts they were more than impressed with what they saw and took several pictures which have been sent East for development. Fred Myrtle relates the following experience of his trip:

"On the journey up we stopped off at Orel, a small station near Blue Canyon, where our company has a spur track to the Drum camp near the power-house. I showed the Pathe men this end of the construction work first. I took them down the 1375-foot steep in a car let down by a cable, and they were so much impressed with this that they insisted upon stopping the car and getting out at various points on the dizzy slope and taking pictures of the car on its way. Then when they reached the power-house and saw the gigantic 72-inch pipe lying in place they pronounced it a most wonderful sight. They said, 'We are rather blase, you know, but this beats anything we have ever seen.'

"They took pictures around the power-house of men at work, machinery and everything else, and then I took them by automobile up to Lake Spaulding where the glories of the big dam burst upon their view. There they went to work again, and when they left for San Francisco at midnight they said they were more than glad that they had taken the trip, that it meant a series of first-class educational pictures for the public to enjoy at the various theatres where the Pathe pictures are on exhibit. They said more than that. They said they were going to return again as soon as the water should be turned in from the lake; for that they wanted to take a snap shot of the effects of high pressure. This Mr. Frank Baum, our engineer in charge, assured them they would be able to do in the early part of November."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Candidates for the Gayety

There is a lot of uncertainty in the younger set of girls over the Gayety Club that annually revises its list of membership. All engaged girls are unceremoniously dropped, and their places are filled from among the debutantes. This year Misses Foster and Winn who are engaged and Dorothy Page who has already married, have left three vacanies; and two others are created by the absence of Ethel Crocker and Henriette Blanding, both wintering abroad. So there are five lucky debutantes to be chosen. A rule of the club gives preference to sisters of former members, so Helen Keeney is sure to be elected. Mrs. Talbot Walker as Mary Keeney was a belle of the Gayety. Another likely selection is Gertrude Hopkins whose cousin Mrs. Cheever Cowdin (Florence Hopkins), was once a prominent member. And Gertrude O'Brien, one of the buds with a ball-room at home, may be a third. However it will all be decided when the secretary, Evelyn Cunningham, returns to town to call a meeting this month. At this the members who include the Misses Harriet Pomeroy, Christine Donahoe, Sophie Beylard and Ruth Winslow will vote on the names proposed. All of the Gayety girls have learned the new dances and at their parties this year will do the tango and the one-step.

Two Debutante Balls

At least two debutante balls will be given this season. It promised at first to be a winter of countless informal dances for different sets, each going its own way. But the Shreves and O'Briens will give large affairs to introduce the daughters of their households, at which all the sets will gather. Miss Rebecca Shreve will be presented at a Fairmont ball this month. She is an attractive girl who has been much in evidence at Del Monte and Burlingame in the younger crowd. Mrs. William O'Brien will give a ball in honor of Miss Gertrude's debut, and this will probably take place in the spacious O'Brien mansion in Pacific avenue. The Shreves whose home has been in San Mateo for several years are to spend the winter in town.

The Drown Tragedy

The Drown tragedy was a severe shock to society that knew "Archie" Drown, ten or twelve years ago, as one of its eligible young bachelors. After his marriage he was never seen in the sets he had once adorned, and the news of his death was the first many of the family friends had known of him in years. After his marriage the young man's father established the couple on a ranch near Fresno where they lived for several years. Mrs. Archie Drown was never a favorite with her sisters-in-law. She was not, however, a maid in the Drown household, as has been reported, but the daughter of a successful plumber. It was said the marriage which ended in the shooting of Drown by his wife at their Oakland home was never a happy one.

A Handsome Family

All the Drowns have been noted for their good looks. Attorney A. N. Drown was one of the handsomest men in town, with a dignified bearing that adorned the court room. "Bernie" who married Sam Boardman was a sensation on account of her good looks from the day of her debut. Her big brown eyes, her dainty, tip-tilted nose, her rosy cheeks and her smooth brown hair were universally admired. Her younger sister Virginia is like her in beauty. Willard is a tall and good looking chap with the Harvard manner of ease. The mother too was a very lovely woman.

The Richelieus Like Us

The Duc and Duchesse de Richelieu are so charmed with California that they've decided to stay for several weeks. There is no reason for them to go anywhere in particular, the Duc told a friend, so why not stay in San Francisco for a while? Richelieu is a decidedly clever man. In Paris they call him un homme serieux. He is well-read and has excellent ideas on democratic institutions for an old-world aristocrat. He has also a keen sense of humor that his wife shares. They are having a genuinely good time in California in the set that revolves around the Sharons, Mendells and Dixwell Hewitts. They will remain at the Fairmont during their stay.

Gay Mrs. Walter

I wonder if anybody enjoyed the Portola celebration more than Mrs. Walter Martin? Saturday night after the parade I saw her in an automobile in Grant Avenue. The car was slowly making its way through the mob toward Market street for the run out to the masquerade ball. There were several in the motor besides Mrs. Martin, but my eyes were for her alone. While the others occupied the seats Mrs. Martin was perched on the top of the tonneau, and a right merry time she was having exchanging serpentines with the crowd on foot. Her handsome face was lit with laughter, and her appearance was greatly enhanced in effectiveness by the smart evening wrap she wore over her ball gown. Indeed she made a pretty picture.

Menlo's Flower Show

The present excitement at Menlo where excitement is always mild, is the flower-show, and the devoted floriculturists are making it an event. The Coryells, Floods, Timothy Hopkins' and Sharons are all entertaining house-parties, and the guests from town will be driven to the show this evening. Mrs. Flood and Mrs. Sharon are the keenest garden enthusiasts of Menlo. Both spend a lot of time among their flowers. Mrs. Sharon's rosarie is her especial pride. Mrs. Flood knows more about trees than some professional arboriculturists. Of course Mrs. Coryell is an authority on orchids. The gardens of the Hopkins place contribute dahlias and old fashioned flowers that have been blooming there for forty years. The Hopkins and Flood gardens are among the oldest in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Dan Murphy's Latest

I saw Mrs. Dan Murphy the other day in the very latest from Paris, a gown that recalled photographs in family albums of a past generation. It was of black silk and the slightly bouffant skirt was trimmed with narrow black velvet ruffles. A perfect model of the "best black silk" of a simple sartorial past. The hat was a small black velvet affair that should have had velvet bonnet strings to complete the old-fashioned picture. Mrs. Murphy was with Mrs. George Newhall who wore her favorite blue, a plain cloth tailor suit that had none of the "extreme" touches about it. But Mrs. Newhall has spent the summer in Burlingame while Mrs. Murphy is fresh from the Rue de la Paix where she did the shops with Mrs. Newhall's sister, Mrs. George Pope.

The Smartest Weeds

Mrs. Russell Lukens is wearing the smartest widow's weeds I have seen. She was at tea at the St. Francis the other day with Mrs. Eleanor Martin who is still the most indefatigable hostess in society. Mrs. Lukens wore a black cloth tailor suit with a dainty fluff of white crepe at the throat, but it was her hat I most admired: a modish black chapeau with black wings and underneath the brim a lining of soft fluted white crepe. It was decidedly pretty and becoming and distinctly more attractive than the small bonnet and enshrouding veils once considered de rigueur

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for widows. Mrs. Lukens is going East later in the winter to visit her relatives in Washington.

The Latest Bavardism

"Instigation" is the latest word to be tortured by the merciless language-tamers who bavardize for the local papers. "Mrs. Thingumbob gave a tea dance for which the charming Miss Thingamy was the instigation." "Instigation!" I suppose the society editors will now proceed to twist this helpless word ten thousand ways. Something had to be done of course. "Motive" was too homely and was discarded some time since. It was replaced by "motif" which is now in tatters. Then we had the vile "raison d'etre." And now it is "instigation." If "instigation," why not "provocation"? Truly the hunt for synonyms takes the bavardes far into the pages of Roget!

The Surprise at Tait's

Now that the Portola celebration is over one naturally asks, "What next." It seems that human ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost capacity in providing amusement for a carefree and fun-loving people. And quite naturally anything in the way of fun for quite a while will be considered passe. Perhaps it will, but the management of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe claims that it has a "card up its sleeve" in the way of novel amusement to be offered patrons. The cafe is still talking of that "surprise" it has in store for patrons. It will pay anyone to visit this ever-crowded dining place if only for curiosity's sake. For curiosity, you know, is always satisfied—one way or another—but we honestly predict for visitors the most pleasant realization of the fondest expectations.

In the Social Spotlight

Here are some of the guests who put up at Paso Robles lately: Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Johnson, H. O. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. D. McNair, Miss E. McNair and Miss E. G. McNair, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Andrews, S. R. McCreery, A. T. McCreery, James Flood, John W. Twiggs, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Koster, Fred M. Pickering, Charles Holbrook, and many others.

The Teachers' Institute has been in session at Pacific Grove. The many drives, the bath-house and the many places of attraction on the Peninsula were very well patronized. On Wednesday the teachers were given a fine dance in the big ball room of the hotel. Auto parties of the week were: Roy Cloud and W. S. Hartrant with their wives from San Francisco; W. S. Bryant and wife of Hermet City; R. L. Shurtleff and wife of Berkeley, and F. D. Montgomery and wife of San Jose.

Vanderlynn Stow is spending several days at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beaver and Miss Estelle Beaver returned to San Francisco Sunday after a very enjoyable week of golfing and motoring. Lady Balfour of London is enjoying her stay at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Spencer, Miss Anna Higgins and Miss Margarite Burns of Seattle are spending a week golfing and motoring. Wm. Norman Campbell and Miss Marion Campbell of Santa Barbara are visiting. Fred S. Chapman and Thos. S. Means of San Francisco arrived by automobile for a few days en route to Los Angeles. H. V. Carter of San Francisco motored down. Ernest Baewald is visiting his cousins Mr. and Mrs. Emil Baewald of New York who have been spending some time. D. A. Belden of Boston and A. W. Howard of Chicago were guests a few days. Mrs. Fred Slate and Mrs. Chas. Noble of Berkeley are week-end guests. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Graham of Oakland are spending a week. Miss Alice Warner of Del Monte was a guest of Miss Sally Fox of San Francisco during Portola week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rosborough who were recently married in Oakland are at Coronado for their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Roebke of San Francisco are guests. The following railroad officials spent the week-end at Coronado: R. S. Lovett, W. A. Clark of Montana, B. L. Winchell of Chicago, W. H. Bancroft and F. H. Knickerbocker of Salt Lake, J. Ross Clark, A. S. Halsted, A. Maguire, F. A. Wann and H. C. Nutt of Los Angeles, E. E. Adams, J. E. Harley and R. A. Dennis of New York. On Sunday the party was taken in autos to view the Exposition grounds as the guests of J. D. Spreckels.

PEARL ROSENTHAL
Who will appear at Pantages Sunday, November 2.

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Opera, Symphony and Song

By Helen M. Bonnet

Last week San Francisco given over to frivolity and light-hearted merry-making could hardly find time for intellectual and spiritual refreshment. The counterfeit Balboa was more important than the flesh-and-blood Leoncavallo. The return of Henry Hadley was an historical event less thrilling than Portola redivivus. Yet there was a goodly number of us to pay tribute to the living lions. Genius may be small change to a whole city mad in the pursuit of fun, but with all the joy that was under the stars some of us went to the Tivoli when the great Italian composer appeared in the conductor's chair lest he might feel slighted. Partly for a similar reason, and partly because the symphony orchestra played in the afternoon and didn't conflict with any festive diversion, a very large number of us paid tribute to Mr. Hadley and his music makers. Be it known then that we are not indifferent to the polite obligations or to serious music. Surely Mme. Alda will acquit us of any such imputation. For although half the city, 'tis said, did not get to bed till daybreak Sunday there were not many empty seats at Scottish Rite Auditorium in the afternoon. After all, our faithful musical enthusiasts can make a pretty good showing whatever may happen to distract them. I wish, though, they had made a better showing when Leoncavallo was making history at the Tivoli. What an occasion it was! Full of a rich and rare sentiment, it should have aroused the keenest interest. Think of the many times that San Francisco has packed opera houses to hear Pagliacci! Few operas are more beloved by lovers of Italian opera. Ah, what a privilege to hear a performance of this opera conducted by the composer himself! What delight to note the enthusiasm of every performer eager to do justice to the work of the great genius in whose brain the substance of the opera was wrought! I expected to see the house packed to the doors. For what could be more quickening to the imagination? Well, the house wasn't packed. Nobody's dress was disarranged in the crush for seats. All that I can say for it is that it was a good house, and that it let itself go just as though music were a natural intoxicant. And even at the risk of provoking regret I will say that the prologue was sung by that handsome young Italian Montesanto as it was never sung before—no, not even by Scotti. The Pagliacci cast had for Nedda the pretty Maria Mosciska. She was sweet in the role and she sang the lovely Balatella with a light bell-like voice that reminded one of pure sun-warmed air in country meadows. For the first time in my experience I saw a reason for Nedda to prefer Silvio to Canio. Surely the composer in his wildest dreams did not conceive a love-lorn farmer presenting so fine a picture as Montesanto or capable of acting so lovingly and singing so gloriously. This superb baritone sang the prologue in evening clothes, and I would answer those who say that all men look alike dressed that way, "See Montesanto in evening clothes." Poor John Drew and Mr. Henry Hadley look plain and clothes-conscious compared to him. Fanny Anitua sang Beppo very beautifully, Modesti was an excellent Tonio and Pietro Schiavazzi put his whole soul into the role of Canio. The orchestra played as if inspired under the maestro's baton.

A house large in numbers and primed with enthusiasm went to hear "La Boheme" Monday night. This opera which our Italian colony seems to know better than any in their native repertoire is the favorite of groups and groups of phlegmatic Americans who enjoy comparing the different casts they have seen in the beautiful work. Luca Botta's singing won everybody. After "Your Tiny Hand" the house rose to him. His duet with Mimi in the third act was followed by a storm of applause. And again in the last act billows of enthusiasm swept up to the stage. Melis was a very artistic Mimi. I have never heard the death scene more beautifully sung nor the bit of action with the muff more pathetically done. Modesti was good as Marcel and so was Brilli as Schaunard. As always the finale of the second act made the pulses leap. . . . . Mr. Hadley gave us a fine program at his opening concert which was enjoyed by a large audience. Mr. Hadley appears to be recruiting his clientele from the masses, which is a good sign, especially as the socially-elect are so uncertain and influenced by circumstances quite irrelevant. The program included our old friends Beethoven, Wagner and MacDowell. It was with the Fidelio overture of the great Romantique that the concert opened, one of the most passionate of his works, filled with an instinctive quality of beauty, eloquent of the moods and emotions of the spirited, romantic opera. The piece was rendered with a fine simple vigor, and there was nothing lost of its rich musical substance. Also well done were the Kaisermarsch with its rich instrumentation and the tranquil and lovely Indian suite full of mystery and charm, wild of melody, with the voices of nature sounding in it. What a grandiose simplicity of sentiment and effect is MacDowell's! The Franck Symphony in D minor, though it lacks significance has many pleasing rhythms which apparently delighted the audience. It is distinctly of "Pop" concert quality, its melodic inspiration being strained and thin. Franck was not a man of deep feeling or of much breadth of mood. He gives us rhythm and atmosphere, but nothing of that essential quality that may be described as the principle of life. His symphony is content to be lovely in an unfamiliar way. . . . . When Mme. Frances Alda looked upon her first San Francisco audience Sunday afternoon she was greeted with great friendliness. In her very first number she revealed a charming soprano voice of lyric quality, and her interpretation proved her an artiste. But after that and the two following numbers her listeners were merely cordial. When she sang "Pastorale" (Carey), a florid number, she revealed herself a delightful coloratura singer with a nice appreciation of the value of nuances in embellishments. Mme. Alda's is a voice of joyousness with a youthful ring, and the flexibility and purity that no doubt with her are a musical inheritance. Her climaxes in some of her songs she achieves with fine art and in perfectly placed upper tones of great volume and evenness. The audience admired her greatly in "An Open Secret" (Woodman) and she had to sing "Expectancy" three times, once for her own sake, once for the popular La Forge's and once more so the audience could see again the meaningful gladness in her beautiful brown eyes. In complete contrast with these numbers she sang "Panis Angelicus" (Cesar Franck) in touching devotional spirit and beautiful stile sostenuto. Ah! if choir singers would but learn from artists of the opera the true dramatic value of sacred music! Mme. Alda has set a very high standard for herself. With the artistic environment in which Fate has placed her, the lovely voice which Nature has given her and her indomitatable ambition she is sure to become a very great artiste. Already she is a singer of high rank worthy the company of her distinguished associates. She is said to be the best Desdemona in the opera world. That talented youth, Gutia Casini, looking more than ever like a grown-up Raphael cherub and playing more than ever in a way to make us really believe that the 'cello not the harp is the favorite instrument of the angels, won the hearts of his audience. Mr. La Forge is a wonderful accompanist, always en rapport with the fortunate artists for whom he plays. I'm sorry, but I'm not fond of Mr. La Forge's solo work. But how can a pianist who gives so much of himself to help others to attain melodic effects have much power in reserve for self-expression? It would be a miracle if he could. Another lovely program awaits the fortunate persons who attend the Saturday matinee.

KATHRYN KIDDER

The distinguished American actress who will appear next week in "The Washerwoman Duchess" at the Orpheum.

At "The Bird of Paradise"

By Edward F. O'Day

"If Colonel Sam Parker were only here!" exclaimed my friend from Honolulu.

I was interested in the scene before me where Hawaiians squatting outside a native hut on the Puna Coast, were playing ukuleles and eating poi, but I turned and asked:

"What d'ye mean, Sam Parker?"

"Why, Sam would climb over the footlights and dip his finger in the bowl," exclaimed my friend from Honolulu. "He loves it."

I remembered then how Colonel Parker left a supply of poi at the Stewart Hotel in this city, and how Mine Host Stewart gave it to the paperhangers to use in their business.

"Ever try it?" asked my friend from Honolulu.

I recalled the Hawaiian village at the Midwinter Fair, and made a wry face. But before I could reply, my friend from Honolulu rattled on:

"I suppose they'll have a hula."

And as if to humor him, the girls began to dance.

"A very tame hula it is," was the comment of my Honolulu friend; "not half as tough as the rag."

"A pretty girl," he conceded while Luana showed her feather cloak to Doctor Wilson. "Looks a bit like one of the Afong girls. And that cloak looks like the real thing. Ever see the one that Princess Kawananakoa wears?"

I admitted that I had not.

"It's a beauty," my friend from Honolulu informed me; "all made from oos and aas."

"What are they, exclamation points?" I asked him.

"No," he snorted in contempt of my ignorance; "they're birds—very rare now—you can only find them way up on Mauna Loa."

"Ten-Thousand-Dollar" Dean, the beach-comber, made his appearance.

"Full of awa," said my friend from Honolulu judicially.

"Booze?" I queried.

"Right you are," he answered. "Not so quick in its action as 'white-eye' but just as deadly in the end."

When the beach-comber had been reclaimed for the "onward and upward" my friend from Honolulu grunted:

"Never saw one converted that easy. But of course this fellow is different—he quotes Omar."

The natives prepared their propitiatory offering to Pele, the dread goddess of Kilauea's lake of fire.

"Suppose they're using the ohelo berry," my friend from Honolulu speculated. "That old boy is a Kahuna."

"A medicine man," he explained when I looked a question. "A smooth bunch of grafters they were, and old King Kalakaua was their friend He liked easy money himself, so he sympathized with them."

When Luana had exercised her wiles on Doctor Wilson, my friend sighed:

"He'll come to a bad end. My boy, never go to see a Kanaka girl bathe in the warm springs. Let this doctor chap's experience be a lesson to you. I know—"

But during the intermission my friend from Honolulu forgot to tell me what he knew.

"I knew it," he exclaimed in triumph when the changed Doctor Wilson was discovered in the second act. "He's a goner sure.

"Not a bad native interior," he added. "More awa, eh? Bad! bad!"

My friend from Honolulu listened intently while Captain Hatch offered to make Luana a queen.

"So she's descended from the great Kamehameha. A mighty fine old king he was, as old Theodore Hittell will tell you."

Again he gave heed to the political intrigue.

"Oh, I see where we are. This was just before the 'sons of missionaries' as Godkin called them set up their 'gospel republic.' The queen they're going to get rid of is Mrs. Lydia Dominis, otherwise our old friend Liliuokalani. They're right about that lottery concession—there was an opium concession too. Kalakaua sold them in the palmy days for a tidy fortune."

In the third act my friend from Honolulu was disgusted with Doctor Wilson's behavior toward his Hawaiian wife.

"I knew he was an utter rotter," he said. "That's a pretty dinner spread there, but not a circumstance to the one at the Palace Hotel at which Kalakaua gorged himself the night he died."

The political intrigue again engaged his attention.

"I get it," he said. "They've set up the provisional government at Honolulu. If dear old Lucien Young were alive he'd tell you the inside of all that. He was a lieutenant on the 'Boston' when Minister Stevens raised the American flag. Yes, and if Jake Dressler of the Examiner were alive, he'd tell you how Commissioner Blount hauled it down at Cleveland's order. Jake did the story for the Examiner, you remember. Great old days! That was just before Sanford B. Dole, he of the long whiskers, became first and only President of the Hawaiian Republic."

The play was approaching its tragic end. Luana was on her way to Kilauea's crater.

"We've made a quick trip from Oahu to Hawaii," remarked my friend. "Poor girl! She'll never wreathe a lei again. She deserved a better fate! Remarkable, isn't it, that soft, good-natured people like the Hawaiians should have a goddess like Pele in their mythology."

There was a suspicion of moisture in my friend's eye as we left the Cort.

"What do you think of the play?" I asked him.

"The local color is fine," he said, "but some of the speeches are too long and some of the action doesn't get anywhere, does it? Aloha!"

ANNA HELD

The alluring Parisienne who will be seen at the head of the Anna Held All-Star Variete Jubilee at the Cort, beginning Sunday matinee, November 2.

Gossip of the Theatre

Good Old "Broadway Jones"

I read in an English paper the other day that "Broadway Jones" was being tried out in the English "provinces" previous to a grand production in London. The London critic who went down into the "provinces" to look it over was very enthusiastic and prophesied that the metropolis would go crazy over Cohan's most characteristic effort. I shouldn't be surprised. We have all gone crazy over it. They have been going crazy over it all week at the Alcazar, and the indications are that they will continue to go crazy over it next week, for it has been so successful that it is going to run a fortnight. At the same time, it is not only "Broadway Jones" that is "packing 'em in" at the Alcazar. Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan are back, and as Alcazar drawing cards they are even more powerful than the best play Cohan ever wrote. Their popularity remains unimpaired, to put it mildly. And they head a company of Alcazarans who find as much fun as the audience does in the rollicking acts of "Broadway Jones."

—The First Nighter.

Anna Held's Big Show at Cort

The "Anna Held All-Star Variete Jubilee" which is touring the principal cities of the United States and Canada will come to the Cort next Sunday for one week only, with special matinees every day excepting Friday. Miss Held is surrounded by a group of young women selected for their physical and artistic excellence. The greatest modistes of Paris assembled Miss Held's wardrobe. Six of the latest and most startling acts of vaudeville from eccentric burlesque to drama in miniature—George Beban's "The Sign of the Rose," will be given. In addition there is the Imperial Pekinese company of six; Frances and Florette in dancing; Ward and Curran in a roaring farce "The Stage Door Tender"; Hirschel Hendler in a pianologue; and the Charles Ahearn troupe of dervishes.

Song Cycle at Kohler and Chase's

The program for this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler & Chase Hall will include an exceptionally interesting feature, the interpretation of a song cycle by M. von Fielitz, the writer of classic songs. The cycle is entitled "Schoen Gretlein" (Fair Jessie) and will be interpreted by Miss Luisa Ronstadt, one of San Francisco's younger artists. The instrumental part of the program will be devoted mainly to classic dance music. There will also be two impressive numbers for the Pipe Organ.

Kathryn Kidder at Orpheum

Miss Kathryn Kidder, the distinguished actress, will head the Orpheum bill next week in a one-act play entitled "The Washerwoman Duchess" in which she will impersonate "Madame Sans Gene," the role she made famous. It was through Miss Kidder that Sardou's play was first brought to America. She purchased it before the great Rejane produced it in Paris and was the first to present it in the English language. The production of "The Washerwoman Duchess" is a fine one. James J. Morton, a "fellow of infinite jest," will amuse with his monologue. The Chung Hwa Comedy Four are a quartet of Chinese, all born in this city. They sing in Chinese and English, and their humor is naturally on original lines. The Three Ellisons have a musical setting to Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith." Next week will be the last of Sam Chip and Mary Marble; Agnes Scott and Henry Keane; Conlin, Steele and Car; and Clara Morton.

"The Candy Shop" Scores

From the opening chorus to the finale there is not a slow moment in the big Gaiety musical offering "The Candy Shop" which has made a sensation among San Francisco theatregoers. It is an ordinary thing these days to hear one remark that he or she could see the show a dozen times. Reservation for seats are being made by the same people for half a dozen different nights. With Rock and Fulton and the clever collection of comedians it is not to be wondered at. New material is already being rehearsed, and within the next week several new songs will be heard in the musical offering which has taken the town by storm. Something new will be doing all the time in "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety.

Good Farce at Empress

"Cupid's Syndicate," a musical farce featuring Andrew Toombs and Miriam Carson will be the headline attraction at the Empress next week. A bevy of pretty girls, excellent comedians, catchy music and dainty costumes are promised. "Othello Outdone," a travesty, will be presented by the Clayton & Drew players. Tom O'Brien and Madalon Lear will demonstrate their mimetic ability. Al and Jack Gruet are burnt cork comedians. Novelty dancers are Fred Snyder and Eunice Hallo who introduce the tango and several dances of their own conception. Clarence Oliver will entertain with stories, songs and parodies. Jones & Jones, musical artists and Twilight Pictures fill out the bill.

The Alda Farewell

The farewell concert of Mme. Frances Alda will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. With the assistance of Casini, the Russian violoncellist, and Frank La Forge, the pianist, she will give one of the most beautiful, interesting and novel programs ever offered. It will include gems of Franz, Schubert, Brahms, Richard Strauss, MacDowell, Massenet, La Forge and others, and there will be some novelties by Gretchaninow, Cesar Franck, Sigurd Lie and Wolf-Ferarri. Casini and La Forge will play the Grieg "Sonata" for piano and 'cello, and both will contribute important solo numbers.

Harold Bauer

Harold Bauer, master-pianist, first of the piano virtuosi to visit us this season, will give his first concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. The program includes the "Suite" in G minor by Bach, Schumann's "Davidbundlertanze," Chopin's "Tarantelle" and "Polonaise" in F sharp minor and other standard works besides some novelties by Maurice Ravel, Cesar Franck and Enrique Granados. The second concert will be given Thursday night when Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue," Bach's "Italian Concerto," Schumann's "Faschingsschwank," Liszt's transcription of the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," a group

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...house on Friday afternoon, November 14 at 3:15 p. m., and for this occasion she will sing four scenes from her greatest Wagnerian roles. The ... on Monday, November 9, and mail orders should be addressed to H. W. Bishop at the theatre.

Continued on Page 22

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The general tendency of the market last week was higher although trade was mostly among the professionals. Some shorts who did not cover last week bought enough stocks to take the market out of the rut temporarily at least. However, the market turned lower again when stocks like Pennsylvania and New Haven turned weak, the latter making a new low record. Pennsylvania was weak on the old story of a billion-dollar blanket mortgage. The company will have to redeem $90,000,000 of outstanding bonds within two years, but this will not be a heavy burden for such a property and the money market may be better when the bulk of these bonds become due two years hence. The Pennsylvania Railroad stands high in Europe and many of its bonds are listed on the Paris Bourse and are prime favorites with French investors. Pennsylvania is the only American railroad that can make as good terms for itself in foreign money markets as Canadian Pacific. New Haven slumped to 81 1-2 and was a blow to New England investors although there was a fair recovery. This slump came as a surprise because it followed a satisfactory settlement of the threatened strike of the locomotive engineers. New York Central was lower in sympathy with New Haven. Investors keep selling both these issues and buying Southern Pacific and other stocks that yield larger income returns. There was also a rumor out that New Haven would cut its dividend to 4 per cent because its fixed charges are so large that comparatively slight reductions in net earnings and increases in cost of operation have to be borne by the slender margin applicable for dividends. Copper shares were firm on account of the higher price in London, principally due to the strike in the Rio Tintos mine of Spain and to the higher prices being paid for the metal in this country. Industrials acted better than rails as a rule. Business has survived the changes in the tariff so well that most of the factories are busier than they were a year ago. Tariff talk has lost its effect and the best the bears can do is to work on the stories from Washington about anti-trust suits. Stocks are cheap and with any favorable news the market can easily advance.

Wheat—The wheat market the past week was quiet although the undertone was firm and prices showed some recovery from last week's depression. Liverpool cables reported some apprehension regarding the outlook in India, owing to the drought and there was also some complaint from Argentina. Unless the next thirty days bring good general rains in India the crop will undoubtedly be cut short, which should materially strengthen the wheat situation abroad. The depressing influence in Liverpool seems to be the free manner in which Canadian wheat is pressing for sale in the Liverpool market. In the near future the Canadians will be through with the auction sale of wheat which they have been holding in, which will be a relief to everybody in the wheat trade. The Canadian banks have needed the money and doubtless have forced the early marketings of their crop. The movement has been much larger than the size of the crop warranted. When things get normal this will be favorable to the bull side. Our primary receipts have begun to fall off compared with last year and it undoubtedly foreshadows a decrease in the visible supply from now on. Exports continue quite liberal and are far ahead of last year. The liquidation that was so much in evidence last week is not in evidence this week, the bulls have gotten back some of their courage and with any good incentive wheat could easily be put higher. We favor the purchase of wheat on any reaction and believe that wheat is near bottom on this crop.

Corn—Corn followed wheat and closes the week at a fair advance from the low prices. Wet weather generally over the corn belt was the principal factor although the demand for the cash article showed some improvement which was a sustaining help. However, with old corn selling at a discount under the December option it is not encouraging to the bulls. If the old corn is not worth the money, then the new certainly is not. Some reports of poor husking returns are coming from reliable parties and this will count in favor of the bulls later on, but we believe it advisable to wait until the market has felt the effect of the movement of the new corn before taking the long side.

Cotton—The first real frost scare hit the market early in the week and before the frenzy of buying was over the market was up nearly $5 a bale and going good. Frost was general in the southwest and while there was very little frost reported in the eastern belt the forecast for next week was for general rain and much colder for the entire belt. It was this official prediction late in the week that clinched the advance and closed the market at the highest prices for the week. The spot interests were among the leading buyers and the only selling seemed to be in the way of profit taking. If the cold weather which is predicted comes, it will be likely that the further growth of cotton will cease except in spots. There is less cause of apprehension regarding the situation in the western belt than in the east. Experts agree that what crop there is in the west is matured and beyond damage by frost. But that is not the case in the East, where it is generally the case that the plant is still well fruited and would make a considerable late crop if favored with propitious weather. So if there is to be a disaster it must come in the eastern part of the belt. Liverpool became alarmed at the reports emanating from the south and kept pace with our advance. Dry goods trade is good and mills are said to be running day and night. Spot cotton is strong all over the south and good white cotton is hard to buy. The quick recovery of about 100 points or $5 a bale within the last few days has undoubtedly eliminated a large part of the short interest and a reaction is due if the weather should turn more favorable but we believe cotton will yet sell at 15 cents per pound and believe that advantage should be taken of all minor setbacks to accumulate a line from an investment standpoint.

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Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
Number of Depositors	62,134

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

teration" which he advocates is a "hush-up policy"? Chief Peterson will be in a position to give him some data on this after the first of the year when the prostitutes are driven out of the redlight district and compelled to ply their trade clandestinely. And there won't be any "hush-up policy" when the time comes for the Chief to speak his mind on that subject.

"Human desire will be as great, segregation or no segregation," continued the Chief. "And that desire will be satisfied some way. When men can't buy they will steal.

"Some cities are already awakening to this. Denver adopted a policy of scatteration some time ago. It has failed. Now we find the Grand Jury advocating a return to the old system of segregation under police control. And there is a movement on foot to return to the segregation system in San Diego. It is based on the alarming prevalence of rape cases.

"A wave of emotionalism has been sweeping over the world. It started in London, went to the continent and reached this country by way of Philadelphia. One result has been this agitation for the suppression of prostitution. Another has been exploitation of sex problems on the stage. These matters interest people of emotional tendencies. Take the case of these Oakland women who protest against the suppression of 'The Traffic.' Doctor Aked says they are 'some of the best women in Oakland.' Why, they are a row of old maids! How can they be considered authorities on sex problems? They are emotional women with narrow, contracted viewpoints. They are the same old maids who had this censorship ordinance passed and demanded that the Chief of Police be made the official censor. But see what a howl they put up when I don't censor to suit their ideas, when I object to a play portraying brothel life!

"Reform committees are always made up of untried men and women, usually dominated by clerical influence. I don't think their opinion should control a city. Certainly I am out of line with their emotionalism.

"But to end where we started," concluded the Chief, "I think Doctor Aked will last about six months more. After that he'll blow up and be forgotten. Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it!"

Stage

(Continued from Page 20.)

Theatre Francais

The first of the series of French performances by the Theatre Francais company will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Thursday night, November 13, when M. Ferrier and his associate players will offer the comedy "Mlle. de la Seigliere" by Jules Sandeau. This is one of the favorite works in the repertoire of the Comedie Francais, and is considered a literary gem. The play has been thoroughly rehearsed by a competent company, and the stage mounting, etc., will be adequate. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and the scale of prices will be $1.50, $1.00 and 75 cents.

Mme. Heink and the Symphony

The second program of the Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, November 7, at 3 o'clock sharp. The occasion will be made notable by the first appearance in San Francisco, this season, of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink. This will also be the first appearance here of the great contralto with full symphony orchestra. She will appear twice on the program and sing the Recitative "Jetzt Vitellia," Aria "Nie Soll mit Rosen," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" and the big scene and Aria "Gerechter Gott" from Wagner's "Rienzi." H. B. Randall will play the clarinet obligato to the first number. Not only will the words of Mme. Heink's numbers be printed on the program in Italian and German, but a translation by William F. Apthorp will also be found. The Orchestra will give Schubert's C major Symphony. Rachmaninow will be represented by his symphonic poem "Die Toteninsel," or "The Island of Death." The Board of Governors has not taken advantage of the privilege to raise the price of single seats for special occasions and seats, which will go on sale Monday morning at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, Kohler and Chase and the Cort, will be sold at the regular prices.

Fourth Week of Opera

The third week of grand opera at the Tivoli will be brought to a conclusion with the matinee today and performance tomorrow night of Leoncavallo's latest opera "Zingari," with Melis, Chiodo, Montesanto and Brilli in the cast and the production of "La Boheme" tonight in which Botta has scored so brilliantly. The fourth week will begin Monday with "Rigoletto" which will be repeated at the Thursday matinee and Saturday night, with a cast including Simzis, Anitua, Botta, Modesti and Sesona. On Tuesday and Sunday nights "Zingari" will be repeated with the same cast as before and Wednesday night "La Boheme" will be sung again. Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee "Thais" will be given for the first time this season, with Carmen Melis in the titular role. Montesanto will sing Athanael and a splendid production of Massenet's opera will undoubtedly be given. On Friday night "Aida" with the same big cast and ensemble which created such a sensation on the opening night of the season, will be revived.

Bothwell Browne at Pantages

Bothwell Browne's dancing spectacle "The Serpent of the Nile" tops the new bill at Pantages. Fifteen dancing beauties, a carload of scenery and special electrical effects mark the production. Back from a successful Australian tour are the Terry troupe of "Mad Acrobats." Santucci, the wizard of the accordeon, has a repertoire of popular selections. Will Armstrong and company will present a farce "The Baggage Man." A pianologue will be offered by Gene and Arthur. The two Lowers are acrobatic cowboys and lariat experts. Pearl Rosenthal billed as "a bundle of catchy rags" will round out the bill.

Scott Films at Savoy

"The Traffic" will be presented for the las time at the Savoy this Saturday and Sunday afternoon and evening. Next week will bring back to San Francisco the complete and vivid animated record of the late Capt. R. F. Scott's Antartic expedition. This remarkable entertainment which recently created a sensation at the Cort, is accompanied by an interesting lecture by the eminent actor Charles B. Hanford. A matinee will be given every day during the engagement which is limited to two weeks.

Henry Miller in "The Rainbow"

Henry Miller's vehicle "The Rainbow" which comes to the Columbia Monday night for a two weeks' engagement, is remarkable for the striking contrasts of character woven into its story. Mr. Miller has found a wonderfully effective role in the principal character and is supported by a superb cast. Miller's many seasons of stock productions in this city have given him a position of strong local favor and his welcome in this new success will be a warm one. He will bring all the favorites of the New York cast including Ruth Chatterton who created the role of the daughter, Alice Baxter, Louise Closer Hale, Muriel Hope, Ethel Martin, Edna McAuley, Charles Hammond, H. Conway Wingfield, Daniel Pennell, Robert Stowe Gill, Charles Pearson and others. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PERFUMES AND THE TAVERN

The presentation by the management of Techau Tavern of souvenir bottles of Parfum Mary Garden, Le Lilas and other perfumes made at the famous laboratories of V. Rigaud of Paris, has popularized these products in San Francisco to such a degree that Dr. Croissant, the son of the general manager of V. Rigaud, recently made a special trip to call on Manager Morrison of the Tavern and express his delight and appreciation that the public of San Francisco has chosen these celebrated perfumes over and above all others on the market.

"Isn't Alice going to marry Jack, after all?"

"Afraid not. She says she hates to give up the $1.50 shows for the 10-cent moving pictures."

CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT

Standing at the South Pole, and (below) the picture of his tomb within six hundred miles of the Pole. Moving pictures of the ill-fated expeditions will be shown at the Savoy next week.

Letters

Cheap Macmillan Reprints

The Macmillan Company has made several new additions to their "Standard Library," made up of reprints of the best of their books, both fiction and serious matter, well bound, and sold at the minimum price of fifty cents. Amongst these are: Hamilton Drummond's "The Justice of the King," a romance dealing with the reign of Louis XI of France; Zona Gale's "Loves of Pelleas and Etarre" which made her reputation as a novelist, and which, recounting the tale of old and married lovers, is a pleasing contrast to the saccharine softness of the eternal young; Jack London's "Adventure," into which are introduced some of the descendants of the Mutineers of the "Bounty," those little known but often misrepresented Pitcairn Islanders; F. Marion Crawford's underground romance, "The Heart of Rome"; Edward T. Devine's "Misery and its Causes"; George Hodges' "Everyman's Religion"; Franklin Pierce's "Tariff and the Trusts"; and Hunn and Bailey's "Practical Garden Book." A writer in the Atlantic Monthly recently hazarded the opinion that one reason why people do not buy more of the serious books is the prohibitive price at which they are published. Macmillan is the only firm which brings out anything but fiction at a popular price. When a good, clean, new book can be had for fifty cents it is scarcely worth while to patronize a library and put up with a more or less soiled and dilapidated copy.

Short Stories by Vaughan Kester

The short stories written by Vaughan Kester, some thirteen in number, have been gathered into a volume under title of the first one, "The Hand of the Mighty," and prefaced by a biographical sketch of the dead author written by his brother Paul Kester the dramatist. Though Vaughan Kester was at his best with a large canvas on which to paint his moving pictures, these tales, varying from humorous to pathetic, and touching on every phase of life save the grotesque, are by no means negligible. Assiduous followers of magazine literature will probably find themselves familiar with most of them, but will be gratified by the opportunity of re-reading them. The last story in the volume, "All That a Man Hath," is really a short novel, and though it was written when the author was but twenty years of age, and lacks the finish of his later work, it will bear favorable comparison in plot, construction and style with the best efforts of many popular writers. Vaughan Kester is one of those whom death called when he had scarcely entered upon his career. He was steeped in the history of the early days of the middle west, and his three novels, "The Fortunes of the Landrays," "The Prodigal Judge" and "The Just and the Unjust" are panoramic views of the characters and conditions in the early and middle years of the last century. In the two years since the author's death all of his earlier works have been reprinted and have met with favorable reception. From Bobbs-Merrill.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 172, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent remaining unsold, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they hereby are directed to appear before said Court on TUESDAY, the 25th day of November, 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 17th day of October, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed Oct. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, In propria persona,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-25-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of OLGA PARIS MILLINERY, a corporation, for dissolution.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Public notice hereby given that the above named corporation has filed in the above named Court its application for dissolution. At any time before the expiration of thirty (30) days from the first publication of this notice, any person may file his objection to the said application.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco and ex-officio clerk of the above named Court.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

L. L. SOLOMONS,
Attorney for Olga Paris Millinery, a corporation. 10-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,935, N. S., Probate; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented by ANNA D. SCHMITZ, administratrix of the estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, deceased, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, that it is necessary that such real estate should be sold for the reasons and purposes specified in said petition:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said decedent and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 11th day of November, 1913, at 10 a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, in the City Hall, Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate, either at public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge to be most beneficial for the estate;

And, it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 7, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

tum SUDEN & tum SUDEN, Attorneys for Administratrix,
617-20 Western Metropolis Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-11-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

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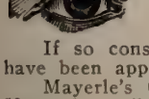

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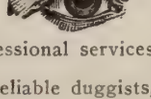

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Blow To Our Pride

Speaking of our relations with Mexico the New York Post says that our country can take a profound satisfaction in one thing—that "nobody is trying to force the President's hand." The Post is glad that "noisy patriotism of the yellow-journal variety is conspicuously absent," and regards it as a "great blessing that the head of our government is not handicapped by the necessity of dealing with demagogic clamor at home." With pride wounded to the quick we call on our contemporary of the bloated metropolis to recant the implied insult to our great Californian institution of learning at Berkeley, the alma mater of the Hon. Hiram Johnson. Is Professor Barrows, the eminent scholar now acting as president of our university, to be classified as a nobody? Ex-officio Professor Barrows is the paramount Voice in these parts. A man of prodigious intellect, he can trace a political emotion back through Ishi to a fossil sabre-tooth tiger; and Professor Barrows' patriotism is not of the cloistered variety. It goes forth to a meeting of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, and utters itself emphatically as to the right policy to pursue with reference to Mexico. Force the President's hand! Pshaw! our premier schoolmaster was in a mood at the Chamber of Commerce meeting to birch the President.

Another Futile Strike

The cloakmakers of San Francisco have lost their strike. They have gone back to work because they were hungry. We learn from one of the organs of organized labor that the strikers exhausted their credit at national headquarters. In other words they could get no more money from organized labor to keep body and soul together. Here is a tragic story full of heart interest. What more appealing to the emotions than the frightful physical sufferings, the terrible mental agonies of poor miserable wage-earners on a strike! For weeks and weeks they endure pinching poverty with the vague expectation of having their condition bettered by the addition of a few cents to their daily income, and then to escape starvation they return to work with nothing but debt to remind them of their futile struggle. The theme is one that has furnished material for two of the most thrilling dramas of modern times—The Weavers and Strife. But the drama that has been enacted in San Francisco has thrilled only the participants. The daily newspapers have given us no word of it. The daily newspapers are fearful of offending the labor bosses. They have suppressed the news of the defeat of a union, an episode that shows the mischief that is done by the bloated bosses of labor. It was but the other day that Lincoln Steffens was telling some of our amateur sociologists that the way to help labor is to help labor help itself, and the Bulletin told us he meant encouragement of unionism. We have just seen that organized labor itself will not help labor to help itself.

How Society Judges Opera

Is society, that which is spelled with a capital S, fond of good music? This is a question that has obtruded itself during the current grand opera season at the Tivoli. Mighty good opera they are giving us at the Eddy street theatre, as good in some instances as opera for which society has paid seven dollars a seat. But society, the society that is noted for its apparatus of "seasons" and "functions," and its qualities of "exclusiveness" and "culture" is having scant and meagre representation at the performances. This is manifest because of the tier of boxes made for society to display itself in. These boxes make it easy to keep tab as it were on society. When these boxes bulge with spacious shirt fronts, when they blaze with gems, gleam with shoulders and are effulgent with smiles we know that the very who's whoest and creme de la creme are bestowing the light of their countenance on the occasion. When they are empty we know that society is taking no interest in the proceedings. Now why have they been empty oftener than otherwise this season? Is the price of a seat the test by which society judges opera? Such would seem to be the fact. Society graced the opening of the season, got its name in the papers, and remained away till it was promised a sensation—the first American presentation of a new opera with the composer in the chair. San Francisco is a music-loving city, but it is clear enough that the music lovers are not of society.

The Street Car Nuisance

The rights of the mere majority are so uniformly ignored these days that the case of the folks who wish to breathe fresh air in street cars appears to be utterly hopeless. In one or two Eastern cities they have started a movement to prohibit smoking in cars, but the probability is their agitation will have no effect. Yet this is a matter in which a paternal State might reasonably take a hand. The State looks after the health of its citizens. Where health is concerned the State does not consider the pleasures of individuals. Health is of paramount importance. The State presumes to curb appetites that impair health. Now aside from consideration of the rights of pure-air people, there is to be considered the health of the smoker who does not care to avail himself of fresh air when riding in street cars. He may have been shut up in an office or shop all day, where he may or may not have smoked. Assuredly it would be well for him to inhale fresh air on his way home and postpone his intrigue with Lady Nicotine until he gets within doors. Paternalism that rings the curfew on us in the midst of wholesome fun would in a measure justify itself if it saved the street-car smoker from himself and kept pure the air which the majority, many of whom are smokers, wish to enjoy. It occurs to us that this is a matter of sufficient importance to deserve the attention of our inveterate propagandists of the sex that is vindicating its sense of most of the shortcomings of a very imperfect world. It is a matter in which women especially are interested, but they have accepted the situation as though it were irremediable. To women the smoker is especial obnoxious, so few of them having been vaccinated with the juices of tobacco or any of the mysterious ingredients of far-reaching cigars. And women are not only entitled to fresh air; they are entitled to protection from the fumes of noxious weeds and the poisonous vapors emitted by fetid pipes. Why have they so long remained quiescent? It would appear that after all, even with the franchise, they are not more self-assertive than the putative sterner sex.

The Madness of the Rich

The distinguished psychopathist who classifies the very rich among the insane does not astonish us at all. Lunacy is to genius near allied. To be crazy is to enjoy kinship with the poets and musicians, with the intellectual giants of a mad world. The very rich are of course endowed with genius for accumulation. It is their ruling passion, which continues through the whole delirium of life. The gift of imagination is theirs. What poet has greater imagination than the railroad builder who scans the trackless forest and looks right through whole chains of snow-capped mountains, feasting the mind's eye the while on

acres of golden grain, orchards fruited deep and populous cities with skylines gleaming in the clouds? What heaven-sent prophet has deeper insight into the future than the real estate buyer with the passion for unearned increment who becomes the possessor of the best street corners before the cowpaths have been obliterated? The insanity of the very rich is not to be disputed. Nevertheless we cannot afford to lock them up in asylums. If it be determined legally that the plutocrat is not responsible for his acts then may our morbid sentimentalists stir up sympathy for him and eliminate him from the issues on which our leading politicians fatten and flourish. The plutocrat is chiefly a criminal. Public sentiment enlightened by the press has so decreed. He may be insane, but he is first of all a Robber Baron, and by judicious legislation we are gradually confiscating his ill-gotten gains and rendering him harmless. It would be against public policy to treat our Robber Barrons as lunatics and immure them in asylums. Anyway most of them are already satisfactorily sequestered in their own private asylums, sombre homes with the mausoleum aspect, filled with junk that imparts the museum atmosphere. Furthermore as a class they are self-segregated, and we cannot see that the moral prejudice against segregation should operate to their further discomfort.

The Ethics of Shirking

Men are often wrongfully accused of shirking their duties. A man cannot shirk a duty until he feels and realizes it. There are men disqualified from conspicuous acts of shirking. What seems a craven impulse in them is nothing more than insensibility. They are callous to points of honor, ignorant of the niceties of polite intercourse, unaware of the obligations of a business or a social nature. In a sense men of this type are exceedingly fortunate. At any rate they are better off than men who shirk with their eyes open. Habitual shirking, sitting loose from minor obligations, feeling unfettered by the ties of implied promise, though it contributes to a man's ease may never be reckoned among the unalloyed pleasures of life. The man who fails others fails himself. Whosoever slips out of his irksome obligations however trivial, if not left stranded is under a handicap in the struggle for the position where his powers ought to place him. Never to be considered expedient, then, is the policy of evasion; not even in the range of lesser and insignificant things. The careless, indulgent temper should never be indulged. On the other hand one should not go through life with a morbid dread of shirking. There are folks, a helpless lot, who accept as duties what are not duties at all. They are cursed with an incapacity for shirking. They are worried lest they be suspected of shirking. There are times when it is embarrassing not to shirk. There are strong provocations to evasion, and there is eventual economy of wear and tear in giving way to it. Of this we were reminded the other day by Mr. John D. Barry in his interesting causerie when he referred to a clergyman who had given circulation to the report that certain books had been burned ceremoniously by a woman's club. This clergyman, it appears, though he has been informed of his error, instead of setting the matter right has shirked his plain duty, and has gone on repeating the untruth. Now this clergyman is really undeserving of censure. He is what may be described as a scientific shirker. It would be embarrassing to him to acknowledge that he had been in error and had done a wrong; and being sensible of the magic of repetition, the miraculous power of damnable iteration, he devotes himself to the business of converting error into truth by an irresistible process. Here is a case of justifiable shirking, an instance of shirking and getting away with it. Men whose general lives are creditable—men who are leaders of opinion, who solve moral questions offhand and acquire a standing as spiritual advisers and a reputation for devotion to the highest interests—such men enjoy certain immunities which their self-interest warrants them in embracing. It is their proud privilege to confound their followers and admirers by occasional displays of indifference to the unimportant and troublesome conventions.

Hearst With Wall Street

When the Hon. William Randolph Hearst subscribes his name to an editorial for publication in all the Hearst papers it is to be presumed that the subject matter is of deep interest to himself. Thus we learn that Mr. Hearst has taken a personal interest in currency legislation, and that he would have the Ashursts and Clarks and all the other Hearst sycophants of the Congress view with kindly eye the plan submitted by Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip of Wall street. "The fact," says Mr. Hearst, "that it is advanced at this moment by a leading financier with large Wall street interests should not prejudice the Senate against any of the really valuable points of the plan." Admitted. But what about the additional fact that Mr. Hearst is booming the plan over his own signature? Is Mr. Hearst the only man in all the country who can touch the "interests" without being defiled? Through the years whatever was said in favor of the interests argued itself, according to the Hearst philosophy, vicious and false by the very circumstance that it was in the interest of the interests. Moreover Mr. Hearst has hitherto assumed that nothing good could come out of Wall street; and whosoever maintained to the contrary was the paid agent or tool of Wall street. Always it has been Mr. Hearst's complete answer to any argument supporting any proposal emanating from trusts or mammoth corporations that it was inspired or bought, and therefore not worthy of consideration. Facts and reason cannot make a sound argument according to Mr. Hearst unless they are employed by a disinterested party, and we must never consider that Mr. Hearst's partisanship in all matters is dictated by the self-interest reflected by his political and newspaper concerns. Of course it is but natural that such should be the case and it would not be at all discreditable were it not that Mr. Hearst's enormous success as a publisher is due to his insincerity. Mr. Hearst gives the people what they want, what appeals to their passions and prejudices, not what he thinks they should have or what he conceives to be for their lasting interest. But now comes the question whether Mr. Hearst is doing to the people what he accuses others of doing; that is whether Mr. Hearst has taken inspiration from the predatory plutocracy. To be sure this is incredible. Mr. Hearst is rich enough to be money honest. In our opinion Mr. Hearst is not to be subsidized, but as there are divers ways of skinning a cat, so, too, there is more than one formula for seducing an editor. It was but the other day the world learned how the Government obtained the support of the London Times for a pet measure before Parliament. Alfred Harmsworth has a passion for social prestige which was gratified by elevating him to the peerage. Who knows but that Mr. Hearst is similarly afflicted? He has been hobnobbing socially of late with the Steel Trust. Not long ago he had his feet under the Gary mahogany, and about the same time Gary was celebrated in the Hearst papers. A little later the Hearst papers denounced President Wilson's tariff bill. A few weeks ago Gary returned from Europe, and now comes the boost for the Wall street currency plan. Assuredly the plain people have reason to be apprehensive. Social ambition is a terrible thing. Climbing, as Swift reminded us, is performed in the same posture as creeping. What a calamity to the plain people were their foremost champion to continue to mould their opinion while crawling to the heights of the elect!

The Gullible Mr. Creel

"Of a certainty," says George Creel in Harper's "the wonder is not that we have so few honest men in public office, but that we have any." The reason of this wonder is that they have to run "a gauntlet as cruel as any ever devised by the savages of the primeval forests." By way of illustration Mr. Creel tells us of the terrible experiences of some of the champions of civic righteousness who have run the gauntlet, and who appear to be willing to run it to the end of their days notwithstanding the cruelty they must brave. Heading the list is our own darling exemplar of all the virtues, the Hon. Francis J. Heney, now running for the Senate. What a lot of frightful lies have been told about Heney, according to Creel! One of them was that he "raped a young girl and steadfastly refused to support the child." This is a new one to us. Yet we thought we were familiar with all the Heney biographies spurious and genuine. Creel tells us the rape story was circulated "secretly and systematically" by the men who thought Heney's election would hurt business. He says nothing about the check slander circulated freely

id openly, which Heney has never deigned discuss even to this day. Knowing this be a slander that Mr. Heney doesn't talk out even among his friends, we do not uspect Mr. Creel of suppression; of nothing ut gullibility; and the whoppers that he imself puts in circulation in his efforts revive the Heney fiction we charitbly ascribe to his incredible receptivity. Heney," says Mr. Creel, "gave up a practice of $50,000 a year to fight for the people gainst the San Francisco graft ring." Mr. reel ought to consult Rudolph Spreckels n this subject and take a glance at Heney's ank book of the days before the graft fight. here are many things set forth by Mr. reel that a more conscientious journalist ould have sought to verify; things, which they had been true, would have been easy f verification. As, for instance, the facts ith reference to the man who attempted to ill Heney. It happens that the official recrds do not bear out Mr. Creel as to these atters. The gentleman certainly has a rievance against somebody; for his reputaion as a journalist has been somewhat impaired; that is, assuming it was a reputaion to be proud of. Whom to suspect we o not know. All that we know is that hen Mr. Creel was in town he was a guest f the Family Club, of which Judge Lawlor s a shining light, and that Mr. Creel refers o Judge Lawlor as "the ablest and the most opular jurist in San Francisco," and says hat "it was generally agreed that he would oon be elevated to the Supreme bench of he State." Mr. Creel is the best unconcious humorist that has scintillated across ur path in the dark of many a moon. So much do we enjoy his curious gleanings that we are glad that nobody ever suggested to him that if Mr. Heney has been calumniated he is to be felicitated on the restraint that enables William H. Crocker to use $100,000 that the fifty-thousand-a-year attorney claims as his very own by reason of a libel uttered by the distinguished banker. Mr. Heney brought suit for the money several years ago, but appears to be in no hurry to have his name regain its pristine purity. Apparently he prefers to run that "cruel gauntlet" that leads to a seat in the Senate and a comparatively insignificant income.

The Familiar Brand

After reading Mr. Creel one perceives that this business of celebrating pinchbeck, brummagem patriots cannot go on forever unless the old, familiar figures withdraw from the stage. It appears that city after city is becoming the possessor of a gauntlet-running patriot. Denver has its Lindsey; St. Louis its Folk; Seattle its Cotterill; Philadelphia its Blankenburg; Atlanta its Beavers; Minneapolis its Stockwell, and so on. Now these men are all more or less of the same stripe. To keep their halos effulgent it is necessary to approximate the truth regarding their activities not less remotely than Mr. Creel in his celebration of Heney. Naturally the halos will flicker to extinction. For though the reader in a city where no gauntlets have been run may believe what he reads about the righteous ones of other towns, as soon as the type bobs up around the corner he will be disillusioned. The similarity between these magazine-made heroes is most striking. There is but slight difference in their antecedents, in their methods, their manners, their pretensions, their wrongs or their sorrows. So when a reader who has inspected the home-product finds himself called upon to reverence the very same personality in distant parts he is inclined to turn away in disgust. When we know what to think of Heney it is not hard to guess what should be thought of his friend Lindsey or of any of the log-rolling patriots who go about putting all the blame on "The Beast" and giving one another a certificate of character. Mr. Creel himself, it may be well to know, has been fighting "The Beast," and is therefore at home in the mutual admiration society of patriots. And perhaps in the circumstances we should not be astonished to find him asserting that "The Beast" has been undermining La Follette in Wisconsin by asking in a whisper, "Didn't you know that he had lost his mind?" Mr. Creel has conveniently forgotten that it was the Progressive reformers who whispered La Follette out of Roosevelt's way by asking the very question quoted in Harper's. Mr. Creel appears to be a man of very flexible conscience. After putting the sins of the Rowells and Johnsons on "The Beast" he refers deridingly to "Ballinger as leading citizen" of Seattle. Surely this virtuous journalist is aware that the author of whatever damaging testimony was given against Ballinger was a rogue by the name of Glavis, once adored by the Lindseys and Pinchots and now so unfortunate that they would be afraid to be found talking to him.

Perspective Impressions

Our only objection to the present styles for women is that they won't last forever.

Whist! Dr. Aked has discovered the dictionary.

Sulzer says he has been vindicated. A vindication by hysteria is better than none at all.

The people may whitewash the crook if they will,
But the odor proclaims him "The Same Old Bill."

Gaby Deslys has a new playlet written by a clergyman, and she says it "teaches a beautiful moral lesson." Perhaps it teaches that virtue is its own reward.

Gabriel D'Annunzio has made a pact with himself to commit suicide in two years in a way that will startle the world. That's one way of making a best-seller.

Miss Jessie Wilson has switched from Presbyterianism to Episcopalianism. Which reminds us that Papa Wilson once saw the light, too, switching from anti-initiative-and-referendum to pro-initiative-and-referendum. Convictions that are too deep to be pulled up are inexpedient and embarrassing.

Tammany has been routed again. This particular cat always comes back.

Mrs. Pankhurst would have made a much greater stir in America if she had been kept out.

Our Governor had an overflow meeting in Boston, but his Progressive Bird was plucked nevertheless.

Something seemed wrong with Monday's paper—there wasn't any automobile accident the day before.

This is the open season for ducks. Which reminds us that there is no closed season for chickens.

The Philadelphia couple who are not to see each other's faces till after marriage may find that they postponed a very disagreeable experience.

Fabian Lloyd says he saw Oscar Wilde not long ago. Oscar Wilde has been seen many times since he was buried, but Robert Ross saw him just before he was buried, and at that time Oscar happened to be dead.

The Kaiser pays high for publicity, but think what a lot he gets!

The bloody street-car strike in Indianapolis shows how important it is that the United Railroads should follow the Bulletin's suggestion that it encourage its men to organize a union. This old town hasn't had a good, spirited strike since the last walk-out of the carmen.

Think of the poor little Mexican boys of the next generation who will have to pass school examinations on the present trouble! Greek and mathematics will be easy by comparison.

Apparently the chief business of the press these days is to applaud feminine movements. It has come to pass that organized women can do no wrong.

East St. Louis though it has no unsavory political machine has a Mayor, fourteen aldermen, a Superintendent of Streets, a Building Commissioner, a Health Commissioner and a Chief of Detectives under indictment for all kinds of grafting. However, we have been told so often, we have come to believe, that San Francisco is the most corrupt city in the country.

Varied Types

CLI—HENRY MILLER

By Edward F. O'Day

"It isn't the audience I used to know. It has changed. I am conscious of an apathy that I did not find before, of a dull indifference very different from the former enthusiasm. Have I come once too often?"

Thus Henry Miller on Tuesday, his engagement at the Columbia in "The Rainbow" just one day old.

Tuesday was a gloomy day of half-hearted showers and sluggish mists, a day to dash the highest-bounding spirits. It was just past luncheon time, and there were no lights to dispel the dusk of the tea room of the St. Francis where we sat.

But it was not the atmospheric pressure, it was not the melancholy of environment that weighed upon Henry Miller. At least I think not. His soul was gloomed.

"Have I come once too often?" he repeated, almost sadly. "I hope not. And yet—

"Where is my public? The receipts last night were good, the reviews this morning were all that one could expect, but there is no sign of the usual welcome. Box office figures do not lie. I suppose it is bad business for me to say that there is not an enormous public clamoring to see me. I suppose if I were clever I should not say it. I say it more in sorrow than in anger. I am not irritated. But I am human enough to be disappointed, and foolish enough to show my disappointment.

"Fifteen years ago the San Francisco drama lovers responded readily to my advances. Two years ago when I was last here I did not perceive the change. Last night I was very conscious of it. Does one's clientele change from cycle to cycle? Or have I come to San Francisco once too often?

"This was a theatre-loving centre. I regarded it as the best in America, if not in the world. But now I find it so different. Do not think that I am acrid or disgruntled. I do not think I am. And still, my mind today is so focussed on disappointment that I may be abnormal, even irrational.

"But mine is not altogether an individual complaint. I have heard it voiced of late by others who came here with plays lacking in sensational qualities. That which I prefer to call the 'show business' has hurt the drama here. You seem to require highly seasoned elements in your entertainment. Where these are lacking you do not respond. There is a falling off in the drama-loving public here. That public is different from the mere theatre-going public, the public which patronizes the 'show business,' the public which goes in multitudinous array to vaudeville and to moving pictures, to the entertainment that is on tap every minute. Your public does not wait for the individual as it did in former years. It likes to eat between meals, and the habit has robbed it of the zest, the appetite for seven o'clock.

"Am I speaking too frankly? Remember that these are rambling conjectures, not gospel truth. The changed condition I find here does not obtain in the East. If I may give an individual instance, 'The Rainbow' played four weeks in Chicago, nine weeks in Boston, three weeks in Philadelphia. But in San Francisco—

"I should much rather lose any other town than San Francisco. It sounds hackneyed to say that I am grateful for what San Francisco has done for me in the past. I have the happiest recollections of this city. I have been inspired by its kindness. But I seem to have lost San Francisco, and it is a loss I feel spiritually, sentimentally rather than for business reasons. I am afraid I have come once too often."

"Do you mean that you shall not come again?" I asked.

"I should not say that," answered Henry Miller, "for the obvious retort of your people would be, 'Is that a threat or a promise?' But would I be welcomed if I came again? I'd rather leave the matter in the shadow of doubt than perpetuate it in fact by another experience. And it is a long way to come! I'd rather keep the memories of the past as they are than mix them with impressions of indifference. Still, I shall not consider myself under obligations not to come!

"I am aware that one seems petty in thus acknowledging one's hurt. I can only excuse it by the fact that one is most sensitive in the case of those for whom one cares most.

HENRY MILLER

"Those old days! I cannot speak of them. They have become a song and I should have to sing them! They are one long symphony of harmonies! Far more than I can perhaps make clear at this moment I am indebted to San Francisco. When San Francisco was regarded as flat, stale and unprofitable by the powers that were, the generous reception accorded me for several summers rather changed their attitude toward the city. Someone had to convey the belief of the possibilities here, and I am happy that it was I."

"Could you assemble such stock companies again?" I asked.

"Absolutely impossible," said Henry Miller, "the enormous growth of theatrical enterprise has outstripped so far the really scarce development of actors. The condition has been profitable to the members of the profession, but it has raised an obstacle to the organization of such companies as those I once brought here.

"When will the supply of good actors catch up to the demand? When conditions change and the taste for drama reverts to its earlier state. When there is a stronger, healthier appetite for the more intelligent form of entertainment. When the public has sickened of mere 'shows.' When the theatre has passed through the fiery ordeal of penury. When conditions have become so bad that only the fittest can survive. Then, I feel, it will be possible to corral, organize and crystallize a really competent, well equipped company of actors. This is not said in any disdain of those who are now appearing in the theatre, because the type plays and the melodramas that are being produced require little or no virtuosity of expression, polish or diction.

"Please do not think me a pessimist. The theatre is doing today what it has always done—meeting the demand of the majority. Still, I have never known an instance where the majority demanded better things and failed to get them. It is a question, of course, what are the better things. There is a variety of opinions. I'd rather not express my own opinion about what are the better things for fear I should be considered, not an iconoclast but a raving maniac.

"The condition is not confined to America. It is the same in England. What are the leading dramatists doing, Pinero, Jones? The managers are producing American plays and the public goes to see them because they are elemental, anyone may understand them.

"Still I believe that everything works out for the best. We are passing through a period that will strengthen the appetite for better plays, esthetically better plays, finer grained plays. For the time melodramas of the most carmine shade are rampant, alternating with farces of the most riotous kind. There is little or no demand for the exquisite. I am not speaking of the minority which wants the finer things, but of that mass which elects what plays shall succeed. The managers will always produce what they scent as the most profitable investments. And in writing them the playwrights out-Herod Herod. 'The Sewer' succeeds; immediately 'The Cesspool' is written; and so on and on till nausea sets in, there is a revulsion of feeling and 'The Lily' has a chance. So the whirligig of taste whipped by satiety goes round and round the dial of the dramatic menu.

"Large sums of money have been waved in my face to induce me to appear in moving pictures. I shall be the target for many assailants when I say that I consider moving pictures a parasite on the theatre. They can be made educational, but the cheap photo play is pernicious and the reason of its success is its cheapness. And this brings us round to the fact that perhaps one reason for the downfall of the theatre is to be found in exorbitant prices.

"To return to the individual note, if I may. I am thinking seriously of retiring from acting. One tires of route cards, of sampling the hotels no matter how good they may be. And I should like to devote my time to producing. This is my hope, my present intention, but I do not offer it as a prophecy. One hesitates to announce one's farewell tour, for again there is that chance for the public to mention something about a threat or a promise. But it is quite likely that I shall soon cease to act. One doesn't willingly venture once too often!

"But this talk has been full of glooms! Please do not accentuate the gloom. Let the joys have it!"

And Henry Miller smiled rather a sad smile of farewell.

The People's Forum

More Morosco Memories

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I enjoyed reading very much your correspondent's "Morosco Memories" last week. But while Mr. Smith seemed well informed his letter suggested to me a great many facts in connection with old Morosco's Amphitheatre which he omitted. I wonder does he remember the old omnibus car barn which occupied the ground floor of the old Union Hall building? and how the rumbling of the cars as they were being housed for the night would frequently disturb some intensely interesting climax of the thrilling melodrama then being played on the second floor? He failed to mention the heavy man E. J. Holden, and he was a good heavy man; James and Carrie Clarke Ward, then the idols of the Irish theatregoers; Sid C. France with his blood hounds in "Through by Daylight" and "Marked for Life"; James H. Brophy, since an ornament of Broadway; George Wessels in "Michael Strogoff"; Dale in "Beldemonio, or the Black Dwarf." I have seen played in old Morosco's "Damon and Pythias," "Pygmalion and Galatea," with Lottie Wade Le Royal and Darrel Vinton in the leading parts; "The French Spy" in which play the heroine saves her lover through the agency of a note-bearing arrow sent with unerring aim through the small aperture of his prison bars; "Harbor Lights," the only play that ever ran for two consecutive weeks at this theatre; "The Black Flag" in which Edwin Thorne and his wife Belle starred in higher priced theatres for so many years; "Siberia," that great Russian Nihilist play in which the heroine follows her husband-lover from St. Petersburg to the frozen salt mines. And do not think that the audiences in old Morosco's failed to appreciate that which was good and condemn that which was poor. On the contrary a more discriminating audience would be hard to find in any of our uptown show houses. It was one of my chief delights in those days to spend at least one evening each week at Morosco's. For some reason or other in one of the productions I witnessed there the then idol of the place Darrel Vinton was not in the cast for one whole week. But do not think that he did not employ the time to good advantage. During that off week he mingled in a democratic manner with his audience and needless to say, was the cynosure of all eyes, much to the chagrin of the players then performing. It meant something to that audience to feel the close presence of a celebrated hero such as he was. I remember very well Essie Tittel mentioned in Mr. Smith's letter. He failed to say that she was a sister of Charlotte Tittel, at that time a leading actress on Broadway. To my mind Essie possessed great talent, and I wonder if her environment kept her from becoming famous. She had the sweetness of a Maude Adams and the emotionalism of a Margaret Anglin. No doubt she married happily and has made as good a wife as I am sure she would have made a star.

Sincerely yours,
—John L. Marsinc.

And Still More

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Good old Union Hall! Since reading the letter "Morosco Memories" you published last week I have been think about it a good deal. The great John L. Sullivan gave a boxing exhibition there, and before the California Club started Jack Brady, Tom Cottle, Bernstein, Kelleher, Denny Heggarty, Tom McCormick and others now forgotten, squared off in the improvised arena. Donald Dinnie, Whistler, Muldoon and other famous wrestlers also tried conclusions at Union Hall. And then the dances! The Elites, the Manhattan, the Nightingales and the Excelsior Social Club used to hold their recherche affairs in the hall above the car barn. Dance programs cost one dollar apiece, and took the form of books bound in plush with the name of the club gorgeously embossed outside and no advertisements inside. Union Hall became Morosco's theatre in 1886. What had been the ladies' dressing room and the men's hat room were converted into a bar. There were side galleries as in the old Orpheum, and two rear exits on Tehama street. The place opened with the "Royal Japanese Acrobats," and it was Leslie Morosco himself who walked the tight rope across Howard street. On the first night ten cents paid for admission and a drink check redeemable at the bar. After the first night no drink check was given, but drinks continued to be sold. There was not much ushering, but there was plenty of bouncing. The special policemen were thrifty souls who worked 'longshore or drove teams by day. At the start there was a fight every night, but conditions gradually improved as a better class of shows was given. Some of the players I remember were Jessie Norton, Joe Cotton and his daughter Idalene in negro comedy, James Brophy in "The Ensign," Mortimer Snow who afterwards played Durrant in a play based on the murder case, May Nannery and her sister who were great favorites, Ethel Brandon, L. R. Stockwell and George Osborne. Two of the greatest favorites were Jim Ward and his wife Carrie Clarke Ward who played Shaun Rhue, Arrah Na' Pogue, Shamus O'Brien and other Irish plays. When they played an Irish flag was always raised over the theatre. Carrie Clarke Ward made her first great hit singing "Down Went McGinty," a song over which the town went wild. I'll never forget the night Jim Ward averted a fire panic. Jessie Norton was singing "My Dad's Dinner Pail" when someone in the gallery yelled "Fire!" Before anything serious happened Jim Ward was on the stage asking everybody to keep their seats and explaining how safe the building was. Morosco offered $500 for the apprehension of the man who yelled "Fire," but he was never discovered. Here are some of the plays I saw at Morosco's: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne," "Lights o' London," "Little Jack Shepard," "The James Boys," "Monte Cristo," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "The Octoroon" and "Hazel Kirk."

Respectfully,
—Hugh O'Connor.

Cruelty to English

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Lately several of us who are somewhat attached to the memories of Goold Brown's Grammar, and our mother's ancient tongue, have been taking notice of the go-as-you-please talk of the pampered darlings of our public schools. As I passed a high school building the other day and the car waited to take a number of the pupils on, I was much amused at the jargon which flowed from their lips. Finally I ventured to ask one girl if she were a pupil at that high school and she said she was. "And you say, 'You was?'" I queried. "It ought to be 'were,'" she assented with a smile. So I told her I belonged to an organization called "The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to the English Language,' so she must pardon me for making inquiries on the subject. "You know we pay taxes to carry on the schools and furnish teachers and principals and a school board for the express purpose of educating the young people, and it seems a pity that we should not have diamonds and pearls falling from their lips as they pass along for all the world to hear." She agreed that it should be so. It seems that a great change is coming over our native tongue and the wilder it is the better it pleases. A Lowell High School youth informed me lately that I had a wrong understanding of the word "normal." He had used it the same way I did, but the boys at school had taken him to task for this misuse of the word. They had informed him that it meant "ordinary" and so what was ordinary was "normal" like women wearing skirts with slits in, the more they were worn the more normal they were. The word had no relationship to what was right or proper. At this heresy I referred the matter to George Hamlin Fitch of the Chronicle who though connected for so many years with a newspaper, yet never uses "newspaperese." He is the president of our society. So very kindly he produced the original meaning of the Anglo-Saxon root of the word, "norm," which means a square to measure by. He insisted that the word "normal" conveyed the idea of a standard thing. When informed of the meaning given to this word by the boys of Lowell High School which they proclaimed to be "the" authority, he replied, "Yes, that is just what one might expect from school boys, just because a number of women appear to be bold and flaunting therefore a modestly dressed woman is abnormal."

Respectfully,
—S. E. M.,
Secretary of Society for Prevention of Cruelty to the English Language.

Pertinent Suggestions

Editor Town Talk, Sir: A little space for one or two suggestions in the interest of citizens and taxpayers. First: why not a few plain clothes' men in Golden Gate Park? There were two assaults on women of late in the people's playground. But even before they occurred it was evident that the park was not properly policed. Secondly: Why should wholesale houses be permitted to monopolize the sidewalks in front of their places of business? I know it is but right they should be permitted to use the sidewalks to some extent in the shipment of merchandise, but surely it is not right to permit them to use the sidewalks for storage purpose. A flagrant case is to be found on the west side of First street between Market and Mission where at times no space at all is reserved for pedestrians, and at others a man risks a limb when daring enough to dodge the men with hand-trucks and others unloading and stocking. A most brazen abuse of privilege is this and it ought to be stopped. I wonder if Mayor Rolph ever gets out of the municipal auto to take a walk among the plain people!

Respectfully,
—A Plaintiff Person.

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The Triangle

By James Stephens

Nothing is true for ever. A man and a fact will become equally decrepit, and will tumble in the same ditch; for truth is as mortal as man, and both are outlived by the tortoise and the crow.

To say that two is company and three is a crowd is to make a very temporary statement. After a short time satiety or use-and-wont has crept sunderingly between the two, and, if they are any company at all, they are bad company who pray discreetly but passionately for the crowd which is censured by the proverb.

If there had not been a serpent in the Garden of Eden, it is likely that the bored inhabitants of Paradise would have been forced to import one from the outside wilds, merely to relax the tedium of a too-sustained duet. There ought to be a law that when a man and a woman have been married for a year they should be forcibly separated for another year. In the meantime, as our lawgivers have no sense, we will continue to invoke the serpent.

Mrs. Mary Morrissy had been married for quite a time to a gentleman of respectable mentality, a sufficiency of money, and a surplus of leisure. Good things? We would say so, if we dared, for we are growing old, and suspicious of all appearances, and we do not easily recognize what is bad or good. Beyond the social circumference we are confronted with a debatable ground where good and bad are so merged that we cannot distinguish the one from the other. To her husband's mental attainments (from no precipitate, dizzy peaks did he stare. It was only a tiny plain with the tiniest of hills in the centre) Mrs. Morrissy extended a courtesy entirely unmixed with awe. For his money she extended a hand which could still thrill to an unaccustomed prodigality, but for his leisure (and it was illimitable) she could find no possible use.

The quality of permanency in a transient world is terrifying. A permanent husband is a bore, and we do not know what to do with him. He cannot be put on a shelf. He cannot be hung on a nail. He will not go out of the house. There is no escape from him, and he is always the same. A smile of a certain dimension, moustaches of this inevitable measurement, hands that waggle and flop like those of automata—these are his. He eats this way, and he drinks that way, and he will continue to do so until he stiffens into the ultimate quietude. He snores on this note, he laughs on that; dissonant, unescapable, unchanging. This is the way he walks, and he does not know how to run. A predictable beast indeed! He is known inside and out, catalogued, ticketed, and he cannot be packed away.

Mrs. Morrissy did not yet commune with herself about it, but if her grievance was anonymous, it was not known. There is a backdoor to every mind, as to every house, and although she refused it hourseroom, the knowledge sat on her very hearthstone, whistling for recognition.

Indeed, she could not look anywhere without seeing her husband. He was included in every landscape. His moustaches and the sun rose together. His pyjamas dawned with the moon. When the sea roared so did he, and he whispered with the river and the wind. He was in the picture, but was out of drawing. He was in the song, but was out of tune. He agitated her dully, surreptitiously, unceasingly. She questioned of space in a whisper. "Are we glued together?" said she. There was a bee in a flower, a burly rascal who did not care a rap for anyone; he sat enjoying himself in a scented and gorgeous palace, and in him she confided—

"If," said she to the bee, "If that man doesn't stop talking to me I'll stick a pin in him if he doesn't go out for a walk."

She grew desperately nervous. She was afraid that if she looked at him any longer she would see him. Tomorrow, she thought, I may notice that he is a short, fat man in spectacles, and that will be the end of everything. But the end of everything is also the beginning of everything, and so she was one-half in fear and the other half in hope. A little more and she would hate him, and would begin the world again with the same little hope and the same little despair for her meagre capital.

She had already elaborated a theory that man was intended to work, and that a male sloth was offensive to Providence, and should be forbidden by the law. At times her tongue thrilled, silently as yet, to certain dicta of the experienced aunt who had superintended her youth, to the intent that a lazy man is a nuisance to himself and to everybody else; and, at last, she disguised this saying as an anecdote, and repeated it pleasantly to her husband.

He received it coldly, pondered it with disfavor, and dismissed it by arguing that her aunt had whiskers, that a whiskered female is a freak, and that the intellectual exercises of a freak are—he lifted his eyebrows and his shoulders. He brushed her aunt from the tips of his fingers, and blew her delicately beyond good manners and the mode.

But time began to hang heavily on both. The intellectual antics of a leisured man become at last wearisome; his methods of thought, by mere familiarity, grow distasteful; the time comes when all the arguments are finished; there is nothing more to be said on any subject, and boredom, without even the covering, apologetic hand, yawns and yawns and cannot be appeased. Thereupon two cease to be company, and even a serpent would be greeted as a cheery and timely visitor. Dismal indeed, and not infrequent, is that time, and the vista therefrom is a long, dull yawn, stretching to the horizon and the grave. If at any time we do revalue the values, let us write it down that the person who makes us yawn is a criminal knave, and then we will abolish matrimony, and read Plato again.

The serpent arrived one morning hard on Mrs. Morrissy's pathetic pressure. It had three large trunks, a toy terrier, and a volume of verse. The trunks contained dresses, the dog insects, and the book emotion—a sufficiently enlivening trilogy! Miss Sarah O'Malley wore the dresses in exuberant rotation, Mr. Morrissy read the emotional poetry with great admiration, Mrs. Morrissy made friends with the dog, and life at once became complex and joyful.

Mr. Morrissy, exhilarated by the emotional poetry, drew, with an instinct too human to be censured, more and more in the direction of his wife's cousin, and that lady, having a liking for comedy, observed the agile posturings of the gentleman on a verbal summit, up and down and around which he flung himself with equal dexterity and satisfaction—crudely, he made puns—and the two were further thrown together by the enforced absences of Mrs. Morrissy into a privacy more than sealed, by reason of the attentions of a dog who would climb to her lap, and there, with an angry nose, put to no more than temporary rout the nimble guests of his jacket. Shortly Mrs. Morrissy began to look upon the toy terrier with a meditative eye.

It was from one of these, now periodical, retreats that Mrs. Morrissy first observed the rapt attitude of her husband, and, instantly, life for her became bounding, plentiful and engrossing.

There is no satisfaction in owning that which nobody else covets. Our silver is no more than second-hand tarnished metal until some one else speaks of it in terms of envy. Our husbands are barely tolerable until a lady friend has endeavored to abstract their cloying attentions. Then only do we comprehend that our possessions are unique, beautiful, well worth guarding.

Nobody has yet pointed out that there is an eighth sense, and yet the sense of property is more valuable and more detestable than all the others in combination. The person who owns something is civilized. It is man's escape from wolf and monkeydom. It is individuality at last, or the promise of it, while those ownerless people must remain either beasts of prey or beasts of burden, grinning with ineffective teeth, or bowing stupid heads for their masters' loads, and all begging humbly for last straws, and getting them.

Under a sufficiently equable exterior, Mrs. Morrissy's blood was pulsing with greater activity than had ever moved it before. It raced! It flew! At times the tide of it thudded in her head, boomed in her ears, surged in fierce waves against her eyes: her brain moved with a complexity which would have surprised her had she been capable of remarking upon it. Plot and counter-plot! She wove webs horrid as a spider's. She became, without knowing it, a mistress of psychology. She dissected motions and motives. She builded theories precariously upon an eye-lash. She pondered and weighed the turning of a head, the handling of a sugar bowl; she read treason in a laugh, assignations in a song, villainy in a new dress. Deeper and darker things! Profound and vicious depths plunging stark to where the devil lodged in darkness too dusky for registration! She looked so steadily on these gulfs and murks that at last she could see anything she wished to see; and always, when times were critical, when this and that, abominations indescribable, were separated by no more than a pin's point, she must retire from her watch (alas for a too sensitive nature!) to chase the enemies of a dog upon which, more than ever, she fixed a meditative eye.

To get that woman out of the house became

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXIX—THE SUNSET CITY

By Wilder M. Wooster

(The following sonnet is taken from the files of our esteemed contemporary, the Argonaut. It was published in July of 1881. The name of the author, Wilder M. Wooster, is not a familiar one, but some of our readers may be acquainted with it. If so, it would be interesting to know whether the pretty facility shown in this bit of verse was displayed in any more pretentious efforts.)

On Alban hills and 'neath Albanian skies,
Some Romulus hath built another Rome,
Where at her feet a nobler Tiber lies,
And wilder waters pour their troubled foam.
Child of the setting sun, whose arms enfold
Thee, dearest, last, when all thy sisters sleep,
Thine eager walls would vie with Venice old,
And plant their towers upon the waveless deep.
Pacific's pride, lone empress of the West,
Three continents proclaim thee as their own;
Columbia's life-hopes throb in thy young breast;
The dreams of ages slumber 'neath thy throne.
Then hew thy patient hills into the sea—
Old Time hath scrolled a thousand years for thee.

The Spectator

The Rabbi and the Supervisor

Rabbi Nieto is a man with the courage and candor of his convictions. Of this there is at least one man in town beside myself who has not the slightest doubt. This man is Supervisor Koshland. The Rabbi and the Supervisor were thrown into each other's company on the day of the reception to Balboa. They had never met before. They rode in an automobile with several other gentlemen all being members of the reception committee. It happened that Rabbi Nieto and Supervisor Koshland were not introduced. Presumably it was supposed that they knew each other. As they rode along the Rabbi took occasion to speak in praise of the men behind the Portola celebration. It was good, he said, to see men get together and work in harmony for the best interests of the city. Also it was deplorable that the spirit of envy and jealousy frequently entered into public affairs. He realized that there was too much quarreling, and also that there was too much demagogy in public office. The Rabbi, it was evident, was on the verge of embarrassing personalities. One member of the committee tried to give him the high sign, but in vain. The Rabbi spoke of the practice of corporation-baiting, and alluded to the Supervisors. A hush fell on his small audience. The air was charged with embarrassment, and the Rabbi was given a nudge, but he was looking out over the city and his flow of discourse was uninterrupted. He seemed to be absorbed and to be thinking aloud. "There's that fellow Koshland," he exclaimed; "the worst of the bunch."

Koshland Asserted Himself

It was as though the thingamagig behind had exploded. Koshland went up in the air. He was much agitated. He frothed at the mouth. And he asserted himself. "I am Koshland!" he exclaimed, glaring at Rabbi Nieto as though he expected to see the gentleman drop dead. But the Rabbi never turned a hair. The only emotion he expressed was one of withering contempt. "So you are Koshland!" he observed. "Well I am glad you are here. I'm glad you've heard what I had to say." But Rabbi Nieto had not finished his discourse. The rest he addressed to Koshland. His language was quite plain. He described to Koshland the impression that Koshland in his official capacity had made upon him. He drew a picture of Koshland, and he touched it up with deft hand in high colors, and when he finished Koshland plainly showed the effects of a somewhat unpleasant quarter of an hour.

Some Worldly-Wise Lawyers

Although it is not a maxim of the law nevertheless most lawyers are aware that to be successful in the practice of the profession it is as well to be worldly-wise as to be a fine scholar and deep student. The lawyer who merely knows the law is often beaten by the lawyer who knows the ways of the world and of judges—their antecedents, their prepossessions and their crotchets. Now Gavin McNab being a worldly-wise lawyer is quick to perceive when the other side is out-jockeying him. He knows the advantage of position when he sees it, and when the other side beats him to it his feelings may be politely described as igneous. I find them sizzling all through a long affidavit which he has had printed and circulated far and wide, and which lawyers all over the State have read with keen interest. This affidavit was made in support of a protest against Judge Peairs of Kern County; that is, against his hearing a motion for a new trial in a suit against William S. Tevis, whom Mr. McNab represents. Among the parties to the suit are the Kern Valley Bank and State Bank Commissioner Williams who are represented by that stalwart machine reformer William Denman, who has among his associates Hiram W. Johnson Jr., a young attorney who is building up a nice, lucrative practice which has the potentialities of unlimited growth.

Why the Kern Bar Was Overlooked

What McNab has to say about the dips, spurs and angles of this case, the subterranean windings it has taken and the misgivings with which it has filled him would be startling were it not for the immunity from suspicion enjoyed by the sacrosanct ones of the Administration. Fortunately they are not practical politicians and are above the sinister devices of the unregenerate. But the affidavit is of interest showing as it does how a lawyer may be jockeyed into a disadvantageous position, or one that appears to be such. The Kern County judge having jurisdiction of the case died after McNab had won. Governor Johnson appointed as his successor Howard A. Peairs, a member of the Assembly from Los Angeles County. Why the Governor went out of Kern County in quest of a judge nobody knows. Apparently McNab thinks he knows. He says Kern County is full of good lawyers, men of unblemished character, thus suggesting the inference that the Governor had some ulterior reason for appointing a judge from Los Angeles. Then he suggests the reason. Peairs, he says, was a member of the Assembly, a political associate of Governor Johnson partial

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Johnson Hates Tevis

McNab goes on to explain further that in view of the relations between Johnson and Peairs and the relations between Johnson and Tevis he considers it unjust to submit the motion for a new trial to the new jurist. Governor Johnson it appears is a bitter enemy of Tevis. He was the attorney for Fremont Older in the case of criminal libel prosecuted against Older in Kern County, and the court records bear evidence of his hatred of Tevis. Incidentally he calls attention to the fact that the principal plaintiff in the case at issue is the Bank Commissioner appointed by the Governor, and casually observes that in the event of the granting of the motion Hiram Johnson Jr. will get a big fee. Finally he addresses himself to Judge Peairs as follows: "This affiant avers with full respect for your Honor, that holding the feelings that your Honor must hold toward a Governor who is your personal and political friend and the feelings that your Honor must have toward him for appointing your Honor to the dignified and important position you now hold, it would be contrary to the laws of human nature—no matter how much your Honor might strive to do so, and no matter what efforts your Honor might make to impartially consider this case—to free yourself from bias and prejudice." Mr. McNab expressed himself as willing to have the case tried before any judge elected by the people in any of half a dozen counties.

Judge Peairs Stands Pat

A. A. Deligne, one of the attorneys for the bank superintendent, filed a counter affidavit denying under oath that in appointing Judge Peairs Governor Johnson had any intention of influencing the decision in the case or that the fee to be paid Hiram W. Johnson Jr. is contingent upon the outcome. Mr. Deligne characterizes the McNab affidavit as a false and outrageous reflection upon the Governor of the State whose only desire respecting the judiciary is that it shall be able and upright. He declares furthermore that McNab being a man of political influence and Tevis being a man of wealth the danger of injustice would arise in the event of a transfer. This is what the former Assemblyman thought, and he refused to grant a transfer.

"The Temple of Childhood"

The Chicago Tribune has been investigating certain complaints about one of the World's Fair concessions. The complaints are of minor interest, but the investigation calls attention to one of the most ingenious schemes for separating people from their money in a legitimate manner that has been devised in a long time. It is called "the Temple of Childhood," and it is a licensed concession under the direction of Richard M. Sayers. The Temple is to be housed in a handsome building on the Fair grounds. It is to be a prize baby competition that will cover the whole country. The babies are to be judged from their photographs, the pictures to be taken by photographers in the towns in which the babies live, and to be exhibited in the Temple. Prizes which, it is said, will amount to above $100,000 will be awarded by States, districts and classes. These prizes will be donated by manufacturers of goods for children.

Photographing the Babies

One of the interesting details of this project is the selection of an "official" photographer in each town and city. To secure this appointment the photographer pays the Temple a lump sum, varying according to the size of the city. In one city of 40,000 the amount paid was $200. In the largest cities it is said to be as much as $4,000. Of each child selected by the Temple the photographer is to make one picture free for exhibition, and the other copies which the proud parents are sure to order are to be paid for. It is said that in some cases at least an advance of 25 per cent is charged over the photographer's regular rates, and that this 25 per cent is to be paid to the Temple. In three average counties in Indiana comprising one photographer's district the parents of 2,000 children have been or are to be solicited to have their youngsters photographed and entered in the competition. Assuming the proportion holds good throughout the country the vast scope of the enterprise will be understood. Altogether this seems to me the shrewdest proposition that has been carried out in connection with our World's Fair. I suppose Sayers will make a barrel of money out of it.

Goldberger and the Fair

I told in these columns last week about the resignation of Privy Councillor Goldberger from the presidency of the permanent Exhibitions Commission of Germany. I stated that it was thought in Berlin that Goldberger resigned because he had committed an error of judgment in upholding those German industrial leaders who advised against German participation in our World's Fair. The credit for inducing a great many German manufacturers to exhibit here in spite of the stand taken by the government was given to General Manager Ballin of the Hamburg-American line, and it was mentioned that a story of a stormy meeting between Goldberger and Ballin just before the former resigned his position, was going the rounds in Berlin. My authority for all this was the New York Times' Berlin correspondent. But within the last few days I have been told things which convince me that the story is lacking in foundation.

Advised by the Consul

It is true that Goldberger did advise against participation in our World's Fair, but he gave

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

is advice, I am informed, after he had obtained laborate reports from the German Consul in is city. In those reports the situation was ne over very thoroughly, and the showing was verse to this city on account of geographical d other conditions. This action had nothing do with Goldberger's resignation from the khibitions Commission. He retired solely on count of ill health, I am told, and his condi-on must have been grave for he died shortly terwards. In such high esteem was Goldberger ld that when he resigned the German Chan-llor Bethmann-Hollweg wrote him a letter re-tting the loss of his services to the empire d describing the value of those services in rms of the most glowing eulogy. I am also formed that there could have been no stormy eeting between Goldberger and Ballin, for the o men were on excellent terms, and when allin started the movement for an exhibition dependent of government support he went to oldberger for assistance and got it. Gold-rger loved this country and was eager to do l he could to strengthen the friendly feelings tween Americans and Germans. He showed is friendly feeling in his great work on America The Land of Unlimited Possibilities." He had so a great love and admiration for this city hich he visited in 1901. So his action in ad-sing against German participation in our Fair as not dictated by any unfriendly feeling. Nor d any sort of friction follow that action, so far s Goldberger was concerned. He would re-ain his position today had not the ill health hich carried him off forced his doctors to de-hand that he give up work.

Hearst's Berlin Issue

San Franciscans have been told through the olumns of the Examiner about the special World's Fair edition which Hearst issued some me ago in Berlin. The purpose was to revolu-ionize sentiment regarding German participa-ion, to induce the German government to see he error of its way in refusing to take official otice of our Fair. We were given to under-tand that the special edition was a great suc-ess. But this does not agree with expressions ontained in a recent letter from Berlin which as just been shown to me. The writer states hat the Hearst special edition was regarded as he worst exhibition of yellow journalism to hich Berlin had ever been treated; that it was he subject of numerous jokes; and that it in-ured instead of helping the cause of our World's Fair in Germany. I can well imagine how the Berlin newspapers would resent this Hearst in-rusion, and how the reading public unused to the flamboyant Hearst method of journalism would be prejudiced against the cause it ad-vocated.

A Corrected Version

From Exposition headquarters comes the story that the lines written by Mary Cameron Ben-jamin of Alameda,

The Panama Canal is done,
Man's hand completes what God begun
And turns two mighty seas in one,

have not received official recognition and will not be blazoned from the front of the Administration Building. I am relieved to hear this, and am sure the poets will be relieved too. George Sterling, for instance. When Sterling read the triplet he offered this improvement:

The Panama Canal is did.
God made, but man removed, the lid,
And them two seas together slid.

"Ministers' Week" Topics

The press agent of the State University kindly sends me the program for "Ministers' Week" on the University Farm at Davis. "Ministers' Week" means the first week of December when all the ministers of the State will be invited to leave their flocks and mingle with the agricultural experts of the university. Among the things to be studied the press agent enumerates "vaccinating swine against hog cholera and men against typhoid"; also "how to feed laying hens and growing children." In the mind of the press agent hogs come first, then men; chickens, then children. The ministers are to be instructed how to judge beef cattle, how to pickle olives, how to control plant diseases, how to build a poultry house, how to bud, graft and cut, how to select a dairy cow and how to do a lot of other things not included in the courses at the theological seminaries. At the end of "Ministers' Week" the clergymen will try to approximate the Pauline ideal by being all things to all farmers.

Suit for Ten Millions

"The trouble with cranks," said Otto Irving Wise addressing a few friends in the lounging room of the Concordia Club a few nights ago, "the trouble with cranks is that you don't know whether or not they are dangerous, so you can't enjoy their vagaries until afterwards. For instance: A big, dangerous looking fellow came into my office the other day and without being invited to, took a seat beside my desk.

"'You're Otto Wise the lawyer, ain't you?' he asked.

"I admitted as much.

"'I want you to bring suit for me, and I'll pay you rich,' he went on.

"'What's the suit?' I asked.

"'I want you to sue the United States Government for ten million dollars damages,' he explained.

"'A very important suit indeed,' I said pleasantly, but to be on the safe side I toyed with a heavy paper cutter.

"The crazy man explained that he had sent a registered letter to James G. Blaine, and that a

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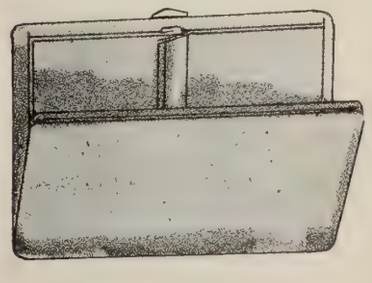
ENGLISH PIGSKIN PURSE - 75c

DESK CALENDAR (perpetual) in red, green or blue leather - - $3



CIGAR CASE in English Morocco, or cigarette case in the same leather $1.50

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DESK SET---SCISSORS and PAPER-KNIFE in nickel and brass, suitable for either sex - - - $2.50

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Ash Tray SET in CRYSTAL GLASS and NICKEL

THE SET COMPLETE $3.50

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postcard showing the letter duly received had been mailed to him.

"'Blaine has been dead for twenty years, and the signature on this postcard is a forgery,' exclaimed my client triumphantly, 'so I want you to bring suit for ten million damages right away.'

"'My friend,' I said, 'you have an excellent case, but unfortunately I am only practicing in the State courts, not in the United States courts. You'll have to retain a federal lawyer.'

"Then what did you do?" asked one of Wise's listeners.

"I passed him along to Sanford Feigenbaum," explained Wise.

Our Nonchalant Chief

Last Wednesday afternoon the police reporters waited on Chief of Police White.

"Chief," said one of them, "you are to be tried tonight before the Police Commission on the charges filed against you by Twain Michelson. Have you a statement to make in advance of your trial?"

"I have," said the Chief; "a brief statement."

"What is it?" said the spokesman while the rest of the scribes took out their yellow note paper.

"It is this," said the Chief, "and I beg you to quote me correctly: I should worry!"

And as it turned out, the Chief was right.

Smoking at the Gaiety

When the Gaiety was opened there was no intention of allowing men to smoke. The management never dreamed of such a thing, and no apparatus for clearing the air of smoke (such as the Orpheum has) was installed. But some way or other the men who attended the premiere of "The Candy Shop" got the idea that smoking was allowed. So they took out their cigars and cigarettes and went to it. Then word got about town that you could smoke at the Gaiety, and this contributed to the success of the new theatre just as it has always contributed to the success of the Orpheum across the street. The management was wise enough to see that chance had played them a lucky trick. The necessary ventilating apparatus was installed, and the privilege of smoking will remain one of the attractions of "Broncho Bill's" playhouse.

Our Town a Century Ago

In 1815 Otto von Kotzebue, the son of the German dramatist, sailed in the "Ruric" on a voyage of discovery and exploration around the world, under the patronage of Count Romanzoff of Russia. Johann Frederick Eschscoltz was the surgeon of the expedition, and the golden poppy of California was named for him. Louis Choris was attached to the expedition as an artist. The "Ruric" visited San Francisco in 1816, and in 1822 Choris published in Paris a history of the voyage containing a chapter describing what he saw on this peninsula. This chapter has been translated from the French by Porter Garnett and has been made into a beautiful little book by Alexander M. Robertson. Why it was never translated before is hard to explain, but then there is a mass of Californiana in Spanish and French which has still to be given to the world. In making us acquainted with this bit of our history Porter Garnett not only earns our thanks but points the way which, it is hoped, others will lose no time in following. Choris was an artist, and his chapter on San Francisco was embellished with nine illustrations picturing the Indians and their life in San Francisco and the surrounding country. These illustrations have been reproduced together with pictures of San Francisco at the present time showing the city in "its most artistically sophisticated aspects."

Then and Now

Choris found the fort at the entrance to the harbor "thoroughly equipped for defense" and the Presidio "occupied by ninety soldiers." Our fortifications and our garrison have improved considerably since. He found the San Franciscans "all good horsemen"; they are nearly all good joy-riders today. The women were tall and well built, and that remains true. The Mission was

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to wear cheap glasses when our good glasses are so reasonable. The "Equipoise" eyeglass is inexpensive, yet the best thumb and finger eyeglass made. Stays on straight and automatically adjusts itself.

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a good sized village of fifteen hundred Indians who were fed under direction of the friars, the rations being apportioned to each family "with regard to the number of its members," just as rations were handed out in the breadline of 1906. Choris says the natives "find it irksome to work continually," a condition which still obtains among many Native Sons. "They are too unskillful and lazy to hunt," thereby differing from many San Franciscans who shy at work but work hard at their sport. After several months at the Mission the natives "gaze with sadness at the mountains which they can see in the distance," not unlike out own people when the summer vacation approaches. He finds the Indian bucks "exceedingly jealous" of their wives; he would find many of our married men the same way if he could only return. All the Indians were obliged to attend Mass but most of them did not exhibit great devotion. We are not obliged to attend church any more, but when we do too many of us are like those earlier inhabitants. The Indians were very susceptible to music, and so are all good San Franciscans today. They were fond of dancing, and dancing is still slightly popular in this city. The men were exceedingly given to adornment, but they adorned their own bodies while the men of today adorn the bodies of their womenfolk, sometimes going broke in the process. "The Indians are greatly addicted to games of chance," says Choris. Here again we're not so awfully different. "The missionaries have characterized the people as lazy, stupid, jealous, gluttons, cowards." No resemblance will be noted on this point, of course. "I have never seen one laugh." Today we are all followers of Venus Erycine. Take it all in all, we have a good deal in common with those old inhabitants whom Choris studied.

A Mean Question

Attorneys Tom Boyd and George Harlan were trying a suit to quiet title before Judge Zook of San Rafael. A German named Ingermann was on the stand and testified that while the land in question was not entirely fenced the chaparral was so thick that it answered the same purpose.

"Could a horse or a cow get through that chaparal?" asked Harlan.

"No," answered the German, "only a gopher or a snake could get through."

"Why, I got through there myself!" exclaimed Harlan.

"Which are you," asked the German, "a gopher or a snake?"

A Corrected Bill

W. W. Pierce of Oakland, father of George Pierce, the former auditor of Alameda County, is one of the pioneer salesmen of the National Cash Register Company. For years old "Daddy" Pierce has belonged to the Hundred Point Club to which only the most successful salesmen of the company are admitted. Pierce is well along in years and has given up the more strenuous work of his former days, but he is still an honored and well paid employe. As for many years past, so this year, Pierce went to Dayton to attend the annual convention of the Hundred Point Club. When he returned to Oakland he sent in his expense bill, for the company pays all the expenses of the men who attend these gatherings. Pierce's bill was for $400. Much to his surprise it was returned to him "for correction." Not knowing what to correct he wrote to the auditor of the company to find out what was wrong. "Everything is wrong," was the substance of the reply; "your bill ought to be at least one thousand dollars. Submit one for that amount and it will be paid at once." That's my idea of the sort of firm to work for!

The Sun's Respects to Hiram

The New York Sun quotes our Hiram and pays its editorial respects to him as follows:

As in every new party, there are some timid, shrinking or self-seeking individuals, some to whom the lure of office is more potent than principle, but these are a very slender minority of the Progressive party.—Governor Hiram Johnson.

You can make a guess as to the names of some of the more timid and shrinking, but you never knew that any Progressive could be self-seeking. You supposed that was contrary to the Armageddon creed and physically impossible for the soulful. As a timid specimen let us hazard the name of the Hon. William Flinn. And the purest sample of a shrinking flower of modesty is of course the Hon. Albert Jeremiah Beveridge. Next in point of high power shrinking capacity is the great exponent of "modern times," the Hon. Hiram Johnson himself. What does the Governor of the Native Sons think of the newest recruit in the army, William Sulzer? Is he reading that immortal work, appearing in daily instalments, entitled: The Martyr's Progress? It puts the fame of John Bunyan forty feet in the shade.

A History of the Missions

Paul Elder, publisher of many books, has tried his hand at writing one, and a very good book it is, one that will figure as a precious item of Californiana. It is called "The Old Spanish Missions of California." In this de luxe volume, one of the most artistic ever printed on this coast, is to be found a history of the Franciscan Missions, of their development and decline. Descriptive passages from contemporary and recent writers are interspersed through the work, and it also contains an anthology of prose and poetry and fifty duo-tone reproductions of photographs by Western artists. It is printed in two editions, one bound in heavy gray boards and the other in pigskin. The one retails at $3.50; the other at $6.80.

No Deviation at Techau's

Throughout all the merrymaking of the Portola festival Techau Tavern was crowded to capacity. Good-fellowship was the order of the day and the carnival spirit was always in evidence. Yet never once was there any deviation from that atmosphere of refinement and respectability which is always so characteristic of this famous cafe. The Tavern is a favorite with the ladies because this condition is always maintained, making it a pleasant place for rest and refreshment when on shopping trips or after the theatre.

Speaking of Hens

"Talking of hens," remarked the American, "reminds me of an old hen my dad once had on the farm out in Dakota. She would hatch out anything from a tennis ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water."

"That doesn't come up to a club-footed hen my old mother once had," retorted the Irishman. "They had been feeding her by mistake on sawdust instead of oatmeal. Well, she laid twelve eggs and sat on them, and when they hatched, begorra, eleven of the chickens had wooden legs, and the twelfth was a woodpecker!"

A. W. FOX ENDS RHEUMATISM AND STOMACH TROUBLE WITH AKOZ

Financier Identified With Comstock Activities Suffered for 25 Years With Distressing Ailments

A. W. Fox of 445 O'Farrell street, prominently identified with the financial and mining activities of California for a half century and one of the best-known men on the street in the Comstock days, has at last found relief from stomach trouble and rheumatism, with which he was afflicted for 25 years. Akoz, the wonderful medicinal mineral discovered by John D. Mackenzie, president and manager of the Natura Company, promptly restored him to health after everything else that he tried had failed.

Only those similarly afflicted with rheumatism and stomach trouble can fully understand the great pain he endured before he finally found relief in Akoz, nature's own remedy, a pure mineral deposit free from alcohol or any other ingredients. Here is what Mr. Fox writes in appreciation of his recovery:

"I wish to express my appreciation of the wonderful curative virtues of Akoz which gave me speedy and effective relief from rheumatism, with which I was afflicted for 25 years. I tried nearly everything for it. From the day I commenced to take it I have not suffered one moment from the horrible disease. For years I suffered from sour stomach. Ever since I commenced taking your remedy I have not been troubled with a bad stomach, which I believe caused my rheumatism.

"I used Akoz both internally and externally two years ago and have had no return of my ailment. During my quarter century of suffering I was frequently confined to my bed for weeks and months at a time under the care of nurses. One attack kept me in bed seven months, during which I lost 55 pounds.

"While suffering excruciating pain throughout my body two years ago, as a result of my rheumatism, I learned of Akoz. I used the internal treatment and also applied the compound locally. After one week I noticed a marked improvement. The severe pains left me and I was quickly restored to health. In a few weeks I was pleased to note that the chalky deposits in the joints of my hands were disappearing. I am now able to close my hands almost as well as ever, which I could not do for many years before taking Akoz. It is surely a remarkable remedy and truly a Godsend to those suffering as I was."

During the short time Akoz has been on the market thousands of others have freed themselves from rheumatism, stomach trouble, eczema, catarrh, piles, ulcers and other ailments with this remarkable mineral. Akoz is sold by all druggists.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

"Bill" Lange's Debut

The debut of "Big Bill" Lange at the St. Francis dances was an event of the week. He was the guest of Mrs. Fred McNear and was quite the beau of the occasion; sharing honors with that amiable young man Count Montgelas, with whom, by the way, he exchanged compliments at the tea-table. The Count has been considered the best dancer among the men devotees of the "the dansant," but as every one knows, "Bill" Lange has no peer in the one-step (nee rag), and the Count recognized his superior. "Bill" danced several times with Mrs. McNear and with Miss Virginia Jolliffe, and later with little Mrs. Palmer, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy his first appearance at a "the dansant." Another not less important debut was that of the Czar. Greenway also honored the matinee dance for the first time Monday afternoon, and in a black cut-away. The other men wear business suits to these informal parties, but the Czar donned correct afternoon attire. He padded gracefully about in the one-step but did not essay the tango.

Mrs. McNear's Cubist Costume

The most striking costume effect of the "the dansant" season was accomplished by Mrs. Fred McNear Monday afternoon. She was a cubist study in black and white. Mrs. McNear is always individual. I've never seen her dominated by the fashions, though of course she defers to them intelligently. There is always the distinction of her personality, which isn't at all a usual thing among well gowned women. If anyone might have been distinctive in the cubist inspiration of Mrs. McNear, not everyone would have had the inspiration, which is just the point. Her gown was a checker-board of black and white, in large blocks. There was a black coat with white at the throat. The skirt was slit to the knees on either side and a discreet filling of pleated black chiffon showed in the spaces. A black Niniche, or pie-plate hat was bent so low over her face that tall men had to stoop to see who she was. Her black patent leather pumps had square white kid bows on the instep, and white heels that flashed among the dancers. It was altogether dazzling.

Tea Dancing at the Palace

They are planning tea dances at the Palace, I am told, and the first step was the marriage on Tuesday of Miss Thalia Newcome who has been teaching society the new dances. She is now Mrs. Theodore Lawrence, Theodore being the "Teddy" who teaches the tango with her. Both are favorites with their clientele who are keenly interested in the marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence will, I hear, be to the Palace afternoon parties what the Cranes are to the St. Francis. No rivalry is intended. Mrs. Fred Sharon who always does her entertaining in town at the Palace which is a Sharon property, has no desire to assume a position of polite opposition to Mrs. Henry T. Scott of the St. Francis. And it is likely that many of the same dancers will be seen in both places. Still it is inevitable that the Burlingame set led by Mrs. Walter Martin should favor the St. Francis while the Menlo contingent follows Mrs. Sharon to the Palace.

Felton's Marriage

There continues to be a great deal of speculation about the marriage of Felton Elkins. Few people here know much about the details. Some are wondering why it was that Felton's mother did not run over to Jersey from Washington to be present at the ceremony, but as the acquaintance between the young couple is said to have been only three days old at the time of the marriage, it is thought that perhaps Felton did not take his mother into his confidence. Some say that the former Miss Oliver is a Kentucky belle; others that she is of English birth. And some declare that they know her to be a most charming young girl; while others insist that she is a divorcee.

Overheard at the Tea Dance

First Girl—I hear that pretty Elizabeth Oyster will make her debut this month.

Second Girl—Well, why shouldn't she? There's an R in November!

Polo for Women

Down Burlingame and San Mateo way "polo for women" is more of a burning issue than "votes for women" ever was in the days before the franchise was conferred on the fair sex in California. Eleonor alias "Tommy" Sears was the Mrs. Pankhurst of this strenuous propaganda. "Tommy" is a Boston girl, and has never induced the haughty misses or matrons of the Back Bay to swing a mallet or dribble a ball, but it was different when she broached the project at Newport. The more daring women of Newport took up polo with alacrity, and "Tommy" has quite a team of Amazons there. On two of her visits to our peninsular social preserve "Tommy" tried to persuade some of the more reckless horsewomen to try polo, and it looked for a time as though she had succeeded. Plans for the formation of a team were under way. Such hard riders as Mrs. Charlie Clark, Mrs. Robie Hayne, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Ward Barron, Mrs. Christian de Guigne and Miss Isabelle Chase were more than willing to have at the Slashers, but the men wouldn't stand for it. They said polo was too dangerous a game for women; that it was a lucky match in which somebody wasn't hurt; and that trying polo conclusions with mere girls wouldn't be exciting anyway. The thing fell through. "Tommy's" propaganda failed. Now the project is revived. It looks as though something may come of it. But in all probability the women will form two teams and not play against the men. It will be pretty sport, and a bit more exciting than paper chasing.

Mrs. Scott's Venture

"The actual expenses of the benefit performance exceeded by $500 the receipts from the sale of tickets," said A. W. Scott Jr. when asked for an accounting by the Happy Day Home for which Mrs. Scott had given "Magda" and "Mary Magdalene" at the Tivoli. This is the first authorized statement we have had on the subject. Mrs. Scott's emergence from private life was therefore not justified in a financial way by the result. Her appearance on the boards was a failure insofar as charity was concerned. Whether it was an artistic success is another matter. I am not a dramatic critic, so it is not for me to pass on that. But as it was suggested in the dramatic section of this paper that Mrs. Scott would have done better had she selected a play like "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" instead of the Sudermann and Maeterlinck dramas, I suspect that she did not prove herself a great actress, at least not a Mrs. Pat Campbell or a Bernhardt. The suspicion is strengthened by what I read in the interior press.

The FOOTBALL GAME—Saturday—make a touchdown with one of our football boxes filled with dainty, delicate, delicious sweets. She will appreciate this gift. Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

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CONTINUATION

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The towns where Mrs. Scott appeared did not wax wildly enthusiastic over her acting. That her productions were extremely expensive there can be no doubt. Mrs. Scott even had a special curtain of her own, a curtain of green with golden $'s on it. It is consoling to read another statement by Mr. Scott. He said: "There will doubtless be, however, about $1500 turned over to the charity as a result of the benefit, the money coming from sources other than ticket sales" In other words, I take it, Mr. Scott is going to "dig."

Elsie or Lily?

Writing some of her interesting reminiscences Elsie De Wolfe, the well known artistic decorator, has this to say: "I remember taking a clever English woman of much taste to see a woman who was very proud of her new house. We had seen most of the house, when the hostess, who had evidently reserved what she considered the best for the last, threw open the doors of a large and gorgeous apartment and said, 'This is my Louis XVI ballroom.' My friend, who had been very patient up to that moment, said very quietly, 'What makes you think so?'" Now I told this selfsame story not very long ago, and I attributed it on very good authority to Mrs. Peter Martin. The retort is supposed to have been made by Mrs. Martin (then Lily Oelrichs) when Mrs. Eleanor Martin showed her through the Martin mansion in Broadway. To whom does it really belong, to Lily or to Elsie?

A Fairy God-father

Is there such a thing? We have all read and heard of fairy god-mothers, but I am not quite so sure about fairy god-fathers. However, if the shades of Grimm and Hans Christian Anderson will permit the use of the term I should like to apply it to John M. Keith, the venerable oil man who is a familiar figure around the St. Francis Hotel. I am led to speak of Mr. Keith by reason of the published news that he has contributed a cool hundred and fifty thousand to the projected University of California Hospital to be erected on Parnassus Heights. From what I have heard Mr. Keith's fountain pen is almost continuously busy with his check book. He is one of those in our community who does good almost surreptitiously. He loves young people, and makes them many substantial presents, always with the permission of their parents. I shouldn't be surprised if many a belle whose parents are not o'er-blessed with this world's goods, has old Mr. Keith to thank for the check that pays for a ball gown or a tasteful bit of jewelry. And the sums he spends on flowers for his friends foot up to a very respectable figure. Yes, John Keith is a fairy god-father.

Return of the McEnerneys

The Garret McEnerneys have returned from their annual trip abroad. This year they spent nearly five months in Europe, a part of the time at a German Spa and the remainder in an automobile trip through France, Spain, England and Scotland. In those countries they visited almost every spot of historic interest. Just before their return they enjoyed something of social diversion in London where they have many friends in the literary set.

The Charity Ball

The Charity Ball for the benefit of the Catholic Humane Bureau will be held on Thanksgiving Eve in Scottish Rite Auditorium. The distinguished ladies who have the affair in charge, including Mrs. Kohl, Mrs. Folger, Mrs. Joe Donohoe, Mrs. Robert, Mrs. Ward Barron and others have been very busy perfecting plans to make this affair a more brilliant success than ever before. The Charity Ball was successful beyond all expectations last year, and the enthusiasm it evoked is in evidence again. So we may expect to see Archbishop Riordan's pet charity benefit splendily from the gathering on the eve of Thanksgiving. From what I hear the ladies of the Catholic Humane Bureau intend to make this Charity Ball an annual affair. Tickets with supper, $5.

George Not Engaged

The reports and rumors of George Nickel's engagement were finally and officially denied the other day. George Nickel is not engaged and the younger set breathes freely again. For George Nickel is one of the most popular and eligible youths in society. There were many regrets over his early booking for matrimony when his betrothal was reported last summer. The fiancee of rumor was a pretty girl graduate of Miss Hamlin's school whose home is down in the San Joaquin valley, where her father manages some of the Miller properties. The engagement was never confirmed and now it is authoritatively denied. The young people were too young for romance, their elders believed, so romance was shelved and both are heart-whole and fancy-free again.

A Veritable Grande Dame

For a great-grandmother, Mrs. John McMullin is a most indefatigable traveler. Only last year she went abroad and this week she returned from a tour of the East. Most of the summer Mrs. McMullin spent at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, where she was a great belle half a century ago when the beauty and fashion of Washington, Richmond and New York gathered there. There must have been interesting memories for the visitor who in those days was Betty Morgan of Kentucky. Mrs. McMullin is at the St. Francis where I saw her the other day, still unaffected by time and the passing modes as she has been for many years. Her hair is worn in the smooth banded Madonna effect of her youth, and gathered into a net at the back; and her gowns have no suggestion of the Rue de la Paix. She is a veritable grande dame of the old regime.

Cuisine at Tait's

Among those who are particular as to where they dine, the Tait-Zinkand Cafe always receives first choice. It is safe to say that this cafe is the most popular dining place in town. Nowhere else is there such a high standard of cuisine maintained, nowhere such faultless service, such pleasing decorations and novel and high-class entertainment. There's a peculiar charm about Tait's that is typical of the care-free life of San Francisco. At this cafe one always experiences the utmost in enjoyment.

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The Eyes of Anna Held

By Edward F. O'Day

They speak a language all can understand,
These dazzling orbs of Anna;
They flash, they blink, they roll and O! they wink
In most alluring manner.

Diablerie is in their flashing laughter
And in their winning smile;
What baby innocence they simulate
With intervals of guile!

Sirenic mirrors of a playful spirit,
They snare the heart of man,
Illuminants that whisper of more mischief
Than other optics can.

These lustrous beams shoot sunlight through the bosom;
What yearnings they inspire!
They rout discretion till the brain forgets
The danger of their fire.

In olden times when mortal looked on Dian
A frenzy seized his soul;
Just like the nympholeptic trance that comes
When Anna's optics roll!

Fair Semele was blinded, you recall,
When Jove in glory came;
Just so poor men are ravished in the glow
Of Anna's starry flame.

O liquid jewels burning lambently!
O trembling pools of light!
O witching sparks that shoot too glamorously
From furnaces too bright!

Subdue the heat that in your scorching depths
Is leaping evermore,
Or who can tell what havoc you will work,
What dire destruction pour?

Morgana's mirage beckoned thus to doom,
Romancing poets say;
To sweeter peril, woe more heavenly
You point the golden way.

When all unclosed, what being can resist
Your crystal-gazing will?
And when half-lidded, peering slumberously,
You are more fatal still.

Have you no mercy on a weak-willed wight
Across whose vision passes
A solar fury focussing more heat
Than fifty burning glasses?

I tremble at the message signalled forth,
My breast is fairy-spelled;
O! close before my ravings further go,
O Anna's eyes! O Held!

Miller in The Rainbow

By Theodore Bonnet

Henry Miller, a little stouter than of yore—but in other respects the self-same Miller in whose varied love affairs we have taken a sentimental interest through I don't know how many dramas is with us again. A graceful exponent of the manners of a lover he remains, but not the lover who sighs like a furnace and makes woeful ballads to my lady's eyebrows. There is still in him something of the gay Lord Quex; he keep fast company, but he is a father now, and the object of his impassionate idolatry is his sweet, precocious little daughter. In "The Rainbow," which is the play Mr. Miller is presenting at the Columbia, is revealed the sacredness and mystery of a father's love. The play is one with soul in it, and to Mr. Miller it seems to be an inspiration. Into the character of Neil Sumner, the husband and father, more sinned against than sinning, he puts genuine feeling and plumbs the depths of sympathetic emotion in his audience. Not a play, "The Rainbow," to be scrutinized too closely in a study of the means to the end; nor a play to fare as well as it deserves before such an audience as was at the Columbia Monday night. The bronchial tubes of that audience were in a bad way. The change in the weather was bad for "The Rainbow" on the first night. I never heard so much coughing in all my life. Even the folk on the stage, who didn't have to listen, were annoyed. And the worst of it was that most of the afflicted seemed to time their coughs for the words that were essential. Nothing could better illustrate the importance of clarity and emphasis in play-writing. "The Rainbow" is a play in which there is character building and atmosphere, and consequently there is much embroidery, but embroidery that is not superfluous. It presents this difficulty, however, when heard in the midst of a coughing audience, that, as much of the picture is not within the frame and is therefore the subject of narrative, it must appeal through the ear even more than through the eye. But it is a very refreshing little comedy, one that breathes an air of daintiness. It acts like a tonic in the midst of a theatre full of legs, tomfoolery, clinics, sex problems and pornographic puerilities. If not an exercise in craftsmanship, it abounds in truth and beauty. It is a comedy that dignifies amusement with its wholesome realities and combinations of characters and incidents. And at that it is no play for puritans. Neil Sumner is a sporty gentleman. He gambles, plays the races and keeps company with sportive and slangy ladies. But he is above all things a father famished for love of his child, a girl in her teens whom he has not seen since her babyhood. Her mother, separated from him, has returned from Europe and the girl comes to see him and spend a little time with him. You witness the reunion of father and child, you see them become absorbed in each other and then part, she thinking it is but for a day, he knowing that it is at least for years, maybe forever. What a world of drama is in the situations thus briefly outlined! It is drama that sends waves of emotion across your face, eliciting the graceful tears that stream for other's sorrows. Henry Miller never had a finer hold on his craft in its elements than he shows during the course of this play. With that same indefinable subtlety with which he used to show us the chivalrous tenderness of the lover he now exhibits the noble tenderness of a father. A man of marked peculiarities is Miller, but he lays hold of a marked characteristic in every part he essays and bodies it forth with sharpness of outline. Accepting the mood of the author he sees that mood through a mood of his own, and as he expresses that mood one never thinks of his technical cunning. Charmingly done is this play at the Columbia; for today as always Mr. Miller is surrounded by capable people. This time I find that he has adopted the plan in vogue of picking actors and actresses for physical qualities that fit them for the roles. In other days the men and women of the stage were expected to look their parts howsoever much art was required for the consummation. Nowadays they look their parts before they begin. This makes for realism, and when it doesn't breed indifference to intellectual gifts it is to be commended. Ruth Chatterton not only looks the part of the daughter, but she also looks a little like her mother of the play. She is an actress with a passion of joy in the feeling of the character acted. Childish, precocious, there is nothing of infanticism about her. She brings with her an ambrosial sunshine of ingenuousness and gaiety, and never seems to think what an engaging child she is, but all the while she distils delightfully the poetry of the post-awkward age. Louise Closser Hale, as the sister who moves through life with the air of a self-reliant old maid, and with compressed lips and an astringent regard for the objects of her dislike, looks her part too, but it is more of art than of physical qualities that she relies upon. As much is not to be said for some of the others, and as it would not be complimentary to remark those who look certain parts without effort perhaps it would be wise to go no further.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK
Who gives two concerts at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, November 9 and 16.

Gossip of the Theatre

he Virile Bauer

At vocal concerts and at symphony concerts ne is often annoyed at the inept remarks of ne's neighbors. Never so when a pianist is the rformer. In America the piano is the one in- rument that is universally understood. It is e foundation of our national musical educa- on. The piano virtuoso has more followers, ore worshippers than any other instrumental- t. Sunday at Scottish Rite Auditorium at the ose of the Harold Bauer concert the piano thusiasts lined up before the stage and burned cense before the altar of their piano deity. arold Bauer is the most wonderful of piano chnicians. While it is his technique that fas- nates the elect who know what to observe, they e also charmed by his poetic interpretation of ings they have been studying and trying to xpress for years. Bach he renders faithfully nd with such tonal ease that perhaps many a anist mournfully recalls the drop by drop heart lood drips shed in striving to become tolerable Bach purists. In these days of the dance aze, it was delightful to be taken, as it were, to a classical realm of the dance with Schu- ann. As each individual's mysticism is his own is each one's interpretation of the dance of ne ancients. One has only to close one's eyes nd imagine anything one fancies of the Schu- ann Davidbundlertanze as played by Bauer. here is brain in this artist's playing and a sense f value of beautiful tone. Behind all is the ap- reciation of the emotion of the music he is play- g. But you feel that it is chiefly intellectual. hough it doesn't make you want to jump out of our seat it gives you a feeling of profound sat- faction. Bauer will never intoxicate the mul- tude so completely as that magician Paderewski ho has the power to transport even the un- usical into a living glory of sound. Bauer is ssentially for the elect.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

lore Novelty in Vaudeville

Now that James J. Morton is reinforcing the luminated letter at the Orpheum the wonder is hat no comedian ever thought of doing it be- ore. Comedians are not reticent individuals. hey are as far from shrinking as the fabulous ean stalk, and their affection for the stage- entre is like that of the ivy for the oak. But ot till the other day did any comedian perceive he glorious opportunity for continuous self- ndulgence that has been seized with a hammer- ock by the comical Mr. Morton. This resource- ul genius has constituted himself a sort of chair- nan of the evening. His rivulet of monologue neanders through the whole bill, all by way of nnouncing the next act. A field of such tempt- ng fertility is bound to be exploited through all ts rich strata. Presently we shall be entertained y a comic genius with the Larry Harris gift f pungent criticism, who will not only announce he next stunt but pass judgment on what went efore. The headliner this week is Kathryn Kidder who used to play "Madam Sans Gene" at he old Baldwin more than twenty years ago. She is now impersonating the washerwoman luchess at the Orpheum in a thrilling dramaticule hat serves to introduce the first Napoleon. Miss Kidder has not wearied of her favorite role. She plays it with vigor, with gaiety and with heartiness, and she holds the keen interest of her audience. To fillip the jaded vaudevillian ap- petite that must have novelty in every bill came he Chung Hwa Comedy Four. These are Pro- gressive Chinese, who sing popular songs in egulation evening dress and Scotch songs in Highland costume and the Harry Lauder dialect. More proof that America is the melting pot of nations.

—Theodore Bonnet.

An Operatic Event

San Francisco was the first American city to hear and applaud Puccini's Boheme. It is the only American city that has heard Leoncavallo's Zingari. This opera which was sung for the first time in America at the Tivoli last week, may win its way to popularity, but it would not be wise to make a prediction one way or the other after a single hearing. As musical history tells us that some of the great masters of music refused to criticise contemporary productions on the merits and demerits of a single performance, the newspaper critic who is less discreet might seem to be singularly presumptuous. In this instance it would be worse than presumptuous—it would be unfair, as the first performance which was the one I attended was given under disadvantages. Although the composer himself was on the spot to attend to all the details it was not a happy performance. Whether because they were under the eye of the composer, or lacked self-confidence in playing new roles, the principals were not at their best, and as to the chorus it gave visible signs of awkward hesitation that marred a whole scene. The story of the opera has not much substance; or at least does not appear to have, the incidents being somewhat meagre, but what there is of it is dramatic and tragic, and there is zestful music to add to its poignancy. If not tuneful it is sweetly melodious and there is a color in the orchestration which, if it had been written twenty years ago, would have been pronounced modern. Among the vocal numbers is one fine aria sung by the baritone, and a sweet tuneful soprano solo. It is pleasant to report that business is picking up at the Tivoli. Music lovers are now realizing that this Italian company is deserving of their hearty support and they are attending the performances and unloading their enthusiasm.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"Madame X" at Alcazar

That nothing is too good for the Alcazar finds demonstration in the announcement that "Madame X" is to be given its first popular-price presentation in that theatre next week, with Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell leading the cast. No more remarkable work has been played in twenty years. Written by the brilliant French dramatist Alexander Bisson, it has been translated into almost every civilized language and interpreted with unqualified success wherever fine drama is appreciated. When it toured the United States under Henry W. Savage's direction the profits reaped from it were enormous, no playhouse being capacious enough to accommodate the throngs that sought to witness it. Therefore the enterprise of the Alcazar management in paying an almost prohibitive royalty for the use of this worthy offering is not likely to be inadequately rewarded, for every local student of current dramatic literature will be sure to witness the play about which nothing but eulogy has been published.

De Mille Playlet at Empress

Next week the headline attraction at the Empress will be the one-act play "In 1999" written by William C. De Mille, the author of "Strongheart," "The Woman" and other recent successes. The cast features Charles K. Gerrard who has been in many Broadway successes. A comedy of real dog and monkey actors is Derkin's Animal Pantomime Co. A marvelous illusion is P. T. Selbits' "Spirit Paintings." Among the attractive features on this bill will be the charming musical entertainment by Ray Melmont and Mattie Harl, a beautiful girl who is clever too. This pair made a big hit in England. William Cahill is a real Irish comedian. "Pollard" is the talkative juggler. Hardy and Mozar are comedy

SIX MUSICAL CUTTYS
Who will appear next week at the Orepheum.

knock-about acrobats. Good motion pictures and other features complete the big bill.

"The Chocolate Soldier" at Cort

"The Chocolate Soldier" is enjoying its third season of unabated popularity. The opera bouffe that Oscar Straus and his associates fashioned from Shaw's "Arms and the Man" comes to the Cort for one week commencing this Sunday, with popular matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Mr. Whitney, the producer, has sought to improve his former companies. Such well known names as Antoinette Kopetsky, Lottie Collins, Lucille Saunders, Charles Purcell, Francis J. Boyle, George Tallman, Sylvain Langlois, and the Whitney Opera Comique Orchestra of picked musicians under the direction of Sig. Chas. Plevin, are a guarantee of the performance. "The Merry Countess" follows.

The Scott Films

The official cinematographic record of the late Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole is crowding the Savoy every afternoon and evening. These motion pictures were made by Herbert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S. who accompanied Captain Scott as official camera artist to within twelve degrees of the Pole. Mr. Ponting who is well known in San Francisco, has illustrated thirty different countries and acted as war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese war before visiting the Polar continent, and by reason of that fact was well equipped to do justice to his unusual undertaking. He was very fortunate in securing some of the most remarkable pictures ever taken of life in a strange zone and he recorded series after series. The pictures continue every afternoon at two-thirty, and evening at half past eight all of this and next week.

Novelties at the Gaiety

Having stayed long enough to see "The Candy Shop" in the full tide of its successful career, J. J. Rosenthal, the producer at the Gaiety, is now on his way East to set his nets for more big musical comedy fish. Such well-known artists as Trixie Friganza, Ethel Levey, Elizabeth Murray, Marie Dressler and others are to be interviewed with a view to bringing them to the Gaiety. Contracts will be closed and as soon as the run of the "Candy Shop" nears its end—no date has been set—the new aggregation of Gaiety stars will start West. Meantime new features are being added to the "Candy Shop." Rock and Fulton are introducing a new edition of their famous travesty on Sarah Bernhardt. Not content with this, these two hard-working stars will introduce an absolute novelty in what is described as a "dope" number. In other words they will appear as a couple of "hop-heads." Will Philbrick will also introduce a new song this week.

Musical Cuttys at Orpheum

The Six Musical Cuttys who claim to be the world's greatest musical family, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. They play a variety of instruments and play them splendidly. They also have pleasing and well trained voices. Joe Welch, the character comedian, will appear in "A Study from Life," a bit of character, principally on comedy lines. S. Miller Kent will present a comedy playlet by Maverick Terrell and H. O. Steckham entitled "The Real Q," the Raffles of vaudeville. The Three Collegians are college men who give "The Rehearsal." They sing, play, dance, swing clubs and act cleverly. Fred Warren and Effie Conley do singing, dancing and piano playing. Ralph Smalley, for the last six years 'cello soloist of the Boston Symphony, will play popular and classic numbers. Next week will be the last of the Chung Hwa Comedy Four and of Kathryn Kidder in "The Washerwoman Duchess."

Julian Eltinge Coming

Henry Miller in "The Rainbow" continues at the Columbia next week with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Julian Eltinge of "The Fascinating Widow" comes back to the Columbia for a week's engagement Sunday night, November 16. He will bring an entirely new wardrobe of Parisian gowns. Eltinge has been known for some time as an extraordinary artist in his line, not of imitating but of impersonating various types of femininity. In "The Fascinating Widow" Eltinge is surrounded by the most beautiful girls Manager A. H. Woods could secure to make up the chorus. The same cast of principals seen here last year returns. Following Eltinge comes "Stop Thief."

Mrs. Simpkins, Soloist

Kohler and Chase announce an interesting program for today's Music Matinee. The soloist will be Mrs. H. C. Simpkins, a dramatic soprano of Seattle who was formerly a resident here. The compositions she will interpret will display her accomplishments at their best, and will include songs by Hawley and Hildach and Elsa's Dream from Lohengrin. The instrumental part of the program will include compositions by Schutt and Nevin which will be rendered on the Kranich & Bach Player Piano; also works on the Pipe Organ.

Bauer's Third Concert

The third Bauer concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium will be given this Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. On account of many requests there will be a few changes from the published program, although the principal numbers will be as originally announced. In place of the "Hungarian Dance" by Brahms, Mr. Bauer has consented to play Liszt's "Legend of St. Francis Walking on the Waves," and he will probably play a genuine "Tango." Bauer has toured in Portugal and made a special study of the music of that country and he says that he knows of nothing more charming than the real "Tango" as played and danced there. Schumann's "Carneval," Mozart's "Fantasia" in C minor and Chopin's "Sonata" in B minor will be the principal features. Manager Greenbaum hopes to arrange an extra Bauer concert with the great Beethoven-Bach program with which Mr. Bauer created a sensation in New York two weeks ago.

Mme. Teresa Carreno

The next of the world-famous pianists to appear in San Francisco will be Mme. Teresa Carreno, regarded by many as the greatest woman pianist the world has ever known. Her career has been a succession of triumphs since she made her debut at the age of nine, and today the mere announcement in London, Berlin, Leipsic or

ANTOINETTE KOPETSKY
The famous prima donna who will appear again as Nadina in "The Chocolate Soldier" at the Cort, Sunday, November 9.

Vienna that Carreno is to play means a house crowded to its utmost capacity. Greenbaum announces the first Carreno concert for Sunday afternoon, November 23.

Schumann-Heink

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto, will give her first concert at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m., and will undoubtedly meet with the same warm reception that has always been accorded her in this city. The program will consist of the Aria from Mozart's "Sextus," four songs by Beethoven, three by Schubert and gems by Schumann,

LUIGI MONTESANTO
As Iago in "Otello" at the Tivoli Opera House.

Brahms, Max Reger, Lortzing, Grieg, Delibes, Reichardt and others. Miss Nina Fletcher, violinist, will be the assisting artist. The second, and positively the farewell concert, will be given Sunday afternoon, November 16, when the special feature of a most attractive program will be the complete Song Cycle "Woman's Love and Life" by Robert Schumann. In Oakland Schumann-Heink and her assisting artists will give a special program at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Friday afternoon at 3:15 p. m. when the special feature will be a group of four scenes from her greatest roles in the Wagner operas "Rheingold," "Tannhauser," "Gotterdammerung" and "Tristan und Isolde."

Theatre Francais

The first performance of the "Theatre Francais" will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Thursday night, November 13. The company has been rehearsing for many weeks under the director M. Andre Ferrier, and the performance will be finished and well mounted, for the management is sparing no expense or effort to establish a French company in this city on a permanent basis. A comedy in four acts by Jules Sandeau entitled "Mlle. de la Seigliere" will be given. Mme. Ferrier-Gustin will be seen in the title role, and M. Ferrier will be the leading man. The other characters will be sustained by Mme. Martel, and de Villers, Gassion, Gilles, Parys and Lechten. The second performance will be given early in December and will consist of the double bill "L'Ete de la Saint-Martin," a comedy by Meilhac and Halevy, and the opera-comique "Marriage by Lantern" by Offenbach with a complete grand opera orchestra under the direction of Emilio Puyans.

Fifth Week of Opera

The fourth week of grand opera at the Tivoli is drawing to a close. This afternoon "Thais" will be given with Carmen Melis in the title role, Montesanto as Athanael and Andre Ferrier who has been especially engaged as Nicias. Tonight "Rigoletto" will be sung for the last time with Simzis, Anitua, Botta, Modesti and Sesona. Tomorrow night will witness the final rendition of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Zingari," Leoncavallo directing his own opera, and with the same big casts as before, except in "Cavalleria" where Fanny Anitua will sing Lola. The repertoire for the fifth and last week but one opens Monday night with Verdi's "Otello," with Crestani, Anitua, Chiodo and Montesanto in the principal roles. Chiodo created a furore on the continent by singing the Moor, while Montesanto's Iago also comes highly heralded. "Otello" will be repeated at the Thursday matinee and Saturday night. Tuesday evening "Madam Butterfly" will be repeated by request with Mosciska, Cecchetti, Botta and Modesti, and Wednesday night and at the Saturday matinee "Thais" will be the bill, these times with Mascal as Athanael. A single performance will be given Thursday of "Rigoletto" with Simzis, Anitua, Botta, Modesti and Sesona. Friday and Sunday nights Leoncavallo will direct, for the first time in America, his own opera "Zaza." Carmen Melis will be heard in the titular role and the cast will include Anitua, Botta, Montesanto and Brilli.

Mrs. Zinkand at Pantages

There will be special features at Pantages next week. Mrs. William C. Zinkand will make her vaudeville debut. With Grace Thompson, also well connected socially, she will present a dainty pianologue. Then there are the exclusive motion pictures of the annual football game between Stanford and California. The tussle will be depicted from the time the gates open until the close of the game. "A Winning Miss" is a musical show with eighteen show girls and Johnny Philliber, a comedian of note. Keit and De Mont are acrobatic comedians. The Collette trio, known as the "Kubeliks of vaudeville," are lads who play on violin and piano. Provol called the "bird man" is a ventriloquist. Gordon and Day are cycling pantomimists.

The Third Symphony

The third symphony concert will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, November 21 at 3 o'clock sharp. This concert will introduce a talented local girl, Miss Ada Clement, who has been identified with our musical life for the past fifteen years. Miss Clement has had instruction from Joseph Lhevinne and Harold Bauer. She will play the Beethoven concerto for Pianoforte No. 5, E Flat, Opus 73, known as the "Emperor." A decided novelty will be Max Reger's Suite "Romantic." This was published only last year and performed for the first time this season by the Chicago Symphony. Mozart's wonderful symphony in E flat major and Mendelssohn's Overture to "Fingal's Cave" complete the program.

Swinburne Frightened Them

An amusing story of Swinburne is told by Edmund Gosse. At the age of 23 Swinburne was sent to study history under Bishop Stubbs, who was then in charge of a country parish in Essex. He arrived there on a Saturday and was excused attendance at Sunday morning church on the ground that he must be tired with his journey.

He had breakfast in bed, but finding it a glorious morning he arrayed himself in scarlet slippers and a light crimson dressing gown, sauntered into the garden, and leaned pensively over the gate, with his red hair flaming brilliantly in the sunlight.

The church bells were ringing and the parishioners had all to pass the parsonage gate to get to church. But none of them dared to pass the flaming apparition, and all came to a halt. The church bells stopped, but at the instance of the vicar, who could not believe that all his parishioners had deserted him, were rung again.

At last the boldest man in the village bolted past the gate and the rest stampeded after him, Swinburne gazing at them in quiet wonder at their strange method of going to church.

Pregressive Steps

To curiosity John Jones
In childhood stooped,
And all the little girls and boys
Declared he snooped.

In other people's business
To poke he tried,
And as a youth his comrades all
Announced he pried.

When grown he went in politics,
Becoming great,
And people found he would with skill
Investigate.

He grew until he got inside
A statesman's robes;
A government commission formed,
And now he probes.

CHARLES B. HANFORD
Eminent Shakespearean actor, who has been especially engaged to deliver the graphic lecture in connection with the Scott Antarctic Expedition pictures at the Savoy Theatre.

"What makes you look so sad, Jimmy? Did she refuse to name the day?"

"That's just the trouble. She named next Thursday."

"He's the stingiest man I know."

"But he sends you candy every day."

"That's the trouble; he buys it by the barrel and gives it to me a pound at a time. It gets stale."

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

To be noted among recent guests at popular Paso Robles: Dr. and Mrs. Frank Dray, the Misses Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Pantages, Dr. and Mrs. M. R. Ross, S. G. Hope-Johnstone, Dr. John R. Colburn and party, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Sebree and a great number of others.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Farish and Mrs. F. Finlay of this city have engaged rooms at Del Monte for an indefinite time. T. A. Griffin of New York, W. H. Snedaker of Tacoma and C. F. Briggs of San Francisco stopped a few days on their way south by motor. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Colt and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Leonard of Portland, Oregon spent several days last week golfing and motoring. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth of this city arrived Saturday for a few days. Mr. Booth has a large sardine cannery in Monterey and is therefore a frequent visitor at Del Monte. A number of bridal couples were registered at the Pacific Grove Hotel during the week, among them: Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kirk of Monterey, Mr. and Mrs. Press Smith of Marysville, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Buchanan of Santa Cruz. The many improvements in the Grove Hotel are well under way and will be completed by the Christmas holidays, and many of the newly fitted rooms are now being engaged for the summer season.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker and Mrs. McAfee who are spending some time at Coronado are enjoying the motor trips through the country. W. H. Henderson of this city is among the guests. Mrs. B. King of this city was the luncheon guest of Mrs. J. W. Sefton at the hotel during the week. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clifton (formerly Miss Schultze), spent a portion of their honeymoon at Coronado. A luncheon of fifty covers was enjoyed at the hotel by the "Daughters of the American Revolution" on Monday. The table arranged in the green banquet room was beautifully decorated in chrysanthemums.

Music Primer

Beethoven's chromatic,
Father Bach emphatic,
Mascagni is erratic;
Dreamy is Debussy,
Wagner's rich and juicy;
Wolf Ferrari's dainty,
Grieg a bit complainty,
While Puccini's painty;
Donizetti singly,
Or with Bellini, jingly;
Massenet is prettyish,
Schubert somewhat dittyish;
Chopin's polonaisy,
Vincent d'Indy's hazy,
Johann Strauss is mazy;
Meyerbeer and Verdi
Rather hurdy-gurdy;
Mendelssohn's old fashioned,
Liszt fiery and impassioned;
Melodies that you know
Bubble out of Gounod,
Berlioz and Bizet;
Strauss (R.) strikes you dizzy.

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS

Harold Bauer

The Master Pianist
In Farewell Program
THIS SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 8 at 2:30
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Tickets, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00
Mason and Hamlin Piano

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK
at
CORT THEATRE
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 9 at 2:30
and
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 16 at 2:30
Tickets, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's. Sunday at Theatre

IN OAKLAND!!
SCHUMANN-HEINK at Ye Liberty Playhouse
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 14 at 3:15
Seats Ready Monday

Steinway Piano

"THEATRE FRANCAIS"
at
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
NEXT THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13
The Comedy in Fours Acts by Jules Sandeau
"MLLE. de la SEIGLIERE"
Tickets, $1.50, $1.00 and 50c, ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kearny and Sutter.
Coming TERESA CARRENO, Pianist

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ANNA HELD All-Star Variete Jubilee
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THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER
With the Whitney Opera Comique Orchestra
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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00
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Second and Last Week Starts Monday, November 10
Matinee Daily at 2:30
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Shown in Motion Pictures
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Week Commencing Monday Night, November 3, with Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL
Leading the Alcazar Company in Alexander Bisson's Dramatic Sensation
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Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—When the accounts were cast up, last week did not differ much from the previous one as far as the stock market was concerned. The professionals had the market to themselves as the public and the real investor have been taking little interest. The three leaders Reading, Union Pacific and Steel are all lower than they were a week ago. Pennsylvania and New Haven both made new low records on this movement. There was a little boom early in the week caused by the approval of freight rates between Missouri river points by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As usual the professional operators overdid the boom and the little bear panic carried prices up too fast to suit the average trader, so the market went down again because the technical position had been weakened by the elimination of a large part of the outstanding short interest. In itself the rate decision was not important but it revived hope that the Interstate Commerce Commission may look with favor upon the application of the railroads in the eastern district for an increase of 5 per cent in freight rates east of Chicago. The largest shippers of high class freight in the eastern district are co-operating with the railroads to secure the small increase in freight rates because these shippers know that business will suffer if the efficiency of the railroad service is impaired by unprofitable rates. Steel common was by far the most active stock on the list. The quarterly statement issued by the company early last week was not quite as good as expected, although it showed a big improvement over the same statement a year ago. The statement will provide for all dividends and interest in the first nine months of the year and will leave the net earnings of the last quarter to swell the accumulated surplus. The railroads are ordering cars more freely and the money market is improving so much at the very time when it usually tightens up that the railroads should be able to finance rail purchases on favorable terms before long. Taking everything into consideration the market has been pretty well liquidated and about the worst to come marketwise has made its appearance and we believe good stocks can be bought on all drives.

Wheat—Trading in wheat the past week was quiet. Early in the week the market showed a fair advance which was brought about by stronger cables from abroad and falling off of receipts in the northwest. At the advance there was some profit taking by holders and in the absence of outside trade the market was allowed to decline again to around 85 for the December option and 90 for the May. The news seems to be gradually becoming more favorable to holders. Northwest receipts are running light with an excellent demand reported at both the big terminal markets, and Winnipeg was also claiming a fair demand for export. There seems to be a gradual improvement in the domestic demand for our wheat and flour, and with stocks showing signs of decreasing from now on, believe the big load of hedging sales, which has been the most important factor in reducing prices will become lighter. Cable advices from Argentine indicate that the drought which was mentioned before in certain localities was partly relieved and the crop outlook in India, while not distinctly favorable, is causing no apprehension according to foreign advices. We believe, however, that with the wheat stocks the world over showing signs of decreasing, our market will become more attractive to those who believe in wheat as an investment at the present level. For some time to come we will have a scalping market, with purchases on good breaks the most profitable.

Corn—The corn market was the only one of the three cereals which showed any advance, and the buying seemed largely on account of the weather conditions, which are distinctly unseasonable, generally being cold and wet with snow which will necessitate early feeding of stock. Corn seems to be working around to a very strong position; the demand is improving for the cash grain, and outside markets seem to be advancing much more rapidly than Chicago which will prevent any movement to this market, and will in the near future, reduce stocks. Believe May corn can be bought on a scale down for investment purposes.

Cotton—In so far as the weather is concerned, climatic conditions during the month of October, by reason of the continuance of wet weather and record breaking low temperatures, were about as detrimental to the cotton crop as were the incessant torrential rains in the western half of the cotton region during the month of September, and the severe drouth and excessive high temperatures in the month of August west of the Mississippi river. As a result of the late freeze, heavy and killing frosts, the past week in Oklahoma, the Mississippi valley, East Gulf and south Atlantic States, crop accounts are less favorable especially from Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas. From Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, crop reports are less favorable owing to the damage done by the continuance of wet weather and worms and weevils. In consequence the larger crop ideas are being modified, and the more conservative of crop experts are disposed to lower their original figures as to the probable size of this year's yield, while not a few of the more rampant bulls are now of the opinion that this year's production of cotton will be less than 14,000,000 bales, and as the world will probably need 500,000 to 1,000,000 bales more than will probably be marketed this year, that the demand to follow will eventually cause prices to reach higher levels, perhaps much higher. The movement to market, however, continues very large but stocks are not increasing as rapidly as last year which shows that the demand even at this high level compared with last year is taking care of the movement. Spot cotton in the southern markets is strong at around 13 1-2 cents and with the bulk of cotton crop already finding a ready market the remainder of the crop will not be burdensome and we believe ultimately higher prices will be seen. The distant futures are selling at such an attractive discount under the actual that there seems to be very little risk at present price for both March and May cotton.

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June 30, 1913

Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
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The Triangle

(Continued from Page 8.)

a pressing necessity. Her cousin carried with her a baleful atmosphere. She moved cloudy with doubt. There was a diabolic aura about her face; and her hair was red! These things were patent. Was one blind or a fool? A straw will reveal the wind, so will an eyelash, a smile, the carriage of a dress. Ankles also! one saw too much of them, let it be said then. Teeth and neck were bared too often and too broadly. If modesty was indeed more than a name, then here it was outraged. Shame, too! was it only a word? Does one do this and that without even a blush? Even vice should have its good manners, its own decent retirements. If there is nothing else, let there be breeding! But at this thing the world might look, and understand, and censure, if it were not brass-browed and stupid. Sneak! Traitress! Serpent! Oh, serpent! Do you slip into our very Eden? Looping your sly coils across our flowers, trailing over our beds of narcissus and our budding rose, crawling into our secret arbors and whispering places, and nests of happiness! Do you flaunt and sway your crested head, with a new hat on it every day? Oh, that my aunt were here, with the dragon's teeth, and the red breath, and whiskers to match! Here Mrs. Morrissy jumped as if she had been bitten (as, indeed, she had been) and retired precipitately, eyeing the small dog that frisked about her with an eye almost petrified with meditation.

To get that woman out of the house quickly and without scandal. Not to let her know for a moment, for the blink and twitter of an eyelid, of her triumph. To eject her with ignominy, retaining one's own dignity in the meantime. Never to let her dream of an uneasiness that might have screamed, an anger that could have bitten and scratched, and been happy in the primitive exercise. Was such a task beyond her adequacy?

Below in the garden the late sun slanted upon her husband, as with declamatory hands and intense brows he chanted emotional poetry, ready himself on the slope of opportunity to roll into verses from his own resources. He criticised, with agile misconception, the inner meaning, the involved, hard-hidden heart of the poet; and the serpent sat before him and nodded. She smiled enchantments at him, and allurements, and subtle, subtle disagreements. On the grass at their feet the toy terrier bounded from his slumbers, and curved an imperative and furious hind leg in the direction of his ear.

Mrs. Morrissy called the dog, and it followed her into the house, frisking joyously. From the kitchen she procured a small basket, and into this she placed some old clothes and pieces of biscuit. Then she picked up the terrier, cuffed it on both sides of the head, popped it into the basket, tucked its humbly agitated tail under its abject ribs, closed the basket, and fastened it with a skewer. She next addressed a label to her cousin's home, tied it to the basket, and dispatched a servant with it to the railway station, instructing her that it should be paid for on delivery.

At breakfast the following morning, her cousin wondered audibly why her little, weeny, tiny pet was not coming for its brecky.

Mrs. Morrissy, with a smile of infinite sweetness, suggested that Miss O'Malley's father would surely feed the brute when it arrived. "It was a filthy little beast," said she, brightly; and she pushed the toast-rack closer to her husband.

There followed a silence which drowsed and buzzed to eternity, and during which Mr. Morrissy's curled moustaches straightened, and grew limp, and drooped. An edge of ice stiffened around Miss O'Malley. Incredulity, frozen and wan, thawed into swift comprehension and dismay, lit a flame in her cheeks, throbbed burningly at the lobes of her ears, spread magnetic and prickling over her whole stung body, and ebbed and froze again to immobility. She opposed her cousin's kind eyes with a stony brow.

"I think," said she, rising, "that I had better see to my packing."

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Morrissy, with courteous unconcern, and she helped herself to cream. Her husband glared insanely at a pat of butter, and tried to look like someone who was somewhere else.

Miss O'Malley closed the door behind her with extreme gentleness.

Letters

A "Different" Story

"The Romance of Ali" is a story of an unusual type. The problem presented is not an obvious one. For once the "eternal triangle" is laid aside, and though there is a love interest, it is not complicated by rivalry, jealousy or revenge. Ali, more properly Alexander, was a child of English parentage. His father was British consul in the far East, and both parents died while the boy was an infant. Owing to a family dispute, the father appointed the Arab Sultan as the child's guardian, and he grew up in the harem under the motherly guidance of wise Fatumah, not realizing, even if he understood, that there was any difference between him and his playmates. If it had not been for Fatumah he might have become completely Oriental, but when the lad was reaching the age at which he would naturally have been transferred to the men's department, she caused letters to be written to his English cousin, practically demanding that some provision be made to have the boy instructed in the Christian religion and the English language, and at the same time she took means to interest a German friend of his dead mother in his welfare. When Ali-Kisander, as he was known amongst the Arabs, reached the age of fifteen Graf Michaelis von Rodenberg made a visit to Angolar where the magnetic personality of the lad took such hold upon him that on his return Ali accompanied him for the continuance of his education. Naturally the youth thought and

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spoke like an Oriental and the reader's attention is absorbed in watching the effect of European manners and customs on his submerged racial mind. Later on, the English cousin, Lord Stapleside, claimed him, and as Ali was Stapleside's heir, it was natural for him to be transferred to a new home in England. Lord Stapleside was England's Prime Minister and Graf Michaelis von Rodenberg was the Chancellor of Germany so here enters a political contingency. Would Stapleside attempt to probe the boy for possible secret information concerning German affairs, or, on the other hand, would his fondness for the Graf lead him to betray English secrets? To the credit of both leaders it may be said that neither of them made any attempt at such underhanded proceedings while Ali, with discretion beyond his years, and directly in line with the teachings of his Oriental mother, Fatumah, was blind and deaf to what did not concern him. Others were less discreet, and as Ali possessed a certain power of concentration and suggestion, they betrayed themselves instead of filching from him, and there are times when his ability is simply uncanny. Almost to the end the question intrudes itself whether Ali will develop most of the subtlety of the Arab or the diplomatic skill of the European. The underside of political situations is always interesting, the motives which move the masses and the strings at the ends of which the individuals dance. Eleanor Stuart has a clean and wholesome philosophy. To the purchasers of "the latest" it really makes little difference, generally, which one they choose. The plots are essentially the same and even the language and style do not differ greatly, but "The Romance of Ali" is different. From the Harper press.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of OLGA PARIS MILLINERY, a corporation, for dissolution.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Public notice hereby given that the above named corporation has filed in the above named Court its application for dissolution. At any time before the expiration of thirty (30) days from the first publication of this notice, any person may file his objection to the said application.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco and ex-officio clerk of the above named Court.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

L. L. SOLOMONS,
Attorney for Olga Paris Millinery, a corporation. 10-25-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,935, N. S., Probate; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented by ANNA D. SCHMITZ, administratrix of the estate of FRANZ XAVIER SCHMITZ, deceased, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, that it is necessary that such real estate should be sold for the reasons and purposes specified in said petition:

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said decedent and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 11th day of November, 1913, at 10 a. m., at the Court Room of this Court, in the City Hall, Market Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate, either at public or private sale, as the said administratrix shall judge to be most beneficial for the estate;

And, it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the time appointed for said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 7, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

tum SUDEN & tum SUDEN, Attorneys for Administratrix,
617-20 Western Metropolis Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased. No. 16,177; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, George Howard Thompson and Meta Fitzhugh Thompson, Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Jas. D. Thurman, Rooms 839-845 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of G. Howard Thompson, deceased.

GEORGE HOWARD THOMPSON,
META FITZHUGH THOMPSON,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 8, 1913.

JAS. D. THURMAN, Attorney for Executors,
839 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11_8-5

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 172, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent remaining unsold, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they hereby are directed to appear before said Court on TUESDAY, the 25th day of November, 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 17th day of October, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed Oct. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, In propria persona,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-25-5

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY
Attorneys at Law and Proctors in Admiralty
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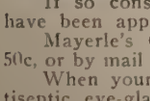
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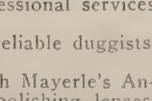
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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXII. San Francisco, November 15, 1913 No. 1108

Who is making a farewell tour in "The Fascinating Widow" and will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for one week only, beginning Sunday night, November 16.

TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Municipal Scandals

San Francisco is now enjoying clean, honest municipal government, the blessing to which we aspired through many years. After smashing the iniquitous political machine and bringing the government back to the people we were free to realize our cherished ideals, and thereupon we swept grafters out of office and purified our politics. In the circumstances it is to be regretted that the Administration is called upon every little while to investigate a scandal. Mayor Rolph is having a very hard time trying to keep his official family above suspicion, much to the amusement of cynics and all the unregenerate who sneer at righteousness and would have us believe that the credit of all high qualities is delusive. Mayor Rolph is deserving of commiseration, for much has occurred to humiliate him. Not long ago a committee of the grand jury discovered that street contractors were cinching property owners with the same unblushing effrontery that made them detestable in the days when a political boss dictated the policy of the street department. Then came the scandal in the health department by which the impression was created that the business of selling tainted meat is not at all hazardous. The other day we learned that the school department was being exploited in the interest of School Director Power, a candidate for office. Before this little scandal could be entirely hushed up we learned that Tax Collector Low, a gentleman appointed to office by Mayor Rolph, was on the defensive, the charge having been made against him that he was playing favorites among taxpayers. How unfortunate such things should be! Especially unfortunate because this is the people's government. There is consolation, however, in this reflection,—that the people can do no wrong; and apparently Mayor Rolph is applying this principle, for, if you notice, the scandals are but the ephemerals of fading hours. The Mayor puts them under a bushel the moment they flare up, and there is nobody to say him Nay! Which is fortunate. San Francisco has washed her dirty linen in public often enough, and so repugnant is the spectacle that we shall be in no hurry for the Hetch-Hetchy scandal, now softly simmering, to reach the boiling-point. There is one fortunate thing about this enormous scandal,—the newspapers being more or less implicated will be disinclined to give all the details. Meanwhile echoes of it are floating up from Merced, a county that we have convulsed with laughter. But the only danger to be apprehended is that of a thorough investigation by a busybody grand jury intent on knowing all that has been done, why it was done, how it was done and precisely to what extent we have been done.

The Poor Old Rich Man of Redwood

The Coburn case of Redwood City is one not without interest to the friends of our municipal Administration. Several gentlemen high up in the Rolph sanhedrim are deeply concerned about the wealthy octogenarian. The case is not to be pronounced a municipal scandal, but it has a certain power of incandescence by virtue of which we get a white light on certain distinguished gentlemen whom it is well for us to know owing to their intimate relations with the Powers That Be. Let us casually scrutinize this Coburn case. Coburn has a nephew —Carl Coburn, a politician of Redwood with a somewhat unsavory past. Carl Coburn petitioned Judge Buck of Redwood to declare the old man incompetent to manage his property. The petition was granted, and then appeared on the scene former Judge Fitzpatrick of Redwood as attorney for the guardian. This circumstance may or may not be of interest, but it does no harm to state that Fitzpatrick and Judge Buck are brothers-in-law and that by reason of that relationship Fitzpatrick practices before Judge Buck only by consent of both parties. It should be observed in justice to all parties, however, that whatever the exact hour of his engagement Fitzpatrick did not appear as an attorney of record in the Coburn case until after the man of wealth was declared incompetent. An appeal was taken from Judge Buck's decision. The Court of Appeal reversed it, and used pretty severe language in characterizing the testimony on which the old man was deprived of the management of his property. The next step in the case was taken by another nephew, Azro Coburn, who was represented by Mr. Matt. I. Sullivan of San Francisco, confidential friend of the Mayor of San Francisco and of the Governor of the State of California, and recently appointed special prosecutor by the President of the United States. Mr. Sullivan, it appears, is a lawyer of considerable political influence, and presumably, in view of the confidence reposed in him, a man of the very highest integrity. When the Azro Coburn petition came up for hearing with Matt. I. Sullivan as attorney for petitioner Judge Maurice T. Dooling of San Benito was sitting in Judge Buck's chair. Judge Dooling is the distinguished jurist recently appointed to the Federal bench by President Wilson. It was Judge Dooling, it will be remembered, who moved up from San Benito on another occasion on which Matt. I. Sullivan played a prominent part—the occasion of the trial of the collusive libel case against the Bulletin for the benefit of the editor of the Bulletin. In the Coburn case Mr. Sullivan proved to the satisfaction of Judge Dooling that the old man was incompetent. And then Judge Dooling appointed a guardian. This time the good fortune fell on Public Administrator "Billy" Hynes of San Francisco. But not this time did Fitzpatrick of Redwood fall in for the fat pickings of the attorneyship. Hynes has his own attorneys, and one of them by a coincidence worthy of note is related to Matt. I. Sullivan by marriage, a circumstance that may explain why Mr. Sullivan appeared the other day as the attorney not for the petitioner but for our Public Administrator, who, by the way, is not a Public Administrator in Redwood, is not handling the Coburn estate as a public official, but merely in his private capacity, as a citizen appointed by Judge Dooling doubtless on account of pre-eminent qualifications. Now if it appears rather strange, if nothing worse, that Mr. Hynes should be resisting the efforts of old man Coburn to get his property out of the clutches of a stranger for whom the guardianship has golden potentialities, let us remember that Mr. Hynes is a zealous man doing his full duty as he sees it in the light of Judge Dooling's decision.

Hynes Wins By a Nose

The third hearing of the Coburn case was before Judge Cabaniss presiding for Judge Buck. This time it was a jury trial. The result showed that Mr. John McNab, Coburn's attorney, almost succeeded in convincing twelve men having no visible San Francisco connections that Coburn is in no need of the kindly ministrations of "Laughing Billy" Hynes or any of his lawyers. Indeed it appears that it was an eleventh-hour inspiration that kept "Billy" on the job. For at the eleventh hour Judge Buck was called by Matt. I. Sullivan as a witness, and Judge Buck appeared as a witness,—the Judge Buck who once pronounced Coburn incompetent, and who was not presiding over the trial because of objections the reasonableness of which he did not dispute. It was a fine stroke of strategy, the calling of Judge Buck, and apparently not barred by the rules of the game whatever the principles of taste may proscribe. The judge in a small town wields an influence like unto that of the country doctor that Balzac tells us about. Judge Buck's influence in this case measured in terms of mathematics amounted exactly to four votes. So says the foreman of the jury, eight of whom voted to separate Hynes from his benign and lucrative job. It required only nine votes to give Coburn the management of his property, but four of the twelve jurors, says the foreman, voted with Hynes because of Judge Buck's opinion. So Judge Buck, though he couldn't merely preside, was able without any violation of the proprieties to say as a witness what the law wouldn't have permitted him to say as a judge. Nevertheless for all that we know justice may have been done. True, Michael Williams, the very intelligent Examiner reporter, appears to be convinced that Coburn is a man of remarkable mental as well as of physical alertness, but against Williams and eight jurors are the judgments of two wise jurists—Dooling and Buck. The latter, however, admits that when he found Coburn incompetent he was influenced

by the testimony of the nephew Carl Coburn whom he then regarded as a man of high character, and whom he now regards as something else. Carl Coburn, it appears from the evidence, thought he had the situation well in hand when he enlisted the services of Mr. Fitzpatrick of Redwood. He intimated as much in a letter to his sister. Later he was willing to compromise with his uncle. He offered to withdraw his petition on easy terms: payment of the costs incurred, including fees amounting to fifteen thousand dollars, a present of forty thousand and a will bequeathing his estate to none but blood relations, thus shutting out the second wife. The old man was too incompetent to perceive the advantages of this compromise.

The Good Mr. Rowell

The rule that a man is to be judged by the company he keeps applies to political dispensations. Hence our discussion of the Coburn case. Now let us look for more light. Let us see if it is not to be found in the correspondence of Chester Rowell which he himself has made public. This gentleman whose facile conscience and flexuous intellectual performances are not unknown to the readers of Town Talk is one of Governor Johnson's most faithful henchmen and advisers. The Progressive machine is redolent of Rowell's odor of sanctity, the result of continuous contact. The other day Mr. Rowell wrote two letters and put them in the wrong envelopes. The news leaked out that in one of these letters Mr. Rowell had written himself down a rogue. Thereupon he printed the letter in full. It was addressed to Editor Davis of the San Bernardino Index, but had been sent to Congressman Church by mistake. In this letter the unctuous Fresno patriot discusses the problem as to whether the Progressives should make their next fight in this State under their own name or masquerading as Republicans. He says that whilst he is in favor of sticking to the Progressive Party name, he feels that the Progressives are privileged to seize the name of the Republican Party and would not stultify themselves by doing so. In his opinion the question is altogether one of expediency. Apparently the question of morals need not be considered. At the same time he realizes that eventually Californian Progressives must be in accord with the Progressives of the whole country. However, "it may be entirely possible," says the sweet-scented reformer, "for local organizations to follow their local preferences as to nominations, and while maintaining the Progressive Party intact grab the Republican Party also wherever that seems to be worth while." Confessing that to him this would be illogical and inconsistent, he adds: "If, however, it should seem to be the practical method of meeting some local conditions and is the desire of the local people I have no squeamishness about it provided the law permits." "Isn't that so thoroughly Rowellian?" asks one of Chester's brethern of the tripod. We should say that it is thoroughly characteristic of the Progressive reformer. Whatever is practical and grateful to self is pure and holy according to the creed of the saintly gentlemen who are running the politics of California. Mr. Rowell is like the Colonel—a practical man.

A Half-Brother to Rowell

In some instances exalted ideals develop into character; in others they do not. Notably in the case of the contemporary American reformer ideals are without any practical force for self-betterment. The contemporary American reformer is a man with a mouth full of principles and a heart full of deceit. It seems that a passion for political reform is incompatible with successful cultivation of intellectual honesty. From Roosevelt to Rowell, from Collier's to the Fresno Republican, the reformer is true to type. We have just been reading an editorial in Collier's designed to palliate the Sulzer infamies. The editor says that before the Sulzer case passes into history we should reflect on four counts of the indictment: making a false statement of campaign receipts and payments; swearing falsely to the statement; bribing witnesses to withhold testimony; practicing deceit, fraud and intimidation to suppress testimony. "These were all," says the editor of Collier's. He adds that the statute under which Sulzer was impeached is only three years old; that before it was passed a Governor could have done all that Sulzer did and "retain his office in complete respectability"; also, "that as men are now being indicted for what half a generation ago was but a defect of taste, much should be forgiven." How like the disingenuous reformer! Because Sulzer involved himself in trouble by merely violating a statute, an infant statute aged but three years, his offense should not be taken seriously. That he was also guilty incidentally of the somewhat older and not wholly statutory crimes of perjury and bribery and used his official power to suppress testimony and his wife's skirts to hide behind, we are not to consider. "These were all," says the charitable editor, who is ready to forgive much when the offender is not a standpatter. Of course it is not true that four years ago or at any time a Governor could do as Sulzer did and retain his office in complete respectability. On the contrary, in the years agone, before we were demoralized by the apostles of Progressive politics who have sanctified a distinction between principles and morals, a mean little rascal of the Sulzer type would have been kicked into oblivion by universal consent.

The Defeat of Tammany

A very common absurdity into which newspapers fall is that of accounting for the results of elections on some very simple hypothesis. Thus we find them attributing the defeat of Tammany to the impeachment of Sulzer. The defeat of Tammany was due to no one thing. The idea of course is charged with dramatic interest—the idea of a quick and complete revenge—but Tammany was beaten before impeachment proceedings were started against Sulzer. All political happenings have their complex causes, an infinite number of antecedents every one of which exercises an influence over the result. That is why we have so much history to read. The business of the historian is to account for the rise, progress, declension and final extinction of nations, and each has his own hypothesis. Our theory respecting the defeat of Tammany is that a multiplicity of causes operated in favor of Fusion. Tammany is blamed for everything that goes wrong in New York, and much has gone wrong of late. Tammany was charged with responsibility for the big police scandal, the theory being that Mayor Gaynor was subservient to Tammany. Later, when it was found that Tammany hated Gaynor, he became beloved of the people, and when Tammany refused him renomination he gained prodigious strength at the expense of the big Democratic organization. When he died the enemies of Tammany attributed his death to a broken heart. Gaynor had a large following, and Fusion profited by his death. So it is somewhat inaccurate to credit Sulzer with the defeat of Tammany. Sulzer was merely a peg to hang a prejudice on. And now that Sulzer has served a minor purpose he will speedily descend to the depths where he belongs. His election signifies nothing. He was elected by the voters of an East Side district who have long regarded him as their sincere friend. In that benighted district during the heat of a superheated campaign he was a picturesque and forceful figure, but in the Legislature among politicians who know him and understand him there will be no disposition to enlarge his political capital.

An American Classic

Not in all the "private and confidential" correspondence that has got into the public prints in recent years is there a more delightfully human or deliciously naive document than the J. Ham Lewis epistle to the rich Peorian editor Henry M. Pindell. In comparison therewith the Standard Oil letters with their sordid tales of unromantic seduction are flat, dull and jejune. The Lewis letter is an American classic. In language simple and chaste and racy with native graces it throws a fresh light on the spirit of bounding and aspiring Democracy. This is a letter, the kind homespun sentiments of which evoke the heartfelt sympathy of the sovereign masses. It is the letter of a friend to a friend both of whom are of one mind as to the priceless value of high distinction. Says Senator Lewis to Editor Pindell in substance: "Here is the Ambassadorship to Russia. You may have it for one year. There will be nothing to do because all treaties have been adjudicated. You need not be 'tied to St. Petersburg.' You may rub elbows with the high cockalorums of all the courts of Europe." And then follows a pretty sentiment. We quote: "I think you have a little daughter. Think what it would mean to her all the remainder of her life to say that her father had been

Minister to Russia, and all the honor and prestige that will go with it to the third and fourth generations." What a glowing picture! How vertiginous as it lighted up the mind's eye of the obscure but wealthy citizen of Peoria! And think of the little daughter to whom the Byzantine glory of the prospect was unfolded. What American lass would not have been thrilled by the dazzling splendor so artfully conjured by the Senator from Illinois! Doubtless the sophisticated will perceive the unpleasant implication of this otherwise perfect epistle—that it was assumed by President Wilson and Secretary Bryan that Mr. Pindell was absolutely incompetent for the diplomatic service, but that they were desirous of rewarding with a string-tied honor a tried and true friend. Remember, he is exhorted, everything has been attended to, there is nothing for you to do but shine amid the pomp of circumstance; and remember also that you must quit at the end of one year when the services of a competent official will be required. At the end of a year you will be known as the former Minister to St. Petersburg, and the prestige will stay in the family at the lowest estimate until the fourth generation. Not at all flattering, to be sure, but blurted out with the kindliest feelings, and entirely innocuous because of the felicitous dulness of the future Minister to St. Petersburg. Carping critics will say that the letter is a more eloquent commentary on the State Department and the White House than all that has been written with reference to Bryan among the Yodlers since the great Tribune first ventured into vaudeville, but this view of the matter is too unamiable to be approved. We prefer to find that the letter bears testimony to the gratitude of the President, to his power of appreciating a man who appreciated him, and to his readiness to reward a booster even at the risk of having the country misrepresented abroad. And naturally we are pleased to learn that our President is not without a weakness that vindicates his human nature.

The Hot-House

By Enid Campbell Dauncey

O dome of crystal in the forest shade,
Standing fast closed to sun and vernal showers,
Shadows of languid plants are glimpsed within,
And on thy moist, warm panes lean sickly flowers.

Vague memories of ancestral fields in bloom
Breathe when thy heavy door is left ajar,
Stir thy strange growths as with an aching sense
Of some dim joy unknown in lands afar.

Behold, this longing realized! A gale
Breaks in the doors and casements. Comes a frost,
With cold and healthy winds which kill the blooms,
The hot-house was their life, and this the cost.

Perspective Impressions

Wonder if Mayor Rolph has interpreted the handwriting on the wall!

Mauzy, Koshland, Murphy—friends of the people all, and Oh! how they hate corporations.

And the Mayor's Tax Collector, too! Smash another clinic, Jim; close up another Barbary Coast, and do a little more eating out of the Examiner's hand, and then come and see us again.

The present styles for women are an incentive to marriage, says a German sociologist. But what about the men who are already married?

Note for Los Angeles: As usual Northern California sent the first carload of oranges East this year.

Now let us get ready for the next campaign. Come to think of it we are in the midst of it already. Heney is running for Senator.

This time the Examiner didn't pick a ticket of candidates. It merely pointed out those who had "a lead over their rivals in public confidence." So even the Examiner hearkens when experience teaches that the electorate won't swallow a newspaper program.

Governor Johnson says that the Progressives of the East "won a victory although they did not succeed in placing any of their candidates in the offices they sought." Which reminds us of Hudibras:

"And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race."

Why don't the warring members of the Animals' Friend Society cultivate a little human amenity?

Union Labor will exhibit in 1915, but not its strike records or its dynamite achievements.

Training schools for teaching purity were advocated at the International Purity Congress at Minneapolis. This will afford papa more time to patronize "The Lure," "The Traffic," etc., and mamma more time to study vice problems.

Oakland and Los Angeles will outstrip San Francisco if San Franciscans don't pull together, says Uplifter Charles Francis Adams. We are very tired of this overworked recipe for civic sluggishness. O for an uplifter with a dash of originality!

The Rev. M. D. Wilson addressing an assemblage of women related that he saw in an Oakland boat the other day a skirt slit to the knee "which gave a display that would have tempted a saint." A dangerous cleric, this, to let loose in a crowd of women.

District Attorney Whitman, re-elected unanimously, started another graft inquiry in New York the other day, and at once made the announcement that there would be no immunity for suspects. The immunity bath invented in San Francisco with the approval of many intellectual perverts of our two big universities and of the newspaper and legal professions has fallen into disrepute. What about the men who once were its advocates?

Poultry note: Eggs are 75 cents a dozen in New York, and chickens come high on Petaluma Boulevard alias Powell street.

It cost New York $125,000 to get rid of Governor Sulzer. It was worth it.

So Westenberg wanted a jury of women! Take care, Westenberg! A slit skirt is not much of a garment to hide behind.

They have caught the "grandfather of all living lobsters" in Boston. Too bad they didn't catch him before he became a parent.

According to the Chronicle a male duck from the Farallones and a teal duck from our continent guilty of miscegenation have been caught raising a family in Golden Gate Park. Professor Blunt of the Memorial Museum has taken a deep personal and scientific interest in the scandal, presenting as it does a sex problem that cries for solution.

The Nation, the organ of the British Liberals, does not agree with acting President Barrows of Berkeley that President Wilson's Mexican policy is all wrong. Praising President Wilson for "keeping his even course with firmness and credit," the Nation adds: "It is hard to understand the haste which prompted our Minister to present his credentials on the very day when Huerta imprisoned his Parliament, and harder still to guess why Servia was boycotted for the murder of a king, while Mexico is pardoned the assassination of a president." Perhaps Barrows can.

Varied Types

CLII—MRS. LOVELL WHITE

By Edward F. O'Day

Mrs. Lovell White is an advanced woman, but not a radical. Her public actions are regulated by principles that give no comfort to the shrieking sisterhood. Her conduct is too nicely balanced to excite the admiration of professed uplifters. She would have womanly grace and calm inform all feminine activities. She is not the foe of man; neither is she unreasonably the champion of woman. For many years an ardent suffragist, she is more in love with beauty than with the ballot. For her sex she asks justice, not special privilege. Mrs. Lovell White is a woman who feels deeply, and thinks dispassionately about her feelings.

Over those with whom she is associated in various praiseworthy causes Mrs. Lovell White is said to exercise a most unusual influence. They defer to her opinion; they seek her guidance; they adopt her advice. She is a leader with a following not blind but full of trust. Mrs. White's years are venerable, but she receives much more than veneration from those who take her counsels. They respect her mature judgment when serious questions are to be answered; in matters of sentiment they kindle readily at the flame of her enthusiasm.

Some women ripen in beauty but never in intelligence. When their loveliness fades they are shells inclosing nothing but frivolity. This is a tragedy of womankind about which the less said the better. Other more fortunate women wax gracefully alike in years and mentality. Decade after decade they remain as sweet in mind as in face. Youth and passion make way for gray hair and wisdom. The eternal feminine, in such women, takes on new charms with age, while never quite relinquishing the earlier fascinations and vivacities. If Mrs. Lovell White had not been a girl of sweetness she would not be the Mrs. Lovell White of today. And if that sweet girl had not cultivated more than her beauty, Mrs. Lovell White would not be the influential leader she is.

"I have not altogether lost my vanity," says Mrs. Lovell White. "And that is as it should be with women, is it not? A little vanity helps to keep a woman sweet and clean.

"I am infatuated with this world. I am always busy looking for the beauty that is about me. Unhappiness requires leisure, and I have no time to be idle or miserable."

Mrs. Lovell White is indeed a busy woman. Most of her business is with projects of beauty. She finds expression for her dearest longings in the Outdoor Art League and in the Sempervirens Club.

"The great problems of the world are so bewildering," she says. "The theories of great men are so puzzling. After all, who knows anything about anything? I'd much rather confine myself to making the world more beautiful. The creation of a park or playground does as much good to the world as the study of a difficult problem."

Yet Mrs. Lovell White does not ignore utility in her absorbing cultivation of beauty. Hers is too well balanced a mind to tip one way. She is State President of the Women's National Rivers and Harbors Congress. And in her clubs she touches hands with women whose swing of action is more circumscribed. She founded the California Club. She is a member of the Century and of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.

"I wrote a little once," says Mrs. White. "But that is an art in which one can accomplish so little without complete and exclusive devotion. What an artist Oscar Wilde was in the selection and use of beautiful words! I love beautiful words as I love flowers."

There is no passivity about Mrs. Lovell White's cult of beauty. She is too active by nature to succumb to the temptation of the lotus eaters. The beautiful world is very much with her always; she would not shut out any of its manifestations.

Courtesy of the Chronicle
MRS. LOVELL WHITE

"I believe in the spirit of the times," she says. "It is right. It spells progress. I live in the present and its movements, but still I try to look at those movements from the outside.

"This is the era of woman. She has moved out of chaos into the light, and the franchise has been her guide. For two thousand years it has been a man's world. Man made the laws regulating the relations of the sexes. Man told woman that they were the laws of God, but they were not; they were man's. It was man who said to woman: 'This is a sin for you, but not for me.' Woman will no longer allow man to frame one law of morality for her and another for himself.

"It was that old subjection which made woman so mysterious to man. She was not allowed to think straight, so her mind became oblique. She sent her thoughts winding in and out; she used devious ways to accomplish her purpose. Today she goes straight to the point.

"It is no longer thought necessary for woman to remain always within her home. That old domesticity made her small and mean. Man went abroad. He saw the world. He knew all phases of life. That is why man is superior. For man is superior to woman. He is a larger creature in every way. But that condition is changing.

"Woman is being emancipated. Fifty years ago the breath of scandal killed a woman. Even suspicion was fatal to her. It is not so today. Think of our changed attitude on divorce. Divorce is no handicap to a woman now. It may be a positive advantage. And scandal does not wither as it did. The woman of mentality rises superior to scandal. Granted brains, and much is forgiven. The woman on whom scandal has rested may stand on an equal footing in San Francisco society with her untarnished sisters.

"Of course all new things are carried to extremes. Even Nature overdoes. She overdid it when she gave all the power to man. Now she is striving to strike an average, and in swinging back she will overdo it once more.

"If woman has the opportunity she will deprive man of his liberty. For woman is no better than man. I have never thought that woman would purify politics, for instance. She will not purify politics. In time she will be influenced by the same processes as man. It was not for the purpose of bringing to bear her elevating influence that we have demanded the ballot for woman. We demanded it as a right.

"It is woman's era, and she is centering discussion on questions that are of vital interest to her. The sex question among others. Such discussion is not immodest. Christianity has crucified the body, has tended to make its passions the symptoms of guilt and shame. It subdued the body with hair shirts. The very mystery of sex whetted the appetite of the young. We are getting back to the Greek mode of thought. The Greeks deified the body. We are creating a purer atmosphere. Sex hygiene is one of the signs of the times. So is the discussion of the social evil. Shall it be scattered or segregated? I am one of those who think that evil should be concentrated, restricted.

"These are some of the problems women are trying to solve. Much will be accomplished by their efforts. The changes during the past fifty years have been so great that one cannot imagine what the next fifty years will bring. Fifty years ago woman walked with a mince. Today she walks with a free, swinging gait. Fifty years more and the changes will be tremendous.

"But I am not wrapped up in these matters. I do not believe in trying to do too much for people. I have found that the more you do for some people the more they slump. What we want is sterner stuff in humanity. It is dangerous to coddle the inferior being. If we are to have a finer race virility is the great thing.

(Continued on Page 22.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Uncle Sam Is Ready

An Army of Sixty-five Thousand Available for Immediate Duty in Mexico. The Reorganized Rough Riders Will Join the Regular Army under Command of Roosevelt. A Nation to Be Bottled Up.

By Robert McTavish

It is interesting to learn from an authoritative source that in the event of intervention in Mexico the military forces of the United States will begin operations at a moment's notice. For the first time in his career, if the militant impulse seizes him, Uncle Sam will show "some speed." If the diplomacy of President Wilson has been slow and deliberate and characterized by a philosophic calm that some folk have mistaken for timidity assuredly he has not neglected his duties as Commander and Chief of the men behind our guns. The country is not to be found in the condition it was in at the time of the Spanish-American war. We are ready to put into the field 500,000 men armed and equipped and ready for action. Preparations to this end have been going on for six years and were lately rushed to completion. The war plan contemplates increasing the line of the regular army to its maximum enlisted strength allowed by law and to muster into the service the entire organized militia at full war strength, the remainder of the army of half a million men to be made up by voluntary enlistments. Right now the War Department and Navy Department are not only ready to go into Mexico but they have worked out plans, they have made arrangements to carry out those plans and they can begin to move inside of a half hour. It is safe to say that within two hours after the sending of telegraphic instructions from Washington the guns of Uncle Sam's field artillery would be in a position to wipe Juarez off the map in a case of no surrender and to raze Matamoras, Nuevo Laredo, Naco, Cananea and every other Mexican town along the border. American troops would hold all these outlets within half a day, if that were necessary, and control the termini of the railroads, national or private, while fleets of warships in the Atlantic and the Gulf of Lower California would be moving up to capture every Mexican port. A full day would see 10,000 infantrymen and artillerymen—a full division—at Texas City on transports which are now waiting for them, bound for Vera Cruz, the first important strategic point toward Mexico city. The following day would see every United States soldier on the mainland on train from Washington on the Western coast and Vermont in the East, moving toward the posts assigned to them. This is no guesswork and no prophecy; the plans are made, the trains arranged for and tested, the supplies provided for. It only required six hours to start for Cuba in the last intervention and it will not take so long in Mexico. As the situation stands today there are six regiments of cavalry guarding the frontier from Brownsville, Texas, to San Diego, Cal. The Second and Third Cavalry are at El Paso, the Fifth and Ninth in Arizona, the Thirteenth in New Mexico and the Fourteenth from opposite Nuevo Laredo to Marfa, Texas. There are in addition companies of field artillery stationed at every point near an important Mexican border town. Brig.-Gen. Hugh L. Scott at El Paso is in command of the border patrol and upon him will fall the responsibility of the first move. General Scott, who has fought along the border for years, is ready for it. His command can move on call with the quickness of a fire company and he knows exactly what to do. There are 10,000 infantrymen at Texas City and Galveston, under the command of Major-Gen. William H. Carter, all as hard as hard service can make them, and within call are six transports lying along the wharves of Galveston ready to take them out. The infantrymen belong to the Central Department, which has headquarters at Chicago, but General Scott and his men are under the command of the Southern Department, the head of which is Brig.-Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, where is stationed another large force of men. There are 65,000 men available for immediate service as a mobile army in Mexico. This does not include the 20,000 coast artillery nor the soldiers now in the Philippines, Hawaii and the Canal Zone. A month will see the mobile army increased, for the coast artillery could be drawn upon by the field artillery, and veterans of other campaigns, with new recruits, would come in to raise the strength to 80,000 without impairing the efficiency. The United States army, not the militia, aided by irregular forces composed of men with special knowledge of the kind of fighting there will be, will do the first heavy work in intervention. An important organization in this connection will be the First Volunteer Cavalry, familiar as the Rough Riders, and their commander will be their first Lieutenant-Colonel, Theodore Roosevelt. The Rough Riders have preserved a veteran organization since 1898. Two years ago when its members, most of whom live along the border, realized that some time the United States would have to go over the line, they laid their plans. A tentative organization which can be stretched from a regiment to a brigade was laid out and at the first call to arms its recruiting offices will be opened for men able to speak the English language, with a knowledge of the country and its people, to say nothing of an entire willingness and ability to fight. Similar organizations will spring up all along the border and they will be most valuable as scouts and guides, although the regular army today knows exactly where it is going, and what it is to try and do when it gets there. The principal movement will be through Vera Cruz along the line of advance of the Mexican war and the objective will be Mexico city. This will be taken, and as soon as the other larger cities of the country are captured the second step of the campaign will be taken. The main army for the capital may be 40,000. Ten thousand men will suffice for the other work. Of course the navy will play its part in intervention. Every available warship of the United States is going to blockade and patrol Mexican waters until not a steamship or boat of any kind can land a rifle or a cartridge on its coast. In this way we shall have the moral assistance of practically every world power, except perhaps Japan. Japan has been doing a thriving business selling supplies to the Mexican Federals on the west coast, and some of her enterprising skippers may endeavor to continue in that trade. On the east coast there will be no trouble either from the countries to the south or from Europe. Europe has too much at stake in Mexico to render any assistance. The navy will have no fights. A single battleship can take care of anything that floats in either ocean under the Mexican flag. Then across the 2,200 or more miles of border from Matamoras to Yuma and along the gulf south of San Diego there will be thrown a line of 150,000 or more militiamen, border guards, whose only duty will be the defending of the American border towns, the prevention of raids and smuggling and the protecting of the various bases. There will not be much attempted in the way of smuggling. The country is tapped only by about five railroads and war supplies are manufactured only by a limited number of concerns in the country. The manufacturing concern which will place its profits above its patriotism will soon learn something about emergency methods, besides which they will be working overtime anyway. The railroads will simply not carry the freight, and that practically ends any chance of interior Mexico fighting on anything more deadly than bows and arrows.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXX—SAN FRANCISCO'S PROMISE

By Maynard Dixon

(Maynard Dixon is not thought of as a writer, but here we find him bursting into verse. Dixon's means of expression is painting, and he has risen to great eminence in the depiction of cowboys and desert life. The following was published in Sunset for June-July, 1906.)

Thy Past rolled up in smoke and cloud
And darkness of catastrophe:
Thy Future rises, strong and proud,
Through ashes of thine agony;
Still foams the brine upon thy breast
Where great ships gather to their rest,
Whose argosies from out the West
Still hail thee Mistress of their Sea!

The Spectator

Now, Jim!

The day after the Police Commissioners put the Barbary Coast out of business "Red" Kelly, proprietor of the Thalia, met Mayor Rolph on the street in the neighborhood of the City Hall.

"Mayor," said Kelly, "that was an awful razooing they gave us last night."

"Yes," answered Mayor Rolph, wringing Kelly's hand to emphasize his remark, "and I want to tell you that it was done strictly against my wishes."

The Wrath of Los Angeles

Now that the directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition have taken all the high hurdles and the indications are that San Francisco is going to have the biggest show on earth in 1915, the frost-bitten orange grove boomers of Los Angeles are no longer able to repress their emotions. In the last issue of their official organ, the Real Estate Bulletin and Building News, they emitted a shriek of rage that echoed from San Diego to Siskiyou not to mention the Sierra or the sea. It was but yesterday they were piping in dulcet tones a siren call for a hands-around-the-State convention in Los Angeles, a pipe-of-peace powwow for the cementing of the bonds of friendship, but lo! their pent-up wrath boiled over and—clack-clack-clack, gnarr-r-r, whiz-z—the horrendous uproar was worse than the frightful rumbling of the earthquake shock that filled them with unutterable terror a few weeks ago. Two and a half pages are devoted to a "roast" of our Exposition directors—all because they have applied to Los Angeles the same principles that have been applied to all other counties in the State. "Who are these directors?" asks the official organ of the boomers. The answer is: "A small closely-knitted band of successful little San Francisco business men dominated by one family." "Little giants of the Exposition trust," they are called. They are running an air-tight proposition and they have disarmed criticism by throwing "a sop to the press by handing every managing editor in San Francisco a position and title."

The Bad Mr. Moore

The official organ gives us a little inside history. Mr. M. H. De Young, we are told, was not made Director-General because he is a public-spirited citizen and because the directors wanted Charley Moore, "the fastest-working, and most pliable of their group." They knew they could "put nothing over" on Mr. De Young, and so they selected Moore—"a nice, comfortable, plausible little pump-and-engine dealer; and the town and the State sighed, and the press said 'Fine!'" Next comes H. D. H. Connick for a turn on the grill. He is described as a Stanford man who had "won fame in musical circles as an amateur violinist. He built the Twin Peaks reservoir, spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on this job, but somehow forgot to put a proper bottom in it. So it did everything but hold water." Connick, according to the Los Angeles chronicler, was called upon to answer charges of incompetency, and was immediately made Director of Works by Mr. Moore. Then M. H. De Young resigned the chairmanship of the Concessions Committee, saying "Not for me! I cannot stand for the meddling in my work of Charles C. Moore." John Brisbane Walker was next to go. "He collided with Moore." Which was probably fortunate for all hands. Then Willis Polk stirred things up a bit. To add to their iniquities after vowing they would advertise before awarding concessions, they sold concessions "behind closed doors" and "the press stood in." In conclusion the prediction is made that "the greatest scandal of modern times will result from the management of the Fair." Nevertheless Los Angeles will exhibit, and the boomers will "bide their time; charge off the ledger the amount unjustly grabbed and wait patiently for the day of atonement." Meanwhile let us join hands around the State and all pull together, keeping one hand free to clutch a club for surreptitious use.

The Pikers of Los Angeles

After reading the abuse of our Fair directors I turned over a few pages and came to an article by John S. Williams under the caption "Ocean to Ocean Highway" (read before the Los Angeles Realty Board). In this article I find some mild criticism of the citizens of the proud and haughty metropolis of the southern orange belt. But of course it was intended only for home consumption. At the same time it was designed to impel the cafeteria tight-wads to loosen up. The chronic complaint in Los Angeles is that its most public-spirited citizens are pikers, and Mr. Williams bears out the accusation. Los Angeles it appears is worrying about the Lincoln Highway from New York to San Francisco, and it feels that something must be done to connect the town with Phoenix, Arizona, from which town a highway is to be extended via New Mexico to Missouri, thence to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. This project has been the subject of agitation a long time. Last year money was called for in Los Angeles to build a highway to Yuma. Many small towns had contributed, but Los Angeles put up only one-third of the amount assessed against the county. Mr. Williams is now urging the big boomers to come through. He points out that smaller towns all over the country are far more liberal than Los Angeles. Last year San Diego appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for a road to the Imperial county line, and the merchants of San Diego contributed seventy-five thousand, but in all the big city of Los Angeles the men behind the highway project have been able to raise only a third of the amount called for, a third of one hundred thousand dollars. No wonder there has been so much uproar over the assessment for space in the State building at the World's Fair.

Dr. Rosenstirn Talks Out

The Municipal Clinic may be described as a success and a failure. Insofar as it fulfilled the purposes for which it was established, the Clinic succeeded; as it was crippled by stupid official action, it may be said to have failed. Enlightened citizens who have studied the difficult problems with which the Clinic dealt like to think that there will come a day soon when the Clinic will recommence its beneficent work. Discouraged though they are by the retrogressive policy which deprived the Clinic of its power for good, they are yet glad to remember that its directors were pioneers in one of the most important causes of today. They look for vindication of those directors when ignorance shall have been dispelled, cant overwhelmed and hypocrisy unmasked. These are not mere millennial possibilities; the world is slowly but surely swinging round to the place where the truths on which the Municipal Clinic was based will receive of-

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legal recognition. Meantime Dr. Rosenstirn, chairman of the advisory committee of the Municipal Clinic, has published a brochure outlining the Clinic's history and dealing in the broad minded manner of the scientist with the questions involved in its workings. It is not too much to say that this brochure is an invaluable contribution to the literature of sociology.

The Clinic and the Mayor

What good the Clinic accomplished I shall not detail. Its work in restricting the spread of terrible disease, in reclaiming fallen women, in preventing minors from embracing the life of shame and in reducing the volume of the white slave traffic is fully recounted in Dr. Rosenstirn's brochure where all may read of it. But I cannot resist calling attention to Dr. Rosenstirn's account of the queer proceeding which eventually crippled the Clinic by depriving it of police assistance. When the hue and cry against the Clinic had been started by some of our short-sighted clergymen and sentimental women, it came to be of great importance that the directors of the Clinic should ascertain the stand the Mayor would take in the matter. They breathed easier when Mayor Rolph said in an interview in Town Talk that as a result of the agitation he was more in favor of the Clinic than ever. Shortly afterwards the Police Commission dealt the Clinic the blow from which it never recovered. The Police Commissioners, says Dr. Rosenstirn, admitted that "it was His Honor, the Mayor, James Rolph Jr., who was the real wielder of the Big Stick." This is how Dr. Rosenstirn comments on this mayoral somersault: "Suddenly, our Mayor, James Rolph Jr., heard the call of the militant churchmen coupled with that of shocked, misjudging femininity. He stopped the wheels of progress and gave out the parole: No more police surveillance for the Municipal Clinic. The Police Commissioners, bound to carry out the policy of the Mayor who appointed them, reluctantly had to obey. Oh, for a real man, who, entrusted with leadership, shows staunch strength and undaunted courage to stand by his just convictions!"

The Shockable Clergyman

"When I came over on the ferry today a woman dressed in black displayed a skirt slit to the knees. As she ascended the stairway she gave a display that would have tempted a saint."—Rev. M. D. Wilson to the ladies of the Child's Welfare League.

Sensitive, shockable, reverend sir,
What was the sight that you saw on the stair?
Was it so awfully tempting to sanctity?
Harmfully beautiful, wickedly fair?
Susceptible, innocent, sanctified sir,
Why did you linger when danger was near?
Why did you gaze at the scandalous spectacle
If for your virtue you entertained fear?
Rigorous, moral, devout, holy sir,
Where was the lid of your wide open eye?
Couldn't you shut it severely and instantly?
Have you a leaven of peeping Paul Pry?
Modern disciple of poor old St. Anthony,
Was it the first time you saw such a sight?
Why not be honest and tell us uncantingly
That it produced in you thrills of delight?
Bravely acknowledge you're human like all of us!
You will not? The very idea gives you pain?
So be it, my saint, but take this little caution—
Beware lest you get ladies' legs on the brain!

When Ignorance Reforms the Law

The case of Daniel Fleming has been touched upon by the daily papers, but only as the gull touches the wave in its flight. Beneath the surface of this case there is instruction of great value. Daniel Fleming, charged with murder, was convicted of manslaughter in the town of Redding on evidence that a frenzied Southern mob would deem insufficient in the case of a negro suspect, and yet his attorneys had the task of their lives saving him from the penitentiary. Indeed the Supreme Court had to stretch a point to give him a hearing after he had been turned down by the Court of Appeal of the northern district. This is what comes of the meddlesomeness of the amateur legal cranks of the Commonwealth Club who thought it was too easy for guilty men to escape, but who neglected to consider the case of an innocent man who may be the victim of persecution and the object of public hatred. The zealous reformers had the law changed, and it is in such form that it may be construed in any old way. Fortunately the Supreme Court, shocked by what the justices learned of the methods by which Fleming was convicted, set aside the verdict, declaring that "the guilt of the defendant by no means satisfactorily appears from the record." The truth is that if the absolute innocence of the defendant does not clearly appear from the record, at any rate it is almost obvious that it was physically impossible for him to have committed the crime.

The Testimony for the Prosecution

Fleming's difficulties were the result of his unwise choice of an employer. He is a special policeman employed by the Southern Pacific Company, a corporation which has served to make political capital for some of our most ferocious demagogues. He was on a train coming from Portland on which two Tacoma boys, George Vallier and Henry Gobel, were "beating" their way to San Francisco. At Redding, about 11 o'clock at night, it was found that Vallier was unconscious on the roof of a Pullman coach. He was suffering from several wounds on the head and face. Fleming assisted in removing the boy from the coach, and in a little while the lad died. Nobody knew how he received the wounds. His companion Gobel said that he, too, had been unconscious and did not know how Vallier was

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Transforms the desert to verdant bloom;
Where the streak of smoke in the rugged hills
Marks smelter site and copper mills—
Where the earth yields up 'midst flare and roar
Vast riches from its hidden ore.
Through cattle-range and cotton field
And cities rich from the wealth they yield;
Oil fields you see and sugar-cane scan,
For you're sure now "down in Louisian' "—
Where the pickanninies' faces glow
And the moss on the drooping bough hangs low;
Where the Bayou winds through its timbered maze
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—R. F. Wilson.

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injured. That was on August 25. Relatives of Vallier came down from Tacoma to investigate. They spent some time in Redding, and Gobel was with them. Presently the theory was bruited that Vallier had been beaten to death by Daniel Fleming. An attorney was engaged, and the railroad was sued for $50,000 damages. It was charged that the boy was killed by an employee of the company. Gobel was still living with Vallier's relatives, and one morning in October on getting out of bed he suddenly remembered that a big man who appeared on the roof of the coach somewhere between Keswick and Redding had assaulted Vallier. Other witnesses bobbed up about that time; one a paroled thief by the name of Hooper who saw the train three blocks away from the station. He saw a big man on the roof, saw the man get off on one side at the station, come to the other side and climb up on the coach and help carry the wounded boy to the ground. The man was Fleming. Hooper never told anybody in Redding what he saw until Vallier's relatives came down from Tacoma. Another witness who corroborated Hooper was an ex-convict by the name of Sullivan. He emerged from jail in Redding just in time to witness the assault on the roof of the coach. This was about all the testimony for the prosecution, which, by the way, was conducted by Attorney Brainard, acting as special counsel, and Brainard is the man who started the civil suit against the railroad company.

Testimony for the Defense

The testimony for the defense showed that Gobel was in error as to when Vallier received his injuries. When the train stopped at Kennett, which is several miles north of Keswick, passengers in one of the coaches heard somebody groaning on the roof. They spoke of the matter to the porter, who guessed that some tramp had been injured passing through a tunnel a short distance up the road. They also spoke to Fleming who promised to investigate. Fleming spoke to the conductor and to the brakeman, and it was resolved to investigate at Keswick, but the engineer did not stop long enough. Now passengers and members of the train crew saw Fleming at Keswick. They saw that he was unable to make the investigation. They saw him after the train started. Between Keswick and Redding the train ran at twenty miles an hour, and if Fleming climbed on the coach it was at the risk of his life. There was hardly sufficient reason for his doing that; as little reason, indeed, as for his clubbing a boy to death. Surely the testimony was far from conclusive of Fleming's guilt. If it pointed to anything at all it was to Fleming's innocence. For at least there was enough testimony to give color to an alibi, and the fact was undisputed that groans were distinctly heard long before the train reached the point at which Fleming, according to the prosecution, climbed up on the coach. How then are we to explain the verdict? Let us see.

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Justice In Her Citadel

We are told it is very improper to indict a whole community. I believe it was Edmund Burke who so declared once upon a time though if I am not mistaken he came pretty near indicting a whole nation during the French Revolution. Edmund Burke was at times more partial to rhetoric than to truth, which is to be regretted as he is often quoted as though he were holy writ. Why assume that a whole community can do no wrong? The whole community of Redding stood for the conviction of Daniel Fleming; not only stood for it but virtually made it imperative. From the Court of Appeal which having jurisdiction over Redding, reviewed the case but preferred not to set aside the verdict, I learn that Fleming was tried in a community hostile to the defendant and his employer. Fancy a community being hostile to a man merely because he is charged with murder and employed by a corporation that enables hungry and disreputable politicians to capitalize their affected hostility to it! It appears that those great engines of public opinion, the newspapers of Redding, moulded sentiment against Fleming for the greater glory of the Redding lawyer who expected later on to cut a big fee out of the damages he was suing for. From the Court of Appeal I learn that Fleming was tried for his life in a court room packed, like an honest sardine box, with shouters for the prosecution. The corridors of the building were congested. Up the outside walls clambered the enlightened citizens of Redding. Windows crashed during the trial as a result of the invasion. Every inch of standing room in the court room was occupied. The crowd was all but on top of the judge and in the jury box. Officers of the court had to guard their chairs to retain them. Judge Barber, the polite, quiescent superintendent of the proceedings, warned the spectators that the building was under an unusual strain and might collapse. He wanted them to understand that they were in his august presence at their own risk. That was as far as he deemed it discreet to go in these progressive days of recall and other barbarous means of intimidating justice. Is it hard to body forth the spectacle? If not, what thinkest thou, dear reader, of the beautiful State in which such things may come to pass?

The Heroic Attorney

Compare Redding with Kief, and then ponder the presumptuousness of us in interfering with justice as she disports herself in benighted Russia. The Beilis case of Kief is not hard to understand. There is nothing so furious as religious fanaticism. The Fleming case of Redding is another matter. Besides the people of Redding are the very best sort of Christians. They have been educated in our public schools until qualified for self-government on the simple democracy plan. They thirst for no man's blood. Only they love to smash the Southern Pacific. But I have been digressing. Let us return to the court narrative. The special attorney for the prosecution was a great hero during the trial. His romantic aim was to hang a man, and so when he entered the packed court room to make his closing argument he was cheered in the presence of the jury for thirty seconds. The language of the record is that "he was received with a riot of applause." There was shouting and stamping of feet. "The crowd," says the court, "thundered its tribute for thirty seconds." This special prosecutor earned the tribute, for he did his best to gratify public sentiment not

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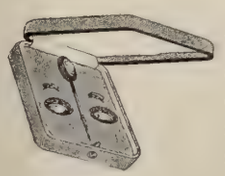

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only by fair means, but by what the Supreme Court just misses pronouncing foul means. He claimed in the presence of the jury to be able to prove by eye-witnesses that the defendant was a brute who was in the habit of kicking men off trains and beating them on the ground. He told of one instance in which Fleming broke a man's leg and then threw him on a barbed wire fence. As a matter of fact Fleming bears an excellent reputation for gentleness, and not one of the eye-witnesses did the heroic lawyer produce. Though the defense promised not to object to their testimony, he said he was afraid of committing reversible error. In his argument to the jury, says the court, the special prosecutor went so far as to intimate to the jury that they would be pilloried by public opinion if they did not find the defendant guilty. This was pretty bad, but in justice to the charming Hiram Johnson it must be admitted that the Redding lawyer did not approximate the enormity of the argument in the Ruef case. However, if it was a strong argument, Judge Barber tolerated it. But it was really too much for the Supreme Court, which is not yet quite sensible of the dangers of the recall, and therefore the slaughter of an innocent man is an achievement involving more or less difficulty in the Progressive State of California.

Ricard on Starr Jordan

Weatherman N. R. Taylor of Sacramento doesn't think much of Father Ricard and his forecasts. In the opinion of Taylor the wizard of the University of Santa Clara is a pretty fair guesser and nothing more. He has been at great pains to say so in the Sacramento papers. This aroused the wrath of Charlie McClatchy of the Bee. As an old Santa Clara boy Charlie rushed to the defense of Father Ricard, or rather, he called upon Father Ricard to defend himself which the scientist did in a breezy article that demolished the arguments of Expert Taylor. Father Ricard grew ironical when he took up Taylor's charge about guessing. "You will notice," he writes, "that our weather men are strong on the 'guessing' proposition. Peanut venders, forsooth, must think all the world is peanuts! We have known an ichthyologist, president of one of our universities, for whom the whole world was fish." A hit, a palpable hit!

The Artist in the Audience

The ways of the artist are not as the ways of other men. The artist is so different from his pedestrian fellowman that he is apt to puzzle. And when he places himself on a footing with the lay person he is pretty sure to be misunderstood. That is to say, he will be misunderstood if misunderstanding lies in judging him by the ordinary standard. This is particularly true of that temperamental child of genius, the singer. The singer lives in a world apart, and if it be a world where an ugly thing like jealousy seems to enter, how are we poor ordinary mortals to know whether what looks like the common or garden variety of jealousy may not be in the artist some hothouse virtue altogether different? But let me not grow psychological. What I have in mind may be less cryptically illustrated.

De Gogorza at the Tivoli

On the memorable night when Ruggiero Leoncavallo waved the baton for the singers who did his "Pagliacci" at the Tivoli, the famous baritone Emilio de Gogorga sat in a box. To all music lovers de Gogorza's is a familiar face. And so all within whose range of vision that Tivoli box was brought, knew that the great man was of the audience. It was natural that these should watch him, thus gratifying the curiosity which asks: How does a great singer comport himself on the non-professional side of the footlights? To some of those who watched de Gogorza it seemed that he comported himself in rather a strange fashion. They thought that he talked too loud during the singing of "Pagliacci." They thought that even a great baritone of robust voice should not let his conversation penetrate from the boxes to the orchestra stalls while music was being rendered. They noted too that de Gogorza laughed heartily when Pietro Schiavazzi overacted; and that when the unfortunate tenor stumbled and fell in acknowledging an encore, de Gogorza laughed immoderately, not only in his box but also on his way to the foyer. But these observant persons may have been hypercritical. They were translating the actions of an artist into terms of lay behavior, a process which may involve injustice. Who shall say?

Madame Eames at the Symphony

Another instance may not be amiss. In pointing out the pitfalls which beset the feet of the layman when he wanders amid the children of temperament there cannot be too many field notes. At the second symphony concert at the Cort, on the occasion when Madame Schumann-Heink sang, Madame Eames sat in a box with Mrs. Fred Sharon. Madame Eames is a great singer. She is the wife of Emilio de Gogorza. Strangely enough, the curiously observant thought they found in her behavior something of the same phenomenon they had already noted in the behavior of de Gogorza at the Tivoli. They found that Madame Eames did not once applaud the singing of Madame Schumann-Heink. The rest of the audience was wildly enthusiastic, as all San Francisco audiences are when the beloved Schumann-Heink sings. Madame Eames may have been enthusiastic too. But the curious watchers observed that she suppressed all signs of her feelings, if her feelings were enthusiastic. They noted too that for a good part of the time when Madame Schumann-Heink was on the stage Madame Eames turned her back. As in the case of de Gogorza at the Tivoli, there was carping at this behavior of Madame Eames at the Cort. That the carping was uncalled for is quite likely. The two incidents show that the ways of artists are not always as the ways of other people. Hence the danger of judging artists by our own conventional standards.

Gracious Schumann-Heink

There are times, however, when even a great prima donna expresses herself in terms of ordinary humanity, and then there can be no doubt about her meaning. One may hesitate to explain Madame Eames; one can always understand Madame Schumann-Heink. After her first wonderful number at the Cort last Sunday Madame Schumann-Heink received a great shower of American Beauties and a mass of chrysanthemums. She was unaffectedly delighted. When Miss Nina Fletcher had finished her violin numbers she too received a bunch of roses. Later on the usher bore another burden of roses to the footlights. Madame Schumann-Heink was bowing her thanks to the enthusiastic house when they were presented. She made a gesture which said to everybody quite plainly: Are you quite sure these are for me? Or are they for my accompanist? It was a gracious way of acknowledging her debt to Mrs. Katherine Hoffman, her accompanist, and it was prettily enforced when she brought Mrs. Hoffman out with her in response to further applause. Obviously the big-hearted Schumann-Heink would have been delighted if those flowers had been given to the pianist. In a thoroughly natural way she showed how considerate, how thoughtful she was. I wonder how Madame Schumann-Heink would comport herself in a stage box?

Anna Held and Pearl Cook

The divinities of the musical comedy stage are sometimes subjected to carping criticism which they may not deserve, just like the goddesses of opera. There is the recent case of Miss Anna Held. On the first night of her engagement at the Cort the foyer was crammed with flowers, flowers in sprays and flowers in set pieces. These flowers were not for Miss Held, however. They were for Miss Pearl Cook, the talented San Francisco girl who supported George Beban in his pathetic sketch, "The Sign of the Rose." A small army of ushers paraded down the aisle and presented them to the blushing Miss Cook at the conclusion of the Beban piece. But there had been a moment of difficulty. Word had come from behind the scenes that it was against the rules for an inferior member of the star's company to receive flowers. It looked as though the flowers would have to waste their sweetness in the foyer. But permission was finally granted, and the presentation took place. If that rule had been enforced Miss Held would have been subjected to unfriendly comment. Thus we see that stars have troubles all their own. Temperament is a great thing, my masters!

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Leoncavallo's Admirers

It is marvelous how the hero-worshipers of our Italian Colony have pursued Leoncavallo during his stay here. Whenever he appears in public he is surrounded by a cloud of admirers. Monday night the great man left the Tivoli after the third act of "Otello" in company with Signor Cariola and Mesdames Carmen Melis and Anitua. A small army of Italians, men and boys, pursued him down the ramp and out through the foyer to Eddy street. The escort went as far as the corner of Powell street, every hero-worshiper edging up close to the composer and peering with rapt expression in his face. Only a champion heavyweight could get such a tribute from American boys. And while this escort surrounded Leoncavallo and impeded his footsteps, he affected to be totally unaware of the sensation he was creating!

Appropriating the Portola

When Leoncavallo was traveling west he struck up acquaintance with another traveler whose name doesn't matter but whom the author of "Pagliacci" called "Meester Mac" for short. This traveler was coming here for the Portola. When Leoncavallo found that "Meester Mac" intended to put up at the St. Francis he suggested that they motor to the hotel together. Crossing the bay there was a delegation to welcome the composer; and at the Ferry Depot there was a still larger delegation which escorted the great man to the waiting automobile with elaborate ceremony. "Meester Mac" rode with the lion who was manifestly delighted at the reception he had received in San Francisco. He was sitting back in the car with a pleased smile playing over his countenance when he suddenly became aware of the Portola decorations. He leaned forward to his companion in great excitement.

"Ah, Meester Mac!" he exclaimed with a grand gesture that took in all the Portola display, "behold; it is all for me!"

That Garden Picture

The non-professional husbands of prime donne are known to be very jealous of their better halves' fame. Signor Cariola, the husband of Carmen Melis, the Tivoli song bird, is no exception. When Signor Cariola opened his Sunday Examiner his wrath knew no bounds. There on the first page of the supplement was a large picture of Mary Garden in the role of Thais! The picture illustrated a cock and bull story about the discovery of the original Thais' mummy. Cariola hunted up Dick Prosser who is special press agent for the Italian song birds and charged him with treason. Why had he not seen to it that a picture of Carmen Melis was used instead of a picture of Mary Garden? It took Prosser a long time to explain that the Hearst Sunday supplement was a New York product over which a press agent in San Francisco had absolutely no control.

Jack Beaufort's Party

Jack Beaufort, the genial champagne impresario, tired of hotel and club life recently; so he picked out a nice apartment and set up bachelor headquarters. As every bachelor establishment must be housewarmed, Jack bade a few of his cronies to a little dinner. He did this with the greater eagerness because with the apartment he had acquired the services of a Japanese woman warranted to cook to the taste of a Brillat-Savarin. The apartment, it may be explained, had been occupied by a theatrical luminary who was wont during his stay in town to entertain many of the fair sex at afternoon tea, and the Japanese woman was responsible for the edibles at these swagger functions. Jack's housewarming guests included his particular pal Harry Litt, "Handsome Harry" Cosgriff, Harry Francis and "Big Bill" Lange. They stretched their legs under the Beaufort mahogany with the liveliest anticipations of a luxurious repast. But alas! that Japanese woman was not used to preparing food for big able-bodied hungry men. A thimbleful of soup, a wisp of fish, an entree more ornamental than useful, a mess of chops—one chop for each guest!—and a dainty salad that made "Big Bill" Lange ejaculate "Woops, my dear!" constituted this housewarming dinner. It is said that "Handsome Harry" Cosgriff pilfered his host's chop while Jack was pouring the wine, but this may not be true. At any rate the guests did not linger long after dinner. An hour or so later Jack Beaufort entered Tait's and found his guests gathered about a table, each discussing a large and succulent steak garnished with mountains of potatoes.

"What brings you here, Jack?" asked "Big Bill" Lange.

"The same thing that brought you here," answered Jack; "hunger!"

Nelson's "Yankee Swanson"

Who over dreamed that Captain Nelson of the Pacific Mail's good steamer "Korea" had literary aspirations? Perhaps only his most intimate friends. But he cherished them for years, and now behold their first fruits, "Yankee Swanson" published by Sturgis and Walton. It seems that all his life at sea Captain Nelson has kept a record of his experiences with a view to publication. This book of his tells the story of the first voyage he made at the age of fourteen. It was a wonderful voyage that lasted nearly a year, and it took the youngster from Norway to Great Britain and Russia. All its incidents were indelibly impressed on the boy's mind, and he narrates them with exceeding relish. It is indeed an absorbing book. Captain Nelson has Marryat's knack of portraying the life of boys in a way to make it interesting to oldsters; there is in "Yankee Swanson" the clean and bracing air of waterways that one breathes in "Jacob Faithful" and "Japhet." It is a goodly company we meet on the "Forsette": Captain Bengsten, Yankee Swanson, the mate with a gentle soul and a terrific fist for bullies, the inimitable cook with an ineradicable love of lying, and Jack Le Fevre, the homeless boy who became Andrew Nelson's pal. Then there is Andrew Nelson's grandfather who fought at Waterloo, a figure kept before the reader all through the story though he remains at the little Norwegian village while the Forsette is taking young Nelson through adventure after adventure. From the way in which "Yankee Swanson" is written one infers that Captain Nelson has other books in preparation. Let us hope so. Meanwhile, read this one and give it shelf room with Marryat, Dana and Bullen.

"STOP THIEF"

An exciting moment in Cohan and Harris' latest laughing success "Stop Thief," at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks engagement beginning Sunday evening, November 23. Regular matinees Wednesday and Saturday and an extra matinee Thanksgiving Day.

Hill Collection Going

The Golden Gate Park Museum yielded up one of its treasures this week when "The Last Spike," Tom Hill's famous painting, was removed to the auction rooms of H. Taylor Curtis in Sutter street. Curtis by order of Superior Judge Trabucco, has been appointed auctioneer of the entire collection of Hill pictures of which "The Last Spike," by reason of its close association with early California history, is probably the best known. The auction will be held November 20, and the pictures are to be disposed of with neither limit nor reserve. Speaking of "The Last Spike" brings to mind an amusing incident which Rufus Steele tells. A few months ago he and his wife were returning to the coast after a trip through the southern and middle western States. In Salt Lake City they had occasion to visit the ticket office and there on the wall beheld a large reproduction of "The Last Spike." Turning to the obliging young man at the ticket window Steele called attention to the picture.

"Can you tell me," he asked, pointing to the imposing figure of Stanford, "the name of the gentlemen holding the mallet?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered the wise young clerk. "That, sir, is a picture of Brigham Young."

Letters

A Couple of Brats

"The Terrible Twins" is a book containing much comfort for Americans who heretofore have been led to believe that English children, especially those belonging to "good" families, were born truthful, obedient and dutiful, and with a sense of honor as high as the Himalayas. Violet Anastasia Dangerfield and Hyacinth Wolfram Dangerfield, nicknamed Erebus and the Terror, were thirteen years old, quite big enough to have some natural sense of decorum, but as bratty a pair as ever peeped from book covers. There is nothing engaging or amusing about their goings on, and their capers are never spontaneous or unpremeditated, but the consequences of malicious forethought. If Mr. Jepson, the author, admires this type of juvenility he is welcome. No one else wants such neighbors, even if they have come of good blood. From Bobbs-Merrill.

Holiday Books for Girls

"Dorothy Dainty's Vacation" is the twelfth annual volume of a series for little girls of eight to ten, describing the gayeties and good times of a coterie of wealthy little folks who are unspoiled by fortune. Amy Brooks still finds it profitable to chronicle the sayings and doings of this set.

Millicent Olmstead is a comparatively new name in the literary index, and if "Harmony Wins" is her first essay at story writing, she should be brought to the attention of the aunts and grandmothers who buy most of the books for little relatives.

If older folks do not recognize the name Nina Rhodes, be sure the children are better informed. Some little girls think Christmas is incomplete without a "Brick-House Book." "The Girl from Arizona" is designed for an older audience.

The three books are from Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Jack Spreckels' Trouble

It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spreckels have decided to go their separate ways, and so another romance is brought to the last page of the last chapter. It is too bad. If ever there was a love match in San Francisco society, this was it. Both were very young when the marriage took place eleven years ago. Who knows? Perhaps they were too young. They did not think so, and their friends were too delighted with the marriage to question whether the beautiful daughter of Willard Huntington and the handsome son of John D. Spreckels knew their own minds. Three children came to bless the union, and from all accounts Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spreckels were ideally happy. But after a time differences arose between them. There was a clash of two disparate individualities, two distinctive personalities which unfolded more and more discordant elements where once all had been harmonious. It was another tragedy of incompatibility, one of those very real tragedies which cannot be properly appreciated by outsiders, the manifestations are so easily veiled in the presence of all but the most intimate friends. Differences were settled only to arise again with more stubborn strength. Finally the breach became so wide that the announcement of their separation became merely a matter of time.

Mrs. Spreckels' Interests

It is difficult to trace the history of these marital troubles. Things which seem to be causes may only be effects of disunion. Jack Spreckels during the past three years or so has been wrapped up in business affairs. It may be that he did not show proper sympathy for his wife's artistic predilections. Or it may be that Mrs. Spreckels took refuge in mental interests when the happiness of marriage had faded away. At any rate Mrs. Spreckels plunged eagerly into the study of art. She painted and cultivated the society of painters. Later on she turned from painting to the cultivation of literature, and members of the literary set (if we may be said to have such a set) predominated among her friends. Not long ago she surprised her circle by going in for aviation. She made one or two flights over the bay and professed herself delighted with the experience. It is to be presumed that Jack did not enter with particular heartiness into these pursuits of his beautiful wife. This may have had something to do with the disagreement. But then again, the disagreement may have antedated these activities. At any rate, it is assumed that the young couple (for they are still young people) have passed beyond the place where a reconciliation is to be expected. For both of their sakes and even more for the sake of their children, it is indeed too bad.

Heiresses at Large

The heiresses are thick this season. With Gertrude O'Brien and Elizabeth Oyster, (whose inheritance will be a share of the Tubbs fortune), among the debutantes there is Mauricia Mintzer going about again for the first time in several seasons. When her new house is finished she will entertain for the younger set. Her mother was one of the most charming hostesses in society. Mrs. Mintzer's frequent dinners at the mansion in Pacific avenue were delightful affairs. Mauricia has the same gracious charm and tact that distinguished her mother. It is doubtful however if she will ever preside at parties in the old family home. Neither she nor her brother has cared to live there since their parent's death. The big house was closed for a year, then the J. S. Tobins leased it, and this winter it will be occupied by the Templeton Crockers who take possession the fifteenth. Miss Mintzer who is mistress of two or three millions of her own will make her home in the smaller residence she is building on Russian Hill. To add to the list of important heiresses at large this year, Isabel McLaughlin, the attractive step-daughter of Dr. McEnery, is here from England, for a long visit. Since her mother's death she has lived much abroad with Dr. McEnery's relatives and she has come back very English in her tastes and ways. I believe Dr. McEnery is to continue her guardian until she is twenty-five, but when she does come into her fortune Miss McLaughlin will be a very wealthy young woman. She shared honors at the Stone tea the other day with Helen Stone who announced her engagement to Grayson Hinckley, to the surprise of every one, by the way, as brother Fritz was supposed to be the favored suitor.

At the Tea Dance

Frank McComas was an interested guest at the St. Francis "the dansant" this week. He was quite as correctly garbed as the Czar was for his debut, in a long black cutaway with white tucker, dark trousers and patent leather shoes, with pearl gray tops, and suggested recent London drawing rooms rather than tepees, or whatever the Navajos whom Frank went to the desert to paint, live in. Mrs. Pope wore the most interesting and bizarre costume of the season. It was of checked velvet in black and golden brown and the checks were two inches square. It wasn't so odd looking until Mrs. Pope removed the fur-trimmed coat. Then the strange cut of it was revealed. The skirt, a double effect, extended up on the bodice in a panel like an old fashioned kitchen apron, and being dark and checked it looked like old-fashioned gingham. The bodice was of cream lace. Another first appearance was that of Ferdinand Thieriot who has been declining all invitations for several weeks, since the death of a dear friend whose sister he has been conspicuously devoted to during the summer.

A Progressive Dinner

There was a merry dinner party in Mill Valley a few nights ago. It was a progressive dinner and the guests motored from one course to another. The Ralston Whites' car carried four guests, with Ike Upham and the Joseph Thompsons to take care of the others. The guests were of the young married set that is always in for a spirited good time and keeps things going in a jolly informal fashion in Mill Valley. The first course was grape fruit in "The Garden of Allah" which is the very romantic name of the White place. For the soup the party drove to the Julian Kinzies' bungalow. Then there were oysters at the Joe Thompsons'. After that the Fred Thompsons served potatoes, beets and peas. Ike Upham contributed the wine, and chicken was the course at the "Tommy" Thompsons, (no relation to Fred and Joe). Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge Ertz contributed salad at their house. After that rice pudding at the Jack Dempseys' and ices and black coffee at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins where the party stayed to dance. Mrs. Joe Thompson and Mrs. Coleridge Ertz gave exhibition dances that were excellent imitations of the Douglas Cranes and everyone did the tango.

Two Hostesses Back

The Templeton Crockers will arrive tomorrow from New York where they've been at the St. Regis since their return from Europe. Also the Frank Carolans are coming home next week and society is keenly anticipating the return of two of its important hostesses. Both Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Templeton know how to dress, and both will be dazzling, no doubt, in the last scream from

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the Rue de la Paix. The Carolans have closed their apartment in Paris and will keep it permanently for their visits abroad. Mrs. Frank is, I believe, the only member of "the parish set" to have a home in California and one in Paris, except of course, Mrs. Sharon whose Paris apartment has been leased for several years. The Carolans are going back next summer. Mrs Carolan had a great success, socially and has many friends in the Fauborg Saint Germain as well as in the American set.

Cliff House Merriment

The first of a series of dinner dances was given at the Cliff House Wednesday night. It was such an enjoyable affair, and there was such a representative gathering present that the success of the series is a foregone conclusion. The first dinner dance was something like the tea dances that have become so popular; all the latest terpsichorean novelties were given and the very latest Parisian styles were on display. Among those present both for dinner and dancing: Mr. and Mrs. James Rolph Jr., Dent H. Robert, Frank Kerrigan, Edward H. Hamilton, Charles Holbrooke, Melville Schweitzer, Alanson Weeks, Milton Bremer, Leon Greenebaum, W. A. Lange, Frederick Burnham, Haig Patigian, Edgar Peixotto, D. Augustin White, John J. Barrett, Frederick S. Palmer, Douglas Crane, Charles F. Young, W. E. Travis, Lawrence Harris, Ellis Parrish, Elmer Cox, Charles Dunphy, Joseph Desmond, Samuel Morse, Theodore F. Bonnet; Mrs. Helen Potter, Mrs. Helen Leman; the Misses Enid and Ethel Gregg, Mildred Brunner; Messrs. W. F. Humphrey, Frank Unger, Frank Drum, Harry Hunt, Paul Verdier, Michel Weill, Donald Mann, Walter Heynemann, Edmond Coblentz, Bertram Abrahamson, George Bush, Henry Hadley and Frank Moroney.

The Dancing Lawrences

So great has the furore over the new dances become that I am told Mrs. Thalia Weed Newcomb and Mr. Theodore Parker Lawrence who, by the bye, are to be known henceforward as "The Lawrences," have lesson dates made for every available hour of this year of 1913. Many of the classes in their charge meet at the homes of the dance-mad folks on week nights. Their peninsular class has become so large that they have divided it into two contingents. There are the "Juniors" and the "Veterans." The former meet on Saturday evenings at the El Cerito Club House and the latter at the homes of members. The very latest dancing craze is the "Tres Joli Hesitation" which is imparted only by this popular dancing duo. The Lawrences, I am told, were pupils of Saharet and Floride when these artists were playing an engagement at the Orpheum; that explains why they are able to teach the seductive Argentine Tango and the Brazilian Maxixe as rendered by the famous couple. The Lawrences have organized a fortnightly assembly which will meet for the first time at Century Hall on the nineteenth. The patronesses are Mesdames James A. Black, J. O. Harron, John R. Clark, Charles F. Jackson and H. J. Morton.

The Charity Ball

The Charity Ball for the Catholic Humane Bureau will take place Friday evening, November 21 at Scottish Rite Hall. A new feature this year will be the arrangement of card tables in the Red Room for those who wish to pass the time playing cards instead of dancing. Mrs. Bernard W. Ford will have them in charge. The patronesses request all those who attend the ball, and especially those who are giving large parties, to engage their tables before the evening of the ball through Mr. Wheeler of Wheeler and Hayward. Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl will give a large dinner to the debutantes, taking them to the ball afterwards. Mrs. John S. Brooke of San Jose has taken a box and will entertain a large party. Mrs. Richard Pierce of Santa Clara is making up a party. Among others who have taken boxes are: Mrs. Charles Clarke, the Misses Morrison, Mrs. John Baumgartner, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. B. J. Lacey, Mrs. D. C. Heger, Mrs. Antoine Borel Jr., Mrs. Wm. G. Hitchcock, Mrs. John J. Barrett, Mrs. Dent Hayes Robert, Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. James Shea, Mrs. J. A. Folger, James H. O'Brien, Mrs. R. E. Queen.

TERESA CARRENO

"The Queen of the Pianists" who will play at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoons, March 23 and 30, and Friday night, March 28.

Cholly Francisco's Sex

In my ignorance I always thought Cholly Francisco was a man. I gave him the masculine gender because I never knew a girl named Cholly. I was wrong. I deceived myself. Cholly is not one of us. Cholly's a girl. I found this out last Sunday when I read Cholly's interview with the Duchesse de Richelieu. Here is how Cholly revealed her sex: "Then we talked of dress and 'the latest thing from Paris,' as two women are always destined to do, particularly when one of them is an artist and knows her Paris by heart." There were only two present, for this interview was a tete-a-tete, so the other woman must have been Cholly. But if a woman, why not Dolly or Polly or Molly Francisco instead of Cholly? Or can it be that Cholly is androgynous? Or epicene?

The Lure of Tait's

"Where shall I lunch?" 's a troublesome question with many. In search of variety and differentness one's patience is oft times taxed to the utmost. Rare is the place that can hold the same noonday patronage month in and month out. One's string of moods is somewhat similar to a line of many colored beads in that each reflects the tint that comes within its focus. And speaking of moods and fancies, to say nothing of the desires of the "inner man," we honestly believe that one cafe in town which succeeds in holding a regular noonday clientele is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. There is always something new and diverting to be seen and heard there every day between 11:30 and 2. And the dainty and appetizing repast served at fifty cents is well worth the price asked for it.

What a place of silence this world would be if the people would only think twice before they speak!

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The Blind Man

By James Stephens

He was one who would have passed by the Sphinx without seeing it. He did not believe in the necessity for Sphinxes, or in their reality, for that matter—they did not exist for him. Indeed, he was one to whom the Sphinx would not have been visible. He might have eyed it and noted a certain bulk of grotesque stone, but nothing more significant.

He was sex-blind, and so peculiarly limited by the fact, that he could not appreciate women. If he had been pressed for a theory or metaphysic of womanhood he would have been unable to formulate any. Their presence he admitted, perforce; their utility was quite apparent to him on the surface, but, subterraneously, he doubted both their existence and their utility. He might have said—Hang it, they are everywhere, and what good are they doing? They bothered him, they destroyed his ease when he was near them, and they spoke a language which he did not understand and did not want to understand. But as his limitations did not press on him, neither did they trouble him. He was not sexually deficient, and he did not dislike women; he simply ignored them, and was only really at home with men. All the crudities which we enumerate as masculine delighted him—simple things, for, in the gender of abstract ideas, vice is feminine, brutality is masculine; the female being older, vastly older than the male, much more competent in every way, stronger, even in her physique, than he, and, having little baggage of mental or ethical preoccupations to delay her progress, she is still the guardian of evolution, requiring little more from man than to be stroked and petted for a while.

He could be brutal at times. He liked to get drunk at seasonable periods. He would cheerfully break a head or a window, and would bandage the one damaged, or pay for the other, with equal skill and pleasure. He liked to tramp rugged miles, swinging his arms and whistling as he went, and he could sit for hours by the side of a ditch thinking thoughts without words—an easy and a pleasant way of thinking, and one which may lead to something in the long run.

Even his mother was an abstraction to him. He was kind to her, so far as doing things went, but he looked over her or round her, and marched away and forgot her.

Sex-blindness carries with it many other darknesses. We do not know what masculine thing is projected by the female consciousness, and civilization, even life itself, must stand at a halt until it has been discovered or created; but art is the female projected by the male; science is the male projected by the male—as yet a poor thing, and to remain so until it has become art—that is, has become fertilized, and so more psychological than mechanical.

The small part of science which came to his notice (inventions, machinery, etc.), was easily and delightedly comprehended by him. He could do intricate things with a knife and a piece of string, or a hammer and a saw; but a picture, a poem, a statue, a piece of music—these left him as uninterested as they found him; more so, in truth, for they left him bored and dejected.

His mother came to dislike him, and there were many causes and many justifications for her dislike. She was an orderly, busy, competent, woman, the counterpart of endless millions of her sex, who liked to understand what she saw or felt, and who had no happiness in reading riddles. To her he was at times an enigma, and at times again a simpleton. In both aspects he displeased and embarrassed her. One has one's sense of property, and in him she could put her finger on anything that was hers. We demand continuity, logic in other words, but between her son and herself there was a gulf fixed, spanned by no bridge whatever; there was complete isolation; no boat plied between them at all. All the kindly human things which she loved were unintelligible to him, and his coarse pleasures or blunt evasions distressed and bewildered her. When she spoke to him he gaped or yawned; and yet she did not speak on weighty matters, just the necessary small change of existence—somebody's cold, somebody's dress, somebody's marriage or death. When she addressed him on sterner subjects—the ground, the weather, the crops—he looked at her as if she were a baby, he listened with stubborn resentment, and strode away a confessed boor. There was no contact anywhere between them, and he was a slow exasperation to her. What can we do with that which is ours and not ours? Either we own a thing or we do not, and, whichever way it goes, there is some end to it; but certain enigmas are illegitimate, and are so hounded from decent cogitation.

She could do nothing but dismiss him, and she could not even do that, for there he was at the required periods, always primed with the wrong reply to any question, the wrong aspiration, the wrong conjecture; a perpetual trampler on mental corns, a person for whom one could do nothing but apologize.

They lived on a small farm, and almost the entire work of the place was done by him. His younger brother assisted, but that assistance could have easily been done without. If the cattle were sick, he cured them almost by instinct. If the horse was lame or wanted a new shoe, he knew precisely what to do in both events. When the time came for ploughing, he gripped the handles and drove a furrow which was as straight and as economical as any furrow in the world. He could dig all day long and be happy; he gathered in the harvest as another would gather in a bride; and, in the intervals between these occupations, he fled to the nearest public-house, and wallowed among his kind.

He did not fly away to drink; he fled to be among men. Then he awakened; his tongue worked with the best of them, and adequately, too. He could speak weightily on many things—boxing, wrestling, hunting, fishing, the seasons, the weather, and the chances of this and the other man's crops. He had deep knowledge about brands of tobacco, and the peculiar virtues of many different liquors. He knew birds, and beetles, and worms; how a weasel would behave in extraordinary circumstances; how to train every breed of horse and dog. He recited goats

(Continued on Page 21.)

CAPTAIN SCOTT

In his polar costume, and just as he started for the final dash to the South Pole—shown in marvelous motion pictures at the Savoy Theatre.

Gossip of the Theatre

"Otello" at the Tivoli

There is an Osler theory, even if it takes no more than its name from the doctor who used to lecture at Johns Hopkins. And it is a detestable theory. I have always thought so. But I never thought so more keenly than when I sat in the Tivoli Monday night and listened to the sublime music of "Otello." Think of it! The magician of Milan was in his seventy-fifth year when he gave "Otello" to an astounded world. They thought his time of productivity was past, and he produced "Otello," with "Falstaff" still to come! Let us Oslerize none but confirmed Oslerites! . . . Verdi in his seventy-fifth year picked the greatest (some say), one of the greatest (say others) productions of Shakespeare's maturity for his music. And he was fortunate in his librettist, more fortunate this time than in the earlier days when "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore" wedded wondrous music to plots that defy all but the most persistent memories. But then, a good part of the "Otello" libretto was written by Shakespeare! Arrigo Boito showed an admirable restraint in fashioning the skeleton of words which Verdi glorified with music. He never used his own words when Shakespeare's would do! For this, if for nothing else, Arrigo the poet, Arrigo the composer, Arrigo the novelist, Arrigo the journalist, Arrigo the soldier of Garibaldi deserves a word of encomium. . . . Mark Twain has told us how his "Jumping Frog" was translated into French, and how disastrously, he let us know by turning the French version back into literal English. Shakespeare took "Otello" from the Italian. You may find the original story in Giraldi Cinthio if you have his novels (and probably you haven't). Boito restored "Otello" to Italian, and made no such bad job of it as excited the admiration of Mark Twain anent the Gallicized "Jumping Frog." . . . But it is late in the day to say these things. Let them be pardoned as the outcroppings of an enthusiasm that was born Monday night at the Tivoli and will not die. It was a splendid rendition. Belucci was in his happiest vein, and the musicians obeyed his baton as it were the compelling wand of a thaumaturge. The story of the singers is quickly told. Montesanto, Chiodo, Mosciska and a chorus conscientiously trained! Even Shakespeare would have nodded his head in approval of Montesanto. Richard Burbage whose "chiefest part" this was might have pronounced Chiodo's Moor a bit overacted, but could not have found much fault with his singing. If Chiodo's makeup suggested symptoms of Addison's disease, that was a negligible detail. And while Mosciska did not look Desdemona, she sang her sweetly, with a pathetic appeal. There were "bravas" as well as "bravos" from the discriminating Latins at the Tivoli Monday night.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Song and Symphony

There was a big crush at the Cort Theatre at the last symphony concert. Every seat had an occupant. Was it the feast of sensuous sound that attracted them? Doubtless there were many to whom the fine orchestral program was a sufficient lure, but Schumann-Heink was the star of the occasion. Mr. Hadley gave us an excellent treat last Friday. The reading of the Schubert Symphony (C Major) was especially delightful. At once a strong and beautiful piece of music the result of a steady-burning inspiration it was rendered in a manner striking and truly expressive. The Rachmaninoff "Die Toteninsel" was also beautifully played. The theme is sombre, but the music is most agreeable. It has heavenly strains and it brings us into a world where there is peace and tranquillity. Mme. Schumann-Heink received a most cordial reception at the concert. She is undoubtedly the most beloved of all the great singers of the day. Just in her present mood her wonderful voice misses the splendor of tone that is hers by divine grace leaving it only the brilliance with which we are satisfied in other great singers. But her marvelous art shines, invites and instructs, and her personality remains as charming as always. None of the great divas can sing a tragic aria with the majesty that distinguishes the manner and expression of Schumann-Heink. How impressive was her rendition of the arias from Titus and from Rienzi! . . . On Sunday at the Greenbaum concert Schumann-Heink received another hearty reception from

ELLEN BEACH YAW

The famous prima donna soprano who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

her enthusiastic admirers, and she thrilled them with the sensuous music of her voice. In whatever mood she may be there is always intellectual enjoyment in her art—her perfect intonation and phrasing and her power of suggestion. Standing motionless upon the concert stage bare of scenic suggestion, she can sing stories of tragedy or comedy more vividly and transportingly than any artist I can think of. It is for this the big world loves her—she makes each soul understand.

—H. M. B.

The Schumann-Heink Farewell

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give her farewell concert at the Cort this Sunday afternoon, November 16, at 2:30 p. m. The special feature will be the song Cycle "Woman's Love and Life," by Robert Schumann. This exquisite group of songs consists of eight compositions, the titles being "His Image," "He, the Best, the Noblest," "Heavenly Dream," "Thou, Ring Upon My Finger," "Bridal Day," "Tears of Happiness," "Love's Delight," "The Forsaken." The other numbers will be the aria from "Mitrane," by Rossi, Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful," "The Nile," by Xavier Leroux, "Mother o' Mine," by Edson, "Down in the Forest," by Ronald, "His Lullaby," by Carrie Jacobs Bond, and by request, "Kerry Dance," by Malloy. Miss Nina Fletcher, the violinist, will play a Bach sonata and numbers by Saint-Saens, Sarasate and Wagner-Wilhelmj. Next season and the one after, Schumann-Heink will devote to concert and operatic work in Germany, Austria and Russia, so it will be a long time before our music lovers will again have the opportunity of listening to her golden tones.

The Melba-Kubelik Combination

Never before has a concert organization attracted the attention that the Melba-Kubelik-Burke, Moyse and Lapierre combination is attracting in the big Eastern cities. Wherever they appear crowds are unable to gain admission. The combined salaries of these artists amount to nearly five thousand dollars each concert and only cities with very large auditoriums can be visited. The receipts at the New York appearance of the artists were exactly $11,209. San Francisco is the only city in which they will appear more than once. Greenbaum promises us two opportunities of hearing the most beautiful soprano since the youth of Patti and the most marvelous violin player since Paganini.

Terese Carreno Next

Teresa Carreno, the "queen of the pianists" and an artist who stands with such men as Hoffman, Bauer and Paderewski, will be the next attraction presented by Manager Will Greenbaum. Carreno is a native of Venezuela, and composed the national hymn of that country. She made her debut in New York at the age of ten as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra and ever since her work has been a part of musical history. The first concert will be given at Scottish Rite on Sunday afternoon, November 23. Among the works on the program will be the "Sonata Appassionata," by Beethoven, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," a group of four Chopin works and a Liszt masterpiece. The second and only evening concert will be given Friday night, November 28, when Beethoven's "Sonata" Op. 31 and a group of works by Brahms will be the special features. The farewell Carreno program will be given Sunday afternoon, November 30, when Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata and Schumann's rarely played "Fantasie" in G minor will be the principal numbers.

Gilbert and Sullivan at Empress

"Court by Girls" which will be presented at the Empress next week is an adaptation of the Gilbert and Sullivan farce "Trial by Jury." It is by Thomas Gray and Max Witt. There are twelve people in the cast. "Nature's Nobleman," the central character of which is Lincoln, will be presented by the Walter N. Lawrence players. Anthony and Ross are Italian comedians. Smith, Voelk and Cronin are lively lads whose wit is as keen as their voices are harmonious. John Gardiner and Jeanette Lowrie have songs and dances. Dubois is a juggler. Good motion pictures close the bill.

"Man and Superman" at Alcazar

A theatrical event of importance will be the presentation of Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" at the Alcazar next week with Evelyn

Vaughan and Bert Lytell heading a carefully selected cast. Although this work of the world's most entertaining scoffer is regarded by many critics as his masterpiece, it has never been staged in the West, so its interpretation at the Alcazar can be announced as a novelty. It is not difficult to grasp the purpose underneath "Man and Superman," for Shaw's acute criticisms of modern life are expressed with bluntness. This fact may explain the success scored by "Man and Superman" in London and New York, where most of his other plays failed because the common people could not understand their subtleties. Other people in the cast are Burt Wesner, Kernan Cripps, Frances Carson, Frank Burke, Louise Brownell, Adele Belgarde and Jerome Storm. There is no possibility of "Man and Superman" being retained longer than seven days at the Alcazar, as contracts necessitate a change of play each week during the remainder of the Vaughan-Lytell season.

Julian Eltinge at Columbia

Julian Eltinge comes back to the Columbia in "The Fascinating Widow" Sunday night. His return engagement is limited to seven nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. This actor's following in this city grows larger with each visit. There will be many new song and musical numbers, and in each of the new specialties Eltinge will wear costumes which have not been seen heretofore. The cast includes Edward Garvie, James Spottswood, Hamilton Dean, Charles Butler, Frank North, Carrie Perkins, Marguerite Skirvin, June Mathis, Lillian Spencer and many others.

The Gaiety's Success

With tonight's performance "The Candy Shop" starts its fifth week at the Gaiety. There is no let-up in the demand for seats. The Gaiety policy of giving a musical entertainment for half the usual price has had something to do with the remarkable showing made by the new house. From week to week the management is offering new songs and specialties. The introduction last week of the Bernhardt burlesque by Rock and Fulton proved of itself worth the admission price. Apart from the production there are two features of the Gaiety that have made a noteworthy impression on playgoers. One is the perfect view obtained of the stage from the cheapest and most remote seat in the house, and the other is the cherished privilege of smoking.

The Scott Films

"The Undying Story of Captain Scott," just ending a successful second week at the Savoy, presents a thrilling and heroic story that no child or grown-up should miss. So great has been the interest in these marvelous motion pictures that the engagement has been extended for an additional week, commencing at the Monday matinee. Charles B. Hanford, the well-known Shakespearean actor, tells the story of the expedition with dignity and simplicity while the films are being reeled off and his talk is as instructive as it is entertaining. Matinees are given daily at half past two, with evening performances at eight-thirty.

Ellen Beach Yaw at Orpheum

Ellen Beach Yaw, the famous prima donna soprano whose phenomenal range is the marvel of the musical world, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. Madame Yaw's repertoire will include the grand aria from 'Ernani," "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly," Morgen and Serenade by Richard Strauss, Love Dream No. 3 by Liszt, "The Life of a Rose" by Liza Lehman and Madame Yaw's own composition "The Sky Lark." Harry Fox and Yancsi Dolly will indulge in fooling, songs and dances. Mr. Fox when associated with the Millership Sisters established for himself an enviable reputation. Dave Genaro and Ray Bailey are too well known to require introduction. Their act this season contains much that is new, but they retain "La Flirtation Danse." George Rolland and his company which includes Billy Kelly and Mae Gerald will appear in the farce "Fixing the Furnace." The Blank Family are continental champions of "double juggling." Next week will be the last of the Six Musical Cuttys and the Three Collegians. It will also conclude the engagement of Joe Welch who has scored a tremendous hit. Mr. Welch will introduce new witticisms.

Last Week of Opera

The last week but one of the grand opera season at the Tivoli is ending with three strong offerings, the bill this afternoon being "Thais" with Melis, Cecchetti, Mascal and Ferrier, while tonight "Otello" will be given for the last time with Mosciska, Chiodo and Montesanto, and tomorrow night Leoncavallo's "Zaza" will be repeated, with the composer directing and the cast including Melis, Anitua, Botta, Montesanto and Brilli. The sixth and last week will begin Monday night with "La Traviata" with Maria Mosciska, Luca Botta and Alessandro Modesti. A special popular priced matinee of "La Traviata" will be given on Thursday. Tuesday night the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Zingari," the latter under the direction of the composer Leoncavallo, will be presented for the last time. Wednesday night and at the Saturday matinee "Zaza" with Leoncavallo again directing, will be sung with the same brilliant cast as before. Thursday night will be devoted to a grand Verdi Festival, the program being made up of some of the greatest overtures of this master composer, acts from "Otello," "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto" and the beautiful trio from "Atilla." Friday night Massenet's "Thais" will be sung for the last time and Saturday night a remarkable double bill has been arranged, consisting of "La Boheme" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," the latter under the personal direction of the composer. Sunday night the season will end in a blaze of glory, the occasion being a testimonial to Manag-

VETA LORENZ
And the famous ballet in "The Merry Countess," which comes to the Cort Theatre Sunday night, November 16.

ing Directors Ettore Patrizi and Eugene d'Avigneau. All of the artists of the company will appear.

"Stop Thief" Coming

It is interesting to note that Cohan and Harris had one of the three productions which ran in New York throughout the summer and San Franciscans will be pleased to learn that this production, "Stop Thief" will be here a week hence, opening at the Columbia on Sunday night, November 23. Elmer Booth, a well known and exceedingly popular actor, has the important role.

Operatic Singer at Kohler and Chase

The soloist for this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler & Chase Hall will be Signor Giovacchini, an operatic baritone of great reputation. He has sung with several of the leading companies in Italy and America. In addition to the solos of Giovacchini there will be the usual instrumental selections on the Fischer Player Piano. There will also be a selection on the Pipe Organ.

"The Merry Countess" at Cort

"The Merry Countess" will be the attraction at the Cort for eight nights beginning Sunday night. Special popular-priced matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. "The Merry Countess" has a score acknowledged to be the best ever written by Johann Strauss, the waltz king. The book is by Gladys Unger and Arthur Anderson. Miss Unger is the beautiful California girl who has achieved a great reputation in literary London. The cast interpreting "The Merry Countess" is a notable one and includes the following: Julia Gifford, Dale Winter, May Feld, Carl Hayden, Harry Carter, Arthur Claugh, Jack Henderson, Pacie Ripple, Charles Udell, Fred Harnden, Pauline Semple and Veta Lorenz. "The Chocolate Soldier" will be seen for the last time at the Cort this Saturday night. Robert Mantell will come in classic repertoire, beginning Monday night, November 24.

The Next Symphony

The Symphony Orchestra was not heard this week but next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp the following program will be given at the Cort: Mendelssohn Overture, "Fingal's Cave"; Mozart Symphony E flat (Kochel 543); Beethoven, Concerto No. 5, E flat, Opus 73, by Miss Ada Clement; Reger, Suite, "Romantique," (new—first time in San Francisco). The soloist Miss Ada Clement, pianist, is a native San Franciscan favorably known in musical circles. Before going to Europe to study with Harold Bauer and Joseph Lhevinne, she had the benefit of years of study under Oscar Weil. Beethoven's concerto the "Emperor" will be the means of introducing her as a soloist with symphony orchestra. The

(Continued on Page 22.)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trading in stocks last week amounted to only about half of what it was in the corresponding week last year. The market is drifting aimlessly and needs some news to stir it into action. On the whole it is inclined to sag, because the industrial and the money situation abroad is bad and the domestic outlook is not clear. Industrial depression prevails throughout continental Europe and the demands for money keep growing. The Government of France is asking for a military loan of $260,000,000, every dollar of which will be wasted economically, on war material. The Balkan war debt remains to be paid and the small nations that participated in the trouble will bid high for money. The fall of industrial securities in European stock markets has been much more severe than the decline in New York during the past year. The United States is the most prosperous country at present with England in second place far ahead of the rest because the United Kingdom wasted no time and money for a war that never came. While complaints about trade conditions are given wide publicity in anti-administration newspapers, it is difficult to reconcile them with the increases in gross earnings constantly reported by the railroads. Traffic was unusually heavy in September, though that should have been a month of waiting for the settlement of the tariff. The Mexican situation has not changed although President Wilson has assured the Mexican people and all other countries in the western hemisphere that the United States will never again seek to obtain an additional part of territory by conquest. This utterance is well designed to inspire the Mexicans with faith in the good intent of this country. There were rallies from time to time in the general list but the leaders were sold freely on every advance and the result was a slow dragging market at the week end with prices at about the lowest price of the week. We feel friendly to the market at this level and believe investment purchases should be made of the better class of stocks.

Wheat—The wheat market has been slightly higher than last week but dullness and the absence of any general outside buying has prevented any material advance, although the news seems to be largely in favor of higher prices. The first rush in wheat from the northwest is over; the receipts at Minneapolis, Duluth and Winnipeg are running comparatively small and in the southwest the movement of winter wheat has been so light that the soft variety has gone to a premium of 10c a bushel. While the export demand is apparently small, America is supplying about one-half of Europe's requirements at present and the foreign markets are apparently very slow to realize the dangerous position they are in at the moment, as private cables from Argentine indicate a lack of rain in many localities and state that drought has seriously injured the entire wheat crop. India, which is another source of supply for Europe, has this season similar experience and about the only place with a big surplus in sight is North America, and we don't think that our home markets will be slow in marking up the price, could the general trade enthuse with the bullishness of the situation, and we expect to see prices advance as a result of the actual demand before the winter is over.

Corn—The corn market showed some advance the past week following the strength displayed in the cash article at southwestern markets. Husking seems to be general with returns just about confirming the previous estimates, although in Illinois and Indiana the yield is under expectations, and this is of course having its effect on the farmer, who is holding his corn and refuses to sell at the prevailing price. The market seems to be shaping itself for an advance; a great many people are waiting to buy corn until after the rush of new corn to market is over, and there may not be any heavy marketings which would cause any depression in price. There is a little corn arriving at eastern markets from Argentine, but this will not have any material effect upon prices unless supplemented by a large movement from the west. Receipts at Chicago are very small and are likely to continue so, as prices are lower than at outside markets.

Cotton—Early in the week the cotton market was influenced by the small ginning estimates by some of the local experts and prices were advanced on the expectation of a bullish Government ginning report which was issued at the opening Saturday morning. The report did not confirm the smaller estimates and made the ginning up to November 1st 8,835,000 bales against a popular estimate of around 8,600,000 bales. The trade did not take kindly to this report and cotton was for sale in large quantities and all the early advance of the week was lost with the close of the week showing practically the lowest prices on this movement. There were a number of other factors in the market that did not look good to the bulls; the large into sight movement for the week and the small spinners' takings as compared with last week and last year. Liverpool reported their market in an overbought condition and prices in their market followed our decline. The weather news was also more favorable and while there has been frost reported generally over the entire belt in some sections it came too late to do much damage as it would kill the leaves and the bright sunshine which followed would open the bolls. Trade conditions throughout the United States are showing some signs of slowing up and with the unsettled condition in Wall Street a good many in the trade were inclined to await a setback before taking hold on the long side. India, the largest consumer of cotton in the world, is in a bad way financially and that country will cut down their purchases of the finished article. The southern farmer seems to be satisfied with the price he is getting and as long as the movement continues and stocks continue to pile up the trade are not expecting an advance that will hold although sentiment continues quite bullish and a good many are predicting 15c cotton for the May option. We are inclined to look for a scalping market for the time being but consider the long side the safest.

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June 30, 1913

Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
Number of Depositors	62,134

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

The Blind Man

(Continued from Page 16.)

from the cradle to the grave; could tell the name of any tree from its leaf; knew how a bull could be coerced, a cow cut up, and what plasters were good for a broken head. Sometimes, and often enough, the talk would chance on women, and then he laughed as heartily as anyone else; but he was always relieved when the conversation trailed to more interesting things.

His mother died and left the farm to the younger instead of the elder son; an unusual thing to do, but she did detest him. She knew her younger son very well. He was foreign to her in nothing. His temper ran parallel with her own; his tastes were hers; his ideas had been largely derived from her; she could track them at any time, and make or demolish him. He would go to a dance or a picnic and be as exhilarated as she was, and would discuss the matter afterwards. He could speak with some cogency on the shape of this and that female person, the hat of such an one, the disagreeableness of tea at this house and the goodness of it at the other. He could even listen to one speaking without going to sleep at the fourth word. In all, he was a decent, quiet lad, who would become a father the exact replica of his own, and whose daughters would resemble his mother as closely as two peas resemble their green ancestors. So she left him the farm.

Of course, there was no attempt to turn the elder brother out. Indeed, for some years the two men worked quietly together and prospered, and were contented; then, as was inevitable, the younger brother got married, and the elder had to look out for a new place to live in and to work in—things had become difficult.

It was not an easy problem for him, or for any person lacking initiative—a sexual characteristic. He might have emigrated, but his roots were stuck deeply in his own place, so the idea never occurred to him, furthermore, our thoughts are often no deeper than our pockets, and one must have money to move anywhere. For any other life than that of farming he had no training, and small desire. He had no money, and he was a farmer's son. Without money he could not get a farm; being a farmer's son, he could not sink to the degradation of a day laborer; logically, he could sink, actually, he could not, without endangering his own centres and verities—so he also got married.

He married a farm of about ten acres, and the sun began to shine on him once more; but only for a few days. Suddenly, the sun went away from the heavens; the moon disappeared from the silent night; the silent night itself fled afar, leaving in its stead a noisy, dirty blackness, through which one slept or yawned as one could. There was the farm, of course, one could go there and work; but the freshness went out of the very ground; the crops lost their sweetness and candor; the horses and cows disowned him; the goats ceased to be his friends. It was all up with him. He did not whistle any longer. He did not swing his shoulders as he walked, and although he continued to smoke, he did not look for a particular green bank whereon he could sit quietly flooded with those slow thoughts that had no words.

For he discovered that he had not married a farm at all. He had married a woman—a thin-jawed, elderly slattern, whose sole beauty was her farm. How her jaws worked! The processions and congregations of words that fell and dribbled and slid out of them! Those jaws were never quiet, and in spite of all, he did not say anything. There was not anything to say, but much to do from which he shivered away in terror. He looked at her sometimes through the muscles of his arms, through his big, strong hands, through fogs and fumes, and singular, quiet tumults that raged within him. She lectured him on the things he knew so well, and she was always wrong. She lectured him on those things which she did not know, but the unending disquisition, the perpetual repetition, the foolish, empty emphasis, the dragging weightiness of her tongue, made him repudiate her knowledge, and hate it as much as he did her.

Sometimes, looking at her, he would rub his eyes and yawn with fatigue and wonder. There she was! A something enwrapped about with petticoats. Veritably alive! Active as an insect! Palpable to the touch! And what was she doing to him? Why didn't she die? What sense was there in the making of a creature that clothed itself like a bolster, without any freedom or entertainment or shapeliness?

Her eyes were fixed on him, and they always seemed to be angry; and her tongue was uttering rubbish about horses, rubbish about cows, rubbish about hay and oats. Nor was this the sum of his weariness. It was not alone that he was married; he was multitudinously, egregiously married. He had married a whole family, and what a family!

Her mother lived with her, her eldest sister lived with her, her youngest sister lived with her—and these were all swathed about with petticoats and shawls. They had no movement. Their feet were like those of no creature he had ever observed. One could hear the flip-flap of their slippers all over the place, and at all hours. They were down-at-heel, draggle-tailed, and futile. There was no workmanship about them. They were as unfinished, as unsightly, as a puddle on a road. They insulted his eyesight, his hearing, and his energy. They had lank hair that slapped about them like wet seaweed, and they were all talking, talking, talking.

The mother was of an incredible age. She was senile with age. Her cracked cackle never ceased for an instant. She talked to the dog and the cat; she talked to the walls of the room; she spoke out through the window to the weather; she shut her eyes in a corner and harangued the circumambient darkness. The eldest sister was as silent as a deep ditch and as ugly. She slid here and there with her head on one side like an inquisitive hen watching one curiously, and was always doing nothing with an air of futile employment. The youngest sister was a semi-lunatic, who prattled and prattled without ceasing; and was always catching one's sleeve, and laughing at one's face. And everywhere those flopping, wriggling petticoats were appearing and disappearing. One saw slack hair whisking by the corner of one's eye. Mysteriously, urgently, they were coming and going and coming again, and never, never being silent.

More and more he went running to the public-house. But it was no longer to be among men, it was to get drunk. One might imagine him sitting there thinking those slow thoughts without words. One might predict that the day would come when he would realize very suddenly, very clearly, all that he had been thinking about, and, when his urgent, terrible thought had been translated into its own terms of action, he would be quietly hanged by the neck until he was as dead as he had been before he was alive.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased. No. 16,177; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, George Howard Thompson and Meta Fitzhugh Thompson, Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Jas. D. Thurman, Rooms 839-845 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of G. Howard Thompson, deceased.

GEORGE HOWARD THOMPSON,
META FITZHUGH THOMPSON,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 8, 1913.
JAS. D. THURMAN, Attorney for Executors,
839 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11_8-5

BOBBY ROBBINS
Who will appear at Pantages next week.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN
Opening at the Empress November 16.

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

patrons of the orchestra will, at this concert, make acquaintance with the music of Max Reger. Mr. Hadley has chosen the German master's latest contribution to orchestral music.

Fairy Extravaganza at Pantages

As a topline feature at the Pantages next week "Golden Dreams," a spectacular extravaganza with a big cast will be seen. Margaret Favar has the principal role of "Goldilocks." The scenery is gorgeous. It is one of the most elaborate features ever seen at Pantages. Back again is the popular singing company of Hawaiians offering "A Night in Hawaii." Carter and Waters have a riot of fun in their act called "Suffragettes." Miss Dorothy Vaughn, late of the original New York cast of "Madame Sherry," has songs new and old. The American Trumpeters Trio, Captain Daniel Tourkee and his two comely daughters, have a delightful musical number. The three Piccolo Midgets do a comedy turn. Bobbie Robbins is the man of many dialects.

Some people only seem happy when they have bad news to tell.

THE REV. IRL R. HICKS 1914 ALMANAC

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1914 Almanac is now ready and will be mailed prepaid for only 35c. Professor Hicks' fine Magazine, **Word and Works**, for one year, and a copy of this Almanac for only **one dollar**. The plain lessons on astronomy, and the correct forecasts of storms, drouths, blizzards and tornadoes, make these publications a necessity in every home in America. Send to **Word and Works Publishing Company**, 3401 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

(Advertisement)

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE AGAINST SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 15,325; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MONROE MARKHAM, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Emma Markham, the administratrix of the estate of Monroe Markham, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said decedent in order to pay his debts and expenses and charges of administration; and

It further appearing that there has been filed with the Clerk of this Court the assent in writing of Emma Markham as guardian of the person and estate of Dean Monroe Markham, a minor, one of the heirs of said Monroe Markham, deceased, and also the assent of Florence Markham Baird, daughter of said decedent, wherein they consent to the whole or some portion of the real estate of the said decedent in order to pay his debts and the expenses and charges of administration; and

It further appearing that the above entitled Court did make its order to show cause against such sale this day, wherein no provision was made for the publication of the notice of said order to show cause in a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

It is therefore hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that said order to show cause against such sale heretofore signed by the above entitled court and filed with the Clerk thereof be, and the same is hereby vacated and set aside; and

It is further ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said Monroe Markham, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall at number 1231 Market street, on the 18th day of December, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order as prayed for in the petition should not be granted to said administratrix to sell the real estate of said decedent at either public or private sale for the purpose mentioned in said petition as she shall adjudge to be for the best interest of said estate and the parties interested therein.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Dated, November 10, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

GAVIN McNAB and NAT SCHMULOWITZ,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Merchants National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 11-15-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of OLGA PARIS MILLINERY, a corporation, for dissolution.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Public notice hereby given that the above named corporation has filed in the above named Court its application for dissolution. At any time before the expiration of thirty (30) days from the first publication of this notice, any person may file his objection to the said application.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco and ex-officio clerk of the above named Court.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

L. L. SOLOMONS,
Attorney for Olga Paris Millinery, a corporation. 10-25-5

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

"And woman cannot accomplish all she aims to accomplish without the aid of man. In the past man did not make woman his companion because she did not know as much as he did. We must get accustomed to our power. Let us not rush in and do rash things. If we are to take up men's affairs, let us take them up in collaboration with men. Let us work together. By that means progress will be made."

Will some of Mrs. Lovell White's sisters charge her with being a shirker? They cannot do so with justice. Who has undertaken more difficult tasks? Just now she has two battles, and is waging them gallantly. She would save the historic monuments of Laurel Hill Cemetery. And she would save the old Hall of Records. No easy tasks these, and Mrs. Lovell White knows it. But she has a passion for landmarks. She would preserve the continuity of history. Living and glorying in the present, she yet respects, nay reverences the past. This partly explains that secret of her leadership. An intense humanity animates her. In her bosom warm sentiment takes the chill off cold reason. That is why she is not a passionless uplifter; why she stops this side of radicalism. Dowered with a superior brain, she remains a womanly woman.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Some of the guests who put up recently at beautiful Paso Robles: Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kimble, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Frelinghuyser, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dunham, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Maupier, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Haynes, Y. A. Griffin, C. F. Briggs, F. E. Powers and many others.

Count H. Dengenfeld of Vienna and Count B. Merveldt of Prague who are on a world tour, stopped at Del Monte a few days and were delighted with the beautiful scenery. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Mott-Smith of Honolulu are spending a couple of weeks, enjoying the golf links and motoring over the boulevards. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Solari of this city were down last week. From the north are Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Colt and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Leonard of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Manning of Tacoma. Philip Dawson, chief electrical engineer of the London, Brighton & So. Coast Railroad, and Mr. Greenstad of Kelowna, B. C., who are making a trip around the world, spent a week. Mrs. Edwin S. Barrett of Concord, Mass., and daughter spent the week-end. J. Rogers and his daughter of this city spent a few days motoring and visiting the many places of interest in and around Monterey.

An attractive dinner was given in honor of Miss Alice Warner of Del Monte on Wednesday evening at Hotel del Coronado. Covers were laid for twelve at a round table decorated in beautiful yellow chrysanthemums. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clifton, Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Pierce of New York, Mrs. M. L. Metcalf, Miss Palmanteer of Oakland, Lieuts. Wood, Morrow and Post, U. S. A., and W. R. Heberhart. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner and Miss Warner arrived at the hotel on last Saturday evening by motor and will spend some time in the south. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Scheeline who have recently returned from Europe are guests and will remain for some time. Another arrival from San Francisco is L. B. Boreike. Sunday brought William Faversham and the following members of his company, Miss Constance Collier, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Marie Montgomery and Mr. Faversham's secretary Miss Elsie Oldham.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Haabur of Apia, Samoa, were guests of the Pacific Grove Hotel for several days. F. E. Hague and wife of Coos Bay were autoists who arrived the early part of the week. From Oakland registered Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tremble and H. R. Erkes and A. B. Jacoby, the two latter being Bank Examiners. Other arrivals were J. E. Rolker of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Goldsby of Seattle in their auto, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pollard of Grass Valley, E. A. Newlove of Santa Cruz, T. E. James of this city, H. Davis, W. H. Marran and W. S. Stenbranch of New York. H. Peters with his bride from Los Altos were end-of-the-week arrivals.

Grafonola at Techau's

No one who enjoys good music should fail to visit Techau Tavern during the week of November 24. Manager Morrison has arranged for the installation of a Grafonola which reproduces with marvelous accuracy the voices of noted singers in operatic selections, accompanied by the Tavern orchestra. The illusion is so perfect that one seems to hear the actual voices of the singers. Souvenirs will be presented to the ladies every afternoon of that week, a custom usually confined to Saturday afternoons. The Tavern has also secured two new singers of exceptional ability who will be heard in a new and extensive repertoire.

"Did you hear about the dreadful mistake Dr. Sawbones made? That man he operated on for appendicitis didn't have what the doctor thought he had."

"Didn't have appendicits at all, eh?"

"Oh, he had appendicitits, all right, but he didn't have any money."

LUCIA CRESTANI
One of the prima donna sopranos at the Tivoli Opera House

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, ELLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN CROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly of real property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to-wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 172, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified, for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent remaining unsold, or so much or such thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or [illegible] for the reasons and purposes in said petition [illegible] and set forth:

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they hereby are directed to appear before said Court on TUESDAY, the 25th day of November, 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, this 17th day of October, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed Oct. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, In propria persona,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-25-5

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Inviolable Public Judgment

Occasionally we suspect our contemporary the Bulletin of insincerity. The other day the shadow of suspicion flitted across our mind when we read in our sentimental contemporary that the people of Excelsior Springs, Missouri, had murdered Mrs. Martha C. Simmons. It appears that they had ostracized her on account of some breach of the moralities, and that tormented by their mean gossip she committed suicide. The Bulletin angry at them for their cruelty finds the whole community guilty of murder. Says our contemporary: "The people of Excelsior Springs passed judgment on her and the judgment was final and absolute. . . . There was no pardon, no revocation, no appeal to a higher court." The Bulletin dissents from the judgment of the people of Excelsior Springs, thus giving us reason for suspecting that our contemporary has not the faith in public opinion that it affects. The Bulletin is our foremost mob worshiper. It pretends not to be satisfied with merely entrusting the people of a community with legislative, executive and ministerial powers; it insists that the people should be empowered to dispense justice or injustice as they see fit. In the Bulletin's philosophy there is no such problem of self-government as the problem how to mitigate public stupidity and give dignity to human nature. That the judgment of the people should be "final and absolute" is precisely what the Bulletin has been urging for years.

The Snubbing of "Mission Jim"

A touch of commiseration for Mayor Rolph we became sensible of last week on hearing the news from the Registrar's office. That news must have cast a shadow on the smiling countenance of the genial, lovable gentleman whom we all in a spirit of camaraderie call "Mission Jim." To him must have come the vivid, the illuminating conviction that after all the people, blacks and whites alike, are "mighty unsartin." Just before election he had reason to believe that the people carried him in their hearts and in the hollow of their hands, and that nothing could avail against him. Election night there must have come over his nimble mind like a motion picture flashed in the dark a swift but merciless review of the things he had done in his strenuous efforts to apply to politics the formula for proselytism prescribed by Saul of Tarsus. Mayor Rolph took an active part in the campaign. He called upon the people to elect to office certain men known to be in sympathy with his policies, and against certain men he raised a voice of protest. But in vain. The people rejected the advice of their volunteer counsel in terms as to which there is no possibility of misunderstanding. The admirable gentleman who has been swelling our bonded debt for us and ringing the curfew for the greater glory of Dr. Aked and a few other noisy parsons received a snubbing from the electorate that must have disturbed his digestion. Maybe the capricious people have a grouch. It's hard to satisfy them. But not only did they snub Mayor Rolph; they turned their backs on former Mayor Taylor. This dear old gentleman, forlorn poet and politician, was resurrected for the campaign to dispense blessings, commendations and certificates of character. Now it may be possible for Mayor Rolph to squeeze a few drops of consolation out of this circumstance,—that every man whose election he advocated received what was supposed to be a boost from the former Mayor. Perhaps a theoretical boost from Taylor is practically a knock not to be overcome.

Other Disappointed Mayors

San Francisco was not the only large city that turned its back on a "tried and true" Mayor last week. Mayor Blankenburg of Philadelphia suffered repudiation at the hands of the citizens of the Quaker metropolis, and Mayor Hunt of Cincinnati was defeated at the polls. Blankenburg and Hunt practice precisely the same kind of politics that has endeared Mayor Rolph to the hearts of the "best elements" of the community. Blankenburg is one of our magazine heroes, ranking with Judge Lindsey of Denver. He is a shining light of Lincoln Steffens' mutual admiration society of political saints each member of which contributes to an endless chain of laudation for the benefit of all the others. At the election last week Blankenburg's Fusion ticket polled fifty-five thousand votes less than were cast for Blankenburg for Mayor two years ago when he was elected by five thousand majority. Blankenburg made the fight of his career this year to elect a majority of the City Councilmen of the Fusion faith. He raised a campaign fund of $100,000. Of the eighty-six Blankenburg candidates for Councils sixty-five were defeated. The smashing of the Blankenburg machine was not a greater surprise than the failure of Mayor Hunt to win reelection in Cincinnati. Mayor Hunt is a reformer who has been often celebrated by the magazines for "doing things." He cleaned up a town that was known as the Paris of America long before San Francisco aspired to the distinction. Like Mayor Rolph he put a stop to gambling everywhere but in the stock market. So good a man did Hunt prove himself that the pulpiteers hymned his praises in the pulpit, and all lovers of asceticism agreed that he was a first-rate man. But the fickle people went to the polls last week and kicked him out of office. The defeat of Mayor Hunt was a sad blow to the cause of superior virtue and ultra decency. It heartens the unregenerate and may serve to discourage officials who are inclined to cultivate the esteem of the "best elements" and alienate the affections of the less spiritual lovers of personal liberty.

White Slavery Pronounced a Myth

Now comes the question whether white slavery is nothing more than a myth. The question is asked by Current Opinion. At first blush it strikes one as a preposterous question. What could be more absurd than the idea that all the forces of reform and righteousness have been engaged for years in stupendous efforts to batter down the citadel of a purely imaginary evil? In all fiction there is not a more laughable incident than Don Quixote's attack on the windmills. This exquisitely comical invention has made countless thousands split their heaving sides with laughter. Yet it is frankly farcical. Cervantes was a comical genius who drew for his materials on a fund of fantastical absurdities, making as incredible as possible his Knight of the Rueful Countenance with his ludicrous phlegm and romantic gravity. But here is a question asked, the implication of which is that the imaginary Don Quixote was actually the prototype of a nation. For if white slavery is a myth Uncle Sam has been fighting windmills, and our social reformers have been crusading under a banner bearing a mock device, one of the purposes of which is to obtain money under false pretences from misguided philanthropists. If white slavery is not a myth, it is at any rate hardly anything more than a slogan for the Akeds and the Westenbergs who must have a pretext for their profitable activities. There are men of course who have put women in brothels just as there are men who have married women for their money, but everybody who knows anything of the underworld knows that it is not by white slavery that brothels

are supplied with their human machines. The oldest profession on earth is not recruited by force, nor is it practiced with reluctance, except in rare instances. This is the testimony of A. W. Elliott, President of the Southern Rescue Mission and editor of the Young Woman's Magazine. Mr. Elliott has pronounced white slavery a myth, thus corroborating what has been asserted more than once in the columns of this journal.

The Swindling of Philanthropists

The testimony of Editor Elliott is of some value because he is a specialist among reformers, redeemers and regenerators. The ordinary, unattached layman is not heeded when he dissents from any of the earnest propagandists who are trying to articulate the disjointed times. In the midst of the storm that was recently raging against white slavery, to utter the heterodoxy of one's sentiments was to incur the danger of public execration. But the storm having somewhat subsided common sense, which is always distrusted when hysteria is rampant, now emerges without risk. No longer is it a very serious matter to consider the testimony of Editor Elliott or to present the views of that intelligent English woman Teresa Billington-Grieg, who tells us in the pages of the English Review how the white slavery agitation was inspired and artificially nursed in her country. She attributes it to the Pankhurst propagandists who desired to propagate "the silly notion of the perfection of woman and the dangerous fellow notion of the indescribable imperfection of man." According to Mrs. Billington-Grieg there is no such thing as white slavery in England. The British public has been "worked" by swindlers engaged in so-called rescue work, who went so far as to invent stories of the trapping and drugging of girls that they might play upon the sensibilities of philanthropists. As in England, so in America. The feminist movement in its variety was responsible for the white slavery agitation. It served to emphasize the enormous viciousness of the unfeathered male biped, and therefore it was especially attractive to some women who are convinced that all the imperfections of their sex are due to the brutality of man. In their opinion all prostitutes are man-made, and if it isn't the minimum wage it's the white slaver that makes prostitution possible. There is light for them in the confession of Editor Elliott. Himself once a propagandist for the emancipation of prostitutes, he is now apologizing for having accepted untruth without investigation and disseminated it over the land. He confesses that after six years' work among prostitutes he has been unable to find a white slave. "There never was," says Mr. Elliott, "a joke of more huge proportions perpetrated upon the American public than the white slave joke." He adds, "There is scarcely a glimmer of truth in the various stories of so-called white slavery." He has visited more than two thousand houses of ill-repute and talked to more than fifteen thousand prostitutes, and he is of the opinion that very few girls have been lured into a life of prostitution. He is also of the opinion that trying to reform prostitutes is waste of time and money. Apparently he knows nothing of such tragedies and sorrows and horrors as were depicted in the Bulletin when Alice Smith was booming the circulation of our humane contemporary. He says: "I know them (the prostitutes) just as you know your own little children, and I do not hesitate to tell you that they are wedded to their ways, and that they laugh at and make fun of those who try to help them." Mr. Eliott feels that he is in duty bound to tell the truth on this subject, because, as he says, reformers are "exploiting the public" under pretence of rescuing women from white slavery. Let us be grateful to Editor Elliott notwithstanding that his testimony is somewhat humiliating to the gentle sex since it shows that all women are not perfect, that the priestesses of humanity are really wedded to their profession as though it were one of the fine arts.

The Truth About Hetch-Hetchy

"San Francisco pleads only for rights in Hetch-Hetchy." So runs the headline of an Examiner editorial of twelve hundred words. Doubtless this editorial filled many thousands of Examiner readers with amazement. For the Examiner has celebrated the acquisition of Hetch-Hetchy at least forty times. Over and over again we have been told of the city's triumphs in Washington, the triumphs over obstructionists—nature fakers and the hirelings of greedy corporations. It was but the other day that we re-elected Master Percy Long to office by way of tribute to his zeal and shrewdness in the cause dearest to the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Several campaigns have been waged on a Hetch-Hetchy platform, and Mayor Rolph is only one of many Mayors that have been publicly felicitated for their glorious Hetch-Hetchy victories. But perhaps seemingly more than all else conclusive of the complete realization of our hopes and fulfillment of higher promise is the money that we spent on the advice of the Hon. James D. Phelan and the Hon. E. Robeson Taylor and with the warm approval of our enlightened daily press. Is it conceivable that these incorruptible guardians of the public weal would countenance the buying of a pig in a poke with the people's money? We have dumped two million dollars into Hetch-Hetchy for "rights" that anybody will be at liberty to take off our hands at his own figure if in the end we be denied the privilege of piping into San Francisco all the water we need. Is it conceivable that Master Percy, the intellectual giant of the city's law department, counseled the paying of that money by virtue of a contingency having the insubstantiality rather than the colors of a rainbow? The answer is to be found in the Examiner, most vociferous of all the champions of the shadowy water project. According to the Examiner, we have yet far to go to conquest the difficulties in our path. The nature fakers we have probably routed; apparently the Spring Valley bugaboo has become generally recognized as a man of straw; but there has been a flank movement by an army of farmers out of the meadows of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. And now we are pleading for the thing that was ensured before we spent two million dollars. The truth has percolated through at last: we need water to drink, but the farmers need water for irrigation. It was all right enough to cry about the necessities of communities clustered about the bay when we were dealing only with nature fakers and bondholders, but farmers are not to be lightly considered. The voice of the farmer is heeded in the land. In Washington the voice of the farmer is far more awe-inspiring than the voice of God. It is the voice of the farmer that has touched the hearts of some of our statesmen of the Senate. Many concessions have been made to the farmers of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley; so many that even though we be permitted to build reservoirs we shall hardly be able to get sufficient water. But, granted the necessary permit, we shall still be in difficulty, for there will be years of litigation ahead. This briefly is the situation into which we have been manoeuvred by several publicists and politicians who have enjoyed public confidence through the years. The Hetch-Hetchy project like all our municipal affairs has been mismanaged from the beginning, but we are committed to municipal ownership, and we shall continue to blunder along, and at a more expensive rate than ever before, for now we have bonds to sell and money to throw to the birds.

The Happy Ending

The question of the "happy ending" is once more under discussion. The great French actress Madame Simone who paid a brief visit to this country not long ago received a somewhat unpleasant impression of the state of the theatre. Writing of affairs theatrical in America she says our managers are mere speculators with a weakness for the "happy ending" and for dramas of a low standard. Naturally there is resentment of Madame Simone's observations among the New York managers who produce plays. They would have her know that they are connoisseurs of the drama, and that if their plays are of a low standard it is because the public does not appreciate plays of a higher order. Even the "happy ending," according to Manager Brady, is a concession to public taste. He says the public has often "expressed its disfavor at the more artistic unhappy ending." Thus does Mr. Brady unconsciously seem to give color to Madame Simone's views regarding the incompetency of American managers. He speaks of the "more artistic unhappy ending" as though the art of an ending is judged according to a formula of sentiment. An ending is not to be made artistic by being made unhappy. Nor is an unhappy ending necessarily more artistic than a happy ending. Perhaps Mr. Brady has been confused by highbrow talk about the drama. An ending is artistic only when it is plausible or logical and convincing and not to be described as an obvious theatrical expedient; and whether it is happy or unhappy is a question that does not concern

art. There are many masterpieces of dramaturgy with happy endings just as there are many inartistic unhappy endings. For singularly enough there are playwrights who regard the unhappy ending as the more artistic and who therefore deliberately and unreasonably contrive a tragic and dolorous windup. We have a play thus marred in mind, that of an Irish dramatist who deals with industrial strife and kills off the heroine, though he might have more reasonably killed off her father who was responsible for all the complications of the play and for whom there is not a spark of sympathy. The death of the heroine is a surprise and a shock, nothing more, and it is inartistic. Similarly inartistic is any happy ending contrived merely to send an audience home joyful. A notable instance is that of "The Profligate" which Pinero ended originally with the suicide of the debauchee. That was the most reasonable thing for the man to do in this play, every line in the first three acts having been written with the tragic end in view. But the manager for whom the play was written objected to the unhappy ending, and Pinero cut out the last scene and substituted for the suicide a reconcilation between husband and wife. The suicide was in the nature of felicitous retribution, the reconciliation was inconsistent with the character of the wife. Both endings are in the play as printed, and you may take your choice. This idea of the preferableness of the happy ending is an obsession with managers who are addicted to the habit of generalizing about dramas. If a stirring, well-written drama dealing with a sociological question becomes a great success managers send out a hurry-call for sociological dramas. If a poor craftsman turns out a political play devoid of merit and it doesn't run a week, political plays become tabu. Now of course neither the success or the failure of a drama depends on its theme or its ending. If managers would glance over the history of the theatre they would perceive that some of the most profitable of plays were not made in deference to prejudice or prepossession as to the final curtain. The Easiest Way, The Doll's House, The Joy of Living, Camille, East Lynne, Frou Frou, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Maria Stuart, La Tosca, Fine Feathers, The Only Way, The Darling of the Gods, Madame Butterfly, Dubarry, Led Astray—these are plays that have not the peptonized windup- and all are recognized as successful dramas, and some of them have been enjoyed by millions and will live to be enjoyed by millions yet unborn.

The Gold Bricks of Reform

Alameda County has a Tax Association the object of which is to discover the causes of misgovernment and to improve the management of civic affairs. Mark Requa, the president of the Tax Association, has been devoting much time to the study of municipal government, and he has adopted the conclusion of President Wilson and former President Roosevelt that governmental power should be concentrated in few hands. Therefore he is in favor of the short ballot. In all probability the short ballot is what we are coming to. Many reformers of late have been recommending it as a catholicon. Perhaps it is the one thing that we need to approximate the perfection that mankind has been striving for ever since the deluge. It may be the one device precedent to the ushering in of the millennium. Far be it from us to challenge the views of such statesmen as Wilson and Roosevelt; but we have lived so long, seen so many experiments in government, beheld with sorrow so often the decay of fond hopes, that, our temperament no longer sanguine, we are not thrilled to hear how the eternal problem is to be solved. The news only induces melancholy retrospection. Vividly we recall, as though it were an incident of yesterday, the importation of the heaven-sent Australian ballot that was guaranteed to do all that is now predicted of the mysteriously endowed short ballot. Fresh in our recollection are the blessings that were promised by the inspired authors of what was known as the New Charter. We remember the initiative and referendum when it was but the dream of hare-brained philosophers whose soberest speculations were more fantastic than the wildest imaginings that ever thrilled the victim of a hasheesh jag. The direct primary we studied in the days of "Sockless Jerry" Simpson, and the recall we were not unfamiliar with when it returned to earth in the Middle West after centuries of slumber. We know what was promised by the advocates of these several short-cuts to sound and satisfactory government, and we know that whilst our government has been going steadily on the down grade our taxes have been rising rapidly. Furthermore it is patent to us that after years of experiment there are greater evils to be complained of than ever beset us in the days before we began borrowing from Switzerland the crazy contrivances that are making the people of that country yearn to be annexed by an imperial neighbor. The malign boss we have got rid of, the people are ruling, and they are doing what any intelligent man might have expected—electing to office the only kind of men who will run for office in the present state of affairs. Plato's idea of an ideal Republic was one in which only such men would be elected to office who were so deeply sensible of the responsibilities of office and so able to comprehend the nature of public duties as to be extremely reluctant to undertake the work of governing. Nowadays we elect men to office who are mad for office, who beg us to vote for them, who adopt the tricks of the circus manager to persuade us and who have no ability except to ingratiate themselves with the mob. How is the short ballot to protect us from these professional politicians whose power and opportunities we have increased by taking the advice of such modern statesmen as Roosevelt and Wilson?

The Happy Dead

By Katharine Tynan

For citizens of God's City
The kind folk have great pity.
"Poor girl, she died a year ago—five years ago!"
While blithe ghosts lingering near them
With tenderest laughter hear them;
New from the bowers of Paradise where roses blow.

The smiling souls from Heaven
Washed white as snows new driven
Through gardens green, by a clear stream, they walk with God.
Withouten care or sorrow
They wait in hope the morrow.
Tomorrow brings their darlings here the self-same road.

Oh! what friends and what lovers
The newly-come discovers.
"Life of my life, soul of my soul, you come at last."
They shall feed full on kisses
Tasting immortal blisses.
The hungry days, the lonesome ways, over and past.

Should I go there before you—
I, your love, who adore you,
Let us make tryst: I shall wait for you inside the gate
That will open to admit you.
How I shall turn and greet you:
Love, have you come at last? Oh! love, the hour is late.

The kind folk, warm and living,
Have tender pity and grieving
And none will listen to her blame: "Poor girl, she's dead—"
Who in the clouds of glory
Knows parting transitory.
Soul of my soul, Oh! weep no more, be comforted!

Varied Types

CLIII—JOHN M. KEITH

By Edward F. O'Day

During the past two weeks John M. Keith has received two proposals of marriage. I submit that that is a very good record. A great many of us have never received a single proposal of marriage in the course of a lifetime, and John M. Keith gets a brace of them in a fortnight! John M. Keith is a millionaire, 'tis true. That sets his case apart. But while those of us who go through life unproposed to are not millionaires, we are perhaps of a more marriageable age than John M. Keith. What we lack in wealth we make up in nubility. This may be said without any suspicion of discredit to John M. Keith, for he is in his eighty-second year.

It is unusual, I take it, for gentlemen of octogenarian dignity to be proposed to, even when they are millionaires. Their venerable years save them from that trying ordeal. But special occasions come, as in the case of John M. Keith. It would be wrong to drag romance into the matter. I am afraid there was very little sentiment attached to the two proposals which startled John M. Keith out of his ordinary composure. The ladies who sued for his hand were actuated by passion, but it was the passion of acquisitiveness; they were in love, but their love was for John M. Keith's bank account.

About two weeks ago announcement was made in the newspapers that John M. Keith had contributed $150,000 for the erection of a University of California Hospital on Parnassus Heights. This magnificent hospital is to cost $600,000, so it will be noted that John M. Keith gave just one-fourth of the total amount. The rest was contributed by the Crockers.

I do not know whether Will Crocker or Templeton Crocker received any proposals of marriage upon the heels of that announcement. As they are married already, it is quite likely that the proposing females of the species refrained from tenders which could only be regarded as polygamous. But John M. Keith is a widower. In some way or other two single ladies found that out, and kindly offered to wive him. It is quite possible that others will follow their example, so it may be well to state that the two who have proposed already received absolutely no encouragement. John M. Keith is not going to marry either of them. In fact, he did not even answer their coy epistles. They must think him a horrid man.

That newspaper announcement of John M. Keith's gift has brought him many other letters besides the two containing matrimonial offers. He has been pestered with begging letters. People who make it quite clear that they are both needy and deserving have been petitioning him for sums ranging from fifty to a thousand dollars. This writer wants to start in business; that one wants to send a son to college; the other must lift the mortgage from the old home, and will Mr. Keith oblige with a check by return mail? Truth to say, John M. Keith has had a heavy mail during the past two weeks.

"I'd rather give a thousand dollars to a deserving person who didn't ask for it than ten cents to a person who begged," says John M. Keith, so it will be seen that there is no more hope for the writers who sent money than for the writers who offer marriage.

One woman, however, was successful. She did not write; she came to beg in person, and got an audience by stratagem. Giving the name of a friend of Mr. Keith at the desk of the St. Francis where Mr. Keith lives she was permitted to go upstairs to his apartments. She had her daughter with her, a nice looking girl of about eighteen. She explained to Mr. Keith that her daughter was engaged to be married but had no money for a trousseau. Would Mr. Keith kindly arrange that little difficulty? That is the substance of the story she told with a wealth of detail and with loads of pathos.

"I didn't know how to get rid of her," says Mr. Keith; "but in desperation I put my hand in my pocket and took out twenty dollars. She took it greedily."

"Did she thank you?" I asked.

"She asked me if I couldn't make it thirty."

Although John M. Keith came to this city at a youthful age, he is not what you would call a well known man here. Bankers and brokers know him, oil men know him, and in the select circle of his social intimates he is dearly beloved. But many men who pride themselves on their wide acquaintance with local celebrities would

From the bust by Haig Patigian
JOHN M. KEITH

pass him by without recognizing him. One reason is that John M. Keith lives a very quiet life among his books and pictures. Another is that the greater part of his career was passed outside San Francisco.

Born in Gainesville, Georgia, in 1832 John M. Keith came to San Francisco to seek his fortune during the gold excitement. A boy of enterprise, eager and ambitious, he headed for the "diggings" of the Bret Harte country and for four years engaged in placer mining with varying luck.

"I made some money," he says, "and although I was never very dissipated I spent it as fast as I made it."

Like many of those pioneer miners John M. Keith finally gave up hope of wresting a fortune from Mother Earth. He went into the lumber business in Calaveras County. He took a hand in politics too, not seeking office but helping his friends. From the way in which he speaks of Governors Weller, Latham and Downey and Senator Gwin it is evident that these were among the men for whom he strove in those stormy old days.

Marriage in 1873 brought a keen sense of responsibility to John M. Keith, and he became a farmer, first in Gilroy and later in Kern County. He worked hard and was successful. But it is doubtful if farming alone would have brought John M. Keith to the pleasant position where he could contribute $150,000 to a hospital fund and never miss the money. It was oil that did that.

As agent for the Union Oil Company John M. Keith came to know a great deal about asphalt which was the only thing the Union Oil Company expected to find in Kern County. But by degrees he also came to know a good deal about oil.

"Did you ever see mosquitoes popping out of the water?" says Mr. Keith. "Well, that's the way the oil used to pop out along the banks of the Kern River. I made up my mind that there was lots of oil there, and I figured out the best place to drill for it."

With J. J. Mack John M. Keith bought five and one-half sections of land, paying two dollars and a half an acre for it. Then he drilled the first oil well in the Kern River country. That was the beginning of the famous "Thirty Three" which started John M. Keith on the road to millions. Those original holdings have since been sold to an English syndicate for two and one-half million dollars.

John M. Keith has been a big factor in the oil industry of California ever since. Today he has holdings in Coalinga, West Side, Maricopa, Midway and Lost Hills as well as in the country where he first watched the oil spurting out of the water along the river banks.

He's a successful man, and he points the same moral that so many other successful men like to insist upon.

"My success," he says, "came from hard work. As far as I have ever been able to see, that's the only way."

It is easy to understand how such a man regards the begging letter writer. Of all the short cuts to wealth, the begging letter is the shortest and most ineffectual as well as the meanest.

The greedy demands of the unworthy make some rich men knot their purse strings. It is otherwise with John M. Keith. He is a truly charitable man, and his charities are not marred by ostentation. That gift to the University Hospital fund is the only instance of his beneficence which has been proclaimed in the public prints. And the reason justifies the announcement of the gift.

"I gave that in memory of my wife," says John M. Keith. "If she were alive she would like me to give it."

As he said this John M. Keith's eyes rested affectionately on the portrait of his wife which adorns his sitting room. I can imagine him looking at that picture when the mail brings him a proposal of marriage.

The People's Forum

Quick Sands on Twin Peaks?

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: As one who will have to stand an assessment of my modest holdings if the Twin Peaks tunnel is put through, I am looking for information. Just how much does the City Engineer know about the difficulties of this proposed bore? Has he made himself thoroughly familiar with the formation of the hill? I have heard it said that when the bore goes a certain distance into Twin Peaks a bed of quick sand will be encountered. Is this true? It strikes me that a quick sand bed can swallow up an awful lot of money. I don't want any of my money to go into quick sand, because it may never come out. If there is quick sand in the path of the proposed tunnel I want to know about it, so that I may have a legitimate excuse for refusing to pay my assessment. Do you suppose the City Engineer is informed in this matter?

Respectfully,

—A Tax Payer.

An Exposition Hymn

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I note in your issue of November first a paragraph headed "The Latest Exposition Singer," in which you quote three lines of verse which you say have received the endorsement of the Exposition directorate and which will appear over the front of the Administration building. Please let me assure you that you have been entirely misinformed on this point. No such verse has been selected or approved, nor has this or any other verse, so far as I am aware, even been considered for the purpose. While I am on this subject I might profit by your sympathy for the poets of the State to get before them through you the real need of the Exposition for a poem or hymn, which can be considered as the official expression of California in relation to the Exposition and the world event it celebrates. A prize will soon be offered for an official song or march. Judging by the words of the thousand or more songs that have already been submitted there are in America far more composers than poets. It seems to me that we shall be obliged to secure first of all the words of a hymn and then offer a prize for the musical setting. If you will print this and it meets the eye of any poet who feels inspired to put the Exposition and all it stands for into a poem of perhaps four stanzas, this Division will be very glad to receive such efforts and the successful poet will share with the successful composer in the sale of the song, if it ever gets that far. What I am really after is nothing less than a new national hymn. If such a hymn were born of the Exposition it would be not the least of that Exposition's triumphs—and when could there be a better time for such birth than 1915 or a better birthplace than California?

Yours very truly,

Geo. Hough Perry,

Director, Division of Exploitation.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The British Maneuvers

While the British, informed only by glowing stories in the English newspapers, fondly believe that their army demonstrated its preparedness for war and the highest military efficiency in the maneuvers just concluded, some foreign military attaches are known to have formed very different opinions, reflecting seriously on the organization and morale of the English army. While the officers junketed, it is said, the rank and file worked like dogs and were often starved because the food transports broke down or went astray and never reached their destination. The whereabouts of some of the trains were still unknown after the maneuvers ended. Several regiments, booked for critical battles, lost their way and never smelled smoke. Others blundered into the enemy's territory and were speedily captured. Is this jealousy or truth? It is impossible to say.

Socialism and Race Suicide

In 1911 the deaths in France exceeded the births by 34,869. In 1912 the condition improved, and there were more births than deaths. But France is worrying about the situation. The Echo de Paris blames race suicide on the Socialists. It points out that in the Garonne valley, in the southeast and in Burgundy where the Socialists are in the ascendancy the "natality" is lowest. On the other hand, in Brittany, French Flanders, Lorraine and in the centre of France where the people are devout and the Socialists in the minority, the birth rate is highest. The Echo concludes that Socialism is a menace to the population of the country.

French Foreign Legion

Charges made in German papers that soldiers in the French Foreign Legion were ill-treated led the editor-in-chief of the Paris Matin to investigate. He went to Africa, and his articles disproved the charges. This has called attention to the most remarkable body of soldiers in the world. All sorts of men serve in the Foreign Legion, but their identity is never divulged. The editor found in one regiment a lawyer, a telegraph operator, an editor, a wine merchant, a road inspector, a traveling salesman, an ex-priest, a riverman from Cochin China, a gendarme, a day laborer and a clerk. There are thirty-one Americans in this regiment. Some years ago a legionary on his deathbed said to his general: "Take my portfolio from under my pillow. You will find there papers to establish the fact that I am a Hohenzollern, cousin of the Kaiser." It is of such men that the Foreign Legion is proud but does not boast.

Bavarians and Beer

It seems that the Bavarians are giving up their well known beer drinking proclivities. Their beer consumption for the past twelve-month was $500,000 less than for the previous year. This is attributed to the growth of the non-alcoholic movement in Germany which has the Kaiser's approval. There is talk of putting a tax on non-alcoholic drinks to make up for the lost revenue due to the decrease in beer drinking, but Bavaria could not impose this tax without imperial permission.

Grape Juice for Communion

The W. C. T. U. was in session in Brooklyn while the Episcopal convention was sitting in New York. The W. C. T. U. passed a resolution asking the Episcopalians to substitute grape juice for wine in the communion service. The resolution asked that "nonalcoholic unfermented grape juice" be substituted for "fermented wine which contains the narcotic poison alcohol." The original resolution said that "wine cannot truly represent the blood of Christ" and that "Jesus commanded scientific unfermented grape juice," but these expressions were censored. When the resolution was called to the attention of the secretary of the Episcopal convention he said: "This is not a grape juice church."

Religion in China

There is talk of the new Republic of China adopting a state religion. One party thinks that Confucianism should be proclaimed the religion of the republic, but this proposal is being vigorously opposed. It has been pointed out that the teachings of Confucius constitute a system of ethics rather than a religious cult, and that furthermore the adoption of any state religion would be bound to give offense. There are many Mahommedans, Buddhists and Taoists in China whose beliefs must be respected. At the same time Chinese leaders are worried by the advance in materialism. Ancient Chinese beliefs have gone by the board and nothing has been substituted in their stead. They say that materialistic teachings have had a pernicious influence on the younger Chinese. But the adoption of Confucianism as the state religion is not very generally regarded as the best way to combat this evil.

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Perspective Impressions

Suggestion to newspaper head writers: Be original. In speaking of a pioneer's death say that he "crossed the great divide."

Prexy Starr Jordan is disposing of world problems one after another. He has just explained, to his own satisfaction, why there is a scarcity of gold in the world.

Novelist Winston Churchill expounding the Trinity from a local pulpit reminds us of what Milton wrote about "not light, but only darkness visible."

"Phoenix-like, your city has risen from its ashes." Although this is barred by the statute of limitations it was sprung on us the other day by the Secretary of the Department of Labor. Bill Bryan is not the only Bromide in the Cabinet.

The average person stops thinking at the age of twenty-five, says a professor of psychology at the U. C. As professors of psychology are usually average persons, this one probably describes his own symptoms.

The city paid nearly eight millions in salaries during the last fiscal year. It didn't quite get the worth of its money.

Secretary of Labor Wilson says that property rights are illusory and may be taken away at any time. That's what Tiberius Gracchus thought, but instead of property owners losing their rights the plain people lost their liberty.

Mr. Hearst weeping over the "fatuousness, feebleness and folly" of President Wilson complains that "bandit bands" are "murdering and marauding" in Mexico. It is not revolution, he says, "but riot, robbery and rapine;" "not patriotism but plunder." Since Willie discovered alliteration's artful aid he will have no other toy.

Says Mr. Hearst: "It is the plain citizen of the United States in Mexico who chiefly needs the protection of his government, and not the more or less powerful citizen. I can take care of myself." The same is true of the plain citizen of the United States in the United States. Wherever the mob rules it is the weak individual who needs protection.

The New York Telegraph tells of a French play in London so indecent that it would not be permitted in New York. It must be a dramatization either of the Decameron or The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel.

Dr. Theodore S. Wooley, professor of international law at Yale, says that "armed intervention in Mexico would be utterly inexpedient." Acting-President Barrows of Berkeley is the only respectable authority on international law, and he regards everything but armed intervention as inexpedient. Professor Barrows has on his side the eminent author of the Greek Theatre of Berkeley.

Says the Colonel, speaking in Buenos Ayres: "A strong people need never fear a strong man or a strong government;" also, "many judges regard themselves as having the God-given right to declare on their own responsibility what laws the people are to be allowed to enact." Before a strong man can give a people a strong government he must render the judicial power entirely negligible.

Un Bock Brun

By James Stephens

It was his custom to sit there. The world has its habits, why should a man not have his? The earth rolls out of light and into darkness as punctually as a business man goes to and from his office: the seasons come with the regularity of automata, and go as if they were pushed by an ejector. So, night after night, he strolled from the Place de l'Observatoire to the Pont St. Michel and, on the return journey, sat down at the same cafe, if he could manage it, at the same table, and ordered the same drink.

So regular had his attendance become that the waiter would suggest the order before it was spoken. He did not drink beer because he liked it, but only because it was not a difficult thing to ask for. Always he had been easily discouraged, and he distrusted his French almost as much as other people had reason to. The only time he had varied the order was to request "un vin blanc gomme," but he had been served on that ocasion with a postage stamp for twenty-five centimes, and he still wondered when he remembered it.

He liked to think of his first French conversation. He wanted something to read in English, but was timid of asking for it. He walked past all the newspaper kiosks on the boulevard, anxiously scanning the vendors inside—they were usually very stalwart, very competent females, who looked as though they had outgrown their sins, but remembered them with pleasure. They had the dully polished, slightly battered look of a modern antique. The words, "M'sieu, Madame," rang from them as from bells. They were very alert, sitting, as it were, on tiptoe, and their eyes hit one as they approached. They were like spiders squatting in their little houses waiting for their daily flies. He found one who looked jolly and harmless, sympathetic indeed, and to her, with a flourished hat, he approached—Said he, "Donnez-moi, Madam, s'il vous plait, le Daily Mail." At the second repetition the good lady smiled at him, a smile compounded of benevolence and comprehension, and instantly, with a "V'la M'sieu," she handed him the New York Herald. They had saluted each other, and he marched down the road in delight, with his first purchase under his arm and his first conversation accomplished.

Good manners decreed that he should not stare too steadfastly, and he was one who obeyed these delicate dictates. Alas! he was one who obeyed all dictates. For him authority wore a halo, and many sins which his heyday ought to have committed had been left undone, only because they were not sanctioned by immediate social usage. He was often saddened when he thought of the things he had not done. It was the only sadness to which he had access, because the evil deeds which he had committed were of so tepid and hygienic a character that they could not be mourned for without hypocrisy, and now that he was released from all privileged restraints and overlookings and could do whatever he wished, he had no wish to do anything.

His wife had been dead for over a year. He had hungered, he had prayed for her death. He had hated that woman (and for how many years!) with a kind of masked ferocity. How often he had been tempted to kill her or to kill himself! How often he had dreamed that she had run away from him, or that he had run away from her! He had invented Russian princes, and music hall stars, and American billionaires with whom she could adequately elope, and he had both loved and loathed the prospect. What unending, slow quarrels they had together! How her voice had droned pitilessly on his ears! She in one room, he in another, and through an open door there rolled that unending recitation of woes and reproaches; an interminable catalogue of nothings, while he sat dumb as a fish, with a mind that smoldered or blazed. He had stood unseen with a hammer, a poker, a razor in his hand, on tiptoe to do it. A movement, a rush, one silent rush, and it was done! He had revelled in her murder. He had caressed it, rehearsed it, relished it, had jerked her head back, and hacked, and listened to her entreaties bubbling through blood! And then she died! When he stood by her bed he had wished to taunt her, but he could not do it. He read in her eyes: "I am dying, and in a little time I shall have vanished like dust on the wind, but you will still be here, and you will never see me again." He wished to ratify that, to assure her that it was actually so, to say that he would come home on the morrow night, and she would not be there, and that he would return home every night, and she would never be there. But he could not say it. Somehow, the words, although he desired them, would not come. His arm went to her neck and settled there. His hand caressed her hair, her cheek. He kissed her eyes, her lips, her languid hands, and the words that came were only an infantile babble of regrets and apologies, assurances that he did love her, that he had never loved anyone before, and would never love anyone again. . . . .

Everyone who passed looked into the cafe where he sat. Everyone who passed looked at him. There were men with sallow faces and wide, black hats. Some had hair that flapped about them in the wind, and from their locks one gath-

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXI—PHOENIX REDIVIVUS

By Theodore H. Hittell

(Theodore H. Hittell, the venerable historian of California, remembered after the great fire of 1906 that the mythological phoenix had been added to the seal of San Francisco after the great fire of 1856. Hence the following poem which was published in Sunset of May-June, 1906. In justice to Mr. Hittell it must be pointed out that he wrote these verses before the after-dinner spellbinders had done the phoenix to death. The phoenix was a rara avis then, but has since become as common as the English sparrow.)

A light gleams o'er the Golden Gate;
A pall of smoke o'erspreads the sky;
The burning city meets its fate:
In smouldering heaps its ruins lie.

The morning comes; another light,
Far brighter than the light of fire,
Drives off the horrors of the night
And bids new Phoenix to aspire.

I see it rise on every hill,
From every rubbish pile the sign—
'Tis everywhere, with might and will,
The spirit of old Forty-nine.

The Spectator

Hiram's Revenge

To our politicians as well as to many of his friends William H. Crocker is one of the most incomprehensible of men. Governor Johnson, somewhat of a psychologist, doesn't know what to make of Mr. Crocker, and the more the Governor ponders the banker the higher his gorge rises. Mr. Crocker was not one of Johnson's boomers when Johnson was running for Governor. Though he took no part in the campaign Mr. Crocker thought it would be easy to find a better man for the job. When Johnson became Governor he found that Crocker was chairman of the finance committee of the Board of Regents, and immediately ordered his removal. This was most unfortunate for the State University, for Mr. Crocker as chairman of the finance committee had proved himself a great public benefactor. Not his time only, but his money, too, was at the service of our great public school. That was not a consideration to deter our Governor, even though he is an alumnus of dear old Berkeley. A great school is Berkeley, but it failed to enlarge a narrow soul or purge it of the mean passions of anger and revenge. "The abject pleasure of an abject mind," was not to be denied our Governor. Mr. Crocker was removed, and our Governor beamed with a narrow and an ignoble satisfaction. Now comes the sequel, the sequel that mystifies the psychologist at Sacramento.

Not by Way of Answer

It was thought by Mr. Crocker's friends that having been removed by order of His Excellency his enthusiasm for the University would subside and subsequent proceedings would interest him no more. They were wrong. It appears that Mr. Crocker is not to be vexed by politicians. He hasn't even cultivated the habit of quiet and passive contempt. Either there isn't room in his heart to hold the memory of a meanness designed to wound him or else he isn't to be provoked by a little man in a big job. At any rate his interest in the University remained at high pitch though he isn't an alumnus. The other day the doctors of the faculty of the medical college thought it too bad that the University hadn't a fine hospital. Mr. Crocker thought so too, and at once he raised a fund of six hundred thousand dollars to build a hospital. He put up one hundred and fifty thousand out of his own pocket, extracted three hundred thousand more from members of his own family and then spoke to a friend who subscribed for the remainder. Somebody has suggested that this fund is Mr. Crocker's answer to Governor Johnson. As a matter of fact Mr. Crocker, if we may judge from appearances and his general activities, doesn't think of Governor Johnson at all.

The Municipal Opera House

At this writing "Mission Jim" hasn't made up his mind as to whether he should veto the ordinance by which an association of some of our wealthy citizens are to be granted the privilege of building an opera house in the Civic Center. This is another matter in which Mr. Crocker is taking an interest that doesn't appear to be susceptible of abatement. Most of the subscriptions to the fund were obtained at his personal solicitation. He thinks that a municipal opera house will be a big thing for the city, and the advancement of the city's interests is a hobby of his which he has been indulging ever since the fire. But the idea of a municipal opera house built by men who will enjoy forever the inestimable privilege of guaranteeing the success of opera seasons by putting up money for seats that will always be reserved for them is repugnant to the ultra-democratic Mr. Crothers of the Bulletin and therefore gives "Mission Jim" pause. The rights of the plain people keep Mr. Crothers awake o'nights. Of course the opera house is not to be exclusively for subscribers, but Mr. Crothers would have the seats that cost a couple of hundred dollars a piece for a season of a few weeks sold on the principle of first come first served that the day laborer and the lady's maid may have the same privilege as Mr. Moneybags and Mrs. Gotrocks. And "Mission Jim" is inclined to feel the same way about it. He is filled with solicitude for the plain people who support high-price opera and make guaranty funds possible, and they are so numerous that there must be no reserved seats for the men who would give us a municipal opera house and adorn the Civic Center.

James D. Phelan, Angel

James D. Phelan, millionaire, special World's Fair envoy and Democratic candidate for the United States senatorship, has just gone into the theatrical business. James D. Phelan has become what is known in the argot of the profession as an "angel," meaning an individual who is prepared for one reason or another to put up money in flotation of a theatrical enterprise. Many "angels" are giddy old millionaires beguiled by blonde curls and shapely legs. Is Mr. Phelan of this sort? I pause for information. Mr. Phelan is an admirer of that talent that displays itself in the limelight. Years ago he was on very friendly terms with Mabel Gilman. That was before she wrecked the home of a Pittsburg millionaire.

Phelan and Tully

Mr. Phelan is now in business with our "Dick" Tully, the commodity to be sold consisting of "Dick's" dramaturgic output. Phelan arrived in New York from his European tour about two weeks ago. A few days later papers were filed with the Secretary of State at Albany incorporating the new theatrical firm of Tully and Buckland. The organizers are Richard Walton Tully, James D. Phelan and Wilfred Buckland, well known as a stage director for David Belasco and others. The new company begins with a capital of $25,000 which has been subscribed thus: Tully, $10,000; Phelan, $10,000; Buckland, $5,000. The first offering of the new firm, it is announced, will be a new play by our Dick to be produced in New York Christmas week. Subsequently the firm will produce Tully's "Bird of Paradise" in London. It will be interesting to watch developments; especially to take note of the ladies in the company. Perhaps there is a young woman somewhere who is about to become a star, a young woman of genius whom Mr. Phelan in the

producer of the world is failing to contribute its full quota.

Today's Proceedings

Most interesting today is Phelan's visit to the assessor as a Supreme Court master in the case [illegible] and his wife Eleanor [illegible] getting the glances of duties. The last session Tuesday promised the most trial to begin with the unsettling of half an interval California politics. Lilly accompanied the record and [illegible] the taken to record matters to be a blessing for the "Bird of Freedom" today in Chutes [illegible] welcomed with [illegible] to make the opening California guests and events a date. The pet of [illegible] and my many [illegible] guests [illegible] at the same Session Club [illegible] Mrs. Long [illegible] when among everybody [illegible] called a gracious hand [illegible] Phelan to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

citizens of the highest character are opposed to our water project. The average citizen of San Francisco has been led to believe that the only opponents of the project are a few nature lovers and a few Spring Valley stockholders. The truth is that over one hundred powerful newspapers are opposed to it; such newspapers as the Boston Herald, the Boston Transcript, the Springfield Republican, the World, Times, Tribune and Post of New York, the Standard-Union and Eagle of Brooklyn, the Ledger, Record, Telegraph and Inquirer of Philadelphia, the Press, Journal and News of Milwaukee, the Chicago Inter-Ocean and the Portland Oregonian. Among the prominent citizens in sympathy with the opposition are John Muir, former President Eliot of Harvard, Robert Underwood Johnson, Mrs. Emma Crocker of the General Federation of Women's Club, President Kunz of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society and President Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History.

Our Arguments Answered

The principal, and of course the most powerful, argument against Hetch-Hetchy is that there are other sources of supply and that San Francisco's only aim is to save money. This argument is supported by the report of the Board of Army Engineers. This report is to the effect that there are many sources of supply and that the determining factor in favor of Hetch-Hetchy is one of cost. Every argument in favor of the San Francisco petition is answered in the bulletin. Following are some of the items:

That there is a water famine in parts of San Francisco, making an emergency.

Answer. Any trouble is casual and is with the pipes, not the water. The Spring Valley Water Company, which furnishes the present supply, says there is two years' supply on hand. Mr. Freeman, the city's expert, says the quality of the water is of the best. It comes from a radius of fifty miles.

That the city needs Hetch-Hetchy to meet this emergency.

Answer. Hetch-Hetchy is one hundred and fifty miles distant and could not be utilized for six or eight years.

That Hetch-Hetchy is the only supply available.

Answer. The Army Board of Engineers reports that there are several other sources, any one of which could be made available: that the problem is primarily one of cost. Ex-Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, who is credited with originating the project, confessed before the Senate Committee on Public Lands in 1900 that the city could get an abundant supply of pure water anywhere along the Sierra by paying for it.

That any other source would entail upon the city a cost exceeding that of Hetch-Hetchy by $20,000,000 (the "estimate" of the Army Board).

Answer. The Army Board reports that neither it nor the city has made a "thorough and complete" investigation of other sources, except the Sacramento river. Who knows that it would cost $20,000,000 more? If the Hetch-Hetchy supply is filtered, this estimated difference must be reduced to $3,000,000. This great question should not turn on the mere guesswork of the board when accurate data are not available.

That this assumed difference of cost constitutes a necessity.

Answer. This theory implies that the nation should give up any part of its great national parks when any city one hundred and fifty miles distant wishes to save money, though the city might be in the hands of grafters, as San Francisco has sometimes been since the Hetch-Hetchy fight began, and as it may be again.

That San Francisco, having suffered a great calamity by the earthquake, may appeal in the name of humanity for this relief.

Answer. This was the purpose of the first bill in Congress—to supply water for drinking and other domestic purposes. The object of this bill is hydroelectric power worth, the Army Board says, $45,000,000, a careful calculation. The San Francisco Journal of Commerce (Sept. 29, 1913) calls it "this wonderfully valuable privilege for San Francisco." The Call says: "Hetch-Hetchy will bring an electric age." Leave out the power provision and the bill would be withdrawn. The humanity cry is pure humbug.

That the city is in the clutches of a water monopoly.

Answer. The city has come to terms with the Spring Valley Company and is to buy it out by condemnation proceedings. It might have done so years ago. The San Francisco Chronicle says (Oct. 14): "The company is ready to sell and the city ready to buy." Again, it says (Oct. 4) the condemnation suit "seems to slumber soundly and strangely." As an argument for the bill the "monopoly" cry is pure humbug.

A Pertinent Question

The question which the opponents of Hetch-Hetchy have submitted to the Senate is as follows: Shall the nation, in order to save San Francisco an assumed difference of cost between the Hetch-Hetchy and any one of several other supplies spoken of by the Army Board in its report, make the city a present of a franchise worth $45,000,000 and destroy the unique beauty of the valley, called by Mr. Pinchot "one of the great wonders of the world?" If the Hetch-Hetchy is not worth saving, what else in the national park system can be defended against the demands of commercial greed?

Converting the Park Into a Cemetery

Why the bust of Reuben Lloyd in Golden Gate Park? A sweet tribute from that generous, sentimental gentleman Raphael Weill to the memory of his friend, but Golden Gate Park, the people's playground is not to be confounded with God's acre. We go to the cemetery in the hour of sorrow; to the park for joy, to walk with God amid flowers and trees that gladden mortal eyes, to cast off our years amid scenes of perpetual growth, or to hunt for the rapture of moments in the soul's calm sunshine. But if the park is to be filled with sculptured marbles and apparitions in bronze, it will soon be anything but a playground. It was a mistake ever to erect a statue or sculptured monument of any kind in Golden Gate Park. Esthetically considered the idea of a statue in a park is as incongruous as that of ragtime at a symphony concert or a September Morn in a cathedral. There are statues in many parks, but they are not to be justified. Aside from the importance of preserving the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects there is the paramount objection that one does not go to the park to be reminded, let us say of the Fair will contest or the wholesale slaughter of human beings at a battle of the Rebellion.

The Bust a Reminder

The Lloyd bust is a graceful specimen of sculpture, but it is more suitable to a graveyard than anything hitherto erected in Golden Gate Park. Further, in Golden Gate Park it will have an effect directly antithetic to what is intended. It will remind people less of the lofty character of the distinguished attorney than of the fact that he forgot to bequeath any money to the park that he dearly loved. Even now it reminds me that the best monuments in Golden Gate Park are not in bronze or marble. There is, for example, the classic observatory on Strawberry Hill that keeps alive the memory of Thomas U. Sweeney who was a lover of the park, but who never had the honor of being a Park Commisioner. Also, there is Stow Lake and there is Huntington Falls. When I say that Mr. Lloyd forgot to leave any money to the park I do not do so in a spirit of criticism; but the fact is there was so much said of his love of the park in the days when he was a commissioner that all his friends assumed that he would make some contribution to its beauties that would render a

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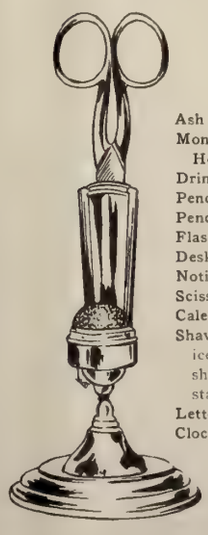

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marble bust superfluous. To this assumption emphasis was given at his funeral by Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, the orator of the occasion, who evidently had no doubt that Mr. Lloyd remembered the park in his will. He spoke of the perpetuation of the memory of the deceased in such a way that he seemed to be hinting at a big bequest to the park, and people assumed that he had seen the Lloyd will.

The Frenzied Financiers of Los Angeles

The collapse of the Los Angeles Investment Company the other day was a calamity to the whole community. This company was one of the biggest of boom corporations. Its officers were expert frenzied financiers, and there are eleven of them under indictment. A home-building concern, it inflated real estate values throughout the country, buying up on the installment plan large tracts of land and increasing its assets on paper by adding the "unearned increment" to land values. Thus it figured its assets at twenty million dollars; and by circulating enticing boom literature and paying dividends behind a brass band created such a demand for its stock that at the time of the collapse there were more than twenty thousand stockholders on the books. Most of those stockholders are residents of Los Angeles.

A Modest "Kipling"

When the waterfront reporters boarded the Thomas last week in search of the latest news from the Orient a very important looking young man met them at the gang plank and handed to each of them a nicely typewritten statement.

"What's this?" asked one of the reporters.

"A little information about myself," was the modest response.

"Did you write it yourself?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said the traveler, "and you are quite welcome to publish it."

This is the way the screed began: "A distinct gain to California's literary circles is the arrival in San Francisco, per the transport Thomas, of Chauncey M'Govern, 'The Kipling of the Philippines,' who comes here with the determination to make this city his future permanent home." Skipping several paragraphs which told what Chauncey intended to do here, the reporter came to these interesting lines: "Mr. M'Govern is a very versatile as well as prolific writer. Author of many books of fiction, none of which have yet been published in America although for several years the 'best sellers' of the Orient, he has written several books of unusual verse—serious and humorous. . . . . 'Moon-Beams, May-Be; Poetry, Perhaps' is the fetching title of one of his serious books of poetry with Love as the theme, which has been commended by such distinguished people as Elbert Hubbard" and so forth. The self-bestowed tribute ended by speaking of "the compliment to California in being selected by Mr. M'Govern as his future home." The hard-hearted water front reporters refused to give Chauncey "Kipling" M'Govern any publicity. That is why I take occasion to herald him to an awaiting metropolis. Go to it, Chauncey! You're starting fine!

From Local Room to Stage

It looks very much as though the Chronicle is going to lose two of its best writers. Vaudeville is beckoning to two scribes and they are about to desert the local room, for a time at least. "Wallie" Young and "Bill" Jacobs are to have what the theatrical profession knows as a "try-out," and if the result justifies the step, they will sign up for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit. So the Chronicle may soon be looking about for a new dramatic critic and another special writer. Two years ago Young and Jacobs wrote a sketch called "When Caesar Ran a Paper" for the annual Press Club show. It stood out as one of the best skits ever produced locally, not a little of its success being due to the fact that the authors played the two principal parts of Julius Caesar and Marc Antony. The skit has been given several times since at club jinks and charity benefits, always scoring a hit. The Orpheum people have had their eyes on the sketch and the amateur histrions ever since the first production, and have now made Young and Jacobs an offer too tempting to resist. The part of Cleopatra will be played by Mrs. William A. Mundell who before her marriage was well known to newspaper readers as the clever special writer Miss Caroline Singer.

Kyne on Van Loan

It is always interesting to learn what one writer thinks about another. In some instances what one scribe thinks in his heart of hearts about certain other scribes is not fit to print, but I am not referring to that sort of thing. When, for instance, the author of "Bunker Bean" says he thinks the author of "Clayhanger" is the greatest novelist England has produced, we all sit up and take notice, for Harry Leon Wilson's opinion of Arnold Bennett is worth more than the layman's opinion. Peter B. Kyne thinks that

TERESA CARRENO

"The Queen of the Pianists" who will play at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoons, Nov. 23 and 30, and Friday night, November 28

Charles E. Van Loan is the greatest short story writer in America. He not only thinks so but has said so in print. Last week the Saturday Evening Post published Kyne's latest newspaper story, "The Last Assignment," and a mighty good story it is too. One of the characters in this story is described as "the greatest short story writer in America." Every newspaperman knows that this means Van Loan, because one of the incidents which Kyne incorporated into his story was taken from Van Loan's newspaper career. I refer to the brilliant work Van Loan did as representative of the Los Angeles Examiner at the time of the Bennington disaster at San Diego. Van Loan's description of that awful explosion made him a celebrity in every newspaper office in the country. So it is Van Loan whom Kyne describes in this story. Kyne is not alone in estimating Van Loan's stories very highly. Irvin Cobb told me when he was out here that Van Loan's "Can a Duck Swim?" was one of the few really great short stories in the language.

Art and Our Hotels

There were pictures of more or less merit hanging in the lobbies and rest rooms of our hotels before the fire; but only since the great period of rehabilitation began have the managers of our big hostelries waxed esthetic enough to commission distinguished painters to display their talents in mural decorations appropriate for hotel purposes. The Palace set the pace when it had Maxfield Parrish paint his wonderful "Pied Piper" for the wine room. That picture is a great asset of the Palace (if we may for a moment consider art in the mercenary light). Mothers fee bell boys every day to escort their youngsters through the wine room so that they may gaze on the pathetic illustration of the Browning story that all children love. Quite recently a panel by the Californian artist Lester Boronda was set up over the fireplace of the St. Francis wine room where it has attracted a great deal of favorable comment. And now the Tapestry room of the St. Francis has come out of the hands of the decorators shining with a glory of art that has taken the town's breath away.

Herter's Canvases

Even now the Tapestry room is not a tapestry room, for the blank spaces on the walls that people used to wonder idly about as they sipped their tea or their cocktails to the music of Heller's or Stark's orchestra, have been covered not with tapestries but with gorgeous canvases from the brush of the New York artist Albert Herter. There are seven of these splendid pictures, and

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they make a series which I have heard called by two names: "Procession of the Ages of Culture" and "Gifts of the Old Worlds to the New." Call these symbolic pictures what you will, they are gorgeously beautiful, full of the opulent colors of China and Japan, of Persia, of Africa, of the Europe of the Renaissance and of the New World Indians. They make the new dining room of the St. Francis a veritable art gallery. The painting of them was done in the wonderfully short time of six months, but the work, I am told, went on night and day and Herter had twenty assistants.

A Marvelous Resemblance

The next time you are in this new dining room take a look at the Japanese panel, and tell me whether you recognize the face of the woman in the foreground, the woman of beautiful face and figure who is robed in a splendid kimono of green and gold. Mrs. Jack Spreckels! I thought you would say so. I do not know whether Mrs. Spreckels sat for the artist, but if he didn't have her in mind when he painted that face, all I can say is that it is the most remarkable accidental resemblance I have ever noticed.

A Dance on the Stage

Was a dance ever given in a San Francisco theatre before? Those privileged persons who attended the party on the stage of the Gaiety last Thursday night declared that it was an unique affair, and if my memory serves me, it was. Suppers we have had on the stage, but I do not remember any other occasion when the scenery was moved away to make room for a stageful of dance-mad men and women. The party grew out of the entertainment of the Giants and White Sox. The teams attended the performance of "The Candy Shop" that night and were almost as much of a show in the stage boxes as the performers were behind the footlights. They were all there except Muggsy McGraw who was so peeved at being put out of the game by Umpire Klem that he stayed away to nurse his wrath. Cal Ewing not only stayed away, but tried to stop the party, fearing the players would have such a good time that they would not play a creditable game next day. He failed. After the show the real entertainment began. Thirty-six men about town (some of whom don't want their wives to know about it), contributed twenty dollars apiece to defray the cost of the merriment. This money was judiciously invested in an elaborate buffet supper and in divers cases of champagne, music was provided, the members of the Gaiety company with performers from other theatres and a limited number of outsiders were bidden, and from eleven-thirty till three-thirty the following morning the rag and the tango reigned supreme. The great "Matty" said he had the time of his life, and Mike Donlin echoed the sentiment. In fact everybody who attended declared that it was a bully party—with one exception: Douglas Crane said that he didn't get twenty dollars' worth of fun.

A Burnham-Havens Hunt

Frederick Burnham and "Bud" Havens, millionaire hunters of big game, are planning the greatest expedition of their careers, an expedition beside which the northern sally of Harry Scott in search of polar bear will seem as mild as a morning in a duck blind. They are projecting a quest of big game in the heart of jungled Africa. I understand that they have already taken steps to enlist the assistance of Cunninghame, the man who was with "Bwana Tumbo" on his hunting trip and who knows more about the fauna of the Dark Continent than any other man in the world. Cunninghame charges one hundred guineas a week for his services, so it will be seen that only very rich hunters like Burnham and Havens or subsidized hunters like Colonel Roosevelt can afford to have him as their guide.

To Emulate Rainey

Millionaire Paul Rainey hunted through the African jungle with a moving picture machine. Burnham and Havens will not forego their trusty rifles, for they are both dead shots and would rather draw a bead than eat, but they are talking about a moving picture outfit too. I am told that they have been discussing the matter with Bert Payne, the young millionaire who recently organized a film company here, and that Payne may send a corps of movie men with the expedition. While Burnham and Havens are not worried about the expense of the hunting trip, they are both good enough business men to figure out ways and means of minimizing the cost of their pleasure, and they make no doubt that the returns from the exhibition of their hunting pictures would go a long way toward paying for the trip—might not only pay for the trip but net them a handsome profit besides. Think of the money the Rainey pictures have made and are still making!

Their Wives to Go

But I haven't detailed all the interesting plans of this trip as yet. Burnham and Havens are seriously considering the advisability of taking their wives with them. Mrs. Fred Burnham is a wife after Nimrod's own heart. She has hunted with her husband in many parts of the world. They had just completed a strenuous hunting trip through the Rockies when the Burnhams came here more than a year ago and became so infatuated with California that they decided to make their home near San Francisco. Mrs. Burnham brought back many trophies from that expedition which would have done credit to the hardiest masculine hunter. Mrs. "Bud" Havens shoots a little, I understand, but has never distinguished herself on the marshes or in the woods as she has, for instance, in the ball room. But I am told that both young women are eager for the trip. Their presence would make the moving pictures absolutely unique.

Movies in the Tivoli

So the Tivoli is going to house film drama! Well, one cannot but heave the windy sigh at the

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thought of the grand old institution dropping from its high estate. But I cannot think that our experienced impresario "Doc" Leahy intends to bring the musical history of the house to a definite close. The "Doc" is a busy entrepreneur, for he is still the director of the Tetrazzini tours, and no doubt he has decided that San Francisco can do without a popular-priced musical theatre for a year or so. But I look to see the "Doc" come back and reorganize the Tivoli forces on improved lines under more auspicious conditions. There have been certain circumstances in connection with the new Tivoli which did not make for great success. In the old days one could drink a glass of beer at the Tivoli, and that is a privilege not to be contemned. And one could smoke. Why should we not be able to smoke in the Tivoli of today? The Orpheum owes a good part of its great popularity to the rule which allows smoking. So does the Gaiety across the street. Smoking in theatres is far less objectionable nowadays than it used to be, the ventiliating methods have been so improved. And as so many women smoke themselves, they cannot seriously object to the odor of good tobacco. Then again, perhaps it was a mistake to darken the Tivoli after the Chicago grand opera season and then reopen with an old piece like "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Even the most devoted music lover likes novelties, and there have been no real novelties at the new Tivoli. I take it that the Tivoli is not to be utterly lost to light opera, and that some day the "Doc" will make it as vital and as successful an institution as it was before the fire. There is to be one month of grand opera every year while the movie men hold the house, and that is a hopeful sign.

Judge Coffey Evokes a Motion

Superior Judge Coffey, as all lawyers know, loves to convert members of the legal profession into targets for the arrows of his pungent wit. The judge is much given to satire and irony, and many are the lawyers who have supplied him with inspiration often to their discomfiture and embarrassment. On rare occasions an attorney bobs up with a Roland for the judge's Oliver, and on such occasions the judge assimilates the retort gracefully. This was the case the other day when Dennis Duffy was before Judge Coffey in a guardianship matter.

"Didn't you make this application originally in Oakland?" asked the court.

"Yes, your Honor," said Duffy, "before Judge Ogden, but he dismissed it for lack of jurisdiction, and advised me to make the application in this court."

"Ah," observed his Honor, "passing the buck, eh?"

"I don't know if that is what it should be called," said Duffy; "but I do know that when Judge Ogden spoke of this department he said some very complimentary things about your Honor."

Judge Coffey smiled. "Indeed," he observed, and then, the smile vanishing: "that is more than you have done for many days."

With great solemnity and dignity Mr. Duffy addressed the court. "If your Honor please," he said, "I move that the words 'for many days' be stricken out.'"

"Motion granted," said the judge, and then the guardianship case was taken up.

A Scheme to Injure Heney

The Progressives are sending out postal cards for a straw-ballot on the Heney-Rowell contest for the Senatorial nomination. As the postals emanate from the office of the Outlook, a Los Angeles weekly, of which Rowell is one of the editors, Mr. Heney's friends view the straw-ballot enterprise with suspicion. They are saying that the cards will probably be sent to all representatives of the State machine, and that they have reason to believe that the tip has been issued from Sacramento to vote for Rowell. What little confidence these Progressives have in one another! There is no political trick that the members of one faction regards as too tough for the scruples of the fellows of the other faction.

Shaw on Anti-Climax

Fred Butler and Burt Wesner were discussing George Bernard Shaw 'tween acts of "Man and Superman."

"It seems to me," said Wesner, "that one of Shaw's favorite ways of scoring a hit is by means of anti-climax. He carries you along to a certain point; then suddenly, when you are in thorough agreement with his thought, he lets you down with a flop. You can almost see him laughing at you."

"Shaw probably learned that trick from his father," said Butler, and then Fred told this story: Once when swimming was under discussion Shaw said that when he was a boy his father was forever advising him to learn to swim. "The old gentleman," said Shaw, "impressed the thing on me one day by saying: 'Had I not learnt, my boy, I should never have saved your Uncle Algernon's life, and I may add that I have been sorry that I could swim ever since.'"

The kind hearted old lady handed the beggar a dime.

"My man, how did you become so poor?" she asked. "What brought you to this terrible stage of poverty?"

"The parcel post, mam," replied the beggar. "You see, I used to be president of an express company."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Walter Hobart Startled

Walter Hobart was awfully startled the other day. It happened in the lobby of the St. Francis. Walter doesn't get around to the St. Francis very often, spending most of his metropolitan leisure in the more congenial atmosphere of the Pacific-Union Club. Seeing him in the lobby a pretty well informed newspaperman thought he'd make the best of the opportunity, so he approached and said:

"Mr. Hobart, my paper is informed that you are going to marry again. Is that correct?"

Walter couldn't have been more unpleasantly surprised if he missed a smash at polo or if a runabout passed his devil-wagon on the Burlingame road. But he managed to regain his composure and denied the rumor in the most emphatic terms in his vocabulary. Still he was pretty much taken aback, and fled to the new lining room to soothe his ruffled feelings into nonchalance by studying Herter's mural paintings. The name of the lady was not mentioned, I believe.

A Composer Discovered

One day last week Herr Ferdinand Stark's orchestra regaled the tea drinkers of the St. Francis with a very beautiful waltz. It was an insinuating piece of sensuous melody that made the listeners wish they were swaying down the floor of a ball room. It was loudly applauded, and afterwards a well known man about town stepped up to Stark and asked the title and the name of the author. Stark informed him that it was called "Temptation" and that the composer Lawrence Zenda was unknown to him.

"But not unknown to me," said the man about town. "Lawrence Zenda is the wife of my friend 'Buck' Travis."

He was right. Mrs. W. Elgin Travis, the charming wife of our leading taxicab magnate, is a very successful composer. She has published quite a number of beautiful songs, some with lyrics of her own composition. All her music is written under the name of "Lawrence Zenda," and only her intimate friends are aware of her great talent. Geraldine Farrar sings one of Mrs. Travis' songs, and Madame de Pasquali sings another. I believe that Mrs. Travis is going to bring out a book of songs one of these days.

A Trio at Tea

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Garret McEnerney and Mrs. Russell Lukens made a distinguished trio having tea together several days ago at the St. Francis. Despite her seventy odd years Mrs. Martin is more than capable of leading society, managing her millions, and knowing just where she wants to sit at tea. Mrs. Lukens apparently has a mind of her own about the best location to tea, but finally succumbed to Queen Eleanor's judgment the other day and followed her to a central table. Mrs. McEnerney's summer in Europe has added much to her youthful appearance and she is to my mind the handsomest matron in society. She dresses in excellent taste, and wore a Bulgarian suit the other day that was decidedly Parisian. Mrs. Martin who usually wears black on the street and lavender or violet in the house or in the evening, was in a heavy black corded silk suit, a coat and skirt, and wore a lace waist with touches of white. Her small hat was Paradised and her furs were of handsome black fox.

A Dainty Costume

Society is still discussing the dainty costume of Mrs. Fred Holman at the Greenway ball. It was quite the sensation of the evening and Mrs. Holman seemed quite unconscious of the interest she evoked. The gown was of some soft clinging black material. The very decollete bodice was held by a single narrow band of jet over one shoulder and this was the only strip of any sort which supported the gown for there was not a vestige of jet or anything else over the other shoulder. The bodice was cut low under the arms and the effect was really compelling. Mrs. Holman is fortunately slender and petite or she never could have carried it off with as pretty a grace as she did. Mrs. George Pope of course wore the dernier cri from Paris. The tunic shaded from old rose to pale pink and was wired out like a pretty little balcony. From underneath came a skirt of silver lace, the whole effect being very stunning. Mrs. Pope is one of the few who can becomingly wear these new fashions and her dainty blonde beauty is well suited to the present modes.

Our French Theatre

The Theatre Francais opened its second season last Thursday night at Scottish Rite Hall. A good-sized audience was present to enjoy the comedy Mlle. de la Seigliere by Jules Sandeau which was well given by the excellent company of which M. and Mme. Ferrier are the principal members. M. Raphael Monnet, consul general of France, made an address in the most delightful French which as the American student said of Mme. Bernhardt "anybody could understand." He spoke of the birth of the Theatre Francais here, of how it had come into existence through the dissolution of the Grazi Opera Company, that organization of lamentable fortune. He quoted the proverb "A quelque chose malheur est bon"—the good in this instance being M. Ferrier, a man of energy and heaps of courage who remained here to establish his French Theatre. M. Ferrier loves California, believes in its splendid present and wonderful future and wants to stay to enjoy himself. M. Monnet spoke eloquently of the opportunity of the French residents here to enjoy their own language, to come in contact with the spirit of their race, to live perhaps in memory the happy hours they had spent in their mother country. He said that foreign students of French would find these performances of inestimable value as well as an interesting distraction. He complimented the excellent company and took pains to dwell at length upon the fine repertoire of excellent plays by the best French authors and closed saying, "Come and applaud. Encourage by your presence and sustain by your patronage the Theatre Francais of San Francisco."

Grandfather of a Prince

Edward Stallo spent two days here during the week. His visit was most unostentatious and was not attended by the fuss one might consider due to the grandfather of a prince of one of the most important families in Europe. His daughter who was Helena Stallo, recently presented her husband Prince Michel Murat with a son, and Mr. Stallo is hurrying to Paris to greet his grandson. He has been in Southern California looking after some of the business interests of his daughters who inherited $7,000,000 apiece from their grandfather Alexander McDonald who spent the last years of his life in Long Beach and much of whose fortune came from the oil fields of California. The Stallo girls and their father have lived in Paris since the oil magnate's death and have been prominent in the American set. It was at a dinner given by Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant that Helena met the descendant of the King of Naples and it was a case of love at first sight. Her younger sister Laura has recently become engaged to Jefferson Crane of Dayton, Ohio, and the wedding will be celebrated

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with great eclat in the Paris home of the Murats. Mr. Stallo's short visit was spent greeting old friends. The family are well known here and in Burlingame where the girls often visited before they went abroad.

"Sweetie" Is Back

"Sweetie" Dean has come back from her honeymoon in Paris looking just as handsome as before she became the bride of Fred Hussey last year. She and her husband are at the Fairmont after a visit to their hunting lodge in Canada. It was there that they became engaged, at a hunting party given in Miss Dean's honor and chaperoned by Mrs. Walter Martin. This is their first visit since then. They have spent the first year of their marriage in Paris where their apartment has been a rendezvous for visiting Americans. Ethel still dresses in the tailored fashion she has always affected and has brought none of the elaborate lamp shade confections that the Duchesse de Richelieu accuses most American women of copying from the demi-mondaines. Her tailor suits of course are stunning but quite plain and she has several of the popular black velvet hats. I saw her at the theatre the other night in a small closing fitting toque of black velvet, with a single quill, or "fancy" I believe is the present millinary term for it. The Husseys are not going back to Paris to live but have decided to settle in New York. It is possible Mrs. Magee will spend part of this winter with them. The sisters have always been very devoted and it was really Ethel's fondness for Flora that kept her from marrying several years sooner than she did.

The Ferguson Suit

The intimate friends of Mrs. Henry Ferguson have known for some time that she contemplated a suit for divorce, and they are deeply sympathetic with her in the hour of her trouble. There are two children, Hugh who left the university lately to take a position in the Southern Pacific, and Helen, a beautiful and accomplished girl just out of her teens. Mrs. Ferguson is a warm friend of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Major Ferguson is in the Quartermaster's Department. The couple have been living apart for some time.

An Interesting Teacher

Mrs. Thalia Weed Lawrence (or Thalia Newcome, as her dancing pupils knew her before her recent marriage), is quite a young lady, but she has had a very interesting career. She was very successful on the stage for a time, particularly in Marie Cahill's company. A few years ago she was known as one of the best of the amateurs who played tennis on the courts of Golden Gate Park. Her proficiency in this sport led the sporting editor of the Examiner to enlist her services as special tennis expert, and she showed that she could handle a pen with as much skill as she handled a racket. Mrs. Lawrence may doubtless thank her athletic exercise for part of the nimble grace she shows in demonstrating the latest dances to her numerous pupils. She has by no means given over her outdoor life since she became society's favorite teacher of the tango and the new waltzes. She is fond of riding and a mettlesome horse carries her to the Burlingame homes where her pupils assemble for lessons.

An Army Recluse Marries

The rather surprising romance of Captain E. D. Warfield of the Presidio who was married quite recently to Mrs. Agnes Ryan of New York has stirred the interest of army sets. Mrs. Ryan is young and charming, of a well known New York family, and will be cordially received by the coterie of young matrons at the Presidio who include Mrs. Martin Crimmins, Mrs. John Bourke Murphy and Mrs. Orrin Wolf. It was the strange reticence of Captain Warfield that caused all the interested gossip. But he merely wished to surprise his friends. His marriage was surprise enough, for that matter. Captain Warfield was considered a confirmed bachelor. He never went to hops and rarely entertained in his lone bachelor quarters. This was especially deplorable since Captain Warfield whose family is very prominent in Baltimore, is one of the few army officers of fortune. He is heir to a large estate in Maryland. However his recluse ways are now of the past.

MR. and MRS. PARKER LAWRENCE
The popular teachers of the tango and other fashionable dances

The Nurses' Bazaar

The San Francisco County Nurses' Association will hold a bazaar at Scottish Rite Temple on Tuesday evening for the purpose of raising funds to complete building and to furnish a "rest cottage" for nurses near Los Gatos. The hours of the bazaar will be from one in the afternoon till midnight. An informal dance will begin at nine in the evening. Admission for gentlemen is fifty cents, and it is expected that there will be a large attendance of those in sympathy with a very worthy cause.

Felton and the Drama

Felton Elkins went to New York to dispose of a play and found a wife. Presumably when love-at-first-sight transfigured the life of the young millionaire playwright he forgot all about visiting the offices of the producers. And judging from the rapture that shone in his features when he made his first public appearance at the tea dance Monday, play writing is not much in his thoughts just now. But will he forsake the earlier love altogether? That is the question. Certainly he won't have much time for dramatic writing during the season. With the tea dances, the formal parties, the round of entertainments for his bride and last but not least, polo, his time will be pretty fully occupied. Will he play polo? One or two brides, out of anxiety for their bridegrooms' safety, have dissuaded them from the game.

Tait's, a Restful Cafe

Nothing can heighten the pleasure of a day's shopping more than an hour or so whiled away at Tait-Zinkand Cafe. One is so certain to find something new in the way of amusement, something that will drive away the trivial cares of the day, for the cafe is famous for the uniqueness of its entertainment. Then, too, the atmosphere of the place is in such pleasing contrast to the busy hum of the city streets. The decorations have been chosen with an eye to the restful and give a delightful, pleasing effect. No matter how often you dine within the confines of this Bohemian retreat there is always something novel to be seen.

At Paso Robles

Here are some of the well known folks who put up at Paso Robles lately: Dr. C. E. Barton, Dr. Carl Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Sturtevant, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Thomas Magee, Lewis E. Aubury, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cline and many others.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Leoncavallo's Zaza

A musical event of historical interest was the presentation of Zaza at the Tivoli under the direction of its composer Leoncavallo. It will live long in the memories of all who attended the performance. If there were many in the audience familiar with the Belascoized version of the Berton-Simon drama, the Leoncavallo music was probably heard for the first time by all but a few, and by all it was heard with delight. In this opera Leoncavallo plumbs the depths of emotion. His music invariably gives us the mood. More lucidly than the authors of the drama he depicts the feelings of the actors. In the midst of the exciting and unusual scenes of a common vaudeville stage he seems to reason out for us in his orchestration motives and feelings, to put us in touch with the very mainsprings of conduct and to plead for all that extenuates and that appeals to compassion and to the better instincts. To read the play or even to see it leaves one cold toward Dufresne, the faithless husband, the unappreciative lover, the self-exalted father. But to hear Leoncavallo's music is not to look upon him as an ordinary, pusillanimous character, the easy prey to environment but as a weak human being with a body and mind susceptible to temptation and a soul to suffer the consequences. I read in an interview with the great maestro that he felicitated himself upon having three such artists as Melis, Montesanto and Botta to present his work. I hope he was sincere—I believe he was. Assuredly he may travel all the opera world over without finding two such capable artists as Botta and Montesanto for the parts of Dufresne and Cascart. When Botta sang his lovely aria (Bella) triple measure one knew the young man was singing "his finish" and few tenors could portray that insinuating mood as did young Botta. Montesanto as Cascart gives a finished performance, vocally and histrionically. Young, gifted, temperamental he belongs with Botta among the elect of the musical and dramatic arts. Signora Melis as Zaza sang and acted in a manner to set a standard of both acting and singing in the rolè. In her allurements and her physical abandonment she was not at her best, but in her depiction of the soul's agony when the sensuous appeal was forgotten she was excellent. Here she was en rapport with the composer's idea that notwithstanding the low moral plane of the social outcast the gold of the soul may ring true.

—H. M. B.

Shaw at the Alcazar

San Franciscans have had their first opportunity to see "Man and Superman" owing to the enterprise of the Alcazar management, and they have seen it under the happiest auspices. It is beautifully mounted as all the productions made under the direction of Fred Butler are, and it is acted even better than the general run of Alcazar offerings, which is saying a great deal. "Man and Superman" depends for its success even more than the other Shaw plays on an intelligent and telling reading of the lines. It is a play of wit rather than of action, and the amusing situations are brought about by words rather than deeds. In less competent hands it would be a dismal failure, for it is far from "actor-proof." As given by the Alcazarans it is a decided success. They are intelligent players, these Alcazar stock people, and from start to finish they are fully alive to the satire which Shaw has written into every line of the dialogue. Without exception they have conceived their parts vividly, and the logical result is that they render them boldly and surely. Bert Lytell takes firm hold of the leading role of John Tanner from the first moment of his appearance, and during the three acts there is not even a suspicion of letting down. I doubt whether Lytell has ever done a better sustained character. Evelyn Vaughan plays Ann easily, leisurely in fact, but loses none of the demure sophistication which Shaw intended. She was a very lovely Ann indeed. The new ingenue Frances Carson was likewise a very lovely Violet; and it must be added, hers was one of the distinct hits in a superior cast. Burt Wesner played the explosive Roebuck Ramsden with great spirit throughout. Wesner is always dependable; this week he surpasses himself in vigor of characterization. Edmond Lowe seems to have graduated, to have taken his degree cum laude in the O'Farrell street college of drama. The part of Octavius Robinson is the first principal part I have seen him entrusted with. He scores. Given a chance to extend himself he makes good with a bang. He is another instance of a talented beginner who has been finely trained at the Alcazar. I take it that he has now definitely entered on his career. That he will go the pleasant road pursued by Ernest Glendinning and others who got their dramatic education at the Alcazar seems to be a matter safely beyond doubt. The others are excellent too: Jerome Storm as Henry Straker, Adele Belgarde as Mrs. Whitefield, Louise Brownell as Susan Ramsden, Kernan Cripps and Frank Burke as the junior and senior Malone respectively. It is too bad there couldn't be another week of "Man and Superman" so that more people could enjoy it. But doubtless it will be revived soon. It ought to be. We see so little Shaw in this city.

—Edward F. O'Day.

MLLE. DAZIE

The noted American pantomimic and classic dancer who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

The Carreno Concerts

Mme. Teresa Carreno, "queen of the pianists," will give three programs at Scottish Rite during the coming week. The first will be this Sunday afternoon when Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," a group of Liszt masterpieces and four Chopin gems will comprise the offering. The only evening concert will be given next Friday night. Beethoven's "Sonata" Op. 31, a group of important Brahms works and works by Chopin and Schubert will be on the list. The farewell Carreno concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, November 30, and on this occasion Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, Schumann's exquisite "Fantasie" Op. 17 and groups by Chopin and Rubinstein will be the offering.

Katherine Parlow Coming

Kathleen Parlow, the violin virtuosa who commenced her career as a child wonder in San Francisco and who was sent to Europe to study through the influence of some of our leading society folk, has taken her place among great players and has been winning triumphs in Russia, Spain and Germany this year. She has visited New York twice since achieving world-wide fame and will arrive in that city next week for her third American tour which will bring her as far west as this city. Greenbaum has secured a contract for a few concerts with her early in the new year.

The Melba-Kubelik Combination

The Melba-Kubelik combination is proving the strongest concert attraction ever organized for an American tour. Last Sunday afternoon in Chicago over three thousand people were unable to gain admission to the big auditorium after two hundred seats had been placed on the stage and one hundred in the orchestra pit. The opportunity of hearing the world's greatest soprano and the world's most marvelous violin virtuoso with the Irish baritone Edmund Burke of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, Marcel Moyse, the flute virtuoso of the Paris Grand Opera Orchestra, and Gabriel Lapierre, the pianist, all for the price of the usual Melba concert, is one that the music lovers of the entire country are taking advantage of. Of course only a few cities can be visited with such an expensive combination, and Will Greenbaum has had the courage to undertake two concerts by the aggregation of stars. The Melba-Kubelik concerts will be given at Dreamland on Sunday afternoons, December 7 and 14. Mail orders are now being placed on file to be filled in order of their receipt. Mr. Greenbaum announces that at the first concert Mme. Melba will sing numbers from Handel's "Allegro ed Il Penseroso" (with flute obligato), Mozart's "Il Re Pastore" with violin obligato by Kubelik, and arias from "La Boheme" and "Otello." Kubelik promises a Wieniawski "Concerto" and a group of beautiful numbers, and Burke will sing operatic numbers and Irish songs. San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego will be the only cities to hear this combination.

Mantell to Open in "King John"

In this season of numerous Shakespearean revivals, a distinct novelty is being offered by Robert Mantell in his coast-to-coast tour, a massive scenic production of the historical tragedy "King John." In this play Mantell will open his two weeks' engagement at the Cort starting Monday night, and he will repeat "King John" at the special Thanksgiving matinee and on Friday night of the second week. Mantell will be seen in eight other roles. The order of plays for the first week is "King John Monday night;

"Othello" Tuesday night; "Richelieu" Wednesday afternoon; "Macbeth" Wednesday night; "King John" Thursday afternoon; "Hamlet" Thursday night; "King Lear" Friday night; "The Merchant of Venice" Saturday afternoon; and "Richard III" Saturday night. The second week Mantell will present "Louis XI" Monday night; "Macbeth" Tuesday night; "The Merchant of Venice" Wednesday afternoon; "King Lear" Wednesday night; "Richelieu" Thursday night; "King John" Friday night; "Hamlet" Saturday afternoon; and "Louis XI" Saturday night. Many years have elapsed since "King John" was presented by a male star on the American stage. The most famous of the earlier performances in this country was that of Junius Brutus Booth. Charles Kean was the last actor to attempt the part before Mantell. William Winter considers Mantell's performance the best that has ever been seen in this country.

Theatre Francais

The second performance of the Theatre Francais will be given Thursday night, December 4, and the program will consist of the one act comedy "L'Ete de la Saint-Martin" by Meilhac and Halevy followed by the operetta "Marriage aux Lanterns" by Jacques Offenbach with a complete operatic orchestra and an excellent singing cast. This work is one of the gems of the genuine "opera-comique" school and both the story and music are fascinating.

Clarence Whitehill at the Symphony

Clarence Whitehill, the great baritone of the Chicago, Philadelphia and Metropolitan Opera Companies will by his appearance as soloist make memorable the fourth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony to be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, December 5. Whitehill has sung with marked success in the great opera houses of Europe. He had the rare distinction of being selected by Frau Cosima Wagner for the performances of the "Nibelungen Ring" at Beyreuth. The program follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 4, E minor; Wagner, Wotan's Farewell, Magic-Fire Scene from "Die Walkure," Mr. Whitehill; Humperdinck, Overture from "Die Konigskinder;" Wagner, "Wahn! Wahn" from "Die Meistersinger," Mr. Whitehill. Tickets will go on sale Monday, December 1.

Lady Gymnasts at Empress

The Dunedin Troupe of Lady Gymnasts and acrobats will be the headline attraction at the Empress next week. They have just concluded a six months' engagement at the London Hippodrome. The act is replete with sensation from beginning to end. The Lester Trio will present a farce called "The Bath Room Mystery." Louise and Clara Campbell are accomplished musicians. Naglin, Eddy and Roy have humorous and clever pantomime. Andrew Lewis and Helen Norton have songs and dancing. Monroe, Thomas, Lambert and Copp are a male quartette. The Cullen Brothers have an eccentric dancing act.

Fifth Week of Scott Pictures

The end of the fourth week of the successful engagement of "The Undying Story of Captain Scott" and "Animal Life in the Antarctic" in San Francisco finds crowded houses at the Savoy. When Herbert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S., was chosen as the official photographer and cinematographer of Captain Scott's ill-fated expedition to the South Pole, he proved to be the man above all men to secure the most wonderful films and glimpses of strange lands and animal life imaginable, the whole forming a record that is bound to go down to posterity and be wondered at for many years to come. The pictures are not devoid of comedy. The lecture of Charles B. Hanford is as entertaining as it is instructive. The fifth week will begin at the Savoy Monday afternoon, with the usual matinee every day at half past two and the evening performance at eight-thirty.

Mlle. Dazie at Orpheum

Mlle. Dazie, the noted pantomimic and classic dancer, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week in the little fantasy "Pantaloon," a plea for an ancient family by Sir James Matthew Barrie, author of "Peter Pan." Mlle. Dazie was the first American prima ballerina to appear in New York in grand opera. Her recent engagements have been at the Winter Garden and the Casino Theatre. She has also triumphed at the Palace Theatre, London, where she attracted the attention of Sir James Matthew Barrie who immediately recognized in her his ideal for the role of Columbine. "Pantaloon" is a story of the home life of actors of the "Harlequinade" as done in England years ago, the principal characters being Clown, Harlequin, Columbine and Pantaloon (her father). In this little play certain conventions are accepted as matter-of-fact. Harlequin

AL. SHEAN
Who is appearing in "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety Theatre.

ROBERT MANTELL
The eminent tragedian, who will be seen as King Lear at the Cort next week.

nd Columbine never speak, according to "Har-equinade" tradition. The Clown is referred to s "Joey," the Harlequin as "Boy," the Colum-ine as "Fairy" and the Pantaloon is called "The)ld 'Un." It is also accepted that when the Har-equin wears his mask down over his eyes he is nvisible to all others, and that his wand has cer-ain magic powers which he exercises at will. tuart Barnes, singing comedian and monologist, s on the bill. Mabelle Lewis, the petite ingenue nd Paul McCarthy give fifteen minutes of music, ong and chatter. Harry Armstrong and Billy Clark, popular song writers, will sing their latest ompositions "I Wasn't Exactly Running" and Have a Heart." Next week will conclude the ngagements of Harry Fox and Yancsi Dolly; Genaro and Bailey; George Rolland and Co. and Ellen Beach Yaw.

"Stop Thief" at Columbia

A brisk, merry and well-wrought farce is "Stop Thief," Messrs. Cohan and Harris' newest offer-ing to be presented at the Columbia for two weeks beginning this Sunday night, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday and a special holiday matinee on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day). This

SCENE FROM "STOP THIEF"

The season's biggest farce comedy success to be presented at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Sunday night, November 23.

play was presented all last year at the Gayety Theater, New York, and created a new record for a non-music play. From all accounts "Stop Thief" is a legitimate successor to "Officer 666." The cast is one of excellence and includes Elmer Booth, creator of the role of "Jack Duggan" the crook; Albert Tavernier, Hal Mordaunt, Sydney Mason, John McCabe, Sydney Stone, Henry Hubbard, Chic Burnham, Misses June Keith, Elsa Glyn, Gladys Wilcox, Emma Campbell, Laura Walker, Veve Martin, Marie Vaughn and Rose Beaudet.

"Alias Jimmy" at Alcazar

"Alias Jimmy Valentine," the famous "play with a punch," is to be the Alcazar's offering next week, with Bert Lytell and Evelyn Vaughan in the roles which enabled them to score a most emphatic success last season in their own theatre at Albany, New York. Supporting them will be the full strength of the stock company and several specially engaged players. Paul Armstrong adapted "Alias Jimmy Valentine" from one of the late O. Henry's most fascinating tales, "A Retrieved Reformation," and no dramatic work produced within the last decade made a more instantaneous and enduring hit. After an entire season on Broadway and a three months' run in Chicago it was sent on tour and as a "two-dollar attraction" drew capacity audiences.

"Candy Shop" at "Half Century Mark"

This Saturday witnesses the fiftieth performance of "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety. The last weeks are now announced. The promoters of the new O'Farrell street house did not anticipate anything like the success that has been attained. Consequently, previous contracts had been made and arrangements completed for the "Candy Shop's" successor at a fixed date yet to be publicly announced. This leaves but a short time for those who have not seen this show to remedy their neglect. One of the new songs to be put in today is "The Suffragette Bell-hop" sung by Maude Fulton who writes all the words of her songs. Meantime J. J. Rosenthal is due back in the city with new contracts. None of the names are yet announced but it is safe to predict that one of them at least will create a furore.

"Lucia" Sextet at Music Matinee

There will be a novelty at this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler & Chase Hall. This will be the Sextet from Lucia sung by pupils of N. Personne. All six are well trained and possess excellent voices. There will also be two selections on the Pipe Organ and several instrumental selections on the Pipe Organ and several instrumental selections on the Kohler & Chase Player Piano. The entire program will be of fine artistic quality.

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Second Week

Mon., Dec. 1, "Louis XI"; Tues., Dec. 2, "Macbeth"; Wed. Mat., Dec. 3, "Merchant of Venice"; Wed. Night, "King Lear"; Thursday., Dec. 4, "Richelieu"; Fri., Dec. 5, "King John"; Sat. Mat., Dec. 6,, "Hamlet"; Sat. Night, "Louis XI."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks fluctuated in a meaningless way throughout the week. Some issues were affected by developments bearing on them alone, and in this way United States Rubber securities, New Haven and Mexican Petroleum sustained severe losses. The latter was due to the passing of its regular dividend. The active market leaders held their own fairly well but gave way toward the end of the week under moderate selling and finished with losses of a point or more for the week. Steel shares held firm despite the talk about lower prices and restricted buying. Railroads have been buying moderately and there are few signs that European iron and steel mills will be able to compete with domestic mills anywhere except on the Pacific Coast, where foreigners have the advantage on cargo rates. An American mill cannot send its products in a foreign bottom from Philedalphia to San Francisco, and it is therefore handicapped by having to compete with that free trade on the high seas, which is the great factor in international commerce. The odd thing about this shipping situation is that Eastern steel mills in this country are competing successfully for trade in South America and other ports of the world against European mills, but they cannot compete against the foreign mills when it comes to making deliveries on the Pacific Coast. Some of the railroad earnings' reports are showing poorly although the Great Northern statement of its September earnings showed an increase of over $1,000,000 in gross and an increase of over $500,000 in net. As Great Northern is supposed to pay a very high scale of wages its prosperity tends to hurt the case for higher freight rates. Toward the end of the week traders gave their attention to the Mexican situation which was reflected in the London market. Prices in that market showed some sharp declines which were in turn reflected in this market. Trade however continues very quiet and is mostly confined to the professional element and the market is not allowed to drift very far. On the whole, stocks look cheap and attractive at this level.

Wheat—The wheat market the past week has been under the influences of a reduced estimate of the Argentine crop, and some very extravagant talk of abandoned acreage, and serious trouble. The news comes through the agency of private cables and must be taken with a good deal of latitude. The unfavorable news from Argentine and continued reports of serious trouble from India caused considerable short covering in Liverpool and some investment buying. The nervousness was helped along by dearer Russian offers and a growing firmness in Canadian offers. Light rains were reported in the southern districts of India, but too late to do any good. The winter wheat seeding in Russia was not progressing as desired but otherwise the conditions are reported as fine. There seems to be a good deal of stock taken in the theory that Argentine will not raise over 70,000,000 bushels surplus this year. This kind of news is regulating the fluctuations at present time entirely and is liable to give out as a sustaining force at any time. In our own country the growing crop is said to be in excellent condition and the acreage is said to be 15 per cent larger than last year. Stocks of wheat are large at all primary markets and we look for some liquidation in the December option but on any break below 90 cent for the May option we believe wheat can be bought for an investment.

Corn—Notwithstanding the bearish Government report on corn early in the week the market has held remarkably firm and at the close of the week shows a slight advance. The principal factors have been the small receipts and the wet weather prevailing generally over the belt. Cash prices have shown a sharp advance not only at Chicago but more so at the southwestern markets. The December option took the lead and toward the end of the week there were signs of congestion with shorts very nervous as the weekly forecast was for continued unsettled weather. However, the price looks very attractive and with a fair run of new corn to market it will take the edge off the cash market and with Argentine furnishing the East with corn prices will no doubt show a good reaction from this level.

Cotton—The liquidation of long contracts, which was so drastic as to cause last week's sharp decline, was still in evidence at the beginning of the week. There was no special reason for the decline other than there had been some poorly margined contracts to cover, but when this was accomplished, a reaction set in, resulting in advances of about 50 points from the low level touched early in the week. There does not seem to be any distressed cotton on the market. In fact there is no change in the general situation compared with a few days ago, when the market was selling around the 14 cent level. It is also a fact that there was less cotton in the interior on November 1st than one year ago by reason of receipt at the ports being very heavy, which is due to the urgent export demand. The number of bales in the interior was 208,000 bales less than a year ago and 1,282,000 bales less than year before last. The bulls have not claimed anything more than that this crop is only about 14,000,000 bales. The shorts are claiming that the crop is over 15,000,000 bales. So far the facts favor the longs. In the matter of consumption, the claim is being made that it is being overestimated, but the facts show that takings are so large thus far this season that all previous records have been broken. General trade conditions throughout the world are not of the best, but the situation in textiles is remarkably good, especially in America. With so much of the weak long interest eliminated by the late decline, the market is technically stronger for that reason and unless the spot market weakens materially, the market ought to continue to improve.

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Un Bock Brun

(Continued from Page 8.)

ered, with some distaste, the spices of Araby. Some had cravats that fluttered and fell, and rose again like banners in a storm. There were men with severe, spade-shaped, most responsible-looking beards, and quizzical little eyes which gave the lie to their hairy sedateness—eyes which had spent long years in looking sidewards as a woman passed. There were men of every stage of foppishness. Men who had spent so much time on their mustaches that they had only a little left for their fingers nails, but their mustaches exonerated them. Others who were coated to happiness, trousered to grotesqueness, and booted to misery. He thought—in this city the men wear their own coats, but they all wear someone else's trousers, and their boots are syndicated.

He saw no person who was self-intent. They were all deeply conscious, not of themselves, but of each other. They were all looking at each other. They were all looking at him, and he returned the severe, or humorous, or appraising gaze of each with a look nicely proportioned to the passer, giving back exactly what was given to him, and no more. He did not stare, for nobody stared. He just looked and looked away, and was as mannerly as was required.

A negro went by arm in arm with a girl who was so sallow that she was only white by courtesy. He was a bulky man, and as he bent over his companion, it was evident that to him she was whiter than the snow of a single night.

Women went past in multitudes, and he knew the appearance of them all. How many times he had watched them or their duplicates striding and mincing and bounding by, each moving like an animated note of interrogation! They were long, and medium, and short. There were women of a thinness beyond comparison, sheathed in skirts as featly as a rapier in a scabbard. There were women of a monumental, a mighty fatness, who billowed and rolled in multitudinous, stormy garments. There were slow eyes that drooped on one as heavily as a hand, and quick ones that stabbed and withdrew, and glanced again appealingly, and slid away cursing. There were some who lounged with a false sedateness, and some who fluttered in an equally false timidity. Some wore velvet shoes without heels. Some had shoes the heels whereof were of such inordinate height that the wearers looked as though they were perched on stilts and would topple to perdition if their skill failed for an instant. They passed, and they looked at him, and from each, after the due regard, he looked away to the next in interminable procession.

There were faces also to be looked at, round, chubby faces, wherefrom the eyes of oxen stared in slow, involved rumination. Long faces that were keener than hatchets, and as cruel. Faces that pretended to be scornful, and were only piteous. Faces contrived to ape a temperament other than their own. Raddled faces with heavy eyes and rouged lips. Looking at him shyly or boldly, they passed along and turned after a while, and repassed him and turned again in promenade.

He had a sickness of them all. There had been a time when these were among the things he mourned for not having done, but that time was long past. He guessed at their pleasures, and knew them to be without salt. "Life," said he, "is as unpleasant as a plate of cold porridge." Somehow the world was growing empty for him. He wondered was he outgrowing his illusions, or his appetite, or both? The things in which other men took such interest were drifting beyond him, and (for it seemed that the law of compensation can fail) nothing was drifting towards him in recompense. He foresaw himself as a box with nothing inside it, and he thought—it is not through love or fear or distress that men commit suicide, it is because they have become empty: both the gods and the devils have deserted them, and they can no longer support that solemn stagnation. He marveled to see with what activity men and women played the most savorless of games! With what zest of pursuit they tracked, what petty interests! He saw them as ants scurrying with scraps of straw, or apes that pick up and drop and pick up again, and he marveled from what fount they renewed themselves or with what charms they exorcised the demons of satiety!

On this night life did not seem worth while. The taste had gone from his mouth: his bock was water vilely colored: his cigarette was a hot stench: and yet a full moon was peeping in the trees along the path; and not far away, where the countryside bowed in silver quietude, the rivers ran through undistinguishable fields chanting their lonely songs, the seas leaped and withdrew, and called again to the stars, and gathered in ecstasy, and roared skywards, and the trees did not rob each other more than was absolutely necessary. The men and women were all hidden away in their cells asleep, where the moon could not see them, nor the clean wind, nor the stars. They were sundered for a little while from their eternal arithmetic. The grasping hands were lying as quietly as the paws of a sleeping dog. Those eyes held no further speculation than the eyes of an ox who lies down. The tongues that had lied all day and had been treacherous and obscene and respectful by easy turn said nothing; and he thought it was very good that they were all hidden, and that for a little time the world might swing darkly with the moon in its own wide circle and its silence.

He paid for his bock, gave the waiter a pourboire, touched his hat to a lady by sex and a gentleman by clothing, and strolled back to his room that was little, his candle that was three-quarters consumed, and his picture that might be admired when he was dead, but which he would not be praised for painting, and, after sticking his foot through the canvas, deciding to commence the following morning just as he had the previous one, and the one before that, and the one before that again.

Concerts at Techau

The management of Teachau Tavern will offer to the patrons of the cafe a series of exceptionally fine concerts every afternoon of the week beginning Monday, November 24. Two new singers of pronounced ability have been secured for these occasions and will render a new and extensive repertoire of songs. In addition to this feature a Grafonola will reproduce the voices of noted singers in grand opera selections, accompanied by the Tavern orchestra. This is an innovation which is certain to be popular, producing, as it does, a perfect illusion of the actual voices of master singers. Each afternoon of that week every lady will be presented with a souvenir consisting of a dainty bottle of perfumery from the laboratory of V. Rigaud of Paris.

Letters

Geraldine Bonner's Latest

It is several years now since Geraldine Bonner has given us a novel, and in her latest, "The Book of Evelyn," she has taken a departure and left the emigrant trail and its terminus for the coast of New York Bohemia, a bit of the ragged inner edge. The story is told in the first person throughout, and is the informal record of a conservative woman who, after several years abroad, returns to New York to learn that her small though secure income will permit of but restricted living in a boarding-house where the other tenants are for the most part connected in one way or another with the arts. There are a painter, a writer, an artist's model and an Italian count who has come to America to learn banking. The mansard story is occupied by a woman who is studying for an operatic career, and though it is the widow Evelyn Sharp who tells the story, it is in the main the singer's story, or, at least such of it as is lived during the brief period that the two women are co-tenants. The people all, from the landlady to the visitors, have an easy and unconventional fashion of dropping in on Mrs. Sharp, borrowing every detached article in her appartment and leaving stray bits and scraps of information concerning each other, and though they are all individual and interesting, their office is that of the chorus to supplement the principal, the flamboyant and tempestuous Lizzie Harris. Lizzie Harris is almost a phychological problem. She is the protege of a manager who had picked her up in California where she had been singing in a church choir. Lizzie had a voice, not a phenomenal one, but good enough. She had good looks, physical proportions and temperament to spare. Masters was paying all her expenses and banking on the idea that she could be taught the one thing that she lacked, the one without which all the rest were nothing—"soul," for in spite of her tempestuousness she was unable to infuse a particle of feeling into her roles. Evelyn regarded her first with amazement, then with amusement, and finally accepted her as she was, for after all she had endearing qualities for those who could look past her peculiarities. As a last resort a concert was arranged, in the hope that the presence of an audience would effect what everything else had failed to accomplish, but Lizzie Harris's soul, if she had one, failed to manifest itself, and patron and backer abandoned her as hopeless. A long and dangerous illness followed during which the whole apartment house simply devoted itself to nursing and entertaining her. It was during her convalescence and in the free-and-easy familiarity of the establishment that there entered "the man." Evelyn had a friend, a lover in all but the formal declaration, a blue-blooded, inner-circle aristocrat with whose sister she herself felt by no means too much at her ease. When Roger Clement saw Lizzie Harris, a very much subdued Lizzie, he showed immediate symptoms of subjection, and ere long he was telling Evelyn how unfit the poor girl was to fight for her living, how delicate and refined, etc., and Evelyn, having become aware, during Lizzie's illness, of certain episodes which would have shocked Roger Clement and driven him far from his enchantress, is torn between desire and duty. It is rather a grim tragedy for Evelyn, especially as Lizzie Harris can't sing and won't teach and is absolutely useless for anything else. But these soul tragedies, viewed from the other side, are very apt to be comedies. Whether Roger Clement was really enamored and desirous of marrying the enchantress or whether she would have accepted him if he were no one need ever know. Suddenly, perhaps the logical result of the dire and utter failure of the concert and the immediate consequences, the lost soul manifested itself, and the artistic temperament was in the ascendant. Lizzie Harris was dead and gone and Liza Bonaventura stood forth in all the unconsiderate egotism of the exultant prima donna. Roger Clement, accustomed to be deferred to and appreciated at his full value, was calmly told that he had been very much in the way, and his dudgeon was coolly disregarded. So as far as this particular history is concerned, the great question of whether an open secret should be told or not remains unsolved. A woman of any

experience usually is wise enough to know that a man has abundant opportunity for learning all that concerns him, and that he will not only discount anything another woman may tell him but impugn her motives into the bargain. The descriptions of the people and the happenings in the apartment house are interesting and they have an originality and freshness as seen through the eyes of one who was in but not of the life, an outsider who did not disdain to step within the circle on occasion and who without condescension, still belonged to a better and different order. From Bobbs-Merrill.

Rex Beach Back to Alaska

Rex Beach has gone back to Alaska for the setting of the scenes in "The Iron Trail," and has given us a stirring tale of railroad construction through the wilderness. Murray O'Neil is the sort of man who gets things done, and he has a trusty corps of lieutenants who would rather attempt an impossible undertaking for him than an easy one for any one else. From the first chapter which introduces a wreck on the uncharted and imperfectly lighted coast, to the last which shows a steel bridge barely completed in time to stand the test of the going out of the river ice, there is a sense of breathlessness and haste, with the one dominating figure of O'Neil in the foreground, always thoughtful of others, planning, guiding, but never appearing to drive, until the stupendous task is brought to fitting close. Of course there is a love story, two of them or even three, but though the girls probably conduct themselves as that kind of girls would in the circumstances, they are but wooden dolls as compared with the men, and somehow one always feels that women are out of place in such surroundings and that if they really had the tact and grace which authors bestow on them they would betake themselves to some less conspicuous position. Rex Beach has not let the love making hamper the real work, but one cannot imagine a man like Murray O'Neil wanting a woman, however charming, tagging along at his heels. The conservationists in Congress and out will draw small comfort from "The Iron Trial." From Harper's press

A Hornung Mystery

"The Thousandth Woman," as most readers will guess, is the woman who will stand by a man through thick and thin in spite of suspicion, accusation and even proof, no matter what he has done or is supposed to have done. E. W. Hornung is an adept in the weaving of plots in which some character is tangled in a maze of circumstantial evidence, and then just when the noose seems about to tighten, pulling the master thread which unravels the web, and in a twinkling it is made as clear that the victim could not be guilty as it is that someone else, standing in the clear light is the only one who could have done the deed. From Bobbs-Merrill.

Another Wallingford Book

Still another Wallingford book! "Wallingford and Blackie Daw" shows the redoubtable pair in the full glory of their prosperity, an able partnership into which is admitted one Paul Pollet, temporarily a yellow journalist but a born knight of the road. Wallingford and Blackie are as plausible as ever and their schemes always look feasible. The only improbability is that the same pair could keep it up, but of course they are wary enough to keep clear of honest folks and the scamps that are mulcted dare not risk exposure for themselves by invoking the law. Human nature is an open book to J. Rufus, and legitimate traders might do well to borrow some of his geniality. Quite aa interesting as the men and their clever villainy are their wives, Violet Bonney and Fannie. Violet Bonnie is in her element, but Fannie Wallingford is developing. From a shy, somewhat timid country girl she has become quite a figure. She knows now that Wallingford is a crook, but she accepts him and lives up to him and is more loyal than many a woman is to a better man. Young Jimmie must be quite a lad by now, and one wonders what is to become of him, whether he will inherit his father's shifty financial morality or whether wealth will secure protection for him. Wallingford is more than a book character. He has a personality of his own and these recurring chronicles of his doings are like the periodical mention of real captains of industry and promoters. From Bobbs-Merrill.

A Macmillan Reprint

The Macmillans have added to their fifty-cent library for juveniles a reprint of Beulah Marie Dix's story, "A Little Captive Lad." This should not be overlooked by those in search of books for the young and averse to both monkeyshines and school athletics. The scenes are laid in Holland and England, and the times is that of the Stuart exile. Gervaise Darrell was only eight years old when his Chevalier father died in banishment and the child had a precarious if affectionate existence with Captain John Careless until he was claimed by an elder half-brother attached to the Cromwellian curse and taken back to England and comfort. Gervaise was too young to understand politics, but with a child's blind partisanship, he espoused the Cavalier cause and managed to make himself very miserable to say nothing of the trouble he caused for his brother until he learned by sore experience that all Cavaliers were not honorable nor all Roundheads rogues. The young children will find interest in the haps and mishaps and adventures of the little lad while those a little older will learn something of the home life of the period.

A Chicago man has invented a set of eating tools which he claims will insure good table manners even in the worst regulated families. He starts with a noiseless soup spoon, which has defied the most powerful lungs to bring forth a sound when used, and a knife which has a guard to prevent it being used to transfer peas to the mouth by amateur sword swallowers. The fork is left untouched, as the inventor does not believe in making too sweeping a change in Chicago table etiquette at once; but with the teaspoon he has done wonders. It has a bell attachment in the handle, which rings automatically when it has been left in a cup and topples over if not removed within three minutes. The distressing habit, prevalent among pork-packing millionaires and others of the nouveau riche, of drinking from finger bowls is prevented by saw teeth along the edges, and the napkins are shortened and fastened to the tablecloth by hooks and eyes. To tuck it into the collar it would be necessary to remove the table cloth. The inventor has no intention so far to keep the waiter from putting his thumb in the soup, but he has hopes of overcoming this ancient custom.

This would be a much different world if we were all as free with assistance as we are with advice.

It's practice that makes perfect, not preaching.

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of OLGA PARIS MILLINERY, a corporation, for dissolution.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Public notice hereby given that the above named corporation has filed in the above named Court its application for dissolution. At any time before the expiration of thirty (30) days from the first publication of this notice, any person may file his objection to the said application.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco and ex-officio clerk of the above named Court.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

L. L. SOLOMONS,
Attorney for Olga Paris Millinery, a corporation. 10-25-5

APPLICATION FOR A DECREE OF VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,802; Dept. 6.

In the Matter of the Application of WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Decree of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Western States Amusement Company, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to and has this day filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve and disincorporate; and that on MONDAY, the 22nd day of December, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, before the above entitled Court, Department No. 6 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Hall of Justice, Clay and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, California, the said application will be heard and determined.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. Brunner, Deputy Clerk.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attys. for Petitioner,
First National Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HOCK, Deceased—No. 16,262; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of HENRY HOCK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Frank L. Fenton, Room 329 Mills Building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY HOCK, deceased

CHARLES H. HOCK,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Henry Hock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 22, 1913.

FRANK L. FENTON,
Attorney for Administrator with the Will annexed,
329 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased.
No. 16,177; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, George Howard Thompson and Meta Fitzhugh Thompson, Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Jas. D. Thurman, Rooms 839-845 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of G. Howard Thompson, deceased.

GEORGE HOWARD THOMPSON,
META FITZHUGH THOMPSON,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 8, 1913.

JAS. D. THURMAN, Attorney for Executors,
839 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11_8-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE AGAINST SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 15,325; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MONROE MARKHAM, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Emma Markham, the administratrix of the estate of Monroe Markham, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said decedent in order to pay his debts and expenses and charges of administration; and

It further appearing that there has been filed with the Clerk of this Court the assent in writing of Emma Markham as guardian of the person and estate of Dean Monroe Markham, a minor, one of the heirs of said Monroe Markham, deceased, and also the assent of Florence Markham Baird, daughter of said decedent, wherein they consent to the sale of the whole or some portion of the real estate of the said decedent in order to pay his debts and the expenses and charges of administration; and

It further appearing that the above entitled Court did make its order to show cause against such sale this day, wherein no provision was made for the publication of the notice of said order to show cause in a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

It is therefore hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that said order to show cause against such sale heretofore signed by the above entitled court and filed with the Clerk thereof be, and the same is hereby vacated and set aside; and

It is further ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said Monroe Markham, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall at number 1231 Market street, on the 18th day of December, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to shew cause, if any they have, why an order as prayed for in the petition should not be granted to said administratrix to sell the real estate of said decedent at either public or private sale for the purpose mentioned in said petition as she shall adjudge to be for the best interest of said estate and the parties interested therein.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Dated, November 10, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

GAVIN McNAB and NAT SCHMULOWITZ,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Merchants National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 11-15-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, ELLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN CROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly of real property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to-wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 172, N. S.; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, Deceased.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of R. PERCY WRIGHT, also known as ROBERT WRIGHT EARNSHAW, deceased, having presented his petition herein, duly verified praying for an order of the sale of the whole of the real estate of the said decedent remaining unsold, or so much or such parts thereof as said Court shall judge necessary or beneficial for the reasons and purposes in said petition mentioned and set forth:

And said petition having been filed, it is now ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be, and they hereby are directed to appear before said Court on TUESDAY, the 25th day of November, 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court in the temporary City Hall, 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator to sell the whole or so much of the real estate of said decedent as may be necessary.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California

Dated at San Francisco, this 17th day of October, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed Oct. 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDWARD J. LYNCH, In propria persona,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-25-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Mayor Rolph's Master Stroke

It was with a due regard for the fitness of things that "Mission Jim" vetoed the municipal opera house ordinance in the name of Democracy. A municipal opera house would have an educating energy. It would make San Francisco a focus of sweetness and light. It would promote the cultivation of public taste, the refinement of public manners. It would not only bring joy to the people, it would enhance the reputation of the city for civilizing influences. About none of these things is Democracy at all concerned. It was different in the days of Pericles, but the spirit of modern Democracy is the dogmatic spirit of the Reign of Terror, a spirit of petty jealousies and suspicions afflicted with the leprosy of egoism and anarchy. Now Mayor Rolph is the logical product of the modern Democracy that celebrates the triumph of the least intelligent and least civilized. He is the inevitable two-spot that comes to the top when the crowd shuffles the pack. Elected Mayor of San Francisco to promote its best interests in the light of his judgment, we find him always consulting factional prejudices and studying the whims of momentary majorities. Naturally he has appeared to be somewhat capricious, for in a city that has been long tormented by the mean and selfish designs of small-bore agitators, demagogic editors and megalomaniac millionaires of Malayan instincts, it is not easy to guess always the popular side. So Mayor Rolph has given us the impression of a man of spry intellect and tractable convictions with a backbone like a jelly-fish. He has been on both sides of many questions; for instance, the Clinic question, the question of a bond issue for more street railroads and the municipal opera house question. Mayor Rolph was an enthusiastic supporter of the opera house project until the Bulletin which faithfully reflects the animosities of certain eminent citizens, described it as a scheme for the creation of a local aristocracy and began organizing the old Bulletin-Phelan cabal to misrepresent the motives and purposes of the public-spirited members of the Musical Association and to appeal to the latent prejudices of all the illiterate elements of our purblind Democracy. This briefly is the explanation of Mayor Rolph's spectacular flop. Mayor Rolph is not to be credited with an error of judgment. The only arguments that he has made in support of his veto are arguments that he publicly refuted before the ordinance was passed. Though not a man of broad outlook, or of more than average intelligence, nobody apprehends more accurately than himself the lasting benefits that the whole city would enjoy in the event of the fruition of the plans that were formed by the men who hoped to adorn the civic center with a temple of art. He knows just what those plans comprehend; he knows that the objection to a vested right for cash in seats comprising less than one-seventh of the total seating capacity is a mean subterfuge; that in fact this vested right is in reality an essential guaranty voluntarily assumed to ensure entertainment and education for the public—all these things Mayor Rolph is sensible of, but he knew the public was not. In other words, this shabby demagogue calculated that the ignorance of the public ensured the success of a hooray gallery play. Poor silly fool! The hoodwinking of the public is never a permanent achievement. A man cannot so conspicuously and brutally do injury to his native city without being found out even by Democracy.

The Blunders of the Past

Mayor Rolph's veto induces a melancholy mood and a disposition to gloomy retrospection, for it reminds us of what might have been but for the blockhead blunders that stand out as monuments to civic stupidity in the history of San Francisco. Lamentable beyond expression though it be considered, the pen-stroke that demolished the beautiful edifice that was to be dedicated to one of the fine arts in the civic center, yet misfortunes equally grievous have been visited on our city by the perversity of man. Let us ponder a few of them. The first and most notable, one that has been lamented more than all others was the dwarfing of the original plans of Golden Gate Park. What a triumph of prophetic discernment that park would now be had Mayor McCoppin been permitted to carry out his plan of extending the panhandle to Market street at its juncture with Van Ness avenue. The entrance to the park would now be in the neighborhood of the civic center but for the bitter opposition to the McCoppin plans of the very same newspaper that started the opposition to the opera house project. The Bulletin, you see, has long been the evil genius of San Francisco. After the park folly came the sale of the whole Market street frontage of the land that had been converted into a city hall site. That colossal blunder the people lamented for twenty years, but without being able to fix responsibility. Coming down to more modern times we find Mayor Phelan, the celebrated sack-hefter, refusing Captain Payson's offer of all the Spring Valley Water Company's properties for the face value of the securities. Weary of serving as a means of vindicating the indestructible rectitude of professional demagogues the stockholders of the corporation decided to quit business, and the purchase price fixed by them was what they now could get for the Lake Merced lands plus a few old reservoirs and pipe lines. That was fifteen years ago. Mr. Phelan was then the idol of the masses. They regarded him as the wisest man since Solomon's day, and it was not till later, till he made a big defalcation in the Treasurer's office possible by hefting the coin sacks instead of counting the gold, that their faith in him wavered. With characteristic smartness Mayor Phelan turned down the Spring Valley offer. According to his philosophy the directors were on the run or else they wouldn't have made the offer. He was sure that negotiations would be renewed and that he would be much celebrated for beating down the price. In a few years the price was doubled. And then the wise Mr. Phelan conceived the Hetch-Hetchy project, which, though still but a fetus, has assimilated two millions of public money and will require more than a Caesarian operation to ensure delivery. Next in the list of misfortunes is the lost opportunity to widen certain streets and create new ones after the fire. As perhaps we are all more or less implicated in that blunder, it may be well not to dwell thereon, but what about the big Southern Pacific depot? E. H. Harriman wanted to build it, and would have built it had he not been disgusted by the demagogic pinhead policy of our supervisors. And who was responsible for the enormous blunder in the handling of the civic center bonds that gave rise to the report in foreign lands that San Francisco's credit had been destroyed, a blunder from the effects of which we have not yet recovered. The responsibility for some of our misfortunes, it appears, is hard to fix, but not so in the case of the opera house, nor with respect to other matters in which the malign Phelan-Bulletin twins played the part of the devil's disciples. There will never be any difficulty in fixing responsibility in this opera house matter. Whosoever wrote the veto, whether a Sullivan or a Dwyer, the signature is the signature of "Mission Jim," and posterity will need no effigy to be reminded of him.

Is Eshleman For Bankruptcy?

From the Examiner's report of the speech made by President Eshleman of the State Railroad Commission at a meeting of the

California Bar Association it appears that the gentleman suggested that it might be deemed advisable "to force over-capitalized utilities into the hands of a receiver." President Eshleman was discussing railroad rate regulation. It would be interesting to know whether he is in favor of compelling the bankruptcy of railroads. Unfortunately, notwithstanding the importance of the subject, the newspapers have not made Mr. Eshleman's views clear to the public. The Chronicle quotes him to the effect that the position "assumed by the most thoughtful commissions in the country may lead to the temporary inconvenience of the public." This statement read in connection with the Examiner's report of the Eshleman speech would seem to indicate that bankruptcy is among the remedies which our distinguished politicians are thinking of applying to our railroads. Doubtless Mr. Eshleman knows what he is talking about. The railroads are receiving treatment that warrants the belief that there is a little "inconvenience" ahead for the public. Wages are being raised and rates lowered. This is an economic process that must inevitably lead to bankruptcy and "inconvenience." Let us hope that the process will be expedited. The consummation will be easier to bear than protracted suspense. The sooner the railroads are forced to the wall, the sooner the public has its bellyful of inconvenience, the sooner, perhaps, the Eshlemans of the country will be laid on the shelf. If Governor Johnson decides to run for Senator (which is quite likely) Eshleman may be slated by the machine for the gubernatorial job. Consequently the prospect of early railroad bankruptcy would be somewhat alluring.

Bewailing a Blessing

One by one the innovations of Progressive politicians are found to be multiplying the evils and imperfections of our government. Innovation is a tinkering sort of business by which one small hole is mended and two large ones are made. From time to time we have pointed out the regrettable consequences of resolving political questions on a narrow basis without seeking light from principles more extensive than the central problem to be solved. To eliminate the bad boss we "brought the government back to the people," and by means of the direct primary and the initiative and referendum we dosed the people with politics till the popular stomach revolted, and the business of government was left in the hands of a busybody minority that has nothing to do and is incapable of doing anything else. Now the question of compulsory voting is under discussion, and there is agitation for discouragement of legislation. The bane of the law is the multiplication of statutes. Each is framed with a view to its own subject only with no reference to the general harmony of the system of which it forms a part. Uplifters have been making statutes as though the naked and hungry were to be clothed and fed with the east wind of legislation. And now comes complaint from Philadelphia against the non-partisan ballot which was recently thought to be one of the grandest blessings of modern times. The Ledger of Philadelphia tells us that the non-partisan ballot is not only a delusion and a snare but a positive menace to American institutions. Candidates, it appears, deprived of open political support by parties and desirous of organized support of some kind, have turned to the only available organizations—secret and fraternal societies. As a result religion is being used for political purposes and the most bitter prejudices and animosities have been fanned into a flame. At the recent election in Philadelphia, says the Ledger, "elements appeared in politics which must be taken out of politics, which must expel themselves if they are not to fall amid the common ruin." And so it goes. Everywhere there is lamentation because of the inability of our myopic reformers to anticipate the unforeseen and guard against the unknown. They have made a pretty mess of it everywhere.

Baltimore Dissents From Aked

The experience of the City of Baltimore is respectfully called to the attention of those pulpiteers who argue that the principle of segregation as applied to the social evil is behind the times. The experience of Baltimore teaches that it's the principle of "scatteration" as vouched for by that eminent authority on prostitution the Rev. Charles F. Aked that is behind the times. Baltimore has experimented with the Aked principle, and found that it was productive of more evils than the community is able to tolerate. A Baltimore grand jury after a thorough investigation of conditions developed as a result of putting the lid on the segregated district has recommended that the lid be removed and the prostitutes herded back to the brothels from which they were banished. The jurors found that the residence districts were infested with prostitutes; that the women plied their trade in the theatres and in the public parks; that they were a greater menace than ever to young men; that they had demoralized the police department, and that blackmail had become one of the most facile of crimes in the Maryland metropolis. It also appears from the report of the grand jury that the members have come to the conclusion that Baltimore is in need of a system of inspection such as was provided for in the municipal clinic that Mayor Rolph after heartily approving put out of business in deference to the wishes of Dr. Aked. "Baltimore," says the grand jury, "is too large a city to be run like a country village." Which may be true, but nevertheless segregation puts it under the terrible Aked indictment of being behind the times.

The Slump In Theatricals

From several sections of the country comes the news that the prosperity of the drama has departed. The slump in theatricals is widespread. It appears to be the consensus of opinion that the "movies" are responsible for the inattention from which the drama is suffering, the popularity of the "movies" being of steady, constant growth. Perhaps it would be well for managers to search for other causes. All the folk who are enjoying motion pictures have not been alienated from the drama by the cheaper form of entertainment. Many of them have not seen a drama in years, as is evident from the fact that some of the most successful of the dramas now in the "movies" were but recently worn threadbare in the theatre. There may be several reasons why the drama appears for the time being to be perishing of inanition. Mr. Henry Miller may have sensed one of them when he talked of exorbitant prices. Moreover Mr. Miller may have the right notion as to how to revive the prosperity of the drama. His notion is that the drama should be brought back to the people to whom it has long been inaccesible—the young folk and grown-ups as well who cannot afford to pay more than ten, twenty or twenty-five cents for a seat near the roof. It is important for the theatrical business that a taste for the drama should be cultivated among youngsters, since it is the gallery gods of today who occupy the orchestra chairs of tomorrow. Perhaps the "movies" of today are doing for the drama what was done by the cheap theatres of a generation ago before we had any problem dramas dealing with burning but evanescent questions which young folk have too much sense to bother about. Perhaps these problem dramas and dramas reeking with ideas are in a measure responsible for the slump in theatricals. In the past decade many changes have occurred in the theatrical business to some of which it may not be unwise to attribute the vacant outlook that frequently saddens the souls in the footlights' glare. The drama made to fit the star is one thing that has certainly not served to keep alive public interest in the theatre, nor has the star system as a whole been conducive to the popularity or the development of the histrionic art.

Our President's Boss

A remarkable pen picture of President Woodrow Wilson has come from the hand of Secretary Josephus Daniels. It is the picture of a man divinely aureoled, one whose nature has been brought under the control of the angel within him, and who is serving an appreciceship to heavenly things. "President Wilson is ruled by a boss," says Josephus. The boss is his conscience. "He dares not sign a single paper, nor decide a single issue without consulting his boss. Every act of his, every move he makes is determined not by his own free will, but by his boss, his master." This beautiful soul is not unconscious of his absolute subservience to his internal monitor, the tyrannical stickler for the supremacy of rectitude. "One day," says the enchanted Josephus, "a friend asked the President why he did not do a certain thing. The President replied, 'I cannot do it; my boss won't let me.' The friend thought that the President was perhaps referring to Mrs. Wilson, when the President added, 'My conscience is my boss.'" What a touching story! One to be embalmed in American school books, to be

handed down to posterity along with the Washington cherry tree episode. President Wilson is a man to claim our reverence and compel our homage. Listen to Josephus: "I know he was very eager to go to Panama last summer, but his boss wouldn't let him go. He wanted to go to his family last summer for a rest, being very tired, but his boss wouldn't let him. He felt that he must stay in Washington. He was needed here." President Wilson's conscience is an inexhaustible spring of spiritual joy. He reminds us of Cromwell, though his conscience is by no means intolerant of the acts of others howsoever severe it may be in passing judgment on his own behaviour. If his conscience would not let him go to Panama or to his family it did not constrain him to deny Secretary Bryan the pleasant and profitable society of yodlers and snake charmers. The President's conscience is not without cultivation. Though once it told him that Bryan ought to be kicked into a cocked hat, now it kindly indulges Mr. Bryan while he converts our diplomatic service into a laughing-stock for the gaiety of the world. Further, the President's boss has yet to suggest to him the advisability of clapping an extinguisher on that wild ass of the Department of Labor now romping over the land and braying socialism and anarchy for the greater ecstasy of the I. W. W. A more despotic boss might require that the President's mind be reconciled to the acts of his Cabinet officers, for after all it is not to be presumed that by their mouthings they reflect his sentiments. For surely the President is not in sympathty with the screaming cant of a Daniels when it is meant to exalt the occupant of the White House beyond the atmosphere of this sublunary sphere. Josephus reminds us that conscience is the most abused word in the English language.

The Swan

By J. S. Phillimore

(From the Russian of Polonsky)

The quaver'd plea of the fiddle: gardens glowing
With sudden flares: a to-and-fro of crowds:
All other things awake, but no wind blowing
Under the roof of night to unpack the clouds.

Beneath blind heavens a blind green pool, whereon,
Sequestered by the reeds from human eye,
In the merciful dusk a wounded swan
Obscurely agonizing waits to die.

So near quite spent, he cared no more to mark
(His misanthropic shyness grown so tame)
How jetting rockets tore the veil of dark
And o'er him broke the beads of sprinkled flame;

Nor cared to hear the pulse of the slow stream,
Or soft discoursing of a neighbor fount:
His eyes fast shut, his brain is all a dream
Of mounting high beyond where clouds can mount.

Ah! what a fugue shall launch his wing,
Sky-rover enfranchised of glory!
And ah! the song, the song he'll sing
In the empyrean auditory!

His inmost, holiest meditation,
Untuned for man—a swan 'mid swans;
And kindred throats of his white nation
Shall echo him in antiphons.

A moment more—it comes! it comes!—
And the large freedom-song is born:
His beating vans (they stir!) like drums
Salute the approaches of the morn!

—So fared his trance. But not a feather stirr'd;
The imagined notes ebbed falteringly away.
His flights unflown, his song unsung, the bird
Died in the fitful darkness where he lay.

A bush trembled; the reeds half waved asunder
To let a breath of air steal thro' the middle:
The garden grinned and coruscated under
An ink-black sky; and quavering went the fiddle.

Perspective Impressions

He who can levy a tax on the asininity of our public officials has a rich estate to boast of.

We wonder how many Irish patriots will go home to fight if there is war in Ulster.

Now that we are going to return to the wooden pier wouldn't it be well to employ the teredo as a symbol of a Progressive administration?

"Dunne and Fickert clash."—Newspaper headline. If the District Attorney doesn't watch out the judge will slap him on the wrist.

"Let us get busy and make Fresno look neat," says Editor Rowell. Is Chester going to move out?

The man who winds the ferry clock is not in his best form. He wants to know whether a drink "on the house" is a charity "ball."

One of the things we don't worry about is whether dancing causes flat feet.

Many a man who joins the "Spugs" in November resigns the week before Christmas.

Edna Goodrich has been sued for a hotel bill. That's one of the disadvantages of divorcing Nat.

A year's subscription to the man who can guess what "Mission Jim" would guess if given the chance to guess again.

Our special correspondent interviewed the Slingsby baby who uttered the infantile equivalent of "Please go way and let me sleep."

American statesmanship is steadily climbing to a higher plane, says Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels. Boosted from behind by Bill the Lecturer, Josephus the Promiser et al.

The Prohibitionists, determined to make the whole State dry, must look on Senator Pomerene as a piker.

Some of the Prohibitionists wanted to postpone the campaign for a dry State till after the World's Fair. Thus we see that even the sanctified take cognizance of expedience.

Matt Sullivan heartily approves Mayor Rolph's veto. Which reminds us with all due deference to inflexible rectitude that Abe Ruef never had any fault to find with Mayor Schmitz.

The woman who was arrested the other night for wearing men's clothes is privileged to go abroad in a diaphonous gown with a bodice cut to the waist-line, a temptation to saints and an irresistible menace to the chastity of Oakland clergymen. Strange world, isn't it?

Varied Types

CLIV—FRED BELASCO

By Edward F. O'Day

"What is the matter with you, dear old San Francisco? You're not as good as you used to be. I don't think you're going back; I don't think you're cheap. But what's the matter?"

It is Fred Belasco talking. He is talking in sorrow, not in anger. His theme is the changed attitude of San Francisco toward one of San Francisco's most celebrated institutions, the Alcazar. Coming immediately after the closing of that other celebrated San Francisco institution, the Tivoli, Fred's words are weighted with a disquieting significance. It is to be hoped that San Francisco will listen to them.

"Several times during the last two years I have been ready to quit," says Fred Belasco. "Twenty-odd years have made the Alcazar a national institution, but it is not supported the way it used to be. We give San Francisco the best plays, the best productions, the best actors obtainable. Why shouldn't San Francisco respond? I had the Alcazar for ten years before the fire. After the first year—that is to say, for nine years running—we played to capacity all the time. You couldn't get a seat. But it's different now.

"Does San Francisco appreciate what I am doing? I have built three first class theatres in San Francisco, two since the fire. I received the first building permit for a class A theatre after the fire. The sum of $450,000 was spent for the two new Alcazar theatres, the one uptown on Sutter and the one downtown on O'Farrell—for the buildings, mind you. We do not own the lots.

"Our average expenses are $4,500 a week. Sometimes they are $5,000. At the lowest they are $4,100. You can count up and see what we spend in a year. Where is that money spent? With the exception of the play royalty, right here in San Francisco. It is paid out in salaries, to dressmakers, milliners, for dry goods, shoes, cloth, furniture, lumber, hardware.

"I have been a manager for twenty years, and I've never used the same scene twice unless I repeated the play. No other theatre in the world has that record. I have four warehouses full of scenery and properties that cost way up in the thousands. If I sold them at auction they wouldn't bring $300. I tell you these things so that you may know what the Alcazar has been doing for San Francisco.

"The public knows about our company, but it doesn't know about our 'silent actors,' the mechanics behind the scenes. The Alcazar supports thirty or forty families in San Francisco. I employed seven extra carpenters for the third act of 'Man and Superman' alone. Our carpenter bill last week was $196 more than the average. Our property bill was $116 more. And this was just to save the audience a long wait while the stage was being set for that third act. But what is the use? Is it appreciated?

"Fred Butler, George Davis and I sit up night after night when we would much rather be in bed, racking our brains, trying to find out what the public wants so that we may give it to them. We are appreciated to some extent. The papers are very kind. And at times the public is very generous. There are people who have been coming to the Alcazar regularly for eighteen years. There are women who come today with their daughters, and I can remember those same women coming regularly when they themselves were girls. But what's the matter with the general public? Won't the general public of San Francisco support the Alcazar? Does San Francisco want to lose the Alcazar?

"Mind you, we are not losing money. We manage to break even by the end of the year. But there isn't much in that, is there?

"I do not think anyone suspects us of being mercenary. There is no stock company in America which pays such high salaries. I think San Francisco should be proud of a company like mine.

"Does this city realize what the Alcazar pays for its plays? Our royalties average $450 or $500 a week. I have paid as high as $850 a week for a play. I paid Robert Lorraine $500 for 'Man and Superman.' I had been after that play for years. Nine years ago I asked Robert Lorraine for it in his dressing room in New York, and he told me that nobody in America would get it as long as he lived. But the chance came recently, and I wired for it. Perhaps Lorraine needs the money for his aeroplanes. I do not know. But at last I got 'Man and Superman.' We made money last week. But the houses were never nearly full. Does San Francisco want Shaw? We paid $1250 for two weeks of 'Broadway Jones.' The usual price is $1500. We got it a little cheaper, but we had to take it for two weeks. We could get lots of plays for $100, $150 or $200, but we try to give San Francisco the very best. Occasionally we select plays which we know before hand will lose money, but we do it to keep up the standard of the house.

"Has San Francisco forgotten how many of its sons and daughters the Alcazar has educated and sent out to become prominent people in the theatrical world? Does it overlook the fact that the Alcazar is a college of drama training young actors and actresses all the time? That the Alcazar is looking for talent all the time? If a young actor can tell a New York manager that he was engaged at the Alcazar for six months or more, he receives a hearing immediately and the chances are, an engagement. The name 'Alcazar' is an open sesame on Broadway.

"I used to make three trips a year to New York in search of plays and actors. Then I cut it to two trips. Now conditions warrant my making only one. And it used to be a pleasure to hear theatrical people in New York speak of 'dear old San Francisco' and tell with elation that they were coming to San Francisco. But you don't hear so much of that any more. Now you hear them say that San Francisco is not a good theatrical town. They tell you that they don't want to come here. They are afraid of failure here.

"What is the reason? One reason is the cheap vaudeville houses. San Francisco used to be rated the best show town in America. When it got what it wanted, San Francisco responded with enthusiasm. It paid for the very best. But I am sorry to say that San Francisco doesn't rank with the best theatrical cities any more. Sometimes the best plays get the worst treatment. Very often now San Francisco won't support the superior plays. In the circumstances, can you blame some of the managers for sending inferior shows the following season?

"Is this a passing condition? I don't know. Every city of fifty thousand in the United States supports one stock company. Cities of one hundred thousand usually have two. Cities of one hundred and fifty thousand often support three or more. San Francisco, with more than four hundred thousand people, has the best stock company in America. Yet it doesn't support it the way it should. Los Angeles supports two or three.

"We try to produce new plays. We endeavor to make this city a producing center, but what encouragement do we receive? Los Angeles runs far ahead of San Francisco as a producing center.

"I read an average of six plays a week, mostly by San Francisco people. Not many of them are good, but I keep on trying to discover good plays by new writers all the time. This should mean something to our aspiring playwrights, for my brother David will take my judgment on a play. Some time ago he sent me a manuscript. It was a play called 'The Machine' by de Mille. David had not read it, but sent it to me, saying I could produce it if I wanted it. When I read it I was positively hypnotized. I sent him a night letter telling him it was too big for me. He read it and agreed. With certain changes from local to national politics it became 'The Woman,' and you know what a success it was in New York.

"Would it have been a great success if I had produced it here? Let me answer by reminding you of Ditrichstein's 'Such Is Life' which was produced at the Alcazar for the first time. The public didn't give it very warm support. It went to New York, became 'The Temperamental Journey' and has been running to capacity ever since with no sign of a let-up. Experience with other plays shows that 'Such Is Life' would have run for six or eight or ten weeks in Los Angeles. But not here.

"Does all this sound as though I am an unreasonable complainer? I hope not. The Alcazar is a national institution. I am proud of it. I am proud of what it has done for San Francisco, and I speak out in this way lest San Francisco forget.

"I am proud of what the Alcazar has done for the stage. Think of the great players who had there start at the Alcazar! Laura Hope Crews began at the Alcazar as an extra woman getting $3.50 a week. Now she's a leading woman. Charles Ruggles is another who began at that modest salary. Francis Starr began at the Alcazar. Now she's a star. Harry Benrimo began at the Alcazar. Now he's one of Broadway's leading character actors. Oza Waldrop began at the Alcazar. And Ernest Glendinning who had been a super in the New York production of 'The Darling of the Gods' came out here and got his start at the Alcazar. I took him for the sake of his father who is a dear friend of mine, and paid him $30 a week when he was worth $4. Before he left the Alcazar he was getting $150, and I was delighted to give it to him; he was worth it. I could go on for hours mentioning the players who started here. These players haven't forgotten the Alcazar. They speak of it with affection whenever they are interviewed. Such things as this have made the Alcazar a national institution. But what is the matter with San Francisco?"

The People's Forum

A Literary Correction

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I quote from an item of local news in a morning paper: "In this regard his address recalled Lord Tennyson's criticism of Robert Browning's metaphysical drama 'Paracelsus.' Tennyson said that he had read it, but that with the exception of two lines it didn't seem to mean anything, and that those two lines were not true—being the first line, which stated that 'He who will may hear Paracelsus' story told'; and the last line, 'He who would has heard Paracelsus' story told.'" I cannot help calling attention to a few inaccuracies in this literary citation. In the first place, 'Paracelsus" is not a metaphysical drama; it is not a drama at all. In the second place, the lines as quoted do not scan, from which it may be inferred at once that Browning did not write them. The reporter confused Browning's "Paracelsus" with Browning's "Sordello." The lines should read: "Who will may hear Sordello's story told," and "Who would has heard Sordello's story told." Finally, to complete my list of corrections, it was not Tennyson to whom this criticism of "Sordello" was originally attributed, but Tom Hood. Let us keep the record straight, even in these minor literary matters.

Sincerely yours,
—A School Teacher.

Another Junket

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Another junket to Washington is on at the expense of the taxpayers. It occurs to me that you might think it worth while to find out just how much these junkets have cost us. You say that we have already spent two millions for a water system that we shall never get. We have spent a great deal more. We have been wasting money on junkets for twelve years, we have thrown away thousands on experts of all kinds. Perhaps the Auditor can tell us how much. But of course the Auditor cannot tell us what the law suit is going to cost that is bound to follow a victory in Washington. It makes me smile to think of the fight we are putting up in Washington for something that will mean a much more costly fight if we win.

Respectfully,
—A Taxpayer.

"Fighting Dan" in Doubt

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that "Fighting Dan" Murphy is in doubt as to how he may vote when Mayor Rolph's opera house veto comes up in the Board of Supervisors. Are you in doubt? But perhaps Dan will fool you. He may take this opportunity of demonstrating that at times he does his own thinking. It's such a fine one that he may have sense enough to avail himself of it. But just the same I'll lay ten to one that the Murphy will vote with the Sullivans and Dwyers and Gallaghers. Ochone! but they're a fine gang!

Sincerely,
—Richard L. Blease.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Thrace After the War

Thrace is in a deplorable condition as a result of the Balkan war. Large tracts of the country have been literally depopulated. One may travel a score of miles and see no sign of life; only villages burned, wrecked or abandoned, neglected fields and unused roads. In the towns trade and commerce are at a standstill. The Thracians are far from reconciled to the Bulgarian conquerors. The Greeks along the seacoast and the Turks inland alike regard the Bulgars as intruders; the attitude being one of sullen hostility. Bulgaria has her work cut out for her.

An Aerial Post

An experimental postal service by aeroplane is to be begun shortly between Paris and Nice. The postal aeroplanes are to start from Paris in the morning carrying letters which at present have to be posted the evening before, and they are expected to accomplish the journey in nine hours, including three halts to deposit the mails at Nevers, Lyons and Orange. A letter posted before eight in the morning will thus reach its destination at Nice the same day. Almost twenty hours will thus be saved.

Rhodes Scholars and Sports

All the first honors at the Oxford Freshmen's sports this year were won by Rhodes scholars. Rhodes scholars from the United States got their full share of these honors. Among others Anthony Hope is very sad over this fact. "Is it," he asks, "a portent showing the degeneracy of the youth of these islands?" And he continues: "If so, I suppose there is nothing to be done but wait, with such faith as we may possess, the progress of eugenics." Very naturally he hesitates to adopt "a conclusion so depressing." He salves the wound by suggesting that perhaps the Rhodes scholars devote too much time to athletics. Speaking of those Oxford men only who have Rhodes scholarships he says: "It would be a great pity if there were ground even for a suspicion that excessive importance were attached to athletic excellence, and truly deplorable if the slightest taint of 'pot-hunting' or of over-specialized and semi-professional athleticism were to creep in." And yet Cecil Rhodes desired athletic proficiency to count in the award of the scholarships.

Royal Abstainers

The Kaiser has let it be known that he favors total abstinence, much to the chagrin of a large part of his Empire. And now comes King George to second him. The story is told that a certain noble sportsman recently entertained the King. In the smoking room he set forth an array of spirits of the most varied character and cheerfully asked his royal guest which he preferred. The King examined the collection with great interest and then remarked: "I suppose this is your family medicine chest; but I do not think I need to trouble it, thank you." It seems King George, unlike most tars, royal or otherwise, has a great dislike for spirits of any kind. Mineral water is his favorite beverage, but like Colonel Roosevelt he occasionally takes a single glass of light wine.

Why Japs Are Small

Why are the Japanese undersized? A Japanese surgeon supplies a plausible explanation. Measurements of Japanese soldiers show that the smallness of stature is due entirely to the almost dwarfed condition of the legs. From childhood the Japanese practice an unnatural way of sitting upon the legs. When a Japanese child is old enough to sit upon the floor his legs are bent under him. This dwarfs the growth of the limbs. The deformity is less common among the peasants than among the students, merchants and others of sedentary habits. The Japanese are rapidly acquiring Occidental ways, and will no doubt change this habit of sitting on the feet. The Japanese of the future may be as tall as other people.

Taft on Medical Experts

Speaking at Pottstown, Pa., recently on the pardoning power of the Chief Executive former President Taft made a veiled allusion to the release from a federal prison of Banker Charles W. Morse and incidentally took a passing fling at medical experts. He said: "I had two cases once before me in which it was represented to me that both the convicts were near death and I instituted an investigation to find out the truth through the Army Medical Corps. Examinations were made, watches were established over the sick men and it was reported to me that they were both in the last stages of a fatal disease. One of them died soon after he was released from the penitentiary. Another of them is apparently in excellent health and seeking to re-establish himself in the world in which he committed a penitentiary offense. This shakes one's faith in expert examinations."

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The Tango

The Full Text of an Address on the Fashionable Dance Delivered by the Distinguished Playwright and Academician Jean Richepin at a Recent Meeting of the French Academy.

Gentlemen: In order to calm certain expressions of astonishment often carried to the extent of terror and indignation and answer certain severe censors, more royal than the King, and to remind us of the seriousness of the simple announcement made of the lecture which I shall have the honor to deliver to you, permit me, first of all, to affirm that the subject of this lecture, contrary appearances notwithstanding, has nothing either sad or off-color to display before your kind attention. It is rather a most appropriate theme, worthy of consideration, interesting and rich in material for reflections of every kind. It is worthy to be submitted to you without fear of a futile employment of your precious leisure, for each one of you is prepared by his special studies to throw some light on it, and thus, in short (why should I not have the audacity to express my entire thought?) the only competent audience before which one ought to speak in regard to the Tango, is essentially an assembly in which the five academies of the Institute of France are united.

The only point on which there is any doubt is to know which academy among the five is in best position to deal feelingly with such a subject and to furnish the most important solutions to the various problems which it suggests.

Doubtless, at first sight, it would seem that this privileged body should be at the Academy of Fine Arts, to which dancing, including the Tango, unquestionably belongs. And it would go to them if it were merely a matter of technique, in which case the present lecture would not advertise my humble and profane voice but the authoritative voice of a confrere belonging to this Academy, which reigns over the arts in general and dancing in particular and consequently the Tango. And thus I should suddenly have to cede my place to the eminent confrere, who was formerly director of the Fine Arts, and today is the Permanent Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, my friend Henry Roujon.

But he himself, I am sure, would hasten to say that technique alone does not constitute an entire art, and that it is necessary in order to discourse more broadly and, at the same time more amiably, to think also of what has been contributed to it by history, both scientific and episodic, and more especially by philosophy, idealism, and spirituality.

And directly you see how the other Academies of the Institute would despoil me of my usurped function having rightly among their own particular attributes the preservation and the cultivation of these venerable domains, especially those of history and philosophy, where I have no right to hunt but only the fascination of poaching.

What exquisite and unforseen things would not the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres and the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences instruct us in! Even though they had never thought very much about them, they would suddenly apply to them the inexhaustible treasures of their erudition.

With only a feeble light furnished by my simple, classical remembrances may I discover to you these fabulous palaces and uncover their marvels. I behold there reanimated all the past life of the dance from its sacred beginnings; from the ages when it was religious, invented and practiced by gods in order to symbolize for the benefit of mortals the creation of the world and the movements of the stars in the firmament; from the days when ancient Greece, that youth of humanity, taught that the beauty and eurythmy of the soul flourished by the eurythmy of the body. I recall that Zeus, Demeter, and Apollo were qualified as dancers by my great ancestor Pindar, that the unsociable Artemis also loved to dance, as well as the austere Pallas Athena, and that the first dancing choirs of men and women were organized by my other ancestor—greater even than Pindar and almost a god—the poet-musician, and dancer, Orpheus.

In the same way I remember that my Cornelius Nepos once congratulated the Theban hero Epaminondas for having excelled in the dance; that Homer shows me among the Phoenicians before Odysseus overcome with joy, the young men dancing while Demodokos sings; that Plato in his "laws" exacts that dancing shall crown a good education; and that Socrates, aged and ashamed of his ignorance of dancing, made Aspasia give him lessons in order that his wisdom might be complete; and finally that Sophocles, described as the most beautiful choir leader of his time, celebrated by his dancing before the Athenian people the victory of our civilization over the barbarians at immortal Salamis.

And what other beautiful things also dance in my memory! And still others and others which our confreres of the Academies of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres and of the Moral and Political Sciences could relate to us, not as a poet has sown and must reap, but as scientists with documents and in a manner, fear not, altogether charming. For the good French erudition which knows so much, and often more with a haughty imperious air, knows also the art to tell with grace what it knows; and the pins between her fingers become the flowers that one puts in the corners of the lips.

Thus she would reveal to you charming secrets on the Tango in person, have no doubt of it. What would she not say to you when even I know these things—I poor Gautier-minus-science? Yes, even on the Tango known to the ancients. Know that in the British Museum one may behold revealed on the hypogeums of Thebes dancing women whose sole clothing is a woven girdle of gold. And know also what says Claudian, a Parnassian before his time, the Jose Maria de Heredia of the fourth century. And know that besides that even before that time Martial also mentions dancing in some of his epigrams:

Edere lascivos ad Boetica crusmata gestus,
Et Gaditanos ludere docta modos.

(To enjoy the wanton gestures at the Boetic festivals, and so dance after the fashion of Cadiz.)

We thus learn that even then, as today, there were professors of the Tango sent by Cadiz just as they are now sent us by the new American Cadiz.

Et de Gadibus improbus magister.

(And the wanton teacher from Cadiz.)

And if by chance of memory I am able to cite you such details apropos of the Tango, what would not a genuine scholar belonging to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres or that of the Moral and Political Sciences, be able to tell you?—and without counting the philosophical exegesis whose right and duty it would be to entertain you. For there is metaphysics as well as mysticism in the dance. Is there also metaphysics and mysticism in the Tango? I dare not say so. But why is there not! But there is indeed, beyond denial and worthy of reflection, mathematics in the Tango.

And here is where I revert, repentant and very humble, to that one of the five academies which I had almost forgotten, to which I express all my excuses. It is the most serious of the five without any doubt, and by that same token seemingly the most distant from the Tango. It would, nevertheless, solve for us the most annoying and strange mysteries as by dint of its mathematics the Tango belongs to the Academy of Sciences.

Who knows whether this academy will not instruct us by the formula (a plus b) that the Tango is the last survival of one of those sacred dances by which Egyptian and Chaldean priests figured the evolutions of existence and wrote from it the formulae of mathematics? Who knows whether in the complicated operations of its steps this mysterious and slow "ballet a deux" does not represent the first blossoming of numbers appearing from creative unity, the same which led Pythagoras to give the world ciphering for its soul, whereas the cloudy Heraclites decided that the essence of things was the rhythm of his despairing "panta peei," the eternal movement of all with this addition furnished by the Greek grammar of a neuter subject which is in the plural while its verb is in the singular. And finally, who knows whether the dancers of the Tango, although they may know nothing of these formidable things, may not unconsciously feel in their absorbed and often sad revolutions something of the sorrowful past which turns a supposed pleasure into a sort of mournful delight?

But we must not spend too much time on the problems which associate the Academy of Sciences with the Tango. Suffice to have glanced at all that might furnish varied studies for the different Academies of the Institute of this persecuted dance which some persons deem unworthy of your attention. The short time which I have remaining I would employ in pleading the cause of this accused innocent, and I will do so as briefly as possible.

The three great reproaches that people fasten on the Tango are the foreign origin of the dance, its popular origin, and its unconventional character.

It is useless to reply to this last complaint—truly unjust because the unconventional character of a dance is always due to the dancers. I have had the pleasure of seeing the Tango danced by princesses who were models of elegant distinction, and, on the other hand, I have seen long ago the insipid polka and the virtuous quadrille and lancers danced in a way which, according to one of our most illustrious predecessors, would have brought the blush to the faces of monkeys.

As to the foreign origin of the tango, it is

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXII—THE RE-BIRTH OF BEAUTY

By Harry Cowell

(Harry Cowell's is a name well known to readers of Town Talk. Some of his most graceful essays have appeared in these columns. It is not often that Mr. Cowell writes in verse, for prose is the medium he prefers; but when he does attempt the poetical vehicle, the result, as in the present instance, is charming. This sonnet was published in Sunset Magazine of October, 1906.)

Unlovely as is Trojan Helen's skull,
In royal ruins sovereign-like she lay,
The imperial lady of our love. A day,
A night, we viewed her dry bones with eyes dull
And dry (to fire and tear-storm each its lull).
Then spake we: "Science, wonder-worker, say,
Can dry bones live?" And Science answered, "Yea,
And be than heretofore more beautiful!"

Now waked from painlessness of pain bespent,
The prophet Faith foresees her doubly fair—
By fire transfigured, fire and dew and air—
All beauteous with a beauty yet to be:
A city-soul in utmost wonderment
Renascent by the immemorial sea.

The Spectator

The Opera House Controversy

There is irony with which it is human to be amused in the circumstance that a temple of harmony had been hardly conceived in the brain of an architect when it became a howling babel of discord. The circumstance is of course peculiar to the feud-racked city of St. Francis; and here is more irony—in the phenomenon of the name of one of the mildest, sweetest of saints becoming the synonym of the most brutal of passions. For be it understood the agitation against the opera house was not inspired by civic zeal. What precisely it was inspired by may not be easy to prove, but there are circumstances which we shall presently consider that may aid conjecture. Meanwhile I will endeavor to show that the ostensible objections to the project are wholly groundless. The principal objection, the one most suitable to the purpose of the Bulletin in pursuance of its favorite policy of exciting class hatred is that the best seats in the house were to be reserved for the subscribers to the building fund, and the plain people who donated the land were to get the leavings; also, "The boxes and orchestra chairs were for the preferred class and the public was supposed to be satisfied with the family circle which is probably the rear rows in the balcony." Now, as any intelligent person at all familiar with the Bulletin's ways may have surmised, these observations as to the monopoly of choice seats were somewhat remote from the truth.

At His Favorite Pastime

The editor of the Bulletin has not reformed. Some years ago in a burst of crocodile tears he expressed repentance for the lies that he had told in the heat of factional strife. His repentance may have been sincere. He may have been possessed by a firm purpose to renounce his unscrupulous methods of journalism, but his relapse was a matter of a short time. What the Bulletin says about the opera house seats is characteristic. Here is the truth. The opera house was to have a seating capacity of twenty-nine hundred, and only four hundred and seventy-four seats were to be reserved for subscribers. Now as the editor of the Bulletin very well knows, the proposed reservation instead of being objectionable was tantamount to an essential of the whole project. It would virtually ensure a guaranty fund without which certain forms of musical entertainment would be impossible.

What the City Has Lost

The only other objection to allowing a body of public spirited men to build a beautiful opera house in the Civic Center was that these men required that they be put in control of the management. Is it generally believed that the management of an opera house should be in the hands of the Gallaghers, the Koshlands and an occasional Hocks? Does anybody really believe that Mayor Rolph or Matt. Sullivan or the editor of the Bulletin conscientiously prefers to entrust the management of an opera house to the ever-changing political Administrations rather than to a body of the leading business men of the city? This is a question not to be satisfactorily answered perhaps without full knowledge of the nature of the institution that inspired the rash adventure of a few rich men in the interest of the city they love. It is described as an opera house, but its projectors contemplated something of much greater importance. The instinct for the applause of the unenlightened, the pure and holy Democracy and the Philistine has caused San Francisco to lose something more than an opera house. It was intended to give to this city a temple of one of the fine arts, to endow therein a conservatory for the cultivation of the musical art in all its branches and to equip it with one of the finest music libraries in all the world. This is what we have lost that petty spite might be gratified. Our Democratic agitators profess to be concerned about the plain people. Yet here was to be established by our millionaire philanthropists a school for the children of the plain people. The wealthy parents of children gifted with musical talent are able to send them to Europe. Not so, plain parents similarly blessed; and it is these that have been denied because the Musical Association thought it unwise to put a conservatory of music in the hands of politicians of the type most conspicuous in municipal office.

The Veto Adumbrated

Now let us come to the question of motive. It is to be taken for granted that nobody who has read the foregoing paragraphs is so unsophisticated as to doubt that it was something foreign to concern for the public welfare that dictated Mayor Rolph's prodigious change of sentiment. In his heart Mayor Rolph knows that the terms of the ordinance were not at all unreasonable. He knows that the talk of a preferred class and of a self-perpetuating body is all flubdub. He knows that his professed paramount objection might more cogently be applied to the trustees of the Free Library, which, though in every sense a public institution is under the control of a self-perpetuating body. He knows that the Academy of Sciences is further removed from the plain people than the opera house would be, and that it was considered to the advantage of the city to give the Academy of Sciences a site in Golden Gate Park. Now why did Mayor Rolph switch from enthusiastic advocacy of the whole scheme to the obviously theatrical position of champion of the Democracy? Was the proletariat against the potential menace of a purse-proud aristocracy? Was the town reverberating with the angry fulminations of indignation meetings? No, there was nary a protest. The town was accepting the project with all its heart. The only emotion that ever asserted itself was manifest when the Supreme Court found certain technical flaws in the original ordinance. Then was the public keenly disap-

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pointed. Every where the decision of the court was regarded as most regrettable. It was felt that to be deprived of so munificent a benefaction would be little short of a public calamity. But Mayor Rolph's veto was not exactly a bolt from the blue. When the Bulletin began to inveigh against the project it was to be presumed that there was something doing, that a conspiracy of some kind was on foot.

When Our Masters Were In Conference

The municipal opera house, newspaper report informs us, was one of the topics of discussion during Mayor Rolph's automobile trip to Fresno in the company of Governor Johnson and Matt. I. Sullivan, the man whose private and confidential relations with both Executives have been more than once the subject of comment in these columns. The story of that automobile trip was made public in these columns. It was herein explained that the trip had certain political significance; that Boss Sullivan had certain advice to give, and that there were vagrant rumors to the effect that if Johnson decided to run for Senator Rolph would be the machine candidate for Governor and Andy Gallagher the machine candidate for Mayor. There was nothing at all improbable in these rumors. Indeed they were more or less authoritative in as much as they emanated from the political henchmen of both the Mayor and the Governor, men who knew all about the trip before a wheel was turned on the automobile that carried the precious freight. However, that the opera house project was discussed on the trip is, so far as I know, nothing more than conjecture, but there is a basis for it in the circumstance that Supervisor Andy Gallagher as well as Matt. Sullivan's protege in the Mayor's office is one of the most aggressive opponents of the Musical Association gift. Andy Gallagher is so beloved by Governor Johnson that when the young labor boss was elected at the primary he received a telegram of congratulation from the Governor which was at once printed in large type in the machine organ, the Bulletin. And Andy Gallagher is so deeply in sympathy with the underground movement against the opera house that as soon as the veto was made public he rallied his henchmen of the Labor Council and passed a resolution endorsing the Mayor which the Bulletin promptly freaked on the front page. Interesting, isn't it, to watch the wheels within wheels go round? How easy for these darling, rival politicians to get together! Fancy Andy booming Mission Jim! How nobly disinterested!

Crocker and Johnson

Now if it be asked, Why drag the Governor into the affair, the answer is twofold: first, because he is the very centre of the little group of politicians herded by Matt. Sullivan that is now manipulating the politics of State and city; secondly, because he is that curiously constituted individual Hiram Johnson who has for his pet aversion William H. Crocker, the head and front of the movement to thrust upon San Francisco an asset which the Johnson organ describes as a House of Snobs and Matt. Sullivan regards as a menace to Democracy. It has happened unfortunately for the State, if not for the city, as was explained in these columns last week, that Hiram Johnson bears toward William H. Crocker a feeling compared to which a frenzied bull's antipathy to a red rag is but a coy reluctance. In the indulgence of that feeling, as all intimate friends of the State University know to their profound regret, Governor Johnson was guilty of the preposterous puerility of ordering Mr. Crocker's removal from the chairmanship of the finance committee of the Board of Regents in which office he was rendering services of a pecuniary nature not to be got from any other citizen of the State. This is the same Mr. Crocker who was so little affected by the meanness that he raised six hundred thousand dollars the other day to build a hospital for the university. Mr. Crocker's philanthropic impuses, it appears, are not to be easily restrained. I doubt whether even Mayor Rolph's inspired veto will assauge Mr. Crocker's passion for doing things for the city. He is so crazy about San Francisco that since the fire he has spent half his time financing the rehabilitation of the city. It was he that made it possible for The Olympic Club to build a new home, and the owners of some of the finest new buildings in San Francisco will tell you to what extent they are indebted to Crocker. Perhaps he is philosophic enough to smile at the Bulletin's shrewd remark that the rich men were getting for nothing a site for their opera house, for perhaps he has not forgotten that after the fire when many of our wealthiest citizens were still worrying over their losses he gave away a mighty fine opera house site. I refer to the Crocker property on Nob Hill which was presented to the Episcopal Church.

Too Monstrous a Charge

Now please, dear reader, do not make the mistake of thinking that I am charging Governor Johnson with having instigated the Rolph veto. The Chronicle has hinted and I am merely explaining. There is a terse idiom from Ireland—"I wouldn't put it beyond him"—but even that far I do not care to go even in the light of what happened at Berkeley. Sensible though I am of Governor Johnson's barbaric appetite for revenge and of his consistent and lamentable attitude in matters affecting the welfare of this city, notably in the matter of the transfer of the control of the harbor front which he signalized by words of contempt for the community, still I should hesitate to think that he instigated the veto, or even, though he now express sym-

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pathy with it, to assume that his sympathy was not dictated by honest judgment. Besides there are other hypotheses on which to conjecture; for conjecture we must since no sane man believes that Mayor Rolph regards a vacant lot as preferable to a masterpiece of architecture. To stimulate conjecture I will suggest that the Bulletin and Matt. Sullivan don't speak exclusively for Governor Johnson. The Bulletin speaks very often for the Hon. James D. Phelan, and Jimmy has an appetite for revenge quite as well cultivated as Hiram's, and further he has cherished a deep resentment against Will Crocker ever since a memorable occasion when a prominent citizen publicly announced that no gentleman would admit Phelan to his home. Now it is well known in club circles that when the news got out that Will Crocker had obtained subscriptions for an opera house Mr. Phelan who had not been taken in was in a sour state of mind. But it is also known that when Mr. Crocker heard that Mr. Phelan was whining he sent a kindly message to the young Ishmaelite of clubdom. The message, I have heard, was in substance as follows: "This project is for the benefit of San Francisco, and in this particular matter there should be absolute harmony. We want no cliques, nothing to savor of exclusion. I don't want your friendship, but you are heartily welcome. All lovers of the city ought to get together behind this enterprise. If you want it you can have my box." This was a pretty generous proposition from a man whom Mr. Phelan has tried to dose with his venom, but Mr. Phelan preferred not to join the movement. Was it because he would be inconspicuous in the throng? Or was it because on second thought he perceived the political potentialities of a campaign for the deepening of class hatred such as his friend the Bulletin would be glad to exploit?

One On Los Angeles

Those who like a little joke on Los Angeles (and who does not?) have been enjoying many a quiet laugh during the past few days. Originating heaven knows where, an ingenious squib at the expense of the real estate dealers of our southern sister-city has obtained that wide circulation which comes of being copied and recopied and passed from hand to hand in an endless chain. It is particularly timely just now because the chemically pure town is in the midst of the ugly failure of the Los Angeles Investment Company. Here it is:

> Hassayampa is an Indian word and means "liar." The Hassayampa River is a small stream in Arizona. Tradition says that whoever drinks of its waters can never again tell the truth. The water is shipped in large quantities to Los Angeles, and sold there at fabulous prices to the real estate brokers. The stream is now so nearly dry that the fish in it have to carry canteens to travel up and down.

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"Big Mac" and the Wire Tappers

New York is in the throes of another police scandal. Many members of the force are accused of having sold to a gang of wire tappers or fake pool room bunco steerers the privilege of working their profitable game unmolested, the consideration being a heavy percentage of the enormous sums taken from the "suckers." The manner in which this graft was uncovered happens to be of interest to San Franciscans, for the fortunes of John McNamara or "Big Mac" who ran The Turtle Saloon at Geary and Powell before the fire and with the late "Billy" Gallagher conducted "Tom's Cabin" at Stanyan and Fell afterwards, have a vital bearing on the story. "Big Mac," it will be recalled, was arrested by the Pinkertons about two years ago for "cracking" a bank safe in British Columbia and getting away with $116,000. When arrested he asked what he was wanted for, and on being told remarked with characteristic effrontery, "Oh, is that all? I thought it was something serious." Still it was serious enough, for after a stubborn legal battle he was sentenced to nine years and is now serving his term. "Big Mac" tried to establish an alibi, and his unsuccessful effort resulted in the uncovering of the wire tapping graft.

"The Eye" on the Job

In his attempt to show that he was in the United States and not in British Columbia when the bank robbery took place "Big Mac" enlisted the services of one Charles Gondorf, a notorious buncoman. Gondorf supplied the alibi and the witnesses to swear to it, but William A. Pinkerton, perhaps the greatest thief taker in the world who is known to the American underworld as "The Eye," had more than enough evidence to convict McNamara and he broke down the fake alibi. In doing so he investigated Gondorf's activities. Almost immediately he uncovered two cases of wire tapping in which the victims had been fleeced of $15,000 and $20,000 respectively. He reported his findings to the New York police department, and the present investigation resulted. "Big Mac" went to prison for the bank robbery, and it looks as though a number of wire tappers will be landed behind the bars and a number of New York policemen deprived of their stars in consequence of his indiscreet choice of an affidavit man.

The Consul's Fall

Those competent to foresee the trend of events in Chinatown were not surprised when it was announced the other day that Ow Yang Kee, the Chinese Consul General at San Francisco, was about to lose his position. Ow Yang Kee belongs to the old regime, and the republicans who of course predominate now, have been after his scalp for several months. Ow Yang Kee was one of the famous original seventy Chinese youths who were brought to this country for an occidental university training by Li Hung Chang. The success of that experiment resulted in the matriculation of many other Chinese in our universities, until today there isn't a big college in the country which is not attended by a few sons of the Flowery Kingdom—Republic, I mean. Ow Yang Kee is a brother of Ow Yang King who was Vice Consul and interpreter here for a number of years before the fire. Ow Yang King was another of those original seventy. He was a man of substance with many interests here, being, among other things, one of the heads of the Chinese shrimp trust. I believe he is now Chinese Consul General at Havana. But he is re-

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membered more particularly on account of his remarkable wife Lily Ow Yang.

The Career of Lily

Lily Ah Toy was the daughter of a prosperous Chinese labor camp contractor. She was naturally bright and was educated in a convent at Grass Valley. She graduated with honors, a beautiful girl with real talent for music, painting and other accomplishments. She had a refined and smart taste for dress, and always wore the garb of an American girl. Shortly after leaving the convent she became the wife of Vice Consul Ow Yang King. For a time they were very happy and two fine looking boys blessed their union. But owing to his official position Ow Yang King always dressed in Chinese costume, and this kept him away from theatres and other places of occidental amusement for which Lily had a decided liking. Lily grew restive in the narrow sphere of Chinatown. She had many friends among American girls and sought their society. She took a course at the Cooper Medical College and was graduated with distinguished honors. In the old days when the bicycle was at the height of its vogue and it was fashionable to wheel through the Park to the old Cliff House for breakfast, Lily was a familiar figure on the cycling paths. But having burst the bonds of Chinese restriction, poor Lily carried her pleasures to excess. She grew to like the delights of the old cocktail route. Ow Yang King did all he could to restrain his lively wife, but to no avail. She was not only weak but extravagant, and her excesses came near breaking her husband's heart. His health was seriously impaired by worry over the gradual estrangement; and finally he left San Francisco with his two sons to recuperate and forget in other scenes. Lily remained behind, and all her brilliant talents failed to save her from the downward path. She died shortly before the fire, sincerely mourned by those who had known her as a beautiful young girl with the grace of convent training still upon her.

The First Phelan Play

I told last week how James D. Phelan had gone into the theatrical business as "angel" for Richard Walton Tully, putting up $10,000 to back Tully as a playwright-producer. I hear now that the first play to be produced by the new firm of theatrical producers will be Tully's latest effort which is called "Omar, the Tent Maker." It seems that Tully has been studying the Rubaiyat and the life of its author, and has evolved a drama in a Persian setting which, no doubt, will be as thoroughly steeped in the local color of Rugland as "The Bird of Paradise" is in the atmosphere of Hawaii. Guy Bates Post who played the beachcomber in the latter will have the role of Omar in the new play. There will be a cast of sixty, but the name of the leading woman has yet to be announced. I understand that the new drama will be "tried on the dog" somewhere outside New York in the beginning of December and will essay a Broadway opening at the end of the year.

The Leoncavallo Dinner

The oldsters at the Bohemian Club are saying that the dinner to Leoncavallo will go down in the annals of Bohemia with the celebrated banquets given to Mascagni, Ysaye, Sir Henry Irving and Kipling. In other words it was a splendid success, and President Charley Field has been overwhelmed with congratulations for the way he conducted it. It is difficult to entertain a man who speaks no English, but the feat was accomplished last Friday night. Field's speech to the guest of honor was translated paragraph by paragraph by Dr. Guido Caglieri, and when Leoncavallo responded "Cag" again acted as interpreter. He made a few notes while the composer was speaking and then reproduced the Italian speech in English not only with fidelity but with eloquence. It was a tour de force of a remarkable kind. Botta sang the Pagliacci prologue with Leoncavallo as his accompanist, and Charlie Dickman and Mackenzie Gordon did their Neapolitan street singing stunt. "Bill" Hopkins usually makes this a trio, but "Bill" is temperamental and said he was not in the mood Friday night. Mirza Ali Kuli Khan who came here to dedicate Persia's site at the Fair, was called upon and charmed everybody with his talk about Omar and Saadi. And when Mayor Rolph's name was mentioned by one of the other speakers, it was greeted by prolonged boos led by Willis Polk. The Mayor is an old Bohemian, but his club fellows don't approve of the Opera House veto.

Bohemian Notes

William Randolph Hearst has been restored to membership in the Bohemian Club, so the disagreeable chapter which began when the Examiner was barred from the club following the assassination of President McKinley and all the Examiner men resigned, has been finally brought to a close. Hearst was sponsored for reinstatement by Raphael Weill and Hugh Burke, the veteran political editor of the Call. . . . I hear that Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, known to all good Bohemians as "Jack" Shiels is going to write the grove play for the midsummer jinks of next year. Dr. Shiels has played in most of the grove dramas, but this will be his first essay as a dramaturge. Hother Wismer, I hear, will do the music. The grove drama for the World's Fair year will be written by Frank Pixley, author of "The Prince of Pilsen," and Ed. Schneider will compose the music. Schneider is one of our best composers. The symphony orchestra rendered one of his symphonies last season.

"Aked, Beer and Bunkum"

Under this uncomplimentary heading the latest issue of "John Bull," one of the most outspoken of the London weeklies pays its respects briefly to Dr. Aked. The paragraph is interesting, as showing how Dr. Aked is regarded in a part of the world where he spent most of his life and therefore ought to be better known than he is here. It runs:

"Our old friend, the Rev. Mr. Aked, appears to be supplementing his 10,000 dollar pulpiteering salary in San Francisco by doing a daily article under his portrait in a local newspaper. The last we have seen is headed, 'They Who Drink Beer, Think Beer.' What a brain! But wouldn't it be truer to say that those who grab dollars, blab dollars?"

The Portola Deficit

Our successful Portola celebration cost about $110,000, about $45,000 less than the first Portola. We had a better time and it was considerably cheaper. Between $60,000 and $70,000 was raised by popular subscription, and about $40,000 more was gathered in by the keen business men who sacrificed their time to the fiesta, this latter sum coming from the contests held in advance of the

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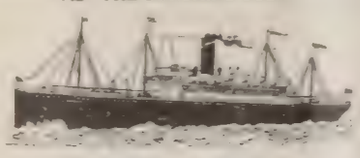

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celebration and from the sale of grand stand seats, concessions and so forth. At the conclusion of the festival there remained a deficit of about $16,000. Part of this has been paid off. But a good deal remains. I am told that if some of the business men who neglected to subscribe in the first place and who reaped a golden harvest, would come forward with a small part of their takings, the deficit would be wiped out in no time.

News From Boston About Hetch-Hetchy

One has to go away from home to learn the truth about matters of vital domestic interest. Once more I go to the Congressional Record to glean facts about the opposition to Hetch-Hetchy that one does not find in our daily papers. The other day Senator Poindexter obtained unanimous consent to print in the Record an editorial from the Boston Transcript. Here is an excerpt from the editorial: "That San Francisco is indulging in a colossal folly and one likely to develop into a wholesale calamity in pressing its Hetch-Hetchy reservoir case in Congress is becoming apparent to some of its own citizens. At a meeting this week of the San Francisco Center of the California Civic League, Clement H. Miller, a civil engineer, made an address in which he analyzed the situation clearly. A certain political group in the city has become so obsessed with the idea of this particular water supply that they cannot escape from it except by a sacrifice of their political vanity. As Mr. Miller pointed out, the city's own attorneys admit that if the grant of the valley is secured from Congress it will only invite years of litigation. He also stated that even Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the present city engineer, told his friends a year ago that the Hetch-Hetchy project was "a hideous blunder," but that the city had gone so far that it could not back out and would have to go through regardless of cost."

The Truth About Hetch-Hetchy

The Boston Transcript in its discussion of the water problem cites expert authority to prove that to take water for San Francisco from the Tuolumne River would be to deprive of irrigation lands that supply this State yearly with $20,000,000 worth of produce. Without this water the land could not be farmed at all, and the water is not needed by San Francisco since there are better and nearer sources of supply, to which fact even Engineer O'Shaughnessy testified before he was employed by the city. The Transcript though far away is shrewd enough to conclude that "San Francisco needs to be saved from her own officials as much as the Hetch-Hetchy needs to be saved for the people." From all that is quoted in the Congressional Record it appears that testimony against our water project has been supplied even by our officials and experts. John R. Freeman, for instance, has testified that the Spring Valley system can be developed to a capacity of 131,000,000 gallons daily—more than three times the present supply and sufficient for a population of one million three hundred thousand people. Further, the Army engineers who examined the Spring Valley sources in the Coast Range have said that they may be developed to a capacity sufficient for all the bay cities even in the years to come. The population of these cities is now 750,000. The Army engineers say that there is water in the Coast Range to supply a population of two and a quarter millions. While the opponents of the Hetch-Hetchy project find much in the report of the Army engineers to support their arguments it is their belief that they might have found more were it not for the dishonesty of our city officials. They say that when Secretary Ballinger postponed action on the Garfield permit it was stipulated that San Francisco should furnish at its own expense necessary data to enable the Army engineers to determine what sources of supply were available. The stipulation was in writing. Nevertheless our officials deliberately suppressed a report which shows that from the Mokelumne River alone 432,000,000 gallons a day may be obtained. This supply is fifty miles nearer to San Francisco than the Hetch-Hetchy. "If this report was suppressed," the question is asked, "how many other reports were also suppressed?"

Mitchell For Senator

Now comes Mr. John W. Mitchell into the political arena. Mr. Mitchell is one of the most prominent representatives of the Los Angeles bar. He is a lawyer of culture and a public spirited citizen who has done much to advance the interests of Los Angeles. He is a Democrat who has been always loyal to his party and is therefore in favor at Washington. Now the Democrats of the Southland are for Mr. Mitchell for United States Senator, and as the gentleman is a Virginian and a genuine F. F. V., the probability is that Democrats all over the State will rally with enthusiasm to his support, for there are many Southern families in California, and not in years have they had a representative in the Senate.

The Precocious Carreno

I wonder if this story of Teresa Carreno's precocity in music is well known? I have it from a Carreno enthusiast who has been talking of nothing except the "queen of the piano" since the concert last Sunday. It is the story of how Carreno picked out a diminished seventh when she was only three years old. The little Teresa had been tucked into her crib for the night but could not sleep. A famous dance of the time, a Varsovienne, that her older sister had been practicing the day before kept running through her little brain. She climbed out of her crib, made her way to the piano and began to pick out the notes. She succeeded very well till she came to a queer interval for which she had to fumble and hunt. Senor Carreno, Teresa's father, hearing uncertain touches on the piano, thought it was Teresa's older sister practicing and came in to tell her the right notes. What was his surprise to find little Teresa on tip toe at the piano, her shoulders on a level with the key board, and just striking the interval that had evaded her at first. It was a diminished seventh.

The Two Bills

Bill Bayly of Los Angeles and Bill Brevort of Paris have been in town together during the past week. Bill Bayly and Bill Brevort are sworn pals, and have gone halves in many big mining and promoting projects during the past twenty-five years without ever having a misunderstanding. When Bill Brevort comes from Paris to visit his old townies here, he travels by way of Los Angeles and picks up Bill Bayly or else Bill Bayly runs up from Los Angeles to join him. Similarly when Bayly goes to New York Bill Brevort hurries across from Paris to have a few days with him. And when Bill Brevort cables from Paris to Los Angeles: "Dear Bill. A big new deal. You're down for forty thousand," Bill Bayly sends Bill Brevort the money without any further questioning. These two Bills are indeed Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan or what you will brought down to date. Bill Brevort is thinking of returning to San Francisco to live. He loves his old town, and doesn't forget that he got his start here.

WILL PHILBRICK
In "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

At the Charity Ball

All the dancing sets were represented. Men who never dance except at the most recherche affairs, ordinarily scorning the contact of the vulgar, jostled (for it was a crush) with men who hate the most recherche affairs for their stiff formality and who only dance at parties where a degree of lounging ease is the order. The best raggers and the best tangoists in town were on the floor almost continuously. There was young, perennial Downey Harvey, youngest of the oldsters, his face lit up with happiness as he threaded the maze of the crowd. Downey is an indefatigable ragger, but he always has plenty of time to look after the comfort of his mother Queen Eleanor. There was Ed Tobin, not missing many dances and dancing a great deal with his wife, for the Ed Tobins still display a honeymoon devotion. There was Harry Scott, hunching down the hall in that round-shouldered way of his, dancing with one bud after another. There was Felton Elkins who came pretty late, but made up for that by entering zestfully into the spirit of the joyous occasion and by no means neglecting his pretty bride out of the fun. There was Bobby Lyre who hates Greenway and other ultra-formal parties, but who said he enjoyed this one almost as much as that great dance on the Gaiety stage a week before. There was Fred Holman with his vivacious wife all in black, and these were the first to take the floor and almost the last to leave it. How gracefully they tangoed! And all those (a goodly number, by the way) who have not yet mastered this dance envied the Douglas Cranes who did it with a sort of bored nonchalance that was exceedingly interesting to watch. And there was John Barrett who would (if he would only admit it) rather dance than win a lawsuit. And Jim O'Brien, the only Irishman who ever had his name shot to pieces by the United States Army, was having for the hundredth time the time of his life.

The Wine Flowed

When "Home, Sweet Home" was played at three o'clock, much to the disgust of the merry-makers who were good for two hours more, Fred Kohl counted up the money that had been spent on cigars and cigarettes, and judging by his expression, My Lady Nicotine did quite a bit for the worthy cause of the Humane Bureau. At the same time Andrew Carrigan was tabbing the wine checks, and his expression too indicated that the charity was to do very nicely. As a matter of fact I am told that eight hundred dollars was spent for champagne, a nice little sum indeed. Verily, champagne and ragging are sworn friends; ragging creating the thirst and champagne not only satisfying it but inspiring the desire for more and still more ragging. Certainly the dances went with more esprit after supper than before. The staidest romped and pranced in a dancing furore.

The Social Tone

Perhaps the Charity Ball had more social tone than last year, though that is not a circumstance which seemed to impress anybody in particular. Still there were doubtless many who enjoyed it more for the knowledge that Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. Joe Donohoe, Mrs. Delaware Neilson, Mrs. Fred Sharon, Madame Eames, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Peter McBean, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. William Irwin and others equally aristocratic, including the season's debutantes, were mixing freely with hoi polloi. I heard a number of women going into raptures over the gowns. I suppose they had a right to. The gowns were inded exquisite; bewildering too, some of them, in their complicated interpretation of the very latest hints from the Rue de la Paix. The box holders who didn't dance—they were not many—and those who went upstairs to hold occasional tete-a-tete had a gorgeous feast of color spread before them.

Eames Wouldn't Dance

Madame Eames was one of the few at the ball who did not leave her box for a whirl or two on the floor. Fred Sharon asked her to dance, but she smiled and shook her head. Dr. Harry Tevis asked her, even coaxed her a bit, as an old friend was privileged to do, but she persisted in her refusal. Quite a number of others who know the diva entreated her for the honor, but of course, having refused Fred Sharon and Dr. Tevis, it was not expected that she would favor anybody else.

Times Have Changed!

I read in the obituary notices the other day of the death in Mississippi of Mrs. Minne Sherman Fitch, the daughter of General Sherman. And I was reminded of a story which I heard a long time ago and which illustrates the changes a generation brings in popular opinion. It was in 1875, I believe, that one of the Russian Grand Dukes (was it Alexius?) paid a visit to this country and was overwhelmed with attentions. The climax of his ceremonious reception was reached when he attended a grand ball in the city of Washington. Minne Sherman was one of the great belles of that ball. She was of radiant beauty and as modest and good as she was beautiful. Many will recall that there was a strong opposition to round dances about 1875, especially in church circles. Edicts forbidding indulgence in the popular waltz were pronounced from pulpits all over the country. And so it happened that when the Grand Duke at this Washington ball begged Miss Minne Sherman to waltz with him, she replied that he must excuse her as she did not dance round dances. There were plenty of other belles who did, so the Grand Duke had no lack of dancing partners. But the next day there came to the home of General Sherman a present for Miss Minne. It was from the Grand Duke and consisted of a magnificent locket studded with diamonds. And the card accompanying it read: "To the young lady who pleased me most in the United States." Again I say, how times have changed! The belle of today would never dream of entertaining conscientious scruples against the waltz, but it is conceivable that she might refuse to rag or to do the hesitation or the tango. Conceivable, but for the most part exceedingly improbable!

The Future of a Duchesse

The pretty little Duchesse de Richelieu has gone with her Duc and San Francisco society may not see them again for many a year. They are going to settle on the Richelieu estates in France after a few months more of travel, and from present signs the American girl will subside into the dull life of a titled foreigner's wife who is allowed no opinions or even thoughts of her own. The Duchesse is said to have a wonderful voice, trained by her friend Mme. Eames de Gogorza, but the Duc dislikes music, so it is never heard. Her opinions are even now expressed but seldom, and the Duc declares "his wife's opinions are those of her husband." After they have visited New Orleans which was the Duc's mother's home, and where relatives, the Marignys, Pollocks and Haskins will entertain them, they are going to Rome for the Papal blessing, then to England to visit Ex-Empress

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Eugenie who has always been friendly with the Richelieus and who has expressed a desire to meet the American wife of the last representative of the family of the famous Cardinal.

As to Mollie's Wedding

It is possible that Mollie Sidebotham will not be married here after all, and society may be cheated out of an elaborate wedding. Her fiance's mother Mrs. John B. Thayer, is using all her persuasions to have the marriage take place in Philadelphia where so many Thayer relatives and friends reside. Mollie has chosen several San Francisco girls for her bridesmaids and is undecided whether to insist on her plans for a wedding at Trinity Church in February or please her future mother and sisters-in-law by going East for the event. Henry, I believe, cares little where the ceremony takes place, as long as the beautiful Western girl becomes his bride as soon as possible. News of the engagement was a great surprise to Jack Wilson and some of the men at the Pacific-Union Club who entertained Mr. Thayer there on his two visits to San Francisco. He came ostensibly on business, but no one seemed to know of just what nature. An affair of the heart was not suspected, but with the announcement of the engagement the mysterious "business" was explained and telegrams by the score were sent to Thayer. He, by the way, is one of the handsomest men that ever came out of the East. He is over six feet tall, very athletic, about thirty-five years old and a typical man of the world. The Thayers are one of the best known families in the East and are all extremely well endowed with worldly goods. Wherever the wedding occurs, the bride and groom are going to Europe for their honeymoon and during their absence a home will be built for them on one of the Thayer estates outside of Philadelphia.

Cliff Dinner Dances

Some weeks ago a number of congenial spirits dined and danced at the Cliff House. It was a merry party and so successful that the leaders of the fun decided to form a club and hold other parties like it. And so was given to our dance-mad city another dancing club which meets at the Cliff House every Thursday night, partakes of a generous repast and then flirts with Terpsichore for the rest of the evening. The membership includes some of our best known matrons and our most popular clubmen. A great many married couples are in the list, but the belles and beaux have not been overlooked. The dance last Thursday night was a splendid success, and the club regards itself as safely and auspiciously launched.

Aeroplanes and Divorce

Is the aeroplane a hoodoo for young married couples? Does flying in machines lighter than air portend the destruction of domestic felicity? The superstitious who search out signs in all things under, on and above the earth, are asking one another the question. The superstitious can always make out a good case for themselves. They are pointing to Mrs. Leonard Hammond and Mrs. Jack Spreckels in support of their latest and weirdest theory. Mrs. Leonard Hammond was the first, or one of the very first matrons in smart society to accompany an aviator in flight. And here we have Ruth Merrill Hammond seeking release from the marriage tie which she avers Leonard has made insupportable. Mrs. Jack Spreckels was another young matron who surprised her friends by essaying the upper spaces in an aeroplane. And Mrs. Jack Spreckels is preparing papers in a divorce action. Two such cases are enough for the superstitious who are not the most reasonable people in the world.

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Oakland's Worried Mothers

Over in Oakland they are still old fashioned enough to think that there is something terrible about the mere fact of divorce. Mothers in Oakland's smart set who undoubtedly regard themselves are very advanced indeed, shudder at the thought of their darling daughters coming in contact with one who is about to be a party to a divorce action. This amusing outcropping of

BELLE ASHLYN
Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

puritanism was illustrated a few days ago. The Players' Club gave a playlet "The Girl with the Voice" at the Macdonough Theatre for three nights. One of the leading roles was sustained by Mrs. Ruth McDonald. On the day of the play's premiere the evening prints told about a contemplated divorce in the McDonald family, Mistress Ruth, apparently, being prepared to defend such a suit about to be brought by her husband Charles A. McDonald, a prominent capitalist and contractor. The playlet in which Mrs. Mcdonald was appearing was being presented for the benefit of the Children's Hospital Association and some one hundred and fifty buds of eastbay society had places in the choruses. Many hours before the curtain was to rise on the second evening's performance, Mrs. William Thornton Blackburn, president of the hospital association, and other members of the directorate, began receiving telephone messages from worried mothers who were afraid of having their Lucilles, Elsies and Evelyns on the same stage with one who might soon figure in a divorce suit! All the tact of Mrs. Blackburn and her associates was necessary to prevent a vast chorus strike engineered by the worried mothers. Apparently the tact was forthcoming, for the performance went on again that night and yet again the third night with no accidents. Presumably a family history of each performer will be demanded by these worried mothers before their daughters will appear in another amateur performance of any sort.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Higgins of Astoria have just spent a few days sightseeing at Del Monte. E. L. Mersereau and wife of Doty, Washington, enjoyed two days motoring and golfing. Mrs. W. B. Weeden of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. W. P. Williams of New York motored in for a few days on their way to Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hill of Sidney, Australia, were there a day on their way to Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Thane and Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bayless of Juneau stopped over for a day's rest. They had motored from Seattle and are on their way to Los Angeles. Mr. Thane is manager of the largest gold mine in the Juneau district and Mr. Bayless is a prominent attorney. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ambrose of Portland enjoyed a pleasant stopover, motoring and visiting many points of interest.

At Paso Robles

Among the well known recent guests at Paso Robles were: Mr. and Mrs. G. Henry, Mrs. R. O. Long, A. H. Clayburgh, Mr. and Mrs. W. McGrath, George A. Beam, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Olcovich, Frank Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Johnson, F. W. Butts, P. J. Cunningham, Miss May Worthington, W. G. Schroeder.

Pacific Grove Notes

Hon. Alfred Black of Bellingham, with his wife and sons, registered at the Pacific Grove Hotel, having made the long trip by auto. They are all good golfers and are out on the links or the drives all day. C. H. Ingels of Del Monte and his bride are at Pacific Grove for their honeymoon.

Why Tait's Is Different

I should recommend those who are in search of the "different" to go to Tait's. The bright and harmonious decorations of this cafe are in keen contrast to the noise and rabble outside. There's an appealing note of cheer there that has a glowing effect on dampened spirits. If you want to hum the latest rag to the accompaniment of singers and music, you can do so. You can also enjoy the best selections from grand opera. All tastes are catered to and satisfied at this Bohemian cafe. That's why they say that Tait's is decidedly different. And in the way of a special daily attraction the special luncheon at 50 cents served there can't be duplicated in town.

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Carreno And The Symphony

By Helen M. Bonnet

Years ago a piano teacher in this city used to encourage little girls to practice and study by telling them of Teresa Carreno, of her wonderful mastery of the piano even in childhood, which argued in his opinion that the piano had a soul to respond to the touch of any little girl that would be persistent in her wooing. That was so many years ago that when I entered Scottish Rite Hall last Sunday it was more in a spirit of curiosity than of keen expectation. Surely this woman whose reputation was worldwide in the long, long ago would not be able at this late day to give much delight through the medium of sheer music. What a pleasant surprise was in store for me! Time has crowned her handsome head with snow and taken from her step its elasticity, but her cunning hands have not lost their skill to dazzle and delight. Teresa Carreno is not yet beyond inspiration. She stirs the blood and fills the ears with waves of sound that transport one like the waves of the sea to enchanted isles. Teresa Carreno still holds her place in the first rank of pianists. So perfect is her technique that it is never obvious how she attains effects which even in moments of greatest excitement are never blurred. To evoke from the piano the eloquence of a beautiful symphony orchestra, to make it appeal in a tender voice uttering the emotions of one full heart—these are achievements within the power of Teresa Carreno. In the andante movement of the Appassionata, in the nocturne of Chopin, she makes you hold your breath with the beauty and delicacy of her tender singing tones. Just as you begin to think, "Ah, now she is at her best," her marvelous fingers dash off some blazing pulsating thing in bravura style. For instance the Etude in G flat of Chopin—L' Allegro vitalized in tone—Mme. Carreno gave us not only the brightness and gaiety that are within the capacity of so many pianists, but the strength also and the poignancy of beauty, and all in fiery and faultless style, and with an abandonment that was an assertion of mastery. The audience knowing the apparent simplicity and real difficulties of the charming composition, and carried away by the magic of the music stormed her with applause and insisted upon a repetition even after she started her next number. . . . Serenity was the chief characteristic of the Symphony Concert on November twenty-first. But though the numbers given made for peace and tranquillity the audience was a restless one. Never did I see so many sweet ladies trailing in late, fussily taking their places, singly and in groups getting up at psychological moments and swishing out exasperatingly. The disturbance was a severe test of temperament, and if Mr. Hadley is anything like conductors I have known he must have sworn long sotto voce phrases. He was certainly annoyed, judging from the looks of rebuke that he cast into the auditorium. The "Fingal's Cave" overture was beautifully played, but it is music "pinnacled dim in the intense inane." Here what was required of the conductor was a sense of wonder, a power to follow if not to interpret strange impressions, and it seemed to me that Mr. Hadley set the broad-flowing rhythms to pulsate delicately, attaining a neatness, precision and soft brilliance. I am glad that Mendelssohn was at such pains to explain his musical impressions when traveling abroad. It is hard for one who at times distinguishes imperfectly the concrete from the abstract in music to tell the difference between a Scotch mist and an Italian sky as portrayed by strings, wood-winds and brass. Someone has called "quiet happiness" the prevailing characteristic of Mozart's E flat symphony. It is enough that it has all of Mozart's gracious qualities and that it was rendered by Mr. Hadley with a steady adequacy which is at least one of the qualities necessary to a rendering of the great composer. At this concert I heard the Reger Romantic Suite for the first time. It is full of clear, fresh and inspiring melody with a touch of the old playfulness that is lost in the world and makes one long for more Reger. Miss Ada Clement, a local performer of talent, was the soloist. She played a Beethoven Concerto on the piano. To do that with a symphony orchestra in her Home Town bespeaks for her stupendous courage. She did very well, showing admirable understanding and the results of faithful study.

Gossip of the Theatre

Mantell's King John

I suppose John Lackland is the most odious figure in England's royal line. He had all the Plantagenet vices, but none of the virtues. If there was a single one of the seven deadly sins which he did not commit, history has done him an injustice. Shakespeare acquits him of direct responsibility for Arthur's death, giving him the benefit of the doubt, and does not depict him in all his contemptible meannesses, but he sketches in enough of the darkness of the character to make him entirely hateful. Robert Mantell is an artist in make-up, so that just to look at him in the part is to learn, if it was unknown before, that John was sensual, cowardly, grasping, bloodthirsty and cruel. A better make-up we have rarely seen in a Shakespearian production. We have rarely seen a better production, for that matter. The scenery gives the illusion of the age. The walls of Angiers with the roofs and steeples of the town behind; the tent of Philip Augustus; the gloomy chamber in the Castle at Northampton where Hubert has that affecting scene with Arthur, and the buttressed walls and crenellated towers of the castle from which Arthur jumps to his death; the throne room in King John's palace; and the orchard of Swinstead Abbey where John dies—all these are very beautifully painted. In costuming too "King John" is done full justice. One can imagine Mantell conning old pictures and turning over old books in search of historical accuracy. Too much praise cannot be lavished on the result. Mantell's John is an impressive figure, especially in those scenes which call for acting rather than declamation. Sitting on his throne greedily absorbing flattery, shrinking from the denunciation of his enraged nobles, fawning on Hubert, poisoning his mind with suggestions of murder and afterwards blaming him for the crime, giving up the ghost in an agony of pain—in these scenes Mantell was most compelling. It was too bad, however, that his enunciation was not more distinct. A certain thickness of utterance made hearing difficult at times, and when he lowered his voice to a whisper, a favorite method with Mantell, his words did not always travel the full length of the theatre. The most beautiful voice in the company seems to be that of Miss Genevieve Reynolds who had the small part of Queen Eleanor. Miss Reynolds' is a clear, carrying voice, musical as a bell, a delight to the ear. Miss Thais Lawton, an old friend, has a good voice too, particularly satisfactory when she lets it out. In her first scene of grief at the reconciliation effected by John and Philip she was at her best; her subsequent fury was too restrained, too soft-spoken. Miss Lawton should remember that Constance acted like a madwoman and died in a frenzy. The sweet melancholy of an Ophelia does not become the mother of Arthur. Miss Genevieve Hamper was a very appealing figure as Arthur, but there was not all the poignancy one could wish in her scene with Hubert. That is a bit of Shakespeare that cuts like a knife even in the reading; it seemed too much for Miss Hamper. But she is a very young actress. Fritz Leiber's Bastard and John Burke's Hubert stood out superior to the rest of the impersonations.

—Edward F. O'Day.

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER

Pianist, who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday evening, December 9 and Saturday afternoon, December 14.

Sir James Barrie In Vaudeville

Sir James Matthew Barrie at the Orpheum! Well, why not? Vaudeville is aspiring. If at the Orpheum we meet the best accomplished exponents of the juggler's art, the most talented rag-time performers, the top-notch acrobats, the most graceful dancers, the utmost comic comedians; in short the virtuosi of vaudeville, why not the finest specimens of the dramatic art? Even in what is distinctively its own vaudeville lapses occasionally, as for example when instead of an artistic comic or character singer it gives us a painfully inartistic serious singer, as for instance Ellen Beach Yaw, or when it gives us a dramatic tidbit impossible of digestion. Now a Barrie drama will compensate for whatever is soporific in vaudeville, and it is refreshing to meet Sir James in O'Farrell street. It impresses one as an inspiriting sign of the times. The play that

ve used to call a curtain-raiser is coming into ogue again. Competent playwrights are writing ittle one-act dramas, and perhaps we shall see nore of them at the Orpheum. This little play of Barrie's which he calls "Pantaloon" is a fine specimen of the craftsmanship that gave us Peter Pan." It is Barrie at his best, the Barrie hat never misses fire, the Barrie of many-sided genius who abounds in humor and fun and fantasy and the sentimentality that borders closely on he poetic. Barrie has a fine faculty for mingling he impossible with the actual which is the hall-mark of the fantastic mind. This is what he does in "Pantaloon," a tender, intimate play, full of sweetness and quaintness and pathos, that has for its theme a dramatic episode in the lives of the typical figures of the primitive Italian play—Harlequin, Columbine, the Clown and Pantaloon. He takes us into the home of Pantaloon whose light and airy daughter has fallen in love with that tricksy shifty spirit and wonder-worker Harlequin. As in real life it is to the vital interest of the father that the girl should marry another. The clown, who is the manager of the theatre is in love with Columbine and is to marry her but Harlequin with his wand puts the clown asleep on his wedding day and steals the bride. Time pass s, old Pantaloon, out of a job, broken hearted and alone, has not seen his daughter in years. Into his squalid home, just as his sorrow is at its height, come the married pair, and they bring joy with them incarnated in a son, who is already a clown of the harlequinade. The author's view of life in this little play is his characteristic view—a mingling of smiles and tears—and it is very dear to us. One is exquisitely tickled by the fun which the playwright gets out of his characters, and as exquisitely touched by the pathos. The play is admirably done. Especially well done is the role of Columbine which falls to a lady with the circus name of Mlle. Dazie, who flutters about the stage like an elf and whose command of facial expression is perfect. Among the new yet familiar faces at the Orpheum this week are those of Armstrong and Clark who make a big hit, but not any bigger than Stuart Barnes's, who modestly styles himself a singing comedian, but who is in reality a gifted character actor.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"Stop Thief" at the Columbia

I think "Bob" Mantell was the only first nighter who did not laugh at "Stop Thief." The distinguished tragedian sat in a stage box with his beautiful young wife, and every time I glanced his way the gravity of his classic countenance was undisturbed by mirth. Perhaps he smiled now and then, but I noted no suspicion of a laugh, although I could not watch him very closely, I was so busy laughing myself. Doubtless taking one's fun seriously becomes a habit with an actor like Mantell who carries in his head the lines of a dozen Shakespearean roles. I am sorry, though, that he did not laugh at "Stop Thief." It is good for the health to unbend once in a while, and "Stop Thief" affords as good an opportunity for unbending as one may ever hope to get. This farce belongs in the pleasant company of "Seven Days," "Baby Mine" and "Excuse Me," all prime cures for the blues. It induces laughter as surely as an onion induces tears. Most of the late farces lean heavily on dialogue for their fun, but this is one in which actions speak more uproariously than words. Some of its most convulsing situations are done in pantomime. For quite a space of the third act hardly a word is spoken, though the stage is full farceurs. The audience makes up for this silence by laughing loudly and continually. It is obvious that the situation must be extremely ludicrous when it can produce laughter without the assistance of dialogue. And so it is; so funny that one can laugh at it in retrospect. If Mantell were not the master of his emotions I could imagine him guffawing in the midst of "King John" or "Macbeth" when the memory of "Stop Thief" intruded. But such frivolous memories as those never intrude on the tragedian, I am sure. Considering that he did not laugh at the performance he is safe from an aftermath of chuckles. The company which plays "Stop Thief" is an excellent one. Elmer Booth who heads the cast has improved a great deal since he was a stock player in San Francisco. He is a farceur who achieves his comic effects without extravagance. He is deft, quiet and always effective. The other members of the company are clever purveyors of merriment. They all scored with everybody except "Bob" Mantell.

—Edward F. O'Day.

An Exceptional Bill

There has been an exceptionally good bill at Pantages this week, so it's no wonder they've been "packing 'em in" at the Market street temple of vaudeville. Picking bill toppers is not easy when all the acts are of unusual excellence. However, one may hazard the statement that lovers of vaudeville will go a long way before they'll find a better troupe of jugglers than the

MME. MELBA and JAN KUBELIK
The greatest of all the sopranos and the violin wonder, who come in joint concerts to Dreamland on Sunday afternoons, December 7 and 14.

BELZAC and BAKER
"Those Frisco Ragtime Boys" at Pantages.

Five Piroscoffis who are from Paris and describe themselves as "expert exponents of gyroscopic momentum." They are all of that indeed. The stage is a clutter of flying furniture all the time they are on it, and some of their feats are sensational enough to take the breath away. Another troupe which makes Newton's law of gravitation seem like a joke consists of the gymnastic Bottomlys who are as much at home in mid-air as the rest of us are on terra firma. When the Fraser Quintet danced at the New York Hippodrome they were among the biggest hits of that big show. At Pantages they do their best and most down-to-date steps, and the audience goes wild over them, calling them out again and again. They are ten feet (count 'em) of grace, agility, cunning and enthusiasm. "Fun in a Vaudeville Agency" is the skit presented by the five Bragdons, and if they have overlooked any chance to extort a chuckle from the amusing happenings of a booking office, memory fails to record it. This is one of those acts you want to see again. Wilson and Lenore belong to that particular class of entertainers who have recently received so much mention in connection with Secretary of State Bryan. They yodel. And their yodeling is good; so are their whistling and singing. The Oxford quartet render popular selections with spirit and melody. Cunningham and Rose are funsters in blackface who keep the audience in roars. And the motion pictures, as usual, are splendid. From start to finish a ripping good bill is this week's at Pantages.

—The Second Nighter.

Mrs. Fiske Coming to Columbia

"Stop Thief" will continue at the Columbia all next week with matiness Wednesday and Saturday. Mrs. Fiske follows at the Columbia for two weeks, commencing Monday, December 8. Her play is "The High Road" by Edward Sheldon, a play in which she has had a very great success for some time. It would seem, from all that has been written of the play, that the youthful but vigorous author has given Mrs. Fiske a strong, vital and unusual drama, and that in it she has reached the zenith of her artistic powers. The engagement at the Columbia is looked forward to with keen and unusual interest. The theme of the play is one which is not confined to any single season or locality, and the principal character, Mary Page, calls for Mrs. Fiske's best efforts. The advance sale of seats opens Thursday, December 4.

The Carreno Farewell

The last Carreno concert will be given this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium at 2:30 p. m. The program will include the "Sonata" Op. 53 (Waldstein) by Beethoven, a group of five Chopin gems, the rarely heard "Fantasie" Op. 17 by Robert Schumann and a group of three compositions by Anton Rubinstein who was Mme. Carreno's teacher.

The Melba-Kubelik Concerts

The most wonderful concert organization ever formed to tour America is unquestionably the one composed of Mme. Nellie Melba, the world's greatest soprano, Jan Kubelik, the most marvelous violinist since Paganini, Edmund Burke, the Irish baritone from the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, Marcel Moyse, the first flutist of France, and Gabriel Lapierre, pianist. Either Melba or Kubelik alone has always been able to fill our largest auditoriums, but this time we are to hear both of these stars with their able assisting artists for the price of a Melba ticket alone. If this attraction does not serve to crowd the Dreamland to its utmost capacity, then indeed is San Francisco lacking in musical appreciation, and this we will not admit. Manager Will Greenbaum who brings this attraction at a very large financial risk announces that the sale of seats will open next Wednesday, December 3, at the usual box offices and that two concerts will be given, the dates being Sunday afternoon, December 7, and Sunday afternoon, December 14. The programs will include the very best things in the repertoire of both stars. At the first concert Melba will sing a Handel aria "Allegro ed Il Penseroso" with flute obligato by M. Moyse. This will demonstrate her glorious coloratura qualities. To please the lovers of exquisite lyric singing she promises the aria from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore" and to this Kubelik will play the violin obligato. For those who want their modern opera there will be the exquisite "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello" and the charming air of Mimi from Puccini's "La Boheme." Kubelik will play a Wieniawski concerto, Paganini's "Witches Dance" and other splendid works. Edmund Burke will sing English and Irish melodies besides the aria from the opera "Benvenuto Cellini" by Diaz. A complete change of program will be made for the second concert. The acoustic properties of Dreamland are well nigh perfect and the place will be nicely decorated and made comfortable. Mail orders will receive the personal attention of Mr. Greenbaum and out-of-town orders will receive special consideration. Adress all letters to Will L. Greenbaum with check or money order enclosed. It is ten years since Melba last sang in this city and from all reports her voice is as beautiful as ever. During the recent season at Covent Garden the Melba nights were always sold out. Our music lovers can hear this great combination for as little as one dollar and the best seats are but three dollars. To prevent speculators securing the choice seats as happened in most of the Eastern cities where the Melba-Kubelik combination has appeared with the result that ten dollars was often paid for a ticket, Mr. Greenbaum announces that not over ten tickets will be sold to any one person.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler

An artist who has not visited us for many years is Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, another woman pianist who has won world-wide fame that will long endure. Mme. Zeisler has lived in Chicago since she was but two years of age, so we have the right to claim her as an American. Her studies were made in Chicago until she reached young womanhood when she went to Vienna to study with the great Leschitizky. For the past twenty years Zeisler has been recognized as one of the world's leading artists and her return will be welcomed by hundreds who have not forgotten her brilliant performances of ten years ago. Mme. Zeisler will play at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, December 9, when the program will include Schumann's "Papillons," Chopin's "Sonata" in B with its sublime Funeral March and a dozen other important works. The second and last concert will be given on Saturday afternoon, December 13, with a special educational program of great beauty and value which will include works by Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn and Schubert. The sale of seats for the two Zeisler concerts will open next Thursday, December 4. On Thursday night, December 11, Mme. Zeisler will give the second concert for the Peninsula Musical Society's season at Stanford University.

Next Year's Promise

Manager Greenbaum's offerings for the new year are simply wonderful. In January alone he will offer no less than five important attractions.

MANTELL AS "RICHARD III"

The distinguished tragedian is now appearing at the Cort Theatre in Shakespearean and classic repertoire

These are Kathleen Parlow, the violinist; Wilhelm Bachaus, the pianist; Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford, the singers; the one and only Paderewski; and to cap the climax Mlle Pavlowa and her complete Russian ballet company and symphony orchestra numbering in all one hundred and ten people. The original scenery by Leon Bakst and Boris Anisfelt will be used by Pavlowa, and she will stay with us an entire week producing at least six different "ocular operas" as they are called.

Theatre Francais

The second performance of the Theatre Francais will be given next Thursday night, December 4, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The bill will be a double one and will consist of the charming comedy in one act "L'Ete de la Saint-Martin" (The Summer of St. Martin) by those masters of French dramatic literature Meilhac and Halevy; and the charming opera-comique by Jacques Offenbach, "Marriage by Lantern." This is a veritable gem by the composer of "The Love Tales of Hoffman," "The Grand Duchess," "La Belle Helene" and other works which have become the classics of their school. The little work is a specimen of Offenbach at his best and the charming duos, a trio and the famous "Quartette of the Angelus" are worthy the attention of every music lover. The plays will both be well mounted and an excellent operatic orchestra will furnish the accompaniment under the baton of Emilio Puyans.

Pantomine at Pantages

A. Coccia, the famous French pantomimist, is sending to the Pantages his latest wordless drama entitled "The Apple of Paris" which is the most sensational offering the producer has yet written. Mlle. Amato, a beautiful Parisian actress, has the leading role and is bringing a strong company of dancers and a superb stage setting. The feature of the production is the "Dance of the Rose." Laura Ordway, who created a big comedy hit here several months ago, is returning with her travesty on woman suffrage. Marion Munson, assisted by Hal Forrest, will present a clever protean playlet called "The Kidnaping of Bianca," in which she portrays six different characters. Her changes are revelations of grace and rapidity. Belzac and Baker, a couple of local lads who have been making a name back East, will appear in their home town for the first time with a pleasing musical offering. Murray's dogs, a troupe of intelligent canine actors, will go through a routine of acrobatics, dancing and leaping. Frances La Maire, a pretty girl on rollers, introduces a novelty in skating acts. Rhoda, the triple voiced vocalist, will complete the bill.

Fourth Symphony Concert

The program for the fourth symphony concert of the San Francisco Orchestra to be given at the Cort next Friday afternoon, December 5, at 3 o'clock sharp, has every element of appeal. It will be made notable by the appearance as soloist of Clarence Whitehill, the great baritone of the Chicago-Philadelphia and Metropolitan Opera Companies. Mr. Whitehill is an American, famous in his own and other countries as one of the best singers of Wagnerian music-drama. Owing to a change in the plans of Cleofonte Campanini, general director of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company who has placed Mr. Whitehill in the early repertoire of the company, it will be necessary for Mr. Whitehill to make this his only Western appearance. Recitals booked have been cancelled and the big baritone will leave for Chicago immediately after the symphony concert. The complete program: Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C Minor, Opus 68; Wagner, Wotan's Farewell and Magic-Fire Scene from "Die Walkure," Humperdinck, Overture from "Die Konigskinder," Wagner, Selections from "Die Meistersinger," Mr. Whitehill

Pompeii Films at Tivoli

The Tivoli Opera House has been leased to the Turner and Dahnken Circuit, the well known photoplay producers. Their first offering will be "The Last Days of Pompeii" dramatized for the films from the great novel by Bulwer Lytton. The pictures were made in Italy, and Pompeii and the neighboring country about Vesuvius made the setting for the scenes. The eruption of the volcano is a marvelous detail of this film drama. After "Pompeii' comes "Quo Vadis," another big film drama. Considering the theatre and the class of pictures to be shown the prices charged at the Tivoli will be very reasonable.

"The Candy Shop" Still Scores

This seems sure—the Gaiety is here to stay because it has gauged public taste accurately in the particular form of amusement fare which it is offering. The business still being done by "The Candy Shop" shows clearly that the tendency of popular taste is largely in the direction of vaudeville, for the Gaiety production is vaudeville de luxe with such generous trimmings as are impossible in a regular vaudeville house. But the days of "The Candy Shop" unfortunately are numbered. By the middle of December we shall have to bid it a regretful good-bye, our regret being happily tempered by the announcement of an even more attractive successor with that inimitable comedienne, Irene Franklin, as chief star in the new constellation.

The Great Scott Pictures

In this day and time when the news of the world becomes ancient history before it has time to cool off, heroic means must be resorted to in order to attract attention. This is where the art of the cinematograph proves its supremacy. The atmospheric waves can be utilized to convey the intelligence, but it remains for the lens of the camera to depict the actual scenes. There are the Scott Antarctic pictures for instance. These wondrous films are still packing the Savoy to the doors and will be shown for positively the last week, commencing next Monday afternoon, with the usual matinee every day at half past two. "The Common Law," a dramatization of the celebrated novel of that name by Robert W. Chambers, will follow "The Undying Story of Captain Scott" at the Savoy, beginning a brief engagement Monday evening, December 8. "Mutt and Jeff in Panama," one of the snappiest musical comedies of the day, is an early booking at the Savoy. Andrew Mack, the favorite singing comedian, is coming to the Savoy supported by a strong company early in January in a repertoire of Irish plays.

"The Escape" at Alcazar

"The Escape" which many competent critics have pronounced Paul Armstrong's masterpiece, is to be given its first presentation in San Francisco next week at the Alcazar. It has scored emphatic success in Los Angeles, Chicago and on Broadway. Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell will lead the players. In this, his latest work, Armstrong delivers an even stronger "punch" than is conveyed by either of his previous ventures in the field of realism, for its theme is more vital than those of "The Deep Purple" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Instead of appealing only to folk who are interested in criminology and prison reform, "The Escape" is an intelligent and daring application of the theory of eugenics to mankind. It starts with a crime in a New York tenement and attributes it to congestion, lack of air and light, unwholesome environment and the brutality which arises from squalid living and depressing relationships.

A Mystery at the Orpheum

Marie McFarland, the American nightingale and Madame ?, an operatic star of international renown, will be heard in a delightful program of songs at the Orpheum next week. Miss McFarland is proving an immense sensation in vaudeville, and Madame ?, whose identity is veiled by a mask, is equally successful. There is

"THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII"
A scene from the wonderful photoplay to be given at the Tivoli next week

of course an interesting story accounting for the concealment of her features from public gaze by Madame ?, but this is not the time to tell. Suffice that it is owing to no personal disfigurement. Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn whose personality, appearance and ability have combined to make them immense favorites will chat, sing and dance. John E. Hazzard, comedian and author whose verses "Ain't It Awful Mabel" have been everywhere read and laughed at, will deliver an amusing and original monologue. Phlegmatic gymnasts is the peculiar description the two Carltons give to themselves. Hyman Meyer, "the man at the piano," will offer a piano skit that is a melange of monologue, burlesque, imitation and musical travesty. Next week will be the last of Stuart Barnes and Mabelle Lewis and Paul McCarthy. It will also terminate the engagement of the famous American dancer Mlle. Dazie who is creating quite a sensation in Sir James Matthew Barrie's "Pantaloon."

Mantell's Second Week

With a performance of "Louis XI" in which he scored on his last visit to San Francisco, Robert Mantell will open the second week of his engagement at the Cort Monday night. "Louis XI" is from the French of Casimir Delavigne, a contemporary of Victor Hugo. It was the most successful of his numerous plays, and the only one that now survives. Mr. Mantell's impersonation of Louis is considered by many his masterpiece, some putting it even above his Lear.

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW
MARIE McFARLAND, the American Nightingale and MADAME (?) an operatic star of International Reputation; BILLY GOULD & BELLE ASHLYN in Songs and Sayings; JOHN E. HAZZARD, Monologist; TWO CARLTONS, Phlegmatic Gymnasts; HYMAN MEYER, the Man at the Piano; STUART BARNES; MABELLE LEWIS & PAUL McCARTHY; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS, Taken Exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit. Last Week of MLLE. DAZIE in "Pantaloon," a plea for an Ancient Family by Sir James Matthew Barrie.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Week Commencing Monday Night, December 1st
With Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL
Leading the Alcazar Company in
Paul Armstrong's Masterpiece
"THE ESCAPE"
Its First Presentation in Stock
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.

GAIETY
O'Farrell Opposite Orpheum
PHONE SUTTER 4141
THE BIG MUSICAL REVIEW
THE CANDY SHOP
ROCK AND FULTON
And 70 Comedians
Prices—Nights, Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c to $1.00; Thursday Matinee, 25c, 50c and 75c.
THE SHOW THAT MADE THE DOLLAR DOUBLE

SAVOY THEATRE
"The Playhouse Beautiful"
McALLISTER St., Near MARKET
PHONE MARKET 130
Postively Last Big Week Starts Monday, December 1st
THE UNDYING STORY OF CAPTAIN SCOTT
and
ANIMAL LIFE IN THE ANTARCTIC
Shown in Motion Pictures
2:30—TWICE DAILY—8:30
Explanatory Lecture by Charles B. Hanford
All Seats Reserved—25c and 50c
Commencing Monday, December 8th—"THE COMMON LAW."

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phone Franklin 150.
BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 30th
SECOND AND LAST WEEK
Evenings and Saturday Matinee Prices, 25c to $1.50
Wednesday Matinee Prices, 25c to $1
Cohan and Harris' Greatest Laugh Getter
"STOP THIEF"
Fun to Spare. Thrills Aplenty
Monday, December 8th—MRS. FISKE in "The High Road"

EMPRESS
GREATER S. & C. VAUDEVILLE
Direction Sullivan & Considine Sid Grauman, Manager
Sullivan and Considine Vaudeville
Roland West Presents
"BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS"
A Story of the Stage
5—OLD VETERAN BOYS IN BLUE—5
Old Tunes, Stories, Dances, Merry Making, as they did it fifty years ago.
OTHER BIG FEATURES
Refined Vaudeville 8—Big S. & C. Acts Weekly—8

Knabe
PIANOS—GRAND AND UPRIGHT
Kohler & Chase
Sole Distributors 26 O'Farrell St., S. F.
KOHLER & CHASE BUILDING

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Improvement in the volume of trading and prices of the leading stocks last week was substantial although not sensational. The stock market withstood a turn for the worst in Mexico and a few small failures and held its gains well to the end of the week. Several inactive specialties were marked down on the bargain counter, but good reasons were given for the decline. The sheep are being separated from the goats and the market is safe for the average investor, because prices are being averaged on the solid basis of income returns and actual values, without relation to far off chances of "melons" for shareholders. Steel held up well notwithstanding the unfavorable reports of poor business and the shutting down of some of its plants as well as a reduction in the price of its finished product. At the price this stock is selling it discounts a good deal of the bad news that has long been known and is now being made public. Southern Pacific was weakened the early part of the week by labor troubles on the division between New Orleans and El Paso but the situation brightened and the stock made a fair recovery before the end of the week. If the company can pay 6 per cent dividends it was very cheap at 83 which was 25 points below Pennsylvania and Pennsylvania is regarded as very cheap though it pays the same rate of dividend as Southern Pacific. New Haven broke to 75 but it rallied sharply. It is believed that the executive committee is preparing to negotiate a short term loan to meet $40,000,000 of notes due December next, should the courts hold up the debenture issue. It is also possible that the bankers may decline to pay over the proceeds of the debenture issut until its status is settled. Around 75 this stock seems to have discounted about all the bear news that could come forth. Copper stocks held up well early in the week but were inclined to sag off toward the end. The weakness in the metal abroad was the principal factor and it was said that the metal here was being offered at slight declines from day to day without any particular demand. Money was easier both here and abroad. The market seems to be in a rut as outside speculation is at a standstill but we believe with any favorable news about an increase in freight rates prices would take a sharp upturn.

Wheat—The market has ruled firm through the week without any sensational fluctuations taking place. The movements have been actuated by the news from Argentine where the crop is suffering in some places from drouth and in other parts too much rain, and the damage to date is reported to have materially affected the surplus which that country usually has for export. The news coming at a time when the greater part of our spring wheat and the Canadian has been moved, has given the price considerable impetus and tempered the pronounced bearish sentiment which existed at the time the extreme low level was reached. That particular break apparently removed whatever burden had hung over the market, and the small declines which have recently taken place disclose a thoroughly liquidated condition. The news from Argentina has not been quite convincing, as Buenos Ayres and Antwerp prices have not responded in an assuring manner and the interest in the Chicago market does not comprehend a sufficient public as yet to digest the offerings that appear on every moderate bulge. The situation, however, is a strong one, as most of the bearish ammunition is spent, and any new development is likely to be of a nature favoring a higher level of values.

Corn—Recently corn has occupied a rut being alternately weak and strong, but without making any headway in either direction. The increase in the Government's estimate failed to impress the price and the weakness which followed was of a temporary character. The declines do not develop liquidation and the conclusion is inevitable that there is but little scattered interest in the long side; there are, however, some scattered concentrated lines, which at present give no evidence of a desire to liquidate and judging by the action of the December option the short interest in this month is beginning to feel alarm. The cash situation is strong, especially for the old corn as the country shows no disposition to offer freely and the demand is gradually becoming more insistent. Argentina is offering corn to the east at much lower prices than it could be furnished from Chicago and it seems only a question of time when the farmer will at least let loose of a moderate amount of corn which with the absence of any eastern demand should make for lower prices.

Cotton—The cotton market continues to hover around the 13 cents level and at this price spinners seem disposed to enter the market which has always given us a fair rally to around the 13.50 level only to turn lower again as soon as this demand was withdrawn from the market. The principal factor in the market last week was the Government census report which came out toward the end of the week. On the publication of this report showing the amount ginned up to November 14 to be 10,434,000 the market was sold freely by the professional crowd who are bearish and have been predicting 14,500,000 bale crop. The price was forced under the 13 cents level and the market closes the week at about the lowest prices of the week. The report would indicate a crop of between 14,000,000 and 14,500,000 bales and with so little outside speculative support and the talk of poor trade outlook in all lines traders who are bearish are inclined to fight the market above the 13 cents level. The week-end figures were bullish showing the into sight movement 60,000 bales less than last year and the spinners takings 50,000 bales more than last year. Liverpool market was inclined to drag and showed a willingness to follow any decline from this side. Spot cotton in the south is said to be dull and offerings are said to be fairly large at a slight decline in prices compared with last week. The weather throughout the belt has been very favorable for picking as well as for the movement which seems to be remarkably free considering some of the low estimates given out on the crop. The general opinion, however, seems to be that the crop will be at least 14,000,000 bales and with the present unsettled business conditions as well as the Mexican situation prices are high enough for the time being. Trade conditions in Europe are bad and with the threatened labor troubles in the United Kingdom the foreigner is not disposed to load up with cotton at this level. The foreign cotton crops are said to be much larger than last year and of a good quality. It looks like a scalping market for the time being but believe cotton bought around 12:50 for May should prove a good investment.

Mr. Property Owner

Have you not always some slight repair—stopped basin, broken window cord, or electric light won't work? We will assume all your repair expenses and bother for a small monthly rate. Our representative will call at your request.

PHOENIX REPAIR COMPANY

J. de la MONTANYA, Manager

Nevada Bank Building 14 MONTGOMERY ST.

Phone Douglas 822

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June 30, 1913

Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
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Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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The Tango

(Continued from Page 8.)

ingular that people incriminate it in this hospitable Paris of ours, where have flourished side by side the English contredanse, the German waltz, the Polish mazurka, the Hungarian polka, the Lithuanian schottish, the Czech redowa, and the American boston.

There remains the popular origin. And here the detractors of the Tango have full swing, it would seem, and do not hesitate to abuse it, prudishly veiling themselves from all that is low and common—"popular" is a word hardly bad enough for them to call its origin, they should say, "vulgar." Just think of it. A dance which had for its cradle the filthy hovels of South America. A dance of cattlemen, drovers, and cowboys, of half-savages, and of negroes. Fi! Horrors!

"Ah!" sigh these fierce moralists, "let them give us again the beautiful and delicate dances of our ancestors, the dances in which blossomed exquisitely the delicacy and grace of the French aristocracy!"

They blossom just the same, my dear fierce moralists, in the Tango, in this Tango which comes from those filthy hovels, when it is danced as I have mentioned a while ago. And as to the rest, learn right here that of which you are ignorant, and know that those famous dances of past times, those aristocratic dances of our ancestors, so pretty, so fine, so delicate, and so graceful, all began, even they, by being popular dances. All, yes, all. All had rustic birth; all are old folk antics, old capers invented by the lowest of the low; all from the stately minuet which was once the accompaniment of a wine harvest's debauch, to the proud and charming gavotte made fashionable by Marie Antoinette, but the first measures of which were banged out by the great wooden shoes of the coarse youths of Brittany.

For our peasants have always loved the dance. The "Bourree Auvergnate" and the "Bourbonnaise" prove that they love it still, and in the fields as well as the barns of Parisian suburbs, the "Bourree," which is, perhaps more complicated than the Tango, is danced. And like our peasants our society people also like the dance, and they refine it when once they have taken it from the people, just as they are doing now with the Tango; they even leave its complications, its fire and violence, giving to all the proper finish and modification. And this is why, in his "Orchesography," the Canon of Langres, Thomot Arbeau, chapel master of Henry III, described the nature of this exercise, this veritable gymnastics of dancing, in terms in which you will observe all the movements which precisely go to make up the Tango, although he hides them under the concentrated ardor of his secret and solemn mimicry:

"To dance," wrote the good Canon, "that is to say, to leap, vault, prance, turn, tiptoe, and move with emphasis the feet, hands, and body according to certain cadences, measures, and movements consisting of twisting and bending the body, of separating the feet and of bringing them together, of kneelings and risings and swayings of the body and other attitudes."

And to conclude, what matters, in fact, the foreign and popular origin of the dance? What matters also its character and hence? We Frenchify everything, and the dance which we like to dance becomes French. And so, in our infatuation for the present Tango, it is only necessary to see a revival of our love for dancing which will bring us joy. For France is, like ancient Greece, and alone with her, a country where dancing is one of the necessaries of life.

When Odysseus arrived in the terrible isle where dwelt Polyphemus and the anthropophagian Cyclops, and when he asked of the aged Silenus: What is this land of horror? the father nurse of Dionysos defined it by a single epithet; he called it "akhoron khthona," a land where there is no dancing.

Well, France must never become a country like that. It would not know how to become so, except by pain of death. Let us bless everything that prevents that, all that reanimates the old traditions by which she brings ancient Greece to life, by remaining a land where people dance, where people do everything dancing, and where they even know how to die dancing.

Was it not thus that the Spartans at Thermopylae, on the morning of their last day, dressed their hair, rubbed their bodies with oil, and softened the muscles by a Pyrrhic? And is it not with the same sentiment that the great Conde in order to carry by assault the impregnable Lerida made his musketeers climb to the song of the violins of Lulli? And similarly was it not so with the 20,000 fur caps at Austerlitz, who turned the squares of the enemy to the sound of the fifes whistling a "rigadoon" for them?

Surely all the heroes loved dancing and knew how to dance. And that is why, at the time when I was a youth in the cavalry, they were right to teach us dancing conjointly with fencing. And that is why, at the very beginning, I got the courage to talk about the Tango before the five academies of the Institute, certain that they would pardon me this audacity, because by the Tango I mean the dance and because the dance evokes that Pyrrhic invented by Pallas Athena, the sage, that Pyrrhic so exalted that all the young people of Athens, after the performance of the "Persae" of Aeschylus, began to dance like maniacs all night long, through the squares and the streets, and especially before the temples, where they beat with their fists upon the shields suspended at the doors and redoubled their frantic leaps in crying passionately: "My Country! My Country! My Country!"

Stage

(Continued from Page 20.)

"Louis XI" will be repeated Saturday night. On Friday night he will be seen again in "King John," the featured play of this year's repertoire. The other plays of the week are "Macbeth" Tuesday night, "The Merchant of Venice" Wednesday afternoon, "King Lear" Wednesday night, "Richelieu" Thursday night, and "Hamlet" Saturday afternoon. Alice Lloyd follows on Sunday, December 7.

Veteran Soldiers at Empress

Next week the Empress will offer a triple headline bill. The Five Old Veteran Boys in Blue comprising William Ryder of the 143d New York Infantry, S. R. Grant of the 109th New York Infantry, Captain F. E. Turner, 1st Connecticut Cavalry, H. E. Howard, 14th U. S. Infantry and Charles Barrett, 97th New York Infantry, will offer "Campfire Frolics" in which bugle playing, fiddling, singing, dancing and story-telling are featured. "Behind the Footlights" is a comedy sketch. A treat is the Franconia Opera Company in a musical act called "An Idyll of Venice." The Four Quaint Qs are a quartet of comedians and singers of international reputation. James Kelso and Blanche Leighton will be heard in conversation and songs. Harry Ross and Moe Ashton present "The Surveyors," a comedy skit. Orville and Frank do daring aerialism. Essanee scope motion pictures complete the bill.

Miss Buchse at Music Matinee

The management of the Kohler and Chase Matinee of Music has prepared an excellent program for this Saturday. The feature will be Ruth Buchse, contralto, a young vocalist who appeared frequently before our procurement musi clubs and has made a distinct success. T charming young singer will interpret songs Woodman and Tschaikowsky. In addition t program will contain instrumental selectio rendered on the Knabe Player Piano and on t Pipe Organ.

Concerts at the Tavern

The management of Techau Tavern has ne offered an attraction which can compare in p darity with the series of concerts given eve afternoon of the present week. The two n singers won instant success both through th charming voices and their pleasing reperto The grand opera selections, given on the Gr onola by famous stars, were most delightfu combined with the accompaniment of the Taver competent orchestra. The lady patrons we much gratified by the presentation of dain souvenir bottles of perfume from the laborator of V. Rigaud of Paris. All these features co bined filled the cafe to its full capacity every afte noon.

APPLICATION FOR A DECREE OF VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and the City and County of San Francisco. No. 52,5 Dept. 6.

In the Matter of the Application of WESTERN STAT AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Dec of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Western States Amusem Company, a corporation organized and existing under by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and hav its office and principal place of business at the City County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to the Superior Court a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve s corporate existence, and that on MONDAY, the 22nd day December, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, bef the above entitled Court, Department No. 6 thereof, in Courtroom in the Hall of Justice, City and Cou Streets, San Francisco, California, the said application w be heard and determined.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of the Superior Court. By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: This November 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. Brunner, Deputy Clerk.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attys. for Petitioner, First National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 11-2

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE AGAINST SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and the City and County of San Francisco. No. 15,5 Dept. No. 10. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MONROE MARKHA Deceased.

It appearing to this Court by the petition this day p sented and read by Emma Markham, the administratrix the estate of Monroe Markham, deceased, that it is neces to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of s deceased in order to pay his debts and expenses and char of administration, and

It further appearing that there has been filed with t Clerk of this Court the consent in writing of Emma Ma ham to grant a sale of the real estate of Dean Mon Markham, a minor, one of the heirs of said Monroe M ham, deceased, and also the consent of Florence Markh Beard, daughter of said decedent, wherein they consent the sale of the whole or some portion of the real estate the said decedent in order to pay his debts and the e penses and charges of administration, and

It further appearing that the above entitled Court made an order to show cause against such sale this d wherein the provision was made for the publication of a notice of said order to show cause in a newspaper prin and published in the City and County of San Francis State of California,

It is therefore hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed t and order to show cause issued upon such sale hereto signed by the above entitled court and filed with the C thereof be, and the same is hereby vacated and set as and

It is further ordered that all persons interested in t estate of said Monroe Markham, deceased, appear bef the Superior Court of the State of California, in and f the City and County of San Francisco, Department No thereof, at the Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall number 1351 Market street, on the 15th day of Decemb 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there show cause, if any they have, why an order to grant t petition should not be granted to said administrat to sell the real estate of said deceased at either public private sale for the purpose mentioned in said petition the full advantage to be had to the best interest of said est and the matters therein.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be p lished at least once a week for four (4) successive we in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in s City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Dated: November 10, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of said Superior Court.

GAVIN McNAB and NAT SCHMULOWITZ, Attorneys for Petitioner. Merchants National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 11-1

OTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: ETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, LLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN ROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all rsons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that ter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley arkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, titioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the atter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of ORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging mong other things that they are heirs at law of the deased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and ounty of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th ay of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was en and there a resident of said City and County of San rancisco, State of California, and left estate in said City id County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly f real property, which was by a judgment and decree of id court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate ow consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, -wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above titled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator f the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter uch proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of aid Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes as by a judgment of the said court duly given and made n the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator f the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said I. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of dministration were duly issued to him under the seal of he said court by the clerk of said court and that the said I. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of aid deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointng the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the aid Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, eversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, irtue and effect and that more than one year has expired ince the issuing of letters of administration upon said state and that no final distribution of said estate has ever een made.

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege he said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave im surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ncestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or nother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or isters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are he next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the listribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled state in the course of the administration of said estate and hat the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are ll the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far s known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain nd declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all nterests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be nade that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons havng or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said orler specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HOCK, Deceased—No. 16,262; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of HENRY HOCK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Frank L. Fenton, Room 329 Mills Building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY HOCK, deceased.

CHARLES H. HOCK,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Henry Hock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 22, 1913.

FRANK L. FENTON,
Attorney for Administrator with the Will annexed,
329 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased. No. 16,177; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, George Howard Thompson and Meta Fitzhugh Thompson, Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Jas. D. Thurman, Rooms 839-845 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of G. Howard Thompson, deceased.

GEORGE HOWARD THOMPSON,
META FITZHUGH THOMPSON,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 8, 1913.

JAS. D. THURMAN, Attorney for Executors,
839 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11_8-5

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

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What Will the Keynote Be?

Better than Father Ricard's legible sun ots for forecasting the quadrennial simoom language that blows through the State as Governor Johnson's epithet spout in his city last week. The real adjective storm ill be upon us right after the first of the ear. From the Governor's preludial outurst there is not much to infer as to the haracter of the storm he has advised us to xpect, for the Governor was vague and strained. He gave us no rabble-rousing sues, suggested not a thing to increase our lood pressure. In short he omitted the keyote. Can it be that the Governor's inven- ve faculty is becoming atrophied? Is he nable to think of anything or anybody to plift? He spoke of nothing but the prinples of the Progressive party, but have not ost of these principles been embodied in he laws of the State under his benign direcon? Perish the thought that Governor ohnson has so completely redeemed the tate that he has nothing more to agitate ut glittering generalities. This is a State ill of irreconcilable rancors, subject to hallow excitements and sudden inflammaons, and it requires but little imagination conceive plausible objects of execration nd anathema. Governor Johnson must do omething to enable us to get fun and stimlation out of our politics in the coming camaign. Woe to him if he disappoint us! nd we warn him that it will not be suffiient to point with pride to John Francis eylan, the foe of extravagance in lead penils, as the incarnation of Administration iumph. We would warn him also against arading Harbor Commissioner Dwyer, the plifter of the teredo as the embodiment in s utmost concentration of a paramount rogressive principle. To make this camaign worth while the Governor must harow up our souls as formerly when he was wearing by the rotatory calabash of the red eathen that he would drive the octopus out f politics.

His Estimate of Roosevelt

Though exceedingly temperate Governor Johnson gave us food for reflection in his speech at the Progressive dinner. His very vagueness started a train of thought. When he spoke of Colonel Roosevelt we pricked up all our ears, believing that we should hear words of reverence for the hero of Armageddon. But no. The prophet of the party was spoken of, if not in terms, in sentiments that savored of blasphemy. Governor Johnson wishes it to be understood that the importance of Colonel Roosevelt has been greatly exaggerated by popular estimate. Here the speaker was not at all vague. Colonel Roosevelt is not, he would have us know, essential to the success of the Progressive party. That party is of such stuff as will survive the little god of Oyster Bay. Thus we were reminded that Republican politicians have now under consideration the question of the advisability of nominating the former President as the standard-bearer of the G. O. P. So the Governor's remarks we construed as significant, and the color of their significance was deepened by the gratulatory observations of the Hon. Daniel Ryan of the Dwyer Harbor Board. These observations uttered right in the presence of the Governor himself were to the effect that the Progressives of the East had their eyes on the ripsnorting Executive of California and appraised him unqualifiedly as sound Presidential timber of the required length, breadth and thickness. All of which seems to strengthen our view that meanwhile the logical aim of Governor Johnson is the chair at present occupied by George C. Perkins.

Exit Shank

Rather than incur the enmity of the strikers of Indianapolis by performing his duty Mayor Lew Shank resigned his job, and now he is suffering denunciation at the hands of indignant editors. Poor Lew! his was an embarrassing position. In a divided community with neutrality out of the question, what horn of the dilemma was the poor man to choose? Too easily we become impatient of our politicians, often we are unjust to them. We make them what they are, and then rail against them for being precisely what we made them. In the best of governments the very name of politician has always been enough to cause terror and hatred. It has always had connected with it the ideas of cowardice, meanness, fraud and hypocrisy, but never till this period of the world's history were these qualities made absolutely essential to success in politics. Save perhaps in Rome in the period that immediately preceded the fatal day when the citizens had nothing left to combat for but the choice of masters, the rights of the people were never wholly confounded with the power of the people, nor was it ever assumed that popular right might be inconsistent with justice. It remained till the enlightened twentieth century for these monstrous absurdities to come to pass. Yet we complain if our politicians are not men of character and self-respect! We require that they shall reflect those popular immoral sentiments by which we deny that government should be a matter of reason and judgment and justice rather than the momentary sense of the multitude, and at the same time we expect them to differentiate interest from duty. It would seem in these days of the recall and other dissolvents of institutional government that a politician's paramount duty is to guess the prevailing ephemeral opinion. Now that duty is certainly entirely consistent with self-interest. So let us not rail against our politicians. Let us smile at them in the midst of their fantastic tricks, but with a pleasant smile, remembering always that we, the dear people, are pulling the strings.

The Innocuous Dance

"There can be no real evil in the soul of a dancing community," says Editor Hapgood of Harper's. This is the best tribute that has been paid to San Francisco in more than a lustrum; for right here on the Western verge is the foremost dancing community of the continent. We dance not only at night by the soft refracted light of the myriad electric bulb, but also when the rhythmic waves of the harbor are gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. Here all hours are glowing and chased with flying feet, and the feet are not always the property of youth. Round the polished floor "the circling dowagers sweep," while thin-clad daughters display the unfettered limb swaying gracefully in the rheumatic arms of paunchy gentlemen who crook with difficulty the protesting knee. A veritable madness is this dancing craze, and therefore it is solacing to know that it may be indulged without fear that "mirth can into folly glide and folly into sin." There is this to be said about it, however,—that it is making inroads upon the constitution of many a worthy citizen. To the man who has reached the golf age and who is constrained to follow the ball where it listeth at a leisurely pace, the rag is a more perilous form of exercise than cross-country riding where the ditches are broad. This is especially true in a neurotic age when the best of hearts are erratic. Think then of the terrible chances some of our fellow-citizens are taking! Many are the young wives with no mercy on their middle-aged husbands. A Persian satrap in the midst of the gaiety that was Rome in the days of Faustine was tempted to forget that man was mortal. Were he to visit San Francisco today he would be reminded that it

has become the fashion of the American wife to survive her husband. But yet this is the best of all cities in the best of all worlds, and there is no evil save in the minds of some of our clergymen. Dancing like bridge and the style in dress and the whole feminist movement is but an indication of the trend of temperament.

The Opera House Agitation

One of the objections to a municipal opera house founded in the manner contemplated by the ordinance vetoed by Mayor Rolph is that it will serve to gratify the vanity of a dollar aristocracy. This appears to be the main objection of the noisy champions of the plain people. We suspect that it is their one sincere and heartfelt objection, and that they may be acquitted of all kinds of duplicity save that of pretending to be actuated by concern for the masses. The masses are not in need of protection against a dollar aristocracy in its purely social activities. A dollar aristocracy striving for means to become a governing aristocracy we should have reason to combat, but what is there to fear from a small body of wealthy folk devising only means of pastime and entertainment? Who is it that envies them? Who is it that objects to the vainglory of them? Surely not the man in the street; not the mechanic nor the day laborer, nor the housewife of the plain people. As a matter of fact, whatever dryasdust political economists may say, it is to the interests of many of us ordinary folk that the dollar aristocracy should build an opera house with a horseshoe tier of boxes, and try to look as magnificent as possible in high and well-lighted places propitious for exhibitions of all the airs of Vere-de-Vere. The more vehicles for the vainglory of aristocrats the better for the dry-goods man, the shoe dealer, the hairdresser, the florist, the taxi-man, the cafe owner, the waiter alert for his tip and all the ragtag and bobtail of the humble proletariat that would rather see old Gotrocks loosen up and splurge than hear the finest masterpieces of Verdi and Wagner or feast on a Mary Garden stripped to the buff. If all the good seats were to be taken by the dollar aristocracy then some of us might have reason to frothe at the mouth, but with not more than one-seventh of three thousand to be alienated from commerce, and most of that one-seventh beyond the pecuniary capacity of everybody outside the plutocratic pale, how absurd to worry about prospective victims of undemocratic exclusiveness! And anyway if no seats are to be reserved in the dress-circle, the family circle or the gallery surely there is no occasion for the Hon. Andy Gallagher's constituency to be alarmed. So the editor of the Bulletin is perhaps a little disingenuous in his role of champion of the plain people. The probability is that his sympathies have been enlisted by those persons bitten with social ambition who are known as unsuccessful climbers. It is among such persons that envy and resentment of our provinical aristocracy are keenest. Poor, vapid souls! life to them is hostile and cruel. What they worship is beyond them, which is also what they are constrained to hate.

McAdoo's Vain Announcement

Secretary McAdoo announces that the resources of the Treasury will be available for bankers that raise the signal of distress when the new currency law goes into effect. This announcement is by way of reassuring bankers whom the Secretary regards as meticulous. He says they are making a mistake in restricting their credits in anticipation of the law. Perhaps the bankers know their business better than Secretary McAdoo. Anyway they are not to be criticised for excess of caution. When they find the President as dogmatic about finance and other matters as he used to be about certain principles of government that he inculcated at Princeton in the days before he discovered, according to his own confession, that he was preaching bosh, it is time for them to prepare for emergencies. Whether the kind of federal support that Secretary McAdoo has promised them will induce them to adopt a more liberal policy remains to be seen. Our judgment is that they would prefer federal support of another kind, federal support of all business that is inseparable from the general prosperity. In other words bankers would like to see the Administration quit harassing big business and try its hand for a while at reviving public confidence that has so long been languishing. Better than a promise of big loans from the Treasury would be quick action that might make such loans unnecessary; as for instance a swift kick designed to separate a pestiferous agitator of the Socialist brand from the President's Cabinet. All the money that Secretary McAdoo can distribute will be of no avail as against an apparently well-settled policy of corporation-baiting. What we need more than all else at present is an indication on the part of the Administration that it appreciates the relation between the general prosperity of the country and the special prosperity of our transportation system. What part that system plays in the affairs of the country may be judged in a measure from the disbursements last year of the Pennsylvania Lines alone: $188,749,312 in wages, $88,823,206 for materials and $14,823,206 in taxes. Now at this time when the railroads are petitioning Washington for the privilege of continuing their existence the effect of Secretary McAdoo's emergency announcement is more than offset by the report that President Wilson is thinking of appointing former Governor Glenn of North Carolina to the Interstate Commerce Commission. A terrifying report this, but highly credible, as Mr. Glenn is of the temperament most favored at the White House. His specialty is swallowing railroads whole right out before everybody. Lambasting railroads for the titillation of the mob is his favorite pastime. As Governor he talked of calling out the militia to prevent a federal court from exercising jurisdiction in a railroad case. While the President of the United States may be justly suspected of the design of putting an uproarious demagogue of the Glenn type into a position of authority over the transportation system credits will remain pretty tight whatever may be the state of the National Treasury.

Fighting For a Colossal Folly

The Boston Transcript puts the matter in a nutshell when it says: "A certain political group in San Francisco has become so obsessed with the idea of this particular water supply that they cannot escape from it except by a sacrifice of their political vanity." The great Boston journal is remarkably well informed on this whole perplexed subject of a Hetch-Hetchy water system. Describing the project as a "colossal folly," the Transcript declares that San Francisco "needs to be saved from her own officials as much as the Hetch-Hetchy needs to be saved for the people." San Francisco is perennially in need of this particular species of salvation, but never more so than at this moment when its officials are employing the city's funds to fight for a Cadmean victory in Washington. These officials are inspired by nothing more than their political vanity. The victory gained, the colossal folly will not become manifest for several years, and meanwhile our officials will be celebrating their grand achievement; defeated, the whole truth would soon be known, and several idols of the people would soon be consigned to the scrap heap. Think of what defeat would mean to the Hon. James D. Phelan! The other day Mayor Rolph sent a telegram to Mr. Phelan urging him at the top of his voice to remain in Washington and use his powerful influence for the benefit of his beloved city. Of course the telegram was published, and also Mr. Phelan's gallant reply. What great actors these politicians are! Always in the picture, always playing their part for the greater glory of themselves and the coddling and hoodwinking of the multitude. Fancy Jimmy coming home at this time! Why Jimmy is the father of Hetch-Hetchy. He cut short his trip to Europe to race across the ocean and be at the front in Washington. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't drag him away from Washington. Mayor Rolph is as well aware of this as the dogs in the street, but he sent the telegram to thrill the man in the street. Consider what this Hetch-Hetchy fight means to the Hon. James D. Phelan, and then you will understand what the Boston Transcript means when it speaks of the reluctance of a coterie to sacrifice what is inadequately described as political vanity. The Hon. James D. Phelan, futilely nominated for the Senate by several legislative minorities, is about to appeal to the people for their support. He sees himself approaching the goal of his life-long ambition, and at this supreme moment the fight over Hetch-Hetchy has reached the last ditch. It is like coming to the turning point of his political career, the point at any rate at which it may appear to all the people that the modern Moses who promised to

ead them out of Spring Valley bondage ommitted them instead to a colossal folly.

The Folly To Date

We may never know how colossal this Hetch-Hetchy folly is, for even though the bill goes through the Senate we shall be plunged into interminable litigation. The best hoped for by the proponents of the bill is that they may protract the apocalypse which must some day stir the resentment of the people. But as the folly has already reached colossal proportions, in the event of the defeat of the bill we shall then be brought to a quick realization of what has been done to us by our darling politicians. If they had done nothing more than spend the two millions of dollars with which we have bought lands for which we may never have use nevertheless the folly will be apparent enough. What was it, let us ask, that was thought to justify the paying of enormously exorbitant prices for lands in a water shed of the Sierra? A permit signed by little Jimmy Garfield of the Tennis Cabinet. How little that permit was worth we may judge from the fact that three of his successors—Hitchcock, Ballinger and Fisher—had the power to render it nugatory. And even the Garfield permit, by the way, did not authorize us to begin operations in the Hetch-Hetchy valley. It provided that Hetch-Hetchy should be taken only after the near-by supplies had been developed. We were required by that permit to develop first at great cost the Lake Eleanor and Cherry Valley sources, and unless those sources proved insufficient we were not to enter Hetch-Hetchy Valley. The truth is our engineers have been at sea on dry land. Through the years they have been making one blunder after another at the expense of the taxpayers of San Francisco, and all the while we have been making concessions to irrigationists whose rights we must respect, though of whom we had no knowledge till recently. Indeed we have been vouchsafed very little information about the general scheme—its development, the innumerable obstacles encountered and costly blunders committed. Not till lately did we learn that there were other water sources that might have been purchased, the cost of which would not be any greater than the cost of piping water from the more distant Hetch-Hetchy Valley where there are stupendous engineering problems to be solved and difficulties to be overcome. From the vanity of little men we have suffered greatly. Intent on revenging themselves on Spring Valley and gaining the glory of acquiring for nothing an inexhaustible source of water they have stuck to their pet project with blind tenacity and regardless of consequences. Meantime the city has been several times threatened with water famine, and the Spring Valley magnates seeing that eventually the city must purchase their system have been doing as little as possible toward providing for the future. So little do they care about what happens that they wouldn't take the trouble to "persuade" a Supervisor or expose the folly of going to the Sierra for water when there is all we need in the Coast Range and near-by rivers.

The Crusader Returns From Captivity

By G. K. Chesterton

I have come forth alive from the land of purple and poison and glamour,
Where the charm is strong as the torture; being chosen to change the mind;
Torture of wordless dance and wineless feast without clamour,
Palace hidden in palace, garden with garden behind.

Women veiled in the sun, or bare as brass in the shadows,
And the endless eyeless patterns where each thing seems an eye. . . .
—And my stride is on Caesar's sand where it slides to the English meadows,
To the last low woods of Sussex and the road that goes to Rye.

And I saw my lady afar and her holy freedom upon her,
A head without veil, averted, and not to be turned with charms,
And I heard above bannerets blown the intolerant trumpets of honor,
That usher with iron laughter the coming of Christian arms

In the cool and careless woods the eyes of the Eunuchs burned not,
But the wild hawk went before me, being free to return or roam,
The hills had broad unconscious backs; and the tree-tops turned not,
And the huts were heedless of me: and I knew I was at home.

My shield hangs stainless still; but I shall not go where they praise it,
A sword is still at my side, but I shall not ride with the King.
Only to walk and to walk and to stun my soul and amaze it,
A day with the stone and the sparrow and every marvelous thing.

I have trod the curves of the Crescent, in the maze of them that adore it,
Curved around doorless chambers and unbeholden abodes,
But I walk in the maze no more; on the sign of the cross I swore it,
The wild white cross of freedom, the sign of the white cross-roads.

And the land shall leave me or take, and the Woman take me or leave me,
There shall be no more Night, or nightmares seen in a glass;
But Life shall hold me alone, and Death shall never deceive me
As long as I walk in England in the lanes that let me pass.

Perspective Impressions

On Thanksgiving Day Dr. Aked's fancy lightly urned to thoughts of prostitutes.

The thief who stole the Duke of Connaught's eweled garter won't dare present it to his lady-ove—that is, if she wears a slit skirt.

Isn't it funny to watch the newspapers discov-ering the quacks who have been advertising in he newspapers for years?

"When God calls a man to preach," says Doc Aked, "he generally calls other people to hear him." So! The auctioneer has the Lord for his crier.

"Don't eat kippered herring, for it has a soul and will come back and make trouble for you," says a New York psychic. Now we know what's the matter when a man thinks he has a stomach ache. He's haunted.

Isn't it about time to take the Mexican situation off the front page?

"Sunshine is a moral panacea," says Rockefeller. Yet some people say that naughty things happen on bathing beaches.

"Rolph with Examiner water plea starts East." —Examiner headline. Acting, it appears, as the Examiner's messenger boy.

Now the bare calf is coming into vogue as the concomitant of the slit skirt. What will the darlings do when presently they have nothing left to reveal?

If not the net result at least one of the results of the feminist movement to date is the lady demagogue who can justly claim peership with anybody in opaque trousers in the art of assorting facts and figures to stiffen an argument.

Always conservative in such matters we shall not pass judgment on the feminine "calf decollete" until we have seen it.

The cost of the Federal government is now a billion dollars a year and we are progressing also in the matter of the cost of a Progressive State government and an exceedingly Progressive municipal government. How long shall we extend the principle of democracy before it breaks?

Mr. Sidney Van Wyck says he's running for Governor and never was more serious or solemn in his life. He's not half as serious or solemn as the most of us would be if we thought he could get any nearer to the Capital than Port Costa.

"The whole world," says the editor of the St. Paul Despatch, "seems to be so tired, tired, tired." That's one way of informing us that they dance the rag in St. Paul.

Varied Types

CLV—CHARLES M. LESAAR

By Edward F. O'Day

One afternoon five months ago a customer went to Theodore Cranz who has an art shop in Mission near Eighteenth and said:

"I've just met a German artist who is stranded in San Francisco, and I think he's a genius. I want you to meet him."

"Huh!" said Theodore Cranz, "I've met a lot of stranded artists, and nearly all of them had a genius for borrowing money. I don't want to meet any more."

"Better take a look at this chap anyway," advised the customer. "I really think he can paint."

"Send him along," sighed Cranz, just to oblige the customer. "I suppose I can stand a little touch."

The artist went to see the art dealer. He proved to be a short, stocky youth of thirty or thereabouts, very shy on first acquaintance, principally because he had little English and was a stranger in a strange land. He did not try to borrow any money.

"Copy this for me," said Cranz, handing him a Grutzner print.

The artist took the print, was supplied with canvas, paints and brushes, and went to work in the rear of the art shop. At the end of five hours the copy was finished. When Theodore Cranz saw it he opened his eyes very wide. Unlike many art dealers Cranz knows good painting when he sees it, and this copy from Grutzner was very good. He paid the artist for it, and asked him to call again next day. Next day the artist copied another Grutzner in seven hours, and the second piece was better than the first.

"Can you paint landscape?" asked Cranz.

The artist modestly admitted that landscape was his specialty. Now it happens that Theodore Cranz is an enthusiast about Golden Gate Park. He thinks it the most beautiful park in the world, and he has never been able to understand why San Francisco artists don't paint it. He thought he'd try out this artist with a Park landscape. So he supplied him with all that a painter needs for al fresco work and sent him out to Golden Gate Park. The following day the artist returned with a picture. Theodore Cranz shook his head.

Then for the first time the artist was voluble. Indeed landscape was his forte! But he had been out of sorts the day before. He had to get his hand in. Besides he needed a larger canvas. He'd like to try again.

Cranz had his doubts, but he remembered those Grutzner copies. The man who could dash those off must have talent. He supplied the artist with a larger canvas, and told him to go out and paint Stow Lake. Several days later the German artist brought him the finished picture of Stow Lake. Theodore Cranz looked at the picture a long time in silence. Finally he said:

"You're a great artist! You're a genius! What is your name?"

And that's how Charles M. Lesaar was discovered for San Francisco.

Charles M. Lesaar was born at Emmerich, on the Rhine near the Netherlands border. From 1901 to 1903 he studied at the Royal Academy of Dusseldorf. During 1905 and 1906 he was a pupil at the Royal Academy, Antwerp. In the latter year he was awarded the gold medal at the annual joint exhibition for Brussels, Ghent and Antwerp, his picture being a "Woman at the Well" in the style of Millet. The next year he received the large gold medal at Antwerp for his two studies in the nude, the judges giving special praise to his mastery of light effects. From Antwerp Lesaar went to Brussels where he was the master pupil of Henrik Luyten, and a little later he became a special pupil of the great Dutch master Joseph Israels, painting with him at Katwyk, Holland. He taught at Katwyk for a year, and achieved such celebrity that he was called to St. Petersburg, but declined to go, preferring to spend a year with the celebrated Liebermann in Berlin. Thereafter he spent a year and a half in Munich, enjoying the friendship of Franz Stuck, von Uhde and Habermann. In 1910 he exhibited his "Sleeping Gypsy Boy" at the Glass Palace in Munich, an exhibition to which only artists of distinct achievement are admitted. It was favorably criticised. Then he went to Paris where he enjoyed the friendship of the great Rodin. Later he

CHARLES M. LESAAR

made a painting trip on the Rhine. Let me add that Lesaar exhibited in both the Salon des Artists Francais and in the Salon National of Paris for 1907 and 1908, and that he was a member of the jury for the city of Antwerp at the International Exposition of Brussels, and I have finished the sketch of his artistic activities up to the time he decided to cross the ocean to America. It will be seen that Theodore Cranz was not discovering a beginner, but he did not even know Lesaar's name when he pronounced him a great painter, so his achievement is none the less noteworthy.

Lesaar came to America to paint Indians. He is a great admirer of the work of Frederic Remington—thinks him, indeed, the greatest of American painters. The desire to paint the Indians he had seen in Remington's pictures brought him across the Atlantic. He arrived in America to find the frontier gone, and the Indians of Remington's pictures gone with it. He was disappointed, but not sufficiently so to turn his face toward home. He determined to see San Francisco and then go on to Japan. But in Portland he met with misadventure. He was robbed of about two thousand dollars which he had earned by painting a few pictures in Canada and the Northwest. That is why he arrived in San Francisco dead broke.

There is compensation in all things. If Lesaar hadn't been stranded he might never have met Theodore Cranz, and if he hadn't met Cranz it is quite unlikely that he would ever have painted Golden Gate Park.

That would have been a calamity. Out in Cranz' Mission art shop are fourteen canvases painted by Lesaar in the Park. Lesaar thinks that most of them are wonderful pictures, and I shouldn't be surprised to find on high artistic authority that Cranz is right. In my humble opinion some of them are very beautiful. About Lesaar's technique there can be no question. His is the broad, bold treatment of the accomplished brushman who knows just what he wants to do and has no hesitation about the surest, the most effective way to do it. The trees and shrubs of the Park he paints with deep sympathy, as one who loves them; and with water, whether it be an unstirred pool of the Japanese Tea Garden or a silvery cascade of Huntington Falls, he has a magician's skill. I cannot imagine a sincere lover of art failing to like his pictures of Stow Lake, of Crater Lake, of the Sacred Bridge, of a Eucalyptus in the Japanese Tea Garden and of the Chain of Lakes. In these and other pictures he has worthily celebrated some of the most beautiful scenic bits on this peninsula.

These pictures should be exhibited; will be exhibited if his local discoverer can arrange it. Cranz wanted to have them shown in the Park Museum, but was informed that only the work of dead artists could be allowed special exhibition space.

"Must I shoot Lesaar in order to bring him to the notice of San Francisco?" asks Cranz in perplexity.

Meanwhile it would seem that a fine artist is tarrying in our midst unrecognized. He stays because he continues to find inspiration in the Park.

"It is the most beautiful park I have ever seen," says Lesaar. "What a wonderful variety of trees! What splendid water effects! The Japanese Tea Garden is a little Paradise."

I asked him if he had been in the Park Museum. He had.

"There are very few good pictures there," he says. "You can count the works of merit on your fingers. The best picture is the Daubigne. There is a Dupre, but not of the best. The Dupre in the Piedmont Gallery is much finer. Indeed, the Piedmont Gallery is far superior to the Park Gallery. I doubt whether the Millet at the Park is genuine, but I should not say positively without making a critical examination.

"The California artists whose works I have seen," he continued, "have still a good deal to learn. A number of them have great talent, but their work seems to be marred by commercialism.

(Continued on Page 22.)

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The Vegetarians

By Ernestine Mills

High up in the Swiss valley there had been a week of chill rain and mist. The English and Americans who were crowded into the big hotel began to get very cross as the weather continued to make climbing impossible, and as the elaborate food became more obviously of the tinned variety, owing to the state of the pass. Tom and I wondered why they all stayed up there when—only a few hours later—we found ourselves in a gay little Italian town on the other sides of the Alps. Instead of the gloomy pines which had occasionally loomed through the cold mist we saw magnolias, bearing even now an aftermath of bloom which scented the warm air, vine-covered hills bathed in sunshine replaced the rain-swept rocks, roses climbed the walls and peeped in at the green sunblinds. Every little loggia flaunted its oleanders, pink and white; all was summer and color and life.

The next morning, walking through the public gardens after a heavenly bathe in the lake, we came across two of the weirdest figures ever seen out of a nightmare. Upon a seat under a palm tree in front of the Casino was a man, tall, gaunt, flat-chested, with a very long mane of uncombed yellow hair hanging down over his shoulders. Hatless, he was dressed apparently in a single garment—a white tunic, which displayed bare hairy legs and arms; on his feet were sandals. By his side sat a small, pale woman, attired in a straight robe of vivid green; her hair was short, a flat straw hat, like a plate, was tied all askew upon her head, her arms were bare, her feet encased in large sandals. Upon the man's bare knees reposed an enormous green melon; with a knife he had cut huge slices, pink slices with black seeds; both he and the lady were gnawing these with evident relish, so their faces were not often visible. No one seemed to take any notice of the strange pair, and they seemed quite unconscious of our wondering glances. We walked towards a little wood at the end of the town, and there we found a boatman, who offered to row us back to our hotel. We were just seated under the awning when two men walked rapidly along the quay. They wore loose white tunics and bright pink shorts; each large head was hatless and covered with a mass of long brown hair. One had a shaggy beard. Each held in his naked arms a net containing several large cabbages; these were carried tenderly, as if they were babies. Arrived at the edge of the wood, the two men stooped, and with one impulse took off their sandals, pocketed them, and began running barefooted towards the hills.

Tom turned to the boatman, inquiringly: "Who are those men?" he asked in very bad Italian.

The boatman settled to his oars and answered, proudly, in English: "They be wegetarions."

"Where do they come from?"

"There be many in the hills," said the man, "they buy land, they build house up there."

"Are they Italian?" I asked.

"Italiano! Ah no," said the man, rather indignantly; "I think—I think perhaps they be Egyptian"—by which he evidently wished to imply something as far removed as possible from his countrymen.

"What work do they do?"

"Work! They no work, signora—they wegetarians."

"Perhaps they grow their vegetables?"I suggested.

But the boatman shook his head. "No, signora, they buy all from mercato."

There were two German ladies at our hotel who told us that they had also seen these strange-looking beings; they seemed very curious to know more about them. A few days later they came up in great excitement. "Now I know all," said the fat one, who was usually the spokeswoman; "these peoples we see in the town, the wegetarians, they haf a colony up there, in the mountain yonder; they half a cure! I get the prospectus from our hostess; she approves not at all, but I read it to you—it is the German language." She flourished a printed paper, and kindly translated for our benefit. "First, they say you pay from two to three franc a day at this Sonnenberg—that is the mos' cheap—ach so! Then they gif the menu—for breakfast you haf the roll and the apfelthee"—

"What on earth is that?" asked Tom, looking thoroughly suspicious.

"That is tea made from the apple, for look you, the wegetarians say they will no tea or coffee allow, nor no tobacco or beer, only the apfelthee and the meal-tea."

"From what I saw of them," growled Tom, "they looked a degenerate lot."

"For the mitagessen," continued the Fraulein, "you haf the soup from the potato, milk, sweet or sour, the roggenbrod, the obst, the nussbeugel, the pudding, or the ei gesotten, fruit, and many kinds of bread. For the supper it is as the breakfast, only with soup instead of apfelthee. Then they haf the sunbath—there is much of that—and then here follows their ten commandments: Firstly, 'Thou shalt not shout, or scream, or make unpleasant noise at Sonnenberg.' Secondly, 'There is no tablecloths at Sonnenberg, the table is clean; see that thou keepst it so.'"

"Disgusting," said Tom.

"Thirdly, 'If thou dost not see what thou wantest, do not shout, do not ring the bell, do not bang the table—go and get it thyself.'"

"Upon my word!"

"There is much more of commandments, but the last is, 'Finally, if thou dost not like it at Sonnenberg, do not grumble, do not complain—go elsewhere.'"

"I certainly shall," said Tom.

"But for me," said the German lady, "I would like well to see this Sonnenberg, we do hear much in these days of what you call the simpellife; I wish much to see their ways."

"Me also," said her sister; "I would see them in their house, at their food, in their sunbath; they invite all to see in the prospectus."

"Alas!" said the other one, "we return to Frankfort tonight. Will you not go, dear madame, then you could write and tell us all; it is but an hour to be walked."

I confess I had difficulty with Tom. He didn't want to study the simple life, he didn't want to walk up a mountain in the blazing sun, he wanted to bathe, he wanted to read the "Times," he wanted to do anything but accompany me to the haunts of the hairy gentlemen—especially as the waiter had hinted to him darkly that they were anarchists, or worse. However, a little firmness on my part, and we found ourselves, one truly broiling afternoon, walking towards the heights.

At last we reached the famous grotto, which turned out to be a small and ancient beerhouse, with a shady, untidy garden containing marble tables, round which some mangy fowls were pecking industriously. It did not attract me, especially as just outside I had caught sight of a tiny signboard, casually nailed to a tree, with an arrow painted on it, and the one word "Sonnenberg." It was now four o'clock.

A little steep path, bordered by a low stone wall, about which green lizards darted in the sunshine, above the walls festoons of vines laden with purple grapes, far below a heavenly view of a little willow wood bordering the blue lake, mountains all round, and, resting on them, great white motionless summer clouds. Toiling upwards, crossing a little torrent, and nearly missing the narrow path in an overgrowth of fern and juniper, at last I arrived at a modern villa, standing in a very neglected garden, where faded cabbages and sunflowers were running to seed together. No other habitation was in sight. On a stone bench before the front door were scattered drying poppy heads and green tomatoes. Above the letter box was pasted a copy of the prospectus which we had seen before. There was neither knocker nor bell. As I approached I fancied I saw a white-robed figure retreat rapidly to the back of the house, otherwise there was no sign of life. I rapped at the door with my knuckles; no reply. It seemed stupid to have come all that way without seeing the place, so I gave one bang with my stick. An upper window opened, a head appeared, and looked at me without speaking.

"Pardon me," I began in my best Italian, "but could I have a copy of the"—I couldn't think of the word for prospectus, and in a moment a very prosaic-looking, middle-aged French lady opened the door. I suppose I looked English, for she said at once: "Is it that you wish to see this place?" I hesitated, fearing to appear too inquisitive. "I tell you it is worth to see," she said encouragingly.

"Are you staying here?" I asked, wondering, for she looked so very conventional and proper.

"I tell you," she began confidentially; "my 'usband and I, we pay for one month in advance, so you see we must stay some while—but it is what you call the camp out—only indoors."

There now advanced from the back of the house a strange figure, an old man, very tall, emaciated, his complexion pale and yellow, his hair very long and white. His flowing beard failed to conceal a large goitre, he wore a thin white tunic,

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXIII—SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Clarence Urmy

(Clarence Urmy is one of the sweetest of California's singers. He has more than one volume of fine poetry to his credit, the latest being "A California Troubadour" published by Robertson of this city. The following was published in Sunset of August, 1906.)

This is the Golden Gate; the rock-bound way
  Viscaino and Cabrillo failed to find,
  The port Sir Francis on the "Golden Hind"
Sailed past to anchor in a rough, bleak bay;
And we are Argonauts (or so we say);
  Shore-driven by fair Fortune's favoring wind,
  We enter, lo, a splendid harbor lined
With ships that flags of all the world display!

In amber air a hill-set city gleams,
  And fields of poppies wondrous to behold;
Afar through vine-clad vales come singing streams
  And river-tales of mountains filled with gold—
A land, a sea, a sky a-thrill with dreams
  That only Time and poets shall unfold.

The Spectator

Andy Has the Mayor's Car

What do you think? Mayor Rolph, before leaving for Washington, placed his two motor cars at the disposal of Supervisor Andy Gallagher! More convincing proof of the esteem which the Mayor entertains for Andy it would be impossible to find. The Mayor has two motor cars at his disposal, the city machine which is pretty old and worn, and his own private automobile. That he should lend both of them to Andy during his thirty days' absence from the city is certainly an overwhelming tribute to the worth of the labor leader. The city machine would naturally go to Acting Mayor Tom Jennings if he wanted it, but Tom has his own big car and doesn't need the municipal motor. Andy needs it just now for the entertainment of Sam Gompers who is seeing the city under Andy's ciceronage. So it was nice of the Mayor to lend it. But that he should also lend Andy his own private car and his own chauffeur—that was a compliment not to have been expected. No wonder Andy is proud and is telling his friends about Jim's generosity. That favor, coming on top of the Municipal Opera House veto which pleased Supervisor Gallagher beyond measure, ought to win much labor support for Mission Jim. No doubt every time Andy's ample person presses the cushions of Jim's machine, the soul of him sings a paean of praise and he revolves in his mind ways and means of helping the Mayor to achieve his political ambitions. Or is it possible that Andy laughs in his sleeve at Rolph, surreptitiously of course so Rolph's chauffeur won't notice it?

The Voluble Clock Winder

"Say! You're as slow as a crab with a broken hind leg."

This picturesque language fell from the lips of the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was addressing himself to me, and I was dumfounded. He went on to explain.

"I mean about this opera house business. You're not on at all. You think Rolph and Andy Gallagher are working in together. Rolph thinks so too. Say! Andy is a great strategist. See what he has done to Jim. Got Jim to come over to his side. What good is that going to do Rolph? He can't get any labor votes, but he can lose a hell of a lot of votes in the business district. Jim thinks he's the smartest politician in town, but he's drifting into the Sidney Van Wyck class."

Finding the ferry philosopher in this communicative mood I asked him what he thought would happen to the machine in the State campaign. "That's too far away to think about," he said. "But," he added, "Governor Johnson has the situation well in hand." Here the clock winder looked furtively around, and then lowering his voice he said, "The Governor is a little worried about Los Angeles."

"What's the matter with Los Angeles?" I asked.

"Those Middle Westerners down there, they don't like the Governor's closest friends. They've been given the tip that the Administration is run by the Irish and the Knights of Columbus. They're putting up an awful roar. It's all rot of course, but there's Matt. Sullivan and Joe Dwyer and Danny Ryan and Dennis Duffy and Eustace Cullinan and Al. McCabe and Jack Neylan and Judge Griffin and John McLaughlin, and then there's the combination with Rolph which takes in Father Crowley, so you see it's what you might call a Celtic Renascence. Those Middle Westerners are Progressive in everything, even their prejudices, and while they're strong for the uplift it would make them sore to be uplifted by the Irish. Ah, good morning, Mr. Dwyer."

At this point the clock winder having been interrupted by an intruder I took a car at the loop.

Phelan's Campaign Starts

James D. Phelan may be said to have started his active campaign for the senatorial toga when he hurled himself like a Hotspur into the thick of the Hetch-Hetchy scrimmage in Washington. Coincidentally he has started operations in San Francisco. At the beginning of this week John Taylor Waldorf resigned his position on the editorial staff of the Bulletin to direct the publicity operations of the Phelan canvas. So the fight is on in earnest. From now till the primary election next year it is to be a case of "Lay on, Macduff." James D.'s castor is in the ring, his frock coat is off and his silk sleeves rolled up, his beard abristle with determination to wade through foes to a seat in the "most exclusive club in the world." We may look to see the Democratic papers of the State enlivened with literary manifestoes, biographical summaries and political pleas in the cause of James D.'s ambition.

The Office Tory

"Jack" Waldorf is one of the best and best known newspapermen in San Francisco, and has been connected with the Bulletin for many years. He rejoices in a rare wit so mellowed with geniality that it may prick but never stings. He wields a ready and happy pen, and has the too rare habit of familiarizing himself thoroughly with the topics he treats, so his editorial articles are more authoritative than some written for our daily press. It is said of him that he knows more political statistics than were ever crowded into a single volume of the World's Almanac, but that

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s probably an exaggeration. Fremont Older ong ago dubbed him "the office Tory" because ne refused to follow his boss along the path of radicalism. Waldorf is one of the few who dares a joke at Older's expense. Thus, when Older was in the heyday of his enthusiasm for released convicts, a prisoner for whom he had secured a parole brought him a bird. Older gave it the freedom of his sanctum for a while but finally asked his city editor to see that it was caged. Waldorf grinned when he heard the order.

"Unless Older intends to have the bird paroled be sure it's a large cage," he said.

Phelan's Backers

It remains to be seen what newspaper backing Phelan will have. In San Francisco he may expect help from the Bulletin, and of course he will get support from some Democratic papers in the interior. But his backing will come chiefly from Washington, and his strength will depend upon the ability of officeholders in the National Capital to line up their friends and appointees here. That assures Phelan the support of the Democratic State machine, such as it is. President Wilson is friendly to James D. and so by the way is Mrs. Wilson, one of whose paintings he paid $150 for the other day. Joe Tumulty, the President's secretary, is also his friend. In the Cabinet he counts on Bryan, McAdoo and Burleson; and in the Senate, I am told, he has received assurances of help from the two Sage Brush solons, Frank Newlands and Key Pittman. John W. Mitchell of Los Angeles has announced himself as a senatorial candidate, and must be reckoned with. Then there is Congressman John E. Raker of Alturas who will be in the fight with the backing of the Bell faction and for whose candidacy the Examiner may or may not say a few good words. (Of course the Examiner won't be for Phelan). Raker is regarded as a joke among California politicians, as much of a joke almost as he has come to be in Washington.

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Lissner on the Fence

Turning from the Democratic campaign of James D., we find that the Progressive campaign of those two eager toga hunters Chet Rowell and Frank Heney continues to be an embarrassment to their Progressive cronies. The Governor has wounded both these sensitive souls by refusing to take sides, but they'll forgive Hiram this straddle provided he keeps his own hat out of the ring. There was further embarrassment when the Progressive organ, the California Outlook of Los Angeles, started a postcard test, and the word went out that E. T. Earl was "putting one over" on behalf of his friend Chet who is among the many editors of the Outlook. And now comes Meyer Lissner to essay the Janus role of facing both ways with a murmured "Blessing on both your houses." Meyer like Captain MacHeath could be happy with either if t'other dear charmer were away. He loves Chet, but loves Frank none the less. He is playing teeter on the seesaw and no matter which end is up or down he hopes to preserve a dignified equilibrium.

Meyer Explains

Meyer's position has been irreverently treated in the Los Angeles papers, so he rushes into the California Outlook with an explanation. He says he has determined "to establish a precedent by remaining neutral as between Mr. Heney and Mr. Rowell." He finds it "extremely difficult to take sides as between two such good friends of mine as Mr. Heney and Mr. Rowell" both of them honorable men like Brutus and Cassius. Meyer points out also that he is a member of the Progressive National Executive Committee, so "aside from personal embarrassment" he feels that he has "no right, in consideration of my official status in the party, to take sides in such an important contest." He is content to let the rank and file settle the delicate question at the primary, pointing out with marvelous acuteness that that's what the primary is for. It is reported but not confirmed that when Rowell and Heney read this statement of their dear friend Meyer, Chet exclaimed in that characteristically rugged way of his, "O pickles!" while Frank said—but I shall refrain from quoting Frank.

Bill and Hiram

That Johnson will be a candidate for re-election, and not for the United States Senate, has not yet been decided, but the indications point that way. The pressure brought to bear upon him by Progressives throughout the State seems to be having its effect. They insist that he must become Governor again for the sake of "the Cause" which means, in order that they may hold on to their jobs. Meanwhile the bad blood is thickening between Johnson and Congressman Kent. Kent is prepared to put a barrel of money into Heney's candidacy, and this makes Johnson sore. He has been telling his friends right and left that Heney had no right to get into the senatorial race before he (Hiram) had made up his mind whether he wanted to run or not. Kent has sent an ultimatum to the Governor. "Quit knocking my friend Heney" is the purport of his pronunciamento, "or I'll be an independent candidate for the governorship next fall." That has given Hiram pause.

A Roar from the Faithful

Attorney General McReynolds will probably be a happy man when San Francisco finally gets a United States District Attorney. That job has caused him more trouble probably than all the rest of his official activities. When John L. McNab resigned amid the national storm blown up over the Diggs-Caminetti and Western Fuel cases, Tommy Hayden happened to be in Washington and some genius of ill luck prompted McReynolds to mention Tommy for the place. The roar that went up from the ever faithful office seekers in California made Hayden an impossibility almost before he had time to look up the salary attached to the job. And now John W. Preston's name has been sent to the Senate for confirmation. Preston is from Ukiah and has been in the Legislature. The Democrats no sooner heard his name mentioned than, to use language familiar at political powwows, "they went a mile in the air." Protests against Preston's appointment have been sizzling over the wires ever since and the mail has borne about a ton of them (speaking broadly) to McReynold's desk. The protesting Democrats want to know why a Bull Moose should land a fat federal job when so many deserving Democrats are willing to sacrifice their private practice and serve their country in the sunny offices on the top floor of the Postoffice building. Preston, they point out, twice opposed Bell's candidacy for the governorship and twice took the stump for Bill Kent. They are wild-eyed on the subject.

Davis In Bad

Incidentally John O. Davis, Collector of the Port, is in bad with the local Democrats owing to his connection with Preston's nomination.

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Davis is the chairman of the State Central Committee, and in that capacity indorsed Preston's application for the place. He is said to have done so without consulting any other members of the committee. "What right has our chairman to indorse a Bull Moose without consulting us?" is the question the members of the committee are asking not only here but in Washington. So there is going to be a pretty scrap from all appearances before Preston is confirmed. Before it's over the man from Ukiah will probably sympathize with Tommy Hayden.

Backus Wants to Hold On

Commissioner of Immigration Backus is extremely desirious of holding on to his present position, and thinks that President Wilson will be real mean if he supersedes him. The fight to save him from deposition is being conducted by that active little politician Isidor Jacobs. Jacobs is telling his friends what a deserving man General Backus is. According to Isidor's story, Backus had a prosperous contracting business in San Francisco at the time he was made president of Jacobs' Good Government League. As a Leaguer or "Goo Goo," Jacobs explains, Backus made war upon the "higher ups" in our midst who thereupon set out to destroy his contracting business and succeeded through various malign influences in doing so. So Backus is a martyr to the cause of righteousness and should not be separated from his present position. Jacobs, although a Jew, is prominent in the Christian Science faith, and this fact has made him a persona gratissima with Senator Works who is also a leading light in Christian Science. So the fight to save Backus will be handled in Washington by Senator Works who, by the way, got him the job in the first place.

The Scalp Hunters

Of course there are a number of Democrats after the office which General Backus would like to retain. The most prominent are William A. Cole, a labor man of this city, Armand Decourtieux of the California Market and Joseph A. Belloli, a San Jose grocer. These and many others besieged Commissioner General Caminetti with applications until "Cam" in desperation "passed the buck" to the Secretary of Labor. The result was that when Secretary Wilson was here recently the place hunters camped on his trail and gave him no peace. I believe he "passed the buck" back to Caminetti.

Other Jobs

There are some other jobs to be given out here. United States Marshal Elliott is holding on pending the appointment of his successor. I hear that State Senator "Jim" Holohan of Watsonville is likely to get this appointment. He is one of the best liked Democrats in the North and made a splendid record at Sacramento. Then too the Receiver and Register of the Land Office here have not yet been selected. Mrs. Grace B. Caukin who was prominent among the feminine fighters for Wilson would like to succeed Receiver John J. Deane; while Henry Hawson of Fresno and Alfred Henry of the Livermore Herald are applicants for Register T. G. Daniels' position. There are about one hundred other applicants for each job.

Another Federal Judge

I saw tall lanky Milton K. Young of Los Angeles on Powell street the other day. That served to remind me that one of the Democratic plums will probably fall to him. A bill creating another federal judgeship in the South will be introduced and in all probability passed at this session of Congress. Young, I am told, is slated for the fat job. He is a lawyer with a good practice and was a delegate at the Baltimore convention. Lynn Helm who is Referee in Bankruptcy in Los Angeles wants the job, basing his claim on that rather frazzled plea of "a classmate of the President at college." Drew Pruitt, a lawyer from Texas practicing in Purityville, is another aspirant. He'll be supported by the congressmen from his home State.

The Cash That Makes Enthusiasm

Our antic-vice crusaders will soon have money to burn. They have raised a big fund to finance the campaign for the closing of the redlight district. Most of the money has come from the East, or, to be precise, from the pockets of those rich philanthropists who are buying their way to heaven by financing all kinds of church movements from Prohibition to the business of christianizing the heathen in foreign lands. Our antivice crusaders will now open headquarters and begin distributing printed matter for the instruction of voters as to the evils of segregation and the importance of minimizing the ravages of prostitution by scatteration. The Rev. Charles N. Lathrop fired the first gun of the campaign the other day in an interview with Pauline Jacobsen. Dr. Lathrop, though a clergyman of the Episcopal church is of the type that one usually finds in the pulpits of the non-conformist churches. A little man, about the size of E. P. E. Troy and with something of the single taxer's cocksureness, he reminds one of the ascetic parson of the uproarious farce "The Private Secretary." A Puritan in appearance, as mild a mannered man as ever had the heavens mirrored in his eyes, you'd never conjecture at sight of him that his breast palpitated with the fiery impulses of a Don Quixote, but Dr. Lathrop has the courage of his convictions, and they are profound convictions and therefore wholly unlike Dr. Aked's.

The Pulpit Habit

If there is any resemblance between Dr.

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Lathrop and Dr. Aked it is only because of a tendency to riot in gratuitous assertion, which is said to be peculiar to pulpit controversialists owing to the advantage which they enjoy of conducting both sides of the argument. The minister in the pulpit is never in dread of the retort refutatory. Excellent authority tells me that from the minister's experience as a talker without fear of contradiction he has come to exercise great freedom in logic; that so much is he master of every situation of his own creation he feels that he may give with impunity an evangelical edition of history with the inconvenient facts left out, assured the whole while that those not in sympathy with him are sleeping in their pews. Thus we find Dr. Aked and Dr. Lathrop inveighing against segregation not because they know any better way of handling prostitution but because this particular way has its shortcomings and imperfections. To be sure they tell us that scatteration is better than segregation; they assert it dogmatically, but how do they know? When a man like Chief Petersen of Oakland who has intimate and expert knowledge of prostitution says that segregation is far more preferable from every consideration of social well-being, what does Dr. Aked say? Dr. Aked says, "You're behind the times." And Dr. Aked will point out that somebody, some academic authority perhaps, has declared that segregation has not been a success. From which he argues that scatteration will be a success. Now as Dr. Aked knows it is futile to argue unless there is clear understanding as to the meaning of terms. What one man would regard as success in the handling of prostitution another man might regard as absolute failure. Success to one man might mean that the women attended church every Sunday, whilst to another it might only mean that they obeyed all the rules and regulations of the municipal government and kept themselves comparatively free from infectious diseases.

Lathrop Cites Des Moines

It is not to be denied that the evils of prostitution have not been wholly eradicated by segregation. It is not affirmed that segregation has more than minimized those evils. But what about scatteration? Who in all the world pronounces it a success, a success of any kind? Ah, I catch the treble tones of Dr. Lathrop, and at once I am reminded of the evangelical history with the inconvenient facts left out. Dr. Lathrop points with pride to the little town of Des Moines, Iowa, a town thousands of miles removed from the sea and of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants. In Des Moines the Iowa law against segregation and prostitution, we are told, is a real success. From this Lathrop citation it is to be inferred that the reverend gentleman thinks the prostitution problem in San Francisco is no different from the same problem in the Iowa village. How unsophisticated is this good and zealous man! But the Iowa law applies to the whole State, and there is a whole lot of Iowa outside of Des Moines. Perhaps there are some inconvenient facts in that territory. I will consult Dr. Rosenstirn's new book. I find that he wrote letters to Des Moines and other villages in Iowa. From the authorities of Cedar Rapids came the reply that the law has been enforced two years and that during that period prostitutes have increased twenty-five per cent and that rooming houses in the residence districts have become crowded with all classes of prostitutes; also, that the street walker is in Cedar Rapids. From Council Bluffs came the meagre reply that the authorities have enforced the law and scattered the prostitutes who are occasionally arrested "when known to violate the law." The authorities of Des Moines, while they boast that the law is a success, admit that after two years of enforcement prostitutes are still to be found—one or two. It would be interesting to know how many there ever were in Des Moines; also, whether the increase in Cedar Rapids is due to the evacuation of Des Moines, and whether the citizens of Des Moines have increased the profits of prostitution in Cedar Rapids. All of which I submit as food for Dr. Lathrop's cogitation. I wonder whether the reverend gentleman thinks it a triumph of legislation that prostitution has decreased in Des Moines and increased in Cedar Rapids.

The Candid Clergyman

Far be it from me to suspect Dr. Lathrop of disingenuity. Dr. Lathrop is not like some clergymen I know. Dr. Lathrop failed to impart the inconvenient facts from Iowa for the very excellent reason that no kind friend apprised him of them. But when Dr. Lathrop takes hold of the adequately financed campaign for the enlightenment of the dear people he will see to it that the literature will be frank and absolutely free from disingenuity. Whatever other zealous propagandists may do Dr. Lathrop will remain steadfast in his devotion to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Nobody will ever be able to point the finger of scorn at Dr. Lathrop and say that he practiced deception by suppression of the truth. He will argue for scatteration on principle. His argument will be that it's against sound morality to recognize prostitution, and he will not attempt to influence voters by asserting that scatteration has been a success. It will not surprise me to find Dr. Lathrop say that whilst prostitution has been almost wiped out of Des Moines, it has increased lamentably in Cedar Rapids, and that in the good city of Baltimore, which by reason of its size affords a safer guide for us than Des Moines, the authorities have found that scatteration has been productive of innumerable and unspeakable evils. For after all Dr. Lathrop is merely disposed to experiment. He does not set himself up as one of the ancient prophets with a message from heaven. He would not mislead. In all probability he will print and distribute the report of the

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SAN FRANCISCO

Grand Jury of Baltimore that people may know that there scatteration was tried until it became abhorrent. Depend on Dr. Lathrop to be candid.

Everybody's Learnin' It

Market street in front of the Flood Building was crowded with early Christmas shoppers rushing to and fro, but Attorney Peter F. Dunne and Attorney Tom O'Connor, being sworn friends, stopped when they met to pass the time of day.

"Tom," said the great attorney, "you look as though you have taken off weight. Have you been exercising?"

"I've dropped twenty younds, and never felt better in my life," answered O'Connor.

"What form of exercise have you been indulging in?" asked Dunne.

O'Connor blushed like a guilty boy.

"I've been learning the tango," he confessed, and then hastily, "but merely to please my wife."

Dunne drew O'Connor out of the jostling throng and paused at the curb to see that he was not overheard. Then in a whisper he said:

"I took my first lesson in the One Step this afternoon, but solely for the purpose of pleasing Mrs. Dunne."

Then the two hypocrites went their separate ways.

The Bohemian Art Exhibition

Two things immediately strike the visitor to the Bohemian Club's annual art exhibit. One is that there are fewer canvases than usual on display; the other is that there are not nearly as many visitors. Are the Bohemian artists beginning to lose interest in this event? And is their waning interest coincident with a fading enthusiasm on behalf of the public? As usual, some of the best artists are not represented in the collection. Francis McComas contributes nary a water color; Arthur Mathews has nothing hung; neither has Xavier Martinez. Bruce Porter doesn't paint much, so the fact that he has but a single picture in the show is not remarkable. Charlie Dickman has two beautiful canvases, "Cypress Point" and "Marine," the latter as good as the fine marine he showed a year ago. Peters has three very poetical moonlights, Robinson two fine landscapes, and Cadenasso is worthily represented. Sparks, Best, Dixon and Alexander Harrison show canvases that stand out of the ruck. Gordon Coutts' picture of his wife is the best of the few portraits. While Van Sloun's "Explusion of Adam and Eve" attracts the eye as a down-to-the-minute experiment, it does not hold attention as a pleasing or even as a successful attempt. About some of the other pictures I need only repeat what I heard a saucy visitor say: "Instead of being hung they ought to have been drawn and quartered." The sculpture exhibited by Haig Patigian, Arthur Putnam and Joe Mora commands more admiration than most of the pictures, and rightly so.

One of Breuer's big canvases can be framed by E. B. Courvoisier as expeditiously and as satisfactorily as a little Copley print or one of your family photographs. Christmas stock now ready for your inspection. 431 Sutter street, between Powell and Stockton.

(Advertisement)

A Valuable City Guide

Endorsed by the Tourist Association of San Francisco and River Counties, replete with information as to where to go, what to see, how to get there, both in and around the city, the new guide of San Francisco, recently published under the copyright of Francis E. Collin, 80 Geary street, is one of the most complete and practical of its kind, and will prove of inestimable benefit to visitors as well as to citizens themselves. A feature of the book, which is at once novel and concise, is the guide to the streets of San Francisco prepared by Professor Charles Wesley Smiley, A. M., which gives in detail directions which cannot be misunderstood, and by following which any one may make his or her way about the city without any difficulty whatever. In addition there are eight maps in the back of the book which show the different divisions of the city, separating the business from the residential, and showing the Mission, Western Addition, and different other sections. The little book is invaluable, and every citizen of San Francisco should have one.

The Hoffman Is Back

The Hoffman Cafe is back on Market street, more luxurious, more inviting and more spacious than in the days before the fire. The famous paintings are there as of yore, the "Elaine" of Tojetti, the Paolo and Francesca and that fair maid just aroused from beauty sleep who smiles pensively in her silken bed. All the art is not on the walls by any means. The most important part belongs to the expert mixologists who minister to the needs of the thirsty. This new cafe in Market just below New Montgomery is bound to be popular.

Celebrities at Tavern

In all of the minute details of perfect banquet service Techau Tavern stands in a class by itself. A smoothness born of long experience makes each function a pronounced success. So well is this understood by those having such occasions in charge that the business of the Tavern in this department is constantly increasing and has grown, indeed, to enviable proportions. Is a celebrity to be entertained? The Tavern is at once suggested. Is an organization considering its annual banquet? Again the Tavern is chosen. And for scores of minor functions the reservations of banquet rooms leave but an occasional evening disengaged. Last Saturday Governor Johnson was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Harbor Commissioners and his Excellency was also present on the evening of the Progressives' banquet.

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With proper care, this place will be capable of producing upwards of 20 per cent per year net on an investment of $50,000. Will plant and manage place for purchaser, if desired. Correspondence invited.
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On With The Dance!

By Mlle. Terpsichore

Can't you find an evening hour for our husbands?" is the question confronting every busy dancing teacher in San Francisco.

That the majority of men need correct and individual instruction in this season's terpsichorean devices is beyond denial. Woman, whose frown or approval settles modes, has decreed that the lissome Muse be installed as favorite so man must dance also. Gone are his idle hours at club, on the links, in saddle or over evening poker. They are sacrificed to Terpsichore. That interest among men in the new dances is in the attendant is proven by local dancing teachers whose before-and-after office hours are filled exclusively by business men endeavoring to attain efficiency in dance leadership.

Leadership" is not exaggerated, for the winter's most popular dance, the One-Step, compels man to take the aggressive as no other dance of recent years has done. Be it understood that man should never be expected to lead; but the dance in One-stepping properly and smoothly rests entirely in the left hand of the man. Local teachers agree that this dance is most difficult to teach, as not only the steps in their diversity must be taught; but also the necessary self-confidence must be imparted to the masculine pupil. Many men dancing with an instructor present a pleasing picture but transferred to a ball-room floor with some woman whose reputation as a good dancer is at stake, the ability to lead is lacking. Last season if a man danced the Rag, he was complacently self-satisfied but the more refined and dainty dances of this year have imbued the man who goes about at all with the ambition to be known as an excellent dancer. That many are making good is evinced by the steadily increasing number of dancing men one sees everywhere this season. Don't be too hasty in your judgment, ladies! Some of them have not danced for twenty years.

Easterners are surprised at the small number of dancing teachers in our city. Paris has innumerable dance experts; New York teems with dancing teachers; conservative Washington has over a hundred established instructors, and staid Boston has deserted its long founded institution of classical dancing in shamefaced allegiance to teachers of popular dances.

Local teachers have affiliated this season more closely than ever before in their endeavor to teach the same dances alike, thereby avoiding much confusion and embarrassment to their pupils meeting on common dancing ground.

The loyalty of each little set to its own dancing instructor is shown in their wide-eyed wonder that other teachers can and do exist in the same world with their own particular favorite. In justice to these hard working instructors of our dance-mad folk let us introduce some of them to you:—

Mr. and Mrs. Hinman who have taught dancing in our city for perhaps longer than any other couple and whose past work stands for artistic skill and originality, aver that the dance craze demands co-operation among teachers.

"The Vennoise Hesitation Waltz, in my opinion," said Professor Hinman, "is becoming the most widely taught dance owing to its graceful simplicity and rhythm."

Mrs. Hinman vainly endeavored to rouse enthusiasm in Tango last season with her many beautiful and intricate Tango steps. This season clamors for more and still more Tango, till the ingenuity of Terpsichore is exhausted.

Miss Alice Miller who has long been known as a most successful teacher of juvenile classes complains that the grown-ups are crowding out the little tots in their demand for lessons. Miss Miller teaches One-step, Maurice Tango now so popular, Vennoise Hesitation and Bournique from Louis Joilet of New York.

Our junoesque Miss White who has so recently opened her attractive new studio, says the introduction of new dances after the beginning of the season only breeds confusion. Demand for the Maurice Tango forces her to pronounce it the most popular dance at present, with the Hesitation Waltzes a close second.

In marked contrast to Miss White is the dainty Anita Peters who co-operates by her endorsement of the popularity of Maurice Tango. Miss Peters was for some time associated with the Alcazar Dramatic School as teacher of dancing and possesses the rare gift of visualizing one's appearance on the dancing floor and the ability to correct awkward and glaring defects of appearance in her pupils. Many teachers fail in this valuable ability to impart the faculty of judging one's own appearance when dancing. "All is vanity" and it may be well for many of our teachers their studios are not mirror-lined.

The Cranes have presented many new fancies at the St. Francis bi-weekly Dansants, but their One-step and Hesitation Waltz seem most to have established their popularity. Their duo dances possess charm and grace indescribable.

The Lawrences are perhaps responsible for the increasing furore over the Argentine Tango. Both enthusiastically pronounce this dance the most fascinating and elusive in its rhythm. Their presentation of Hesitation Waltzes is most attractive and the avidity with which the public learns them is shown by the number of their pupils dancing these new conceptions at this season's affairs.

Miss Helen Adler who has studied in the best of Eastern schools and whose success with the little tots is fast making her one of the most popular instructors in the bay counties, has also every available hour secured by the elders.

Our youngest and perhaps most original instructress (who has lately decided to make her permanent residence among us) is Miss Dora DeFiddes. This talented young lady is but sixteen years of age and received her terpsichorean training in Australia under Tracy Williamson and Messieur Clifforde. Miss DeFiddes' work embraces all branches of French and Russian ballet and she was for several months ballerina in grand opera on the Australian circuit. She is now training a ballet of thirty little tots to appear at the San Francisco Turn Verin on December 11.

Miss Durnan who has lately come to strengthen our dancing force has brought from New York and Washington some new, beautiful and intricate dances learned under Sebastian and Hawks. One of these new fancies, the Madrilliana Waltz, is fast raising Miss Durnan in popular favor. Another new dance, the Tiger, is exquisitely graceful possessing much of the feline grace its name implies.

SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS"

The awe-inspiring and thrilling photo drama which will appear at the Tivoli next week.

"Prosperity has ruined many a man," remarked the moralizer.

"Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd prefer prosperity to do it."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Happy Bert and Vera

Vera De Sabla and Bert Payne held a veritable reception at the St. Francis when they lunched there on Tuesday. Mr. De Sabla, fresh from financial laurels in London, joined them and looked almost as pleased with life as Bert. Everyone congratulated Bert and had good cause to, Vera looked so pretty. She is such a fresh, wholesome looking girl. Her brilliant coloring is all her own and her lips have a natural shade that betokens health, and not the lip stick. She wore on Tuesday a blue tailored suit with collars and cuffs of the tail-less ermine that is so popular this winter. A wide stole of ermine (tailed) was thrown across her shoulders and a black velvet hat set off her blonde hair, which by the way is also of a natural shade. Bert is head over heels in love with his pretty fiancee and gave her a lovely engagement ring. It is a clear white solitaire, set in platinum with tiny diamonds on either side.

Esther Denies

Letters from Esther Moreland deny her engagement to Harry Oelrichs, and every one is wondering whether she is really engaged, and not ready to announce it, or if there is nothing in it at all. The announcement in one of the dailies here certainly came as a surprise and telegrams and letters of felicitation were immediately sent to Pittsburg. They were answered by a flat denial from Esther, and no one seems to be able to explain things. Of course the fascinating Miss Esther has had loads of beaux at Newport this summer, but Harry Oelrichs was not on the list, unless he was traveling as a dark horse. The favored one seems to have been an Italian count who visited the Morelands and was certainly epris of the heiress. We can only await events, or the arrival of the Maryes next month, to explain the mystery. Esther was immensely popular here two winters ago and Mrs. Marye promised to have her come out the latter part of the summer, but the fascinations of Newport (or was it Harry, or the Count?) were probably stronger than anything Burlingame could offer.

Elizabeth Wheeler Engaged

Elizabeth Wheeler and a young member of one of California's old families will soon announce their engagement and there will be a wedding instead of a debut in the Wheeler family next winter. Elizabeth is one of the cleverest of the sub-debutante set, and is taking a course at the University of California. The Wheeler girls have always seemed to be able to combine a society with a studious career and have struck the happy medium between blue stocking and butterfly. There will be two more announcements next year that will surprise no one, as the engagements are already acknowledged to intimate friends who have passed the secrets on to other intimate friends.

Mrs. Fiske, Friend of Animals

Was there ever an actress with the soft pedal on her press agent? The idea strikes one as preposterous. Yet there is such an actress. The actress is Mrs. Fiske. Mrs. Fiske is an actress in a class by herself. This observation has all the triteness of a press agent's platitude, and so I will hasten to assure you that I employ it not in the ordinary sense; also, that what I am writing about Mrs. Fiske no press agent ever thought of putting into print. What press agent, for example, ever thought of informing the public that Mrs. Fiske is shy of publicity. Of course she doesn't object to discussion of her professional activities, but what most actresses thirst for is light on their doings off the stage; on their private manners, their cultivated taste, their evidences of individuality, et cetera. Now this is the sort of publicity that Mrs. Fiske objects to. If we all know that Mrs. Fiske is a woman of humane impulses who has done much toward rousing public sentiment against the ill-treatment of animals it is not because press agents have told us so. It is because of some of the good she has done and of her earnestness as a member of a humane society. It was Mrs. Fiske who had the aigrette banned by the tariff bill. The inhibition against it was stricken out of the bill after the importing milliners of New York got busy, but Mrs. Fiske had it put back again. This is a bit of news that came from Washington, not from a press agent.

Doesn't Like To Be Interviewed

A press agent there was who once made use of a few incidents that illustrated Mrs. Fiske's love for animals, but he never did so again. Not that he was "called down"; for Mrs. Fiske's tenderness is not evinced only toward the brute creation. She never hurts anybody's feelings. She is the gentlest of women. That press agent who wrote the story of Mrs. Fiske's love for animals soon learned that he didn't make a hit. He learned it from Mrs. Fiske, but in such a sweet, womanly way was the information conveyed that it was like an apology for being averse to publicity. Now that Mrs. Fiske is about to visit us again I am curious to see how many interviewers will respect her disinclination to be interviewed. For it is pretty well known that Mrs. Fiske doesn't like to be interviewed. Yet she would not refuse to be interviewed, as a refusal might hurt somebody's feelings. Her feeling with respect to the matter she has thus expressed: "I know it is just as much of an ordeal to the interviewer as it is to me."

Melba's First Critic

Now for a few words without the aid of a press agent about another distinguished woman of the stage—Nellie Mitchell, the daughter of a wealthy Melbourne contractor of Scotch ancestry. Nellie Mitchell is now Madame Melba. This great artist was a singer in childhood. Long before she reached her teens, Melbourne tradition tells me she gave a concert at a seaside resort where her family were spending the summer. She was her own impresario. It was a benefit concert, the proceeds being for a church. Little Nellie, even in those days, could sing like a bird and make "funny noises in her throat" which years and years afterward emperors and artists recognized as the most marvelous trills ever heard. Little Nellie even then had besides artistic gifts, superb business instinct and Scotch determination and organizing ability. That concert must be a success—because Nellie Mitchell was going to be in it. So she enlisted two little boys as her aides-de-camp and sent them forth to sell tickets. Then she herself posted bills all over the town. "Nellie Mitchell" was the head-liner. The concert was a success. Next day Nellie Mitchell ran out to play with her best girl friend expecting congratulations. Not a word about the concert Nellie was amazed. After restraining her impatience to the bursting point she said, "The concert,—you know I sang at the concert. How did you like it?" "Oh!" drawled out her sweet

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ld friend, "Nellie Mitchell, I could see your
wers."

r Brilliant Career

Time went on and Nellie became the belle of
boarding-house she attended. The thing she
celled in was music. She used to say in those
ys that when she married she would marry
e blood, and she did. She married Captain
mstrong of the English army. Her father gave
m as a wedding present a fine sheep range.
e marriage was an unhappy one, and much pre-
able to it was the concert stage, though Mr.
tchell strongly objected. After a few con-
rts in Melbourne Miss Mitchell went to Paris,
died a few months with Mme. Marchesi, who,
the way, died only a few weeks ago, and then
great Melba appeared in opera and conquested
th the music and social worlds. Eight or nine
ars passed before her father became reconciled
her public career. Then she went back to
stralia. The country opened its hospitable
art to its famous daughter and did everything
make amends for its early indifference. All
lbourne turned out to greet her at the railway
tion. Her father was there glad and expect-
t, but as the train pulled in, the temperamental
Scotchman was stricken with apoplexy. For-
nately, he recovered and was able to enjoy his
ughter's triumphal tour. Melba gave a fine
tue of herself to the city of Melbourne. She
still the world's song queen.

e Home Loving Crockers

The interest Mrs. Will Crocker takes in "New
ace" is unflagging and the home is rapidly be-
ming one of the most beautiful in California.
e latest addition is a new entrance to the
ate. Gates of wrought iron have recently been
stalled. They were designed by Lewis Hobart
o had the able assistance of Mrs. Crocker in
s work. They are of great beauty and resemble
me of the entrances to the old estates of France.
nother of Mrs. Crocker's additions is a fountain
hich was designed by Arthur Putnam, a bronze
ure of rare beauty. No family down the penin-
la are more devoted home-lovers than the
ockers, and the children look forward eagerly
their home-coming at vacation times. Ethel,
the way, is making rapid strides in her musical
udies in Paris. She has four teachers, Miss
elen Bowie and Jean de Reszke among them,
d has almost entirely given up society. She
n't be home until the early summer and will
stop at Cambridge where all the Crockers will gather for the graduation of Will from Harvard.

The announcement comes from Paris of the engagement of Miss Camille Raas to Mr. Edgard Molitor of Brussels.

The Best Exhibit

An interesting exhibition will be held at Best's Art School, 1625 California street, and will continue from the eleventh to December 20 when

MME. MELBA

The greatest of all the sopranos who will appear in joint concerts with Jan Kubelik at Dreamland on Sunday afternoons, December 7 and 14.

the usual class jinks will take place. The students' work will take up most of the wall space and many drawings and illustrations in black and white and color will be shown. Some of the best canvases of A. W. Best, the instructor, will be on view. Alice Best will have a number of her dainty pastels and child studies in which she excels. The exhibition is open from 11 to 5 p. m., also Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Del Monte Notes

Otis A. Poole of Yokohama accompanied by the Misses M. E. and Lucy V. Pierce of Berkeley spent several days. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McIntye of Salt Lake City were guests for a few days last week. They are much interested in Pebble Beach real estate and intend returning shortly for a month's sojourn. A number of people motored from San Francisco to stay over Sunday, among them: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Houston and children, accompanied by Mrs. Howard Morrow. Dr. Howard Morrow arrived by train and joined the party.

At Hotel del Coronado

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. R. Devlin of San Francisco have been guests. W. I. Brobeck spent last week-end and attended the very attractive dinner given to the visiting lawyers and their wives, five hundred being seated in the spacious dining room at round tables decorated in scarlet carnations. The ball which followed formally opened the winter season. The first of a series of Tango Tea Dances took place last Tuesday afternoon, and was a decided success, the tables being arranged around the ball room in such a manner as to give the guests a chance of seeing the dancing while partaking of tea.

At Paso Robles

Recent guests at Paso Robles included: O. L. Latham, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mercer, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson and many others.

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Paul Armstrong on Eugenics

By Edward F. O'Day

What is the opposite of eugenics? How does one classify the unfortunate who is the fruit, not of eugenic marriage but of its very antithesis? I do not know. Perhaps Starr Jordan could tell me. But he is somewhere far away, frowning through his spectacles at grim-visaged war, and so I cannot ask him. But whatever the proper scientific term for it may be, May Joyce was the offspring of that sort of marriage. I know it, because she told us so herself—spoke it right out from the Alcazar stage in words I blush to quote, so I shall drape them in modest paraphrase, thus: May's parents didn't want her; she just came—Hang it! It's hard to explain. Suffice it that May wasn't an eugenic baby. That accounts for what happened to May. They wanted her to marry Jerry Magee who had no idea of what eugenics meant. That was bad enough, but she loathed him besides. Marry Jerry and bring non-eugenic babies into the world? She should say not! So she up and left the tenement. That was May's first escape. She explained her sudden departure by eugenics afterwards. At the time she knew no more of eugenics than Jerry knew. But May learned a lot in the three years after that first escape. To be precise, in a week she learned that a pretty girl didn't have to be a good stenographer. When she met Senator Gray she learned that a pretty girl didn't have to be a stenographer at all, so she up and left her employer and let Senator Gray install her in a very luxurious apartment where a very knowing maid answered the door. That, I suppose, was her second escape, and although there was no eugenics mixed up in it, you will agree that May was a very nifty escaper. In the luxurious apartment May had time to think about eugenics, but it is not on record that she did till she got typhoid fever and handsome Doctor Von Eiden pulled her through. The Doctor was as strong for eugenics as Starr Jordan. Perhaps Isabella de Vermandois was his ancestress. He had a pet bill to restrict and regulate marriage, but nobody would introduce it in the Legislature. He told May all about it, and she was interested. Why shouldn't she be? The Doctor was very handsome and wore the loveliest gray frock coat with black braid you ever saw. That bill gave May an idea. When Senator Gray called she let him in, for the first time since she had recovered from typhoid. You may say she acted rather harshly, but then she had returned his last check and paid the month's rent herself. True, the Senator had given her the money but as she said herself, God knows she had earned it. She let the Senator in and when he proposed marriage (query: eugenic marriage? I don't know) she named her price. If the Senator would introduce the Doctor's bill in the Legislature she'd marry him; not otherwise. You can imagine how the Senator received that proposition. He turned it down cold. The Senator was a very bad man

LAURA PIERPONT
Will appear in "The System" next week at the Orpheum.

and did not believe in eugenics. Catch him introducing a bill like that! May argued the question, using very plain language. You can imagine your white-haired grandmother blushing at some of May's language but of course it doesn't feaze the young woman of today who reads the papers and goes to uplift meetings. The upshot is that there's a row which becomes a terrible scene when May's sister staggers in from the tenement where her non-eugenic husband, the same old Jerry Magee whom May had escaped from, had just beaten her, and May's brother bursts in, having just escaped from prison. How Paul Armstrong does pile on the escapes! The Senator learns for the first time of May's antecedents and of course marriage, eugenic or otherwise, is out of the question. It's time for another escape, and this time May escapes to the Adirondacks to a bungalow the Senator had provided for her before typhoid and eugenics and a proposal of marriage had raised ructions with her happy existence as a kept woman. She takes her sister and her brother with her, and the Doctor follows to take care of the sick sister. The poor pale sister coughs like Camille and loves violets like Du Barry, so of course she has to die. She dies very effectively too, while May plays on the organ "that hymn to the Mother of God" and the Doctor chokes up. Then May's brother kills Jerry Magee for not being an eugenist and goes back to prison for three years while the Doctor goes back to his practice and his pet bill and May makes another escape. At the end of the three years she returns to the Doctor's office, a very fetching trained nurse, in time to tend her brother, just out of prison, whom the Doctor is going to cure of his murdering penchant by trephining his skull. There is no more escaping. May admits that she has loved the Doctor ever since that attack of typhoid, and a marriage eugenic, I suppose, is imminent when the last curtain falls. The moral seems to be that there is an escape possible for the kept woman provided she contracts typhoid and meets a doctor who knows about eugenics. . . . It is unnecessary to tell how Paul Armstrong in this shrieking eugenic melodrama of "The Escape" jerks the long arm of coincidence till it is a miracle how that poor arm stays in its socket. But it would be unjust not to mention that Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell, Jerome Storm, Kernan Cripps, Burt Wesner, Frank Burke, Ed Lowe, Frances Carson and the rest of the Alcazar players do this unworthy hodge podge in the most splendid fashion. I have never seen Evelyn Vaughan do better work. Indeed, I have never seen her act so well. But the play—Well, it is Rialto gossip that Wilson Mizner hates his former collaborator and that he stays awake days (he's never in bed nights) thinking of mean things to say about Paul Armstrong. He ought to see "The Escape." It would give him material for a month.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Bill That Rings True

Though Sir James Barrie's fantastic play is still among the attractions at the Orpheum it is somewhat less important this week than it was last. Ellen Beach Yaw has departed and the principle of compensation is therefore no longer urgent. This week the Orpheum has one of those honest bills that ring true from first to last. All the holdovers are excellent, and among the newcomers even Mr. Herman Meyer who leads off and is soon forgotten is at least tolerable. What Mr. Meyer does as a burlesque artist with the aid of a piano he does well, but you cannot help noticing that he does more than you would require of him. A little later comes John E. Hazzard, a monologist without a piano and never once do you think of the time he is taking. Hazzard is a story-teller with a wonderful repertoire and hardly a touch in it of the archaeological. Some good singing is done this week by Mary McFarland and the mysterious Madame, and after a wealth of entertainment the two Carletons wind up the program with their gymnastic feats that compel your enthusiasm by sheer technique.

—The First Nighter.

Talent Galore at Pantages

If the test of a mime's art is the laughter it evokes then perhaps I will be justified in comparing Laurie Ordway at Pantages to Yvette Gilbert. The difference between the Frenchwoman and the Englishwoman is perhaps expressed by the audience. Yvette evoked the sympathetic smile. She kindled the imagination. Laurie causes that sort of laughter that has been likened unto the crackling of thorns under a pot. She keeps the house in an uproar by her broad farcical impersonations. The bill at Pantages this week is full of variety and cleverness and appeals to all tastes of adults and juveniles. A really remarkable act is that of Marion Munson who at once shows her versatility as an actress and her dexterity and ingenuity as a "lighting-change" artist. She plays six different characters in a playlet that has seven parts, and she is never off the stage more than thirty seconds. At times she returns with a complete change of costume in about two seconds. A very high-class team is that of

zac and Baker, "the rag-time Frisco boys," one of whom is an excellent violinist and the other a ling good pianist. There are trained dogs on th week's bill, there is a picturesque bicycle act, a ever musical comedy and a singer—C. H. Day- t —who yodles and is equipped with four voices.

—The First Nighter.

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wer on the Films

ulwer Lytton was measurably sure that his st Days of Pompeii" would live, for the el achieved a wondrous success in his life- e. But how surprised he would be could he y drop in at the Tivoli this week to see his on given the semblance of life in the movies! d marvelously beautiful movies they are, these t depict the stirring scenes of the immortal nance. It is all there, all the grandeur and ruption, all the poetry and evil, all the bril- ce and cynicism that Vesuvius swallowed up a sea of lava. It is a lesson in history, this , and a spur to reading. Scholars will turn it to Pliny's letters and read again his sical description. Lovers of Bulwer will go k to the beloved novel and renew an acquaint- e of youth. San Franciscans may well take pecial interest in this movie drama, for they e known something like that ancient tragedy. wonder the Tivoli has been harboring such e audiences at every performance.

—The Second Nighter.

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e Melba-Kubelik Joint Concerts

hat wonderful combination of stars, Mme. lba, the world's greatest soprano and Jan belik, the most marvelous of the violinists, as- ted by Edmund Buke, the Irish-Canadian itone, will give its first concert at Dreamland k this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. Never fore has such a galaxy of stars appeared on one concert program in this country and it is safe to predict that a record breaking audience will be present. In mercantile business this would be called a "bargain sale," for the scale of prices is the same as paid for Melba or Kubelik alone, and for as little as one dollar one can hear both of these artists and their assisting performers, all of whom are people with splendid European reputations. The program has been slightly changed since first announced. By special request Mme. Melba has consented to sing the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia" with flute obligato played by M. Moyse of the Paris Grand Opera Orchestra, and the brilliant waltz song "Se Saren Rose" specially composed for her by Arditi. Mr. Kubelik will play the Concerto No. 2 by Paganini in place of the one by Wieniawski which will be on the second program instead. Mr. Burke will sing the "Song of Mephistopheles in Auerbach's Cellar" by the Russian master Moussourgsky. Mme. Melba's other numbers will be "L'Addio" from "La Boheme" and the Aria from Mozart's "II Re Pastore" with the great Kubelik playing the obbligato. At the second concert, Sunday afternoon, December 14, Mme. Melba will sing "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark" with flute obbligato, the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" and Gounod's "Ave Maria" with violin obbligato and Kubelik's numbers will include the Wieniawski "Concerto" and Bazzini's "Ronde de Lutins." Tickets for both events are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's, and mail orders for the second concert should be addressed to Manager Will. L. Greenbaum at either office.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler

The last of the world famous pianists to play for us this year will be Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler who returns after an absence of ten years. It seems rather peculiar that the world's two greatest women pianists should visit us within so short a space of time but the music lovers will find it most interesting, for Carreno and Zeisler are quite different in their styles. Mme. Zeisler is one of the artists one never forgets and there are hundreds who heard her on her previous visits to this city who have been talking about her work ever since. She is a woman with a very strong personality and her playing is individual as well as marvelously beautiful and aborbingly interesting. No lover of music can afford to miss Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. The first concert will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Tuesday night, December 9, and the program will include Schumann's "Papillons" and "Toccata," Chopin's "Sonata," Op. 35 with its superb Funeral March, a Paganini "Caprice" transcribed by Schumann, Dvorak's "Humoreske" and works by Lescehetizky, Scuett and Liszt.

MRS. FISKE

oming to the Columbia Theatre to present her latest success "The High Road." The engagement will open on Monday night, December 8.

ALICE LLOYD

The delightful vaudeville artiste and San Francisco favorite who will disclose herself at the Cort Theatre next week.

The second concert will be given Saturday afternoon, December 13, with works by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Moszkowski, Schubert and Mendelssohn on the list. Complete programs may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's where the tickets are now on sale.

Kathleen Parlow

Kathleen Parlow, "our own violin virtuosa," opened her American season in Brooklyn last week with the New York Symphony Orchestra and her playing created a sensation. The critics all agree that she has developed remarkably in her two years absence, and all announce her to be in the very front rank of the great masters of the bow. Miss Parlow will play here in early January.

"Louis' Christmas" at Empress

"Louis' Christmas" will be the leading feature of the bill at the Empress next week. There are five well known players identified with this attraction which combines pathos and comedy. "The Three Dancing Mars" are among the premier dancing artists of vaudeville. Their offering is called "All For a Kiss." Adelyne Lowe and Company will present a pretty aerial gymnastic act called "The Cafe de Le Parisian." Miss Edna Aug has been boked as the special feature at a large salary. She has a little bit of versatile acting entitled "Folks Is Folks." Lee Beers will amuse with new songs and selections. Something new in cycling will be offered by Houghton, Morris and Houghton. Two other features and the Essanceescope of first run motion pictures complete the bill.

"Salomy Jane" at Alcazar

Evelyn Vaughan's first big hit as the Alcazar's leading woman was made in the title part of "Salomy Jane," which is one reason for the play's second revival next week at the O'Farrell street home of drama. But even with a less competent actress than Miss Vaughan portraying the Bret Harte heroine, or with less capable assistants than Bert Lytell and the Alcazar stock company, "Salomy Jane" would possess magnetism for the people of California because of its sterling dramatic worth and the fact that its locale is the Sierra foothills and its period the early sixties, when the men who came to find gold were settling down to agriculture and its kindred occupations. Paul Armstrong whose "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Escape" have proved to the Alcazar's clientele his skill as a playwright, adapted "Salomy Jane" from Harte's charming story of a delicate girl nature assuming strength under the influence of semi-barbarous surroundings and in an atmosphere of constant peril.

"Quo Vadis" at Tivoli

History, romance and tragedy are blended into one awe-inspiring and thrilling ensemble in George Kleine's photo drama reproduction of Henry Sienkiewicz's justly celebrated story "Quo Vadis" which will be presented at the Tivoli Opera House beginning with this Sunday matine with continuous performances from 12 m. unt 11 p. m. daily for one week. This is said to b the most marvelous achievement so far in phot drama and has created a sensation at the Ast Theatre in New York City; also at Chicago, Phil adelphia and Boston where the pictures are bein presented to enormous crowds at every perform ance. For scope, magnitude, extravagant splen dor and liberality, these pictures have never bee equalled and they carry with them an appeal t every community. They entertain and instruc at the same time. The story of Vinitius' love fo the lovely Christian maid Lygia is related witl remarkable fidelity and the companion picture o his friend Petronius' great passion for his hand some slave, Eunice, is also faithfully shown. Th trials of the martyrs, the cruelty of Nero, th gladiatorial combats, the chariot races, the burn ing of Rome, the devouring of the Christians b the lions, the marvelous feasts of Nero, the stir ring conquest of the wild bull by the giant Ursus the gathering of the Christians in the catacomb and the appearance of the Saviour to Peter are al shown with wonderful truth of detail and form a spectacle no one can afford to miss.

"The Common Law" at Savoy

The motion pictures will complete a wonderfully successful season at the Savoy with the performances of this and tomorrow afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Common Law," a dramatization of Robert W. Chambers' widely dis-

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER

Pianist, who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday evening, December 9 and Saturday afternoon, December 13.

VIRGINIA BERRY

As Valerie West in "The Common Law" at the Savoy for two weeks starting Monday, December 8.

ussed novel, will begin an engagement limited to wo weeks. No recent book of fiction has created uch a sensation as "The Common Law," and it s said that no other story of a similar nature has ent itself so admirably to dramatic purposes. The housands here who have read it have undoubtedly xperienced a desire to behold the flesh and blood haracters of Louis Neville and his sweet-heart odel, Valerie West. The well-known New York roducer, A. H. Woods, is a past master in the rt of presenting book plays and it is said that e has taken special pains to make Mr. Chambers' ovel a play that should have enduring fame. Matinees will be given Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Whitehill and Hadley in Concert

Clarence Whitehill, the baritone of the Chicago Opera Company, has so re-arranged his plans as o permit of his remaining in San Francisco un- il Wednesday of next week. A joint recital has been arranged for Mr. Whitehill and Arthur Had- ley, solo 'cellist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and brother of Henry Hadley, con- ductor. Mr. Whitehill and Mr. Hadley who will have the assistance of Mrs. Robert Moore Hughes, pianist and accompanist, appeared in joint recital in Boston and so manifest was the pleasure derived by the audience that it was decided to repeat at the Colonial Ball Room, Hotel St. Francis, next Tuesday night, Decem- ber 9, virtually the same selections as given at the Boston recital. Mail orders directed to Frank W. Healy, care Sherman, Clay and Com- pany will be filled in order of receipt; the prices follow: tickets $2.00, boxes seating six, $18.00.

Junie McCree Skit at Orpheum

Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont will appear in the one-act police play "The System" at the Orpheum next week. It was written by Mr. Granville and Junie McCree. There are fifteen in the cast, all types. Lyons and Yosco, "the Harp- ist and the Singer," both natives of Italy, will be heard in their latest successes "When I First Met You," "Margarita," "I'm Coming Back to Dixie and You" and "Mardi Gras Rag." The furore created by these artists some three years ago is still remembered and their reappearance is sure to result in an ovation. Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Rooney will appear in an eccentric comedy skit which includes singing, dancing and piano playing with a farcical element, called "The Happy Medium." Marshall Montgomery is a ventrilo- quist with a novel act. La Toy Brothers will present an acrobatic novelty with pantomimic comedy. Next week will be the last of Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn; John E. Hazzard and the American Nightingales, Marie and Mary McFar- land.

A Wagner Symphony Concert

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its last symphony concert of the year at the Cort next Friday afternoon. As a fitting close to the first half of the season the orchestra will give a program devoted entirely to the works of Rich- ard Wagner. This being the centenary of the birth of the master, Wagner Festivals are being held all over the world. As this city's tribute to Wagner's memory, the orchestra will give the following program: Tannhauser Overture; Loh- engrin Prelude; Parsifal "Good Friday Spell"; Siegfried "Forest Murmurs"; Tristan and Isolde Prelude and "Love Death."

"In Laughland" at Pantages

Another bill of eight acts smacking of genuine class and smartness will open at Pantages next week with a galaxy of Bothwell Browne's swell- est show girls in the producer's newest musical mixture "In Laughland" for the star attraction. Kamisky, a Russian violinist, will make his debut. He plays nothing but selections from the masters. "The Sacrifice," founded on a true incident of Mexico today is expected to prove sensational. Raymond Whitaker, a local stock actor, is the author and star. Sam Hood returns with his monologue. The Four Charles are international acrobats. Archer and Ingersol, singers and dancers and the Milan Maids, comedy singers, will complete the bill.

Mrs. Fiske at Columbia

Mrs. Fiske, supported by her Manhattan Com- pany, will come to the Columbia Monday next for an engagement of two weeks, Sundays ex- cluded, but embracing Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Mrs. Fiske's offering is "The High Road" by Edward Sheldon whose "Salvation Nell" served her so well a few seasons ago. When it was produced in New York last year a number of critics declared that Mr. Sheldon had taken a long step forward, while other went so far as to say that he had written the most virile, interesting and significant American play that the last ten years had disclosed. During her long and illustrious career Mrs. Fiske has appeared in

BONNIBEL RAYMOND
Now appearing at the Pantages

BESSIE STEWART
Appearing in "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety.

so many types of play that it would seem there could be nothing new for her, but "The High Road" is said to be quite unlike any former play in her list. It is described as the story of the soul progression of a woman. Arthur Byron, one of the best of our American actors, Eugene Ormonde and Kenneth Hunter are Mrs. Fiske's principal supporting players.

"The Girl at the Gate" Coming

Tonight ushers in the final week of the record-making run of "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety. This merry musical melange will be played and danced and sung for the last time on the night of Sunday, the 14th. It will leave immediately for the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, where it opens on Monday night with the same company that has occupied the O'Farrell street house for the past two months. On the same night, Monday, the 15th, the Gaiety will reveal the manifold secrets of its second production to local enthusiasts. The chief magnet of the new piece is Irene Franklin. "The Girl at the Gate," as the new piece is named, will surpass even the attractiveness of its predecessor. Miss Franklin scored what is probably the biggest personal triumph of any vaudeville artist who has appeared in San Francisco a few months ago, when the Orpheum couldn't take care of the crowds who flocked to hear her there. At the Gaiety she will be surrounded by a picturesque environment. The new piece will be replete with novelties and good things. A splendid supporting company has been engaged by J. J. Rosenthal who was directly responsible for "The Candy Shop" aggregation; and in at least one respect, it is a foregone conclusion that "The Girl at the Gate" will far surpass the earlier show. That is in its music which has been composed by Ben M. Jerome who will conduct it himself.

Prof. Douillet at Kohler and Chase's

The soloist at this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler and Chase Hall will be Pierre Douillet, pianist. Prof. Douillet is one of the foremost piano virtuosi and pedagogues on the coast. For years he has been the Dean of the Conservatory of the College of the Pacific in San Jose. Prof. Douillet will play three Chopin compositions, two works of his own and a Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodie. In contrast to the classical

(Continued on Page 22.)

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CORT—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12th
WAGNER PROGRAM
Prices: $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c. Box, Loge Seats, $3.00.
Seats on sale Monday at box offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and Cort Theatre.

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS
MELBA-KUBELIK
AT DREAMLAND
STEINER AND SUTTER
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 2:30 and SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 14th
Reserved Seats, $3.00, $2.00 and $1.50. 1500 Balcony Seats (unreserved), $1.00.
Box Offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. Mail orders to Will. L. Greenbaum.
Mason and Hamlin Piano

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Pianist
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
NEXT TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9th and SATURDAY MATINEE, DECEMBER 13th
Tickets, $1.50, $1.00 and 75c now on sale at above box offices. Steinway Piano.
Coming—PAVLOWA

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time Saturday Night—MANTELL in "Louis XI."
STARTING SUNDAY MATINEE, DECEMBER 7th
8 Days Only—Matinee Daily
William Morris Presents England's Daintiest Comedienne
ALICE LLOYD
And a Company of 75 in a New Form of Entertainment With FRANK FOGARTY, "The Dublin Minstrell"
And a Kaleidoscopic Revue of All Nations
"DANCE MAD"
Nights, 25c to $1.50. Matinees, 25c to $1.
Next Monday, December 15—"The Blindness of Virtue"

Orpheum
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW
TAYLOR GRANVILLE, LAURA PIERPONT and Company of 15 in "The System," an up-to-the-minute playlet by Taylor Granville in Collaboration with Junie McCree; LYONS & YOSCO, "The Harpist and The Singer"; CLAYTON KENNEDY and MATTIE ROONEY in "The Happy Medium"; MARSHALL MONTGOMERY, The Extraordinary Ventriloquist; LA TOY BROTHERS, Pantommists; BILLY GOULD & BELLE ASHLYN; JOHN E. HAZZARD; WORLD'S NEWS IN EXCLUSIVE MOTION VIEWS. Last Week—Immense Success MARIE & MARY McFARLAND, the American Nightingales. New Program of Songs.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phone Douglas 70.

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EDDY STREET, NEAR MARKET
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In Photoplays De Luxe
ONE WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY
MATINEE DECEMBER 7th
George Kleine Presents
QUO VADIS
Popular Prices
Continuous 12 M. to 11 P. M.

PANTAGES THEATRE
MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON
Week Beginning Sunday, December 7th
VAUDEVILLE VICTORS!!!
Bothwell Browne's Merry Musical Mixture
"IN LAUGHLAND"
20 Show Beauties and the Riotous Tantalizing Tango Teasers
ALEXANDER KAMINSKY
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A True Story of Mexico Today with a cast of 15 Principals
5 OTHER ACTS

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TWO WEEKS BEGINNING MONDAY DEC. 8th
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Harrison Grey Fiske Presents
MRS. FISKE
and the Manhattan Company in
"THE HIGH ROAD"
By Edward Sheldon
Coming—May Irwin, Otis Skinner, "Adele"

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Week Commencing Monday Night, December 8th
With Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL
And the Alcazar Company in Paul Armstrong's
Beautiful Play of Early California
"SALOMY JANE"
Adapted from Bret Harte's Famous Story
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinee, 25c to 50c.

GAIETY
O'Farrell Opposite Orpheum
PHONE SUTTER 4141
Postively Last Week of
"THE CANDY SHOP"
Saturday, December 13th
IRENE FRANKLIN
And An All-Star Company in the New Gaiety Jollification
"THE GIRL AT THE GOLDEN GATE"
Prices—Nights, Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c to $1.00; Thursday Matinee, 25c, 50c and 75c.

SAVOY THEATRE
"The Playhouse Beautiful"
McALLISTER St., Near MARKET
PHONE MARKET 130
Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 and 8:30
Last Times of The Undying Story of Captain Scott
Prices—25c to 50c.
Commencing Monday, Dec. 8th, Two Weeks Only
A Dramatization of Robert W. Chambers' Sensational Novel
THE COMMON LAW
The Greatest Story of New York Studio Life Ever Written
A Play Every Woman Should See
MATINEES WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY and SUNDAY
Night Prices—25c to $1.00. Matinees—25c and 50c.

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GREATER S. & C. VAUDEVILLE
Direction Sullivan & Considine Sid Grauman, Manager
SPARKLING VAUDEVILLE
The Leading Feature of the Bill Is
"LOUIS' CHRISTMAS"
THE THREE DANCING MARS
Present "All for a Kiss"
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In a Gymnastic act "The Cafe de Le Parisian"
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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Last week was another dull week in e stock market and prices did not get very r either way. At present the investor here and broad is waiting for more settled conditions. he tremendous break in a standard investment curity like New Haven has unsettled the in-stment business and the odd lot business is ffering with the rest because recessions do not mpt the small investor to pick up bargains. evelations of incapacity or worse in the man-gement of the "Frisco" system have created dis-ust of the statements issued by nigh officials nd great banking houses. Paris and London re-nt deeply the flotation of Frisco bonds in Eu-ope last spring when the management must have nown that the Frisco lines were on the verge f bankruptcy. This scandal hurts nearly all merican securities in the eyes of foreigners. here is no reason why Canadian Pacific should ot sell so far above the best American railroad hares other than the faith foreigners have in its anagement. All things considered the market eld up well last week in face of the discouraging ews. Steel mills are being closed down daily nd prices of the finished article are being cut ut this does not seem to stimulate business. ome of the industrial stocks like Rumley and oodrich as well as Woolworth were forced own from three to five points, on talk of poor usiness with the prospects of a cut in the pre-erred dividend. American Can common and referred were also weak after the publication f the Government's contemplated suit to dis-olve it. Copper metal showed some weakness eclining below the 15 cents level and this in urn was reflected in the copper stocks. Some of he railway earnings showed up a little better, otably the Union Pacific statement. In the ab-cence of any outside speculation the market is eft to take care of itself and with prices at such low ebb the local professionals hesitate about etting short. We believe the market discounts bout all the bear news that comes forward and f the railroads are allowed even a small increase n rates stocks will have a sharp advance.

Wheat—The wheat market the past week has been under the influence of the Argentine news nd has followed the foreign markets to some ex-ent while ignoring the domestic news. While he crop prospect in that country has not been naterially lessened, according to the latest re-urns, the unfavorable reports have, without loubt, stimulated the export demand for both American and Canadian wheat and flour to a re-narkable extent. Foreigners have supplied a arge part of their wants, and are probably will-ng to await the outcome of crop conditions in he southern Hemisphere before buying any arge amount of their future requirements from s. Our stocks, however, are not unusually bur-lensome for this time of the year and the price is comparatively cheap. With the strong probability of Europe being obliged to secure a large portion of their supplies during the next six months from North America, and with the large consumption at home, which high prices of other food stuffs is bound to increase it would seem that the demand for our wheat should continue on a very liberal scale throughout the winter and spring. Complaints are beginning to come in already of the scarcity of soft wheat in farmers' hands in the south and southwest and so many more bullish influences surround the wheat market that the chance is largely in favor of the investor on every good break.

Corn—The corn market has also been dull. Prices for corn seem to be stubbornly strong, even at the present high level, but any large increase in the movement to the Chicago market will have an unfavorable effect upon prices, largely as a matter of sentiment. There is no doubt but that all of the new corn will be wanted, and while it is unusual to start the season at 70 cents for the futures, this is an unusual year, and all of the new corn has been going to Missouri river points instead of through the usual channels to Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. We think temporarily it might be good judgment to sell corn on the hard spots for a small profit, but we believe May corn will sell at 75 cents before there is any substantial decline from present levels.

Cotton—There was very little in the cotton market the past week, daily fluctuations covering a range of 10 to 20 points and the market closed the week with all options under the 13 cents level. Although the market is one cent lower than the high levels reached thus far this season, there is no change in the general situation from the viewpoint of supply and demand than when cotton was selling around 14 cents, except that several private estimates for a yield in excess of 15,000,000 bales influenced liquidation of long contracts. The majority of the large crop estimates were issued by people outside of the cotton region, and the pressure brought to bear on the market came from the same source. In so far as the probable size of the crop is concerned, those issued, indicating a yield of less than 14,500,000 bales are largely from the cotton belt. Late advices from the Carolinas, Mississippi and Louisiana are to the effect that the crop is turning out smaller than generally expected, except in localities, which will offset the outlook for a larger yield in Oklahoma and Arkansas than at first counted on. But taking the belt as a whole indications are still for a yield of less than 14,500,000 bales or about the same as last year, 14,167,000 bales. As to the season's probable consumption, Messrs. Neill Bros. in their latest of letters to the trade, say that they have no reason to lower their original estimate for a consumption of American cotton by the world of 14,750,000 bales this season. On the contrary, they are of the opinion that their figures are too conservative considering the large takings by Japan and America. How, when and where is such a demand to be satisfied with a crop promising to be 500,000 to 700,000 bales smaller than requirements, except at higher prices and the loss of considerable of the already small mill reserves throughout the world. We believe advantage should be taken of any decline under the 13 cents level to buy May or July cotton for an investment.

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June 30, 1913

Assets	$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
Number of Depositors	62,134

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New York, 31-33-35 New Street

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

There is Keith, for instance. He was a man of wonderful talent, of splendid technique; but he painted in the studio instead of the open. Too many of his pictures are the same, as though produced by some factory process. It is sad that an artist of such talent did not paint direct from nature."

I doubt whether Lesaar has seen the best of our artists yet. The Park Museum is not the place to see them. It would be worth while to have his judgment on Martinez, on McComas, on Mathews and Dickman. Peters' work he has seen and thinks highly of.

I do not know how long Lesaar will stay here. Long enough at any rate to do a picture for the World's Fair. That he told me. Meanwhile it is too bad that his Park pictures cannot be properly exhibited. They would teach more about the Park's beauty than most San Franciscans have ever dreamed. Only a few have seen them. But of the few who have gone out to the Mission to Cranz' art shop to look at them, several have tried to buy. But Cranz puts his foot down. "They shall not be sold until they have been exhibited," he says, and Lesaar is of the same way of thinking.

The Vegetarians

(Continued from Page 7.)

short-sleeved, very low-necked, girded with a leather belt; a pair of white bathing drawers completed his costume, his legs and feet were bare.

"He speaks no English," said the French lady cheerfully. The strange one bowed solemnly and silently, and with a regal air waved his hand towards the house.

"He is what you call a little crack," she observed; "he writes the poem—what he calls poem; you can buy it for one penny; he looks very old, but he is not, he has not sixty years."

The sitting room contained a bare table of unpolished wood, and a few chairs. The French windows commanded a heavenly view of lake and mountain; they opened on to a terrace which, like the front of the house, was strewn with green tomatoes.

Another door in the room opened into a small kitchen. I looked in. At the table stood a very short, fair-haired woman; she was peeling quantities of small withered apples. She neither spoke nor raised her eyes, her face looked pale and weary. Opposite to her stood three little girls, aged from twelve to about fifteen, all with fair hair and flabby-looking pink cheeks, two with thick necks suggestive of goitre. They were also silent; they continued their work, chopping carrots, earnestly but very slowly. They were all dressed alike, in straight cotton overalls of faded blue; their arms and legs were bare.

"Figurez-vous," said the French lady softly. "They say she was of noble Hungarian family, but he quarrel with all his people and come up here into the mountains."

"But those poor little girls," I asked, "what can they do up here? Do they go to school?"

"They help their mother in the kitchen always since I am here. Perhaps they go to school sometimes, I know not."

"Is it true that there is a colony of vegetarians up here?"

"There are many higher up, but they are more for the free love," said the lady calmly.

At this moment the strange owner of the house interrupted with an offer to show me the other rooms, and with a vague feeling of bewilderment I followed him upstairs. He pointed to labels stuck upon the doors. Each room seemed to be named after a fruit—"Apple," "Peach," "Fig" and "Plum." Throwing open the door of the "Apple" room he revealed a small whitewashed cubicle, the only furniture a chair, an iron washstand, with a tiny tin basin, a wooden chest of drawers and an iron bedstead. The weird old man lifted the brown blanket—there were no sheets—to show the mattress of sacking stuffed with hay. He then began a sententious speech, waving his bare thin arms. He spoke in German, very indistinctly, but I gathered that he meant, more or less, "Man wants not ornaments, nor luxuries, nor soft beds; fresh air and light only are needed here."

The French lady accompanied me to the gate: "Are you not going higher up to those of the free love?" she asked cheerfully; "it is only a little higher; they will interest you much; they are also vegetarian, they show you all; it is so primatif."

I thanked her and murmured that I thought I had come quite high enough.

I had hardly left the gate when I found Tom, sitting on a stone, reading the "Times."

"I thought you would get on better by yourself," he said, half apologetically.

"Much better, dear," I replied decidedly.

JAN KUBELIK

The violin wonder who will appear in joint concerts with Mme. Melba at Dreamland on Sunday afternoons, December 7 and 14.

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Anthracite Coal Corporation

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Stage

(Continued from Page 20.)

character of these numbers Mr. Vargas who is in charge of these affairs, has chosen some lighter works of musical literature for interpretation on the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

Alice Lloyd's Big Entertainment

Through special arrangement with William Morris, the manager of the Cort has arranged for another large spectacular show, perhaps greater than that of Anna Held, in which will be starred Alice Lloyd, England's most celebrated comedienne, and a company of seventy-five artists and a large augmented orchestra, at the Cort for one week commencing Sunday afternoon with matinees daily. Engaged to support the twinkling little star of two continents is Frank Fogarty, "the Dublin Minstrel," who has a world-wide reputation as a funmaker. Fogarty has an unlimited supply of good clean comedy. Another feature of the bill is entitled "Dance Mad," during which every member of the company will be seen to good advantage. Every form of dancing, including the sensational X-Ray Dance, will be illustrated.

APPLICATION FOR A DECREE OF VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,802; Dept. 6.

In the Matter of the Application of WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Decree of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Western States Amusement Company, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to and has this day filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve and disincorporate; and that on MONDAY, the 22nd day of December, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, before the above entitled Court, Department No. 6 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Hall of Justice, Clay and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, California, the said application will be heard and determined.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. Brunner, Deputy Clerk.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attys. for Petitioner,
First National Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-22-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE AGAINST SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 15,325; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MONROE MARKHAM, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Emma Markham, the administratrix of the estate of Monroe Markham, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said decedent in order to pay his debts and expenses and charges of administration; and

It further appearing that there has been filed with the Clerk of this Court the assent in writing of Emma Markham as guardian of the person and estate of Dean Monroe Markham, a minor, one of the heirs of said Monroe Markham, deceased, and also the assent of Florence Markham Baird, daughter of said decedent, wherein they consent to the sale of the whole or some portion of the real estate of the said decedent in order to pay his debts and the expenses and charges of administration; and

It further appearing that the above entitled Court did make its order to show cause against such sale this day, wherein no provision was made for the publication of the notice of said order to show cause in a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

It is therefore hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that said order to show cause against such sale heretofore signed by the above entitled court and filed with the Clerk thereof be, and the same is hereby vacated and set aside; and

It is further ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said Monroe Markham, deceased, appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall at number 1231 Market street, on the 18th day of December, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order as prayed for in the petition should not be granted to said administratrix to sell the real estate of said decedent at either public or private sale for the purpose mentioned in said petition as she shall adjudge to be for the best interest of said estate and the parties interested therein.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Dated, November 10, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

GAVIN McNAB and NAT SCHMULOWITZ,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Merchants National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 11-15-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, ELLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN CROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly of real property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to-wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HOCK, Deceased—No. 16,262; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of HENRY HOCK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Frank L. Fenton, Room 329 Mills Building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY HOCK, deceased.

CHARLES H. HOCK,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Henry Hock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 22, 1913.

FRANK L. FENTON,
Attorney for Administrator with the Will annexed,
329 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased. No. 16,177; Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, George Howard Thompson and Meta Fitzhugh Thompson, Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Jas. D. Thurman, Rooms 839-845 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of G. Howard Thompson, deceased.

GEORGE HOWARD THOMPSON,
META FITZHUGH THOMPSON,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of G. HOWARD THOMPSON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 8, 1913.

JAS. D. THURMAN, Attorney for Executors,
839 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11_8-5

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXII. No. 1112 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 13, 1913 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXII. San Francisco, December 13, 1913 No. 1112

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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heodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
has. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six onths, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. oreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 er year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as o rejected communications; and to this rule we can make o exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four eeks are rejected.

Watching and Waiting

President Wilson's policy of "watching nd waiting" is taxing the patience of very jingo American with a passion for the erformance spectacular. How different, he jingo reflects, would the Administration olicy be had the Colonel been elected! ong ago an army of invasion on glory bent would have taken possession of the City of Mexico and Huerta the assassin would now e in exile. This, however, is not in accord with the judgment of the army. The army, Brigadier-General Schuyler tells us, does not want war with Mexico. It sees no glory in he prospect of war, and therefore it has o appetite for an invasion. General Schuyler says it would be "a great undertaking and very expensive to the people of he United States." Further, as the fighting would be chiefly of the guerrilla order it would be very unsatisfactory to military nen. Glory is to be gained in campaigns where armies make a stand, but not in long drawn out campaigns in which one army is scattered and fugitive and the other is delayed at bridges that have been blown up nd at ravines that are propitious for ambuscades. Nor is there much glory in garrison duty, or much of anything save drudgery and disease. There is much to ommend in the policy of "watching and waiting," but of course there must be an nd somewhere. Eventually in all probability we shall have to pacify Mexico, but he work of pacification will be much easier ater on when Huerta's funds are exhausted nd the roaming bands of rebels and bandits experience a sensation of hollowness in the neighborhood of the brisket. Meantime we should worry; that is, unless we have "large interests" in Mexico. The only thing for the plain people to worry about is that foreign capitals may be seized with impatience. But thus far the Fabian policy has the approval of all those nations whose respect for the Monroe Doctrine is a matter of concern to us.

The Solemn Conclave

If the laughable and the absurd are a test of the sense of humor what shall we say of the people of a State in which is taken seriously a pow-wow such as was held last Saturday by our hyperbolical Governor and his satellites and henchmen? Here was the business of chasing the jobs for another term ceremoniously begun by all the leading taxeaters of the State. If a few present were not on the payroll they expect to be in the near future. By great solemnity was the confluence of egotisms and sordid ambitions marked. The most extravagant pretensions were there paraded. The spirit of patriotism, they would have us know, impelled them to go forth with bosoms bedight with broad phylacteries, to go forth and proselityze, expand, roar and monopolize all the offices. In the forefront of them was the Governor himself, author of the immortal epigram "A man must eat." A true patriot he, and a true shot whenever he aims at the lowest wit of the greatest number. Tumultuous applause rocks the building as he thunders out the epochal fact, "The State is in our hands and we must keep our hold on it." The canned enthusiasm of his grateful followers boils and flows over as he pours out the evidences of their patriotism gleaned from tables of statistics compiled under his own supervision. "How," you may ask, "can our public men go on that way under the orb of day with the heavens grinning down on them?" Occasionally one might fancy that they'd feel uncomfortable and hope nobody heard. Not so. It is by their flubdub that they command the instinctive homage of the untutored American mind. Our Governor is typical of contemporary statesmen. What you see in California you may see also in Washington. Congress is full of former Supervisors, Assemblymen and ranting lawyers. They have been taxeating so many years that when absent-minded they yield to the impression that they do it for the public weal. And all the while the absurdity of them glides over the American mind without jarring or jostling it. The fact is that the ludicrous doesn't take hold of the national imagination.

Why Prejudices Are Desirable

We hear much boasting these days about emancipation from the tyranny of custom. It is regarded as the mark of an enlightened and progressive mind that it has awakened to the conviction that through years of youth and dawning thought it was the dupe of hallowed tradition, absurd restrictions, superstitions, observations and useless sacrifices. Now it is not to be gainsaid that it is well to be educated out of delusions and prejudices, but it is not well to adopt newfangled ideals at the expense of all the old principles of a rigid morality and a political and religious faith. Nor is it well for all hands to subject every time-honored belief and principle of action to the ephemeral tribunal of contemporary sociology. The world in every age has its groups of advanced thinkers interpreting social phenomena, opposing with the spirit of scepticism all the old dogmatisms, and winning disciples wherever there is partial knowledge. The burning problems which these thought-groups solve for the future guidance of the race remain debatable through the centuries. These thought-groups teach men and women to outgrow their ideals, but the new ideals that appeal to their disciples are buried with their generation. Better than to be deluded by them is to stick to our prejudices. Prejudices are to be preferred to spontaneous likings. Prejudices are an inseparable element of human nature which would be much weaker than it is without them. Moreover when there is wholesale emancipation from prejudices there is a reaction of independence which leaves the frail mind defenceless against invasions from every quarter till every rule of social conduct seems a trammel to be discarded.

Virtue On Watch

Censuring the Dwyer board of harbor commissioners for contracting for wooden piers and building twelve-year wharves with seventy-five year bonds the Chronicle gravely assures us that it does not challenge the personal honesty of the water front representatives of the State machine. The Chronicle is deserving of high praise for its restraint. It sets an excellent example. The reputation of our politicians is a precious thing, and it should not be besmirched. Further, newspapers should most carefully differentiate personal dishonesty from political expediency. They should perceive that when a politician is spending the public money in whatever way is best calculated to advance the interests of the machine which ensures his attachment to the payroll he is upholding the principle of political expediency. They should perceive that under the moral code of Progressive government nothing of moral turpitude is involved in this practice, since the ultimate end is the conservation of the public good which has become identical with a private snap. The personal honesty of a politician is to be justly assailed only when he is engaged in grafting, and in these days no grafters are tolerated by the benign dispensation at Sacramento. But the dispensation is strong on political expediency. Under the careful tuition of the Sullivans and Dwyers Governor Johnson is distinguishing himself as a machine builder. He finds it expedient to distribute the money of the State over the widest possible sur-

face. Hence the wooden piers; also, the long stretches of State highway that will not begin to crumble till after the next campaign. Quantity not quality is the happy desideratum. Wherever the highway is extended it make friends and voters. The farmer's heart is made glad, and the farmer is most assiduously nursed, and the supposition is that he will not wake up till after the next election. He is slumbering peacefully like the average citizen who knows there is nothing to worry about as the grafters have all been driven out of office and incorruptible virtue is embodied in honest men who wouldn't rob a chicken coop or mismanage the estate of an octogenarian.

Typical Ways of Our Masters

Our experience of reformers in politics is no different from the experience of other commonwealths and communities. The Armageddon conscience in California is of the same character as the New England conscience of Maine. We learn from Eastern commentators that the finger of moral scorn is pointing these days at the Commissioner of Roads in Maine. He is handling a bond issue of $2,000,000 for highways, and he is spending it on the very same principle that has found favor with the sacrosanct Governor of California. Discussing the matter the New York Post asks: "Peculation? Graft? Of course not; but the man insists that to avoid favoring a limited section, as by building a short automobile road, the sum must be spent in superficial improvements widely scattered." The Post observes: "Every one knows that temporary improvement, on borrowed money, is a vicious self-indulgence by this generation." Another journal makes this comment: "The rule must not be abandoned of building for the future. Otherwise the bonded debt, excusable only as it distributes the burden over the time the benefit is enjoyed, becomes the taking of money from the future to spend it for the passing gratification of the present." How little these newspaper philosophers know of the art of political finance as practiced and perfected by Progressive purists! "Building for the future" was the device of the old-time boss of the mad, glad days before the government was brought back to the people. Sensible of his wickedness and of his reputation for pampering the vested interests the malign boss was always fearful of losing his grip and never courageous enough to plunge both fists at one time into the public treasury. Indeed, as a rule he gave the taxpayers a run for their money. Not so the director-general of the new regime. He has the public confidence, he is above suspicion, he has carte blanche to go as far as he likes, and so to hell with the future. His only concern is the pregnant present with its gullible majorities ever ready to vote for bonds that he may have money to burn. His comtempt for posterity is equalled only by his scorn of the Founders whose dead hands too long held the antiquated Constitution above the reach of twentieth century statesmen.

Abuse of Progressives

In the column adjoining the one in which it refrains from mean aspersion the Chronicle throws off restraint, flings away the scabbard, and reveals itself the creature of temperament and partisan rage and fury. Speaking of the Progressives our contemporary says they have been "jumping into all kinds of costly experimental legislation without thought or investigation" and that incidentally their hunger and thirst after the spoils of political patronage are insatiable and their ingenuity in devising new ways of making jobs for the faithful is satanic." Now this is no less in the nature of personal abuse from being general rather than specific. The Chronicle impugns the honesty of the Progressives as a whole. The criticism is hardly just. It is true they have given us a lot of costly legislation, but it was all motived in the welfare of the plain people. What need of investigation if the apparent effect was the uplift of humanity? Take the matter of compensation for workmen, a socialist measure approved by socialists everywhere in the world. There was no need of investigation, and anyway not for years will the mischievousness of it be generally recognized. Meanwhile, in this State it serves the political machine. To put it in operation it was necessary to appropriate $187,000 which means the creation of scores of jobs for new taxeaters who will vote to keep virtue vigilant in the civic citadel. Now we must all keep in mind that this is the era of uplift and that the paramount purpose is to put the man above property and stimulate the distribution of capital among the lowly. It avails nothing to get angry at our Progressive politicians. They are having their inning, and they are certainly raising hell, but the day of reaction will come—perhaps sooner than any of us expect.

The Passion For Books

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler deplores "too much slovenly reading matter" as an obstacle to education, and reminds us that the great men of the Colonial period and the makers of the Constitution had few, but the fittest books. Slovenly reading matter is an obstacle to education because the taste for it is indulged at an age when a passion for good reading should be cultivated. Without this passion nobody can be educated to the utmost of his capacity, and for want of it the world is full of half-educated men. While instruction ends in the school-room education ends only with life, and good books should be read through life because they are an inexhaustible source of the things that tend to the development of a well-rounded, solid, moral and intellectual character. Nowadays there is an enormous consumption of the kind of reading matter that is an obstacle to the development of a passion for good books. This is evident from the volume of trash in book covers that appears and perishes like the summer fly. The multiplication of books is beyond calculation. There are authors everywhere. Mutual admiration societies of them are in every town. Anybody can become an author by paying a publisher the cost of production, and it is thus the pride of authorship is purchased, but not the prestige since prestige no longer attaches to the mere trade of grinding out material for a book. Whatever is in restraint of the cultivation of a passion for good reading is to be deplored, but not merely for the reason that the passion is an aid to education; rather for the reason that it preoccupies the mind to the exclusion of so many passions that are injurious at once to health and character. The bookish disposition is a superlatively fortunate endowment. The inclinations that go with it are so easily indulged and of so high an order that they ensure more or less contentment in despite of infelicities that might otherwise be impossible of assuagement, and they are of so stanch a quality that they can withstand all the allurements that entail those grievances and anxieties that add to the terror of life. It is astonishing how few there are in a country abounding in universities who know what a blessing is the passion for good reading; how multitudinous are the men and women from college who regard literature as a bore and the library nothing more than an ornamental concession to culture. It is hard to make some folk understand that there is a most exquisite and enduring delight in wise reading. The other day we heard of a woman bridge player who observed that it was bad form to discuss literature at her club. How many intelligent people do we meet who know nothing of the pleasures of the imagination, who have no conception of the recreation that is called intellectual! They fancy that reading is always a species of study unless it is the reading of the latest work of fiction by the popular author whom the magazines are booming that they may sell his wares. Gibbon said he would not exchange his love of reading for the Empire of India. This observation is absolutely inapprehensible to thousands of persons whom we regard as educated. How often have we heard a man called a book-worm! This is a designation employed by those who regard an inveterate reader as a person who has no interests in life outside the library. Yet the man with the passion for reading is generally a man with a passion for companionship, for the kind that doesn't bore with its twaddle. If he cannot afford to cultivate a living congenial companionship he can at least indulge a taste for the company of the excellent and great, loyal, sympathetic friends who answer his questions and entertain him with their romances and lead him by the hand through distant countries amid noble scenes that inspire his imagination and thrill his heart with a tumult of emotions. If a man cannot afford to travel, at least he can read, and with his books in his hand he can sally forth and meet approaching age half way with a smile.

Our Foremost Thinkers

The Industrial Workers of the World have been kicked out of the councils of the International Hotel Workers Union. It appears that the I. W. W.'s are regarded as

angerous radicals whose political, economic and social principles tend to alienate rom any organization which accepts responsibility for them all public confidence nd support. In other words the I. W. W.'s re what are known as "advanced thinkers," nd the Hotel Workers Union is a conservative body. Thus we see in operation the aw of change by which the radicals of today become the conservatives of tomorrow. The I. W. W.'s like all apostles of light at he outset of their career are received with ontempt. In time we shall see that they ecame a power unobserved. For they have ecome the advance guard of the revolutionary movement that was started by the Populists to whom the Progressives have allen heir. Revolutions never go backwards. Years ago the Bryanites who were as much despised in their day as the I. W. W.'s are in this generation, pulled the ship of State away from its old moorings, and ever since we have been steadily drifting into new latitudes and seeing new lights open in the heavens. We are drifting so fast that our so-called Progressives do not realize that they are becoming almost as conservative as the man who wouldn't look at a new moon out of respect for the old one. The sufferings which they profess to be striving merely to ameliorate the I. W. W.'s are preparing to abolish. The wise politician with his ear to the ground will soon perceive that the I. W. W.'s are the seed of a new degree of political progress, and he will take a hand in hastening the halcyon day when there shall be no hindmost one to be taken by the devil. Even now Secretary Wilson of the President's Cabinet appears to have the prescience to anticipate the psychological moment. Who knows but that to Professor Wilson will come the credit of having lifted out of obscurity the I. W. W.'s first candidate for President! When Secretary Wilson enunciated his conception of private property he affirmed his faith in the first principle of the I. W. W. platform, for according to the I. W. W. doctrine private property dates back to the day when somebody with a stone club scared his unarmed neighbors into respecting a claim to possession. We are indeed progressing, and it is futile to wish the oak back into the acorn.

In A Garden

By William H. Davies

Far from the sound of commerce, where the bees
Make hollow hum that bears it half in mind,
I live; and when those flowers of early spring—
The Daffodils of March, that own unshared
All Nature's world, nor live to see their peers,
Primroses, Violets, and Anemones—
Are overwhelmed in June's green riot, I
Sit more in my small garden, where the flowers
Are large and strong. Blue Irises are there,
Dahlias, and heavy-lidded Tulips, too;
Snapdragons, Roses, Stocks, and Marigolds,
Solomon's Seals and Canterbury Bells;
Tall Columbines that never raise their heads,
Sweet Peas and Asters, Mignonette and Pinks,
And cat-eyed Pansies with their velvet skin;
And Poppies, too, that with their richer hues
Make butterflies take wing or lie unseen;
Lilies so fair they challenge all the world,
And hold in silver tumblers their gold dice,
Ready to throw and win; and many a flower
Is there whose large, soft breast is strong enough
To suckle three or four bees at one time.
Those flowers I love, and take more pride in them
Than sailors take in wearing scarves of silk.
I watch with joy the little new-born buds,
How they just peep from half-closed eyes at morn,
And wake to find their dreams of dewdrops true.
There do I sit all through a summer's day—
Days turn without my knowledge into nights.
I sit so motionless at times that birds
Perch on the boughs that almost touch my head,
Before they see I am a thing of flesh.
So, with the poet's double sight and hearing,
I see another face behind the flower's,
I hear another voice inside the wind's—
A face and voice much sweeter than their own.
Helped by Thought's quiet midwife Solitude,
My mind brings forth a family of young dreams.

Perspective Impressions

Ham Hall is most ungrateful. He didn't go to the front for Hetch-Hetchy.

Our city engineer is going to resign his job—but only to take another.

We have won the Cadmean victory. Hetch-Hetchy is ours, just as the bear was his'n who was astride the beast.

The suggestion has been made that we abolish snobbery in our public schools. Is this the way to encourage individuality?

Willis Polk has draped his model of the municipal opera house in mourning. Has he any suggestions to make with reference to an effigy of the funeral director?

The investigation mania," says Collier's, "is the voicing of a nation-wide desire to understand what's what in our Government, and why." We thought it was nothing more than the passion of a lot of crooked politicians to divert attention from their own meannesses by muckraking the other fellows.

Wonder how much Hetch-Hetchy money will go into fancy salaries?

Will Signor Caminetti hold up Signor Bazelli at Ellis Island, or is Signor Bazelli really married to Tetrazzini?

Once we were afraid that women would desexualize politics, but now the process appears to be the other way; women are sexualizing politics.

"Susan B. Anthony would have made a better executive than Abraham Lincoln," says Anna Shaw. Is Anna related to that other humorist George Bernard?

A question of veracity has arisen between Rudolph Spreckels and Abe Ruef respecting a title to a piece of property. Wouldn't it be awful if it should turn out that the man in stripes is telling the truth?

Now that the ministers have been educated in agriculture at our State University wouldn't it be well to feed the farmers at our expense for a few days while instructing them in religion?

Speaking of Hetch-Hetchy, has anybody heard from Marsden Manson?

It's easy to shop early when your purse is full. And easy to be a spug when it's empty.

No unarmed girl has captured a burglar this week. The news crop is picking up.

The man who winds the ferry clock must be a nature faker. He says the teredos have adopted a series of resolutions thanking Joe Dwyer for insisting on wooden piers.

Speaking about marriage Mrs. John Hays Hammond says in the Examiner: "All that is great and beautiful in the living world is an expression of sex phenomena." Perennial phenomena for which we retain an enduring regard and appreciation! Let's talk about sex phenomena.

"The University of California is the soul, the better self, the true spirit of California," said Winston Churchill from an Oakland pulpit. Look out, Winston! Starr Jordan will ban "The Inside of the Cup."

Varied Types

CLV—GEORGE X. WENDLING

By Edward F. O'Day

Pete Kyne who has written the romance of the lumber trade into a series of cracking good stories and therefore ought to speak with some authority, tells me that the typical lumberman can talk nothing and think nothing but lumber. I don't want to call down on Pete's head the concentrated wrath of the Californian lumber trade, but I can't help pointing out that the plain implication of his words is that the typical lumberman is a person of exceedingly limited outlook.

If that be so George X. Wendling is not a typical lumberman. George X. Wendling can look at a forest and see more than mere lumber. He can go a-cruising and find many things besides lumber. He can talk and think about a lot of subjects that have nothing to do with lumber. But this doesn't prevent him from being one of the most expert and most successful lumbermen in the State. He's been in the business for thirty-six years.

When he talks lumber—and of course even a lumberman who is not typical has to talk lumber once in a while—he does not scant the more picturesque features of the business. He sees poetry in lumber where the typical lumberman adumbrated by Pete Kyne sees only profit.

"Lumber is one of the most interesting pursuits in the world," says George X. Wendling. "The lumber business has the spice of infinite variety. No two trees are alike. No two boards sawed out of any log are exactly alike. There is such a tremendous lot to be learned about lumber that much of it has never been set down in books. A big lumber library wouldn't begin to exhaust the subject. You never know all about lumber any more than the chemist knows all about chemistry. And you must learn lumber as the chemist learns chemistry, by working at it with your hands. The only way to be a lumberman is to put on overalls and get out into the timber. The fascination of it is beyond all words. It is a matter of continuous education. It is unfolding new things to you all the time.

"Romance? Well, perhaps lumber is romantic when it's in the forest, but when it becomes timber to be bought and sold, it is not romantic. It is a cold, cold business, like shaving ice. The competition is so keen. There has been no fun in the lumber business since the panic of 1907. But I love the business for its vicissitudes. It calls for all a man has of energy to keep up with the other fellow, yes and to shove the other fellow out of the way. It's a scrap all the time. It's like the definition of life, just one damned thing after another.

"San Francisco gets its lumber cheap, the reason being that the city's location makes it a dumping ground for cheap lumber. This has been a great boon to San Francisco. Why, San Francisco has been built with the cheapest lumber I know of. But when the Panama Canal is open lumber prices here will not rule so ridiculously low. The 'random common' that is accumulating here all the time will go to the better market on the Atlantic Coast, and we'll have to bid higher to get our supply."

About this point Wendling's conversation threatened to become technical, and I knew I should never be able to follow him through the mazes, so I switched the talk to conservation.

George X. Wendling showed no surprise at my knowing that conservation is one of his pet subjects. I suppose everybody who knows anything about Wendling knows that. Has he not talked conservation for years? Has he not lectured on the subject? Has he not made addresses on it at the National Conservation Congress? He plunged into it gladly, fluently, with a firm grasp upon his ideas.

"My views on a certain kind of conservation," he said, "are admirably summed up in an apologue which Judge Frank Short of Fresno (whom I consider one of the greatest men in the United States today) used in an address delivered at the National Conservation Congress in St. Paul, 1910. Judge Short said that Uncle Sam was the father of four sons, East, North, South and West. Being liberal to a fault and mindful of a trust, Uncle Sam has transferred to his

Habenicht photo.
GEORGE X. WENDLING

three elder sons, East, North and South, all their share in his estate. These elder sons begin to look with covetous eyes upon the younger brother's inheritance, especially after he has begun to show by his industry the real value of his portion. They tell Uncle Sam that he has been wasteful in the management of his estate. They say to him: 'You have turned over to us and to our children without needful restriction the whole of what we can rightfully claim. In doing this you have shown great incompetency and have practiced many frauds. We can see no way of atoning for this sin except that you shall take and hold that portion of the estate that should descend to our younger brother West, for the benefit of all your children. In consideration of your doing this we shall appoint you the landlord and guardian, without bonds and forever, of his portion. But we require you to see to it that we, your elder sons, shall receive from the rents, leases and profits of this portion our equal shares with our beloved younger brother.' Judge Short went on to say that Uncle Sam seemed weak enough to succumb to the influence of the three elder brothers as against the rightful claim of the younger brother West.

"In other words, the East, North and South have had their share of the family pie and now they want to tell us what we should do with our share. They will not admit that the States west of the Missouri River are entitled to their own natural resources and the results thereof. In California, for instance, one-third of our area is set aside for forest reserves. The rest of the country thinks that the value of these resources should find its way to the national treasury and put no water of consequence on the California wheel. Is that just? I say that it is not. I take no stock in this proposition to deprive the present of its natural resources and save them all for the future.

"In my opinion there is no greater or sounder conservation than that which conserves the splendid fortunes which the American people are building for their children. Am I not a true conservationist when I conserve the fortune which I have spent thirty-six years in building up so that it may descend to my only daughter?"

Wendling swung his swivel chair toward the window of his office on the top story of the Flood Building. He waved an arm that took in blocks and blocks of tall stone and brick structures.

"Look at all that," he said; "all built since the fire of 1906, all built for the children of the future. Is it not a wonderful heritage? Is it not true conservation?

"Civilization springs up in the path of the woodman's ax. A city rises where a forest goes down. We need not worry about our natural resources provided we use them judiciously, sensibly. The pioneer, it is true, is wasteful. That cannot be helped, and his wastefulness is more than offset by the benefits he confers. The pioneer uses only part of the tree that falls to his ax. But as civilization pushes its way into the forest, transportation facilities allow the use of the whole tree. Out of the original seeming wastefulness comes the real economy that uses everything and promotes prosperity.

"Consider for a moment the devastation of the forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. If these forests were standing in their primeval naturalness as they had stood for ages before they were cut away, inhabited by the redman, the bear, wolf and other animals, that entire region, in my opinion, would not be worth one-eighth of one per cent of the value of the wonderful civilization that sprang up in the wake of the forest that was cut away. As these forests were cut away they made light, easily transportable and cheap building materials that were used for the building of another civilization in the prairie country of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, western Minnesota and later Oklahoma,

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Self-Revelation of Aked

Editor Town Talk, Sir: You have interested me in the Rev. Charles Aked. So I read him faithfully. I suppose you read what he had to say about the rowdyism of medical students in Liverpool at a meeting of Anti-Vivisectionists? It was very nice of the good clergyman to tell us that similar disorderly conduct could not happen in this country. He knows it couldn't because "There could not be found a sufficient number of cads in all the universities of America." My how this Englishman does despise his own countrymen! Isn't he a lovely gentlemen to flatter us so at the expense of his own people? There are more cads in two Liverpool schools than are to be found in all the schools of the United States. So says Aked. I wish I could believe it was so, not because it would please me to know that there are many cads in Liverpool, but that I should like to know that there are not many in my own country. But I do not relish it because it is an Englishman's compliment. It seems to me rather caddish for a man to speak so disparagingly of his own countrymen away from home. I am reminded that a few years ago in this city, in a court where a man was on trial for his liberty, a man against whom public sentiment was running strong, and against whom the prosecuting attorney with the permission of a disloyal judge was taking every mean advantage that malevolence could contrive, there were present many students from our university law college, led by one of their professors, and that they did not scruple at trying to influence the jury by applauding the hired prosecutor. Those students were cads in the sense that they lacked the best element essential to the character of a gentleman. Now suppose I went over to England and told of their conduct in an English paper and gave utterance not merely to the opinion but to the dogmatic assertion that such a spectacle could not happen in England because English universities were comparatively free from the caddishness that abounds in San Francisco. What would English gentlemen think of me? Of course they would not believe me sincere. Educated Englishmen know very well that human nature is pretty much the same in England as in the United States, and that there is not a vast difference in the respective processes for refining it.

Yours truly,

—L. V. T.

The Expressive Dance

Editor Town Talk, Sir: As you seem to be interested in the rag perhaps you may be able to give me some information. What is the significance of the rag? What does it attempt to express? I am a student of the history of dancing, and in the course of my investigation of the origins and sources of dancing I have found that certain emotions prompted men to dance. The importance of dancing among savages is a fact which will not be disputed by any anthropologist. In every work on savage life the dance is mentioned as one of the principal factors of religious and social life. The dance was one of the first and most constant modes of expression. It was man's first attempt to give expression to his emotions, to express them rhythmically and through definite forms. It marks the first stage in the genesis of esthetic sentiments. The dance has its primary source in some of the most vital instincts of human nature, viz., those of love and war. Sexual exaltation is one of the strongest feelings which occur in life, and love is the mainspring of much primitive art. No art can express erotic emotion better than the dance, nor diminish more effectually the subjective disturbance in which it originates. Now I have studied the rag in all its aspects and varieties and I am unable to see any significance in it save when by some persons it is made to border on indecency, but refined persons dance it in a refined manner, and as to them I am at a loss as to what is the source of exhilaration. Perhaps the music affects them, or perhaps it is the consciousness of what the dance may lend itself to in respect of expression. It is strange how limited are our powers of expression at the present day with regard to the dance. It is impossible to interpret our dances, thus differing from the savage dances, all of which were mimetic and expressive and had a distinct meaning and were performed for some definite purpose known to the dancers and spectators. Every emotion of which man is capable has been the subject of the dance. Have we so degenerated that now we merely dance to dance?

Respectfully,

—Marcelle Ladrone.

An Ex-Dancer Writes

Editor Town Talk, Sir: So Father Lathrop is going to take charge of the propaganda for the abatement of the redlight district! I'm sorry to hear it. Business isn't any too good right now. I'm a massage artist. I used to be a dancer on the Barbary Coast. When they closed up the dance halls I opened a massage parlor. I also give electric treatments. But it strikes me that all the girls that used to dance are now competitors of mine in business. Have you noticed how many massage parlors have opened up lately all over town? What will happen to us if Dr. Lathrop closes up the redlight district? I know they say that competition is the life of trade, but I hae me doots. A friend of mine tells me that it is really so in the massage business wherever segregation is abolished. She says that there are lots of men who are afraid to be seen in the redlight district but who aren't afraid to go where they can get an electric bath. She is from Des Moines where, she says, the best patrons of the electric bath are members of the anti-vice commission. One of them told her that was why he was opposed to prostitution.

Respectfully,

—Dr. Lottie Lee.

The Opera House Project

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I read with much interest what you had to say about Mayor Rolph's veto of the municipal opera house project. I heartily agree with all you say. It seems to me that the question is a very simple one: Would the people rather have their civic centre incomplete or have it a beautiful, harmonious whole as originally designed? What can be Mayor Rolph's answer to this question? He can make no other answer than that in his opinion it is better to have a vacant lot than a beautiful building if the beautiful building is to afford certain rich people choice of the best seats, even though the rich people are the only ones who can afford to buy them. How silly! One must question either the Mayor's sincerity or his intelligence. I hope the subscribers will not be so foolish as to enter into any compromise. They have offered to do a magnificent thing, and if we are so foolish as to haggle over it let them withdraw it. Should they agree to a compromise to save Mayor Rolph's face they would not only be making political capital for a mischievous politician, but they would seem to attest the soundness of the objections to their original offer, and it would certainly be unfair to themselves to do this inasmuch as they have been charged with snobbish and selfish motives. I love San Francisco and I should hate to see it lose so fine a gift, but I also should hate to see the community committed to such contemptible meanness as now seems to be contemplated by those officials who are talking of dictating the terms of acceptance upon the assumption that public spirited citizens have behaved ungraciously. As you say, the responsibility is on Mayor Rolph's shoulders. Let it rest there.

Yours truly,

—J. R. F.

San Diego and Los Angeles

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: That squib of yours on the Hassayampa River was a good one. I was in Los Angeles the other day and I can testify that a lot of the chemically pure ones take it very much to heart. Down in my town of San Diego we like to have a little fun with the self-sufficient folks of Purityville. One of our real estate firms got out a postcard circular recently showing a map of the California coast line. San Pedro Harbor is cruelly labeled "Butt-in Bay" with the warning to mariners, "Go outside to turn round." There is also a tracing of the Owens River aqueduct running down to the water front "to keep the bay filled." Los Angeles is shown with a shoestring extending to San Pedro marked "twenty-three miles from the harborette." I admit this is not neighborly, but there's more truth than jest in it all. Did you know they have a speed limit of four miles an hour in the "harborette"? The captain of the steamship Hermosa was recently fined $500 or 180 days for tearing through the water at the terrific speed of five miles an hour for a distance of three miles. He has appealed. Another case is pending, that of Captain Jepson of the steamship Harvard. He's accused of speeding his twenty knotter at a six knot clip. He says he can't go any slower and get action from his rudder. The Harbor Commissioners think that in such cases the steamship ought to be fixed. I think the man who winds the ferry clock may enjoy reading this.

Sincerely,

—A San Diegan.

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The Sanchidrian

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

It was full harvest-time throughout Castile. The corn, short in the stalk and light, as is all corn that ripens early, stood ready to be reaped. In places it had been already cut, and lay in sheaves upon the ground. In others it was cut and carried, and again, between some patches, carts loaded high were creaking through the fields, if the word field can be applied to ground that has no hedges or divisions visible to any other eyes than those accustomed from their birth to the brown plains. Across the dusty, calcined steppe the Sud-Express had crawled since daybreak, stopping at every wayside station, jolting and creaking like a bullock wagon. The passengers had long ceased to look out, and sat perspiring in their darkened berths, for the Castilian plain in summer is not for eyes accustomed to see beauty only in places where even nature puts on a sort of easy, meretricious dress and decked in pine woods, set with hills and waterfalls, seems to invite the applause of traveling photographers. Castile only reveals itself to those who know it under every aspect, windswept and drear in winter, sun-baked in summer, and at all times adust and stern, a mere wide steppe bounded by distant clearly-cut hills, from which nothing is to be expected, but strange effects of light.

On every side, right up to where it joined the distant hills, stretched the brown plain. The sun had scorched the very trunks of trees till they appeared to suffer and to be about to burst, just as they crack and suffer in a frost. The only flowers left alive were a few yellow thistles and some clumps of artemisia, which reared their heads, as it were, in defiance of the sun. Long lines of men mounted on donkeys crossed between the fields of stubble and of corn. The Castilian summer had turned them black as Arabs, and their sad, high-pitched songs, as they kept on their way indomitably in the fiery heat, seemed to complete the likeness to the men from whom they had inherited all that they knew of argriculture.

Over the steppe, the narrow line of railway formed the connecting link with the outside world of newspapers, of motor cars, of aviation and of telephones. Glistening bright in the sun, like a steel ribbon, ran the line. It passed by little tile-roofed towns, each clustering round its church, brown and remote—towns where a sandy unpaved street ran out until it lost itself in the great plain; towns only joined to one another by a narrow track meandering through the corn fields, or the sparse round-topped pine woods, tracks that avoided all the obstacles, passing round little, stony hills and following water courses till they came on a shallow place to cross. Often the towns were only visible like ships hull down, the church towers seemingly hung in the air without foundations, they were so far off from the line. The train jogged on, passing by Ataquines, Palacios de Goda, Arevalo and Adanero and other little stations, where no one possibly could have got in or out since first the line was laid. It entered them and stopped under some little dust-laden acacias or China-trees, a man emerged and called the station's name, adding "a minute" or "two minutes" as the case might be, although the train was just as likely to stop ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, whilst the electric bell twittered so faintly that at times one was not sure if it was really an electric bell that sounded or only crickets in the sand chirping metallically. Sometimes a horse stood blinking in the sun, tied to a post, a gun upon the heavy old-world saddle and a brown blanket hanging from the pommel, almost to the ground; sometimes some charcoal-burners' mules stood waiting to be unloaded, and generally some ragged-looking fowls, half-buried in the sand, were squatted at the lee-side of the round, mud-topped oven, striving to dodge the heat. Occasionally a half-dressed woman peeped from a window, her blue-black hair wild as a pony's mane, holding the blind between her teeth as she looked out upon the train. Such were the stations, mere islands in a sea of brown; each one the faithful copy of the other, and every one of them cheaply constructed and sun-bleached till they had all become as much a part and parcel of the landscape as the mud houses with their red-tiled eaves.

So from one little, ill-built point of contact with the world to the next, as ill-built as the last, the train crept on, the heat increasing and the subtile air becoming more diaphanous, so that the distant mountains almost appeared to be transparent, and the dead haulms of fennel and of mullein to stand out so clearly that they looked like trees.

Herds of black cattle stood by dried-up water holes, occasionally a bullock licked the earth where it appeared almost like china, glazed and polished as it had dried and baked, and then stamping and bellowing slowly walked back into the herd. Brown shepherds stood immovable as posts, their shadows forming a refuge for their dogs, their flocks all huddled in a ring, with their heads crouched low upon the ground, to escape their enemy, the sun. Nature stood silent in the violet haze, and as the train rattled across the ill-closed catch-points outside another little station, a porter called out in a long-drawn melody "Sanchidrian, five minutes," and the express came alongside the platform, the engine throbbing as if it were something living and glad to be at rest. A goods train standing just outside the station bore the inscription, written with a piece of chalk, "No water in Velayos," and the whole plain looked parched and suffering as if the rain of fire that fell from heaven upon it had burned into its heart. No passengers stood waiting, even the little groups of country people that generally throng Spanish stations, making the platform a public promenade, were missing, for Sanchidrian itself was distant from the line.

The weary station master in his gold-laced cap and uniform frock-coat was, with the porter who had called the station's name, the only living thing except two nearly naked children, sitting by the draw-well, and a lean yellow dog. The five minutes that the train ought to have remained might just as well have been abridged to one, or, on the other hand, drawn out to twenty, and no one would have cared, had not, emerging from a cloud of dust, a rider come up to the hitching-post, dismounted hurriedly, and holding in his hand his saddle-bags, walked quickly to the open door, at which the cooks and waiters of the dining-car stood trying to catch a little air. "Friends," he said, taking off his hat and passing his brown hand across his forehead, "have you any ice?" They stared at him as he stood in his short black jacket edged with imitation astrakhan, his tight grey trousers strapped inside the leg with the same cloth from which they had been made, his black serge sash showing beneath his waistcoat with its silver buckles, and his red worsted saddle-bags, tasselled and fringed, thrown over his right shoulder and hanging down his back.

"Ice, why of course we have it," said the waiter; "who in this heat could live without it shut in the hot train?" answered the conductor, interested and glad to have the opportunity of a chance word with anyone outside his little world.

The horseman, who looked anxiously at the somnolent train out of the corner of his eye as if it were a colt that might spring forward at any minute and leave him in the lurch, began again: "You could not live without ice here in this train, you say, eh? My father cannot die without it. For days the fever has consumed him, and in the night, listening to every hour the watchman calls, he says 'Miguel,' that is my name—Miguel Martinez, at your service—'I could die easier if I had some ice . . . a little ice to put upon my forehead and between my lips.' Ice in Sanchidrian! As well go out to gather artichokes at sea. Today he seemed just going, and the priest said to me, 'Miguel, saddle the Jerezano and go down and meet the train; there they have ice, for certainly those who travel by it must drink cool.' So I have come; say, can you spare me a lump of ice, for what I spoke about?"

The electric bell stopped twittering, and the porter called "Passengers aboard," but still the train stood at the platform, although the engine driver had clambered slowly to his post. He whistled, and the couplings tightened with a jerk, just as a waiter holding a lump of ice about as big as a large loaf came to the door, wrapping it as he walked in straw. He gave it to the horseman who stood waiting in the sun. "A thousand thanks," he said. "A son thanks you in his father's name. What is the value of this piece of ice?" The man who gave it, and the little knot of cooks and waiters standing at the open door of the long dining-car as the train began to move, looked at each other, and one said, "Friend, we do not sell our ice, it is not ours to sell. Moreover, may it relieve your father." Miguel, now walking swiftly by the moving train, said: "Once again, a thousand thanks; take, then, this packet of cigars,' and handed to the last man he could reach one of those bundles of ill-rolled salitrose-looking parcels of cigars sold in the estancos of small Spanish towns.

The train swung on and rumbled past him, leaving him standing for a moment in the heat, waving his hand to the white-clad cooks and waiters grouped on the platform of the dining-car. Miguel stood waiting till it had cleared the station, and then, walking outside to where his horse stood waiting, unhitched him and threw the saddle-bags across the saddle, then gathering his reins in his left hand he mounted in one motion, and settling himself drew out an olive switch which he had left sticking between the pommel and his horse's back; then having felt the lump of ice with his right hand, touched his horse with the spur and set his face towards his home. Putting the butt-end of his cigarette behind his ear, Miguel struck out into the road. The thick white dust lay on the narrow track like snow, dulling the horse's footfalls and giving him the look of shuffling in his gait, although Miguel, holding his reins high and a little to the near side of the high pommel, and with his spurs dangling behind the cinch, kept him up to the full stretch of the Castilian pace.

His olive face, under his broad-brimmed, grey felt hat with its straight brim, looked anxiously ahead, and when his little, nervous horse had got well warmed and the dried sweat melted again upon the skin, Miguel, feeling him with his legs,

(Continued on Page 22.)

Poems About San Francisco

CXXIV—LET US FORGET

By Amelia Woodward Truesdell

(Amelia Woodward Truesdell of this city died about a year ago. Her collected poems have just been published by A. M. Robertson with an introduction by Benjamin P. Kurtz. The volume contains generous extracts from "A California Pilgrimage" and "Francisca Reina" and contains "The Soul's Rubaiyat" in full. The following poem is taken from the new volume.)

The horror which surpassed all telling;
The memories still welling, welling,
—Exhaustless fountain of our pain—
Let us forget.
The nights that made us gray ere mornings,
The desolation of those dawnings,
Whose like, no suns of fire-red stain
Had seen before nor may again,
Let us forget.

The losses which have made us brothers;
The sufferings, our own and others',
The wrecking of a life's long toil,
Let us forget.
Lest we grow hard and unforgiving,
Lest we lose that great joy of living—
The might to wrest from out the soil
The wealth that is our rightful spoil—
Let us forget.

Lest we get low and weary-hearted
Thinking of old and new thus parted
—A gulf whose bridge is hope alone—
Let us forget.
Let us look onward to the morrows;
As monuments o'er buried sorrows
Piling the best the world has known
Of iron strength and carven stone,
Let us forget.
Lord God! Help us forget.

The Spectator

Aked in the Movies

Bert Payne, the young millionaire movie magnate, doesn't overlook any of the natural or acquired features of San Francisco life. Week by week Payne's company gets out a reel of pictures called the "Progressive Weekly." It is something after the style of the Pathe Weekly, beloved of nickelodeon fans. This weekly picture is released first to the Pantages Circuit of vaudeville houses, and is shown all over the country. As I said, the company doesn't overlook any of the curiosities of this cosmopolitan city of ours. So what more natural than that they should show the Reverend Doctor Aked? There was no difficulty about getting Doctor Aked to pose. Aleck Beyfuss who is manager of the movie concern, asked him over the telephone and Doctor Aked consented so quickly that the wire hummed. So an operator was sent out to Doctor Aked's residence in Sacramento street and filmed him in his study. The picture shows the energetic clergyman in repose. He is sitting at his study table, the trusty pen grasped in his fingers and a look of deep thought glorifying his brow. To look at it one would suppose that Doctor Aked was quite unconscious of the picture machine; that he had been taken unawares. The picture is flashed on the screen with this title: "Rev. Charles F. Aked, Militant Minister and Former Pastor of Rockefeller's Flock."

Ishi versus Aked

Unfortunately it happened that the excellent bill which opened at Pantages last Sunday proved to be a bit too long. It was necessary to cut it. The stage manager calculated that if one of the pictures of the "Progressive Weekly" were cut out the bill would be just the right length. The question was, what to cut? There was a picture of Ishi, the aboriginal Indian, in the film as well as a picture of Doctor Aked. Should Ishi be cut out and Doctor Aked left in? Or should Ishi remain and Doctor Aked be withheld from the gaze of San Franciscans? It was a difficult question to decide, and the debate was long and learned. Somebody pointed out that while Doctor Aked was a strong feature, spectacular, sensational, out of the ordinary and calculated to cause talk, Ishi possessed more anthropological importance and besides wore a stick through his nostrils. This fact carried the day. Doctor Aked was cut out and Ishi has been applauded at every performance. But Doctor Aked will be shown along with Ishi in the other Pantages houses.

An Aked Film Drama

I suppose you have met some of those enterprising people who pick up twenty-five or fifty dollars a week by writing moving picture scenarios. I know one of these film dramatists, and I marvel at his inexhaustible fund of original ideas. He saw the picture of Doctor Aked at the first Sunday performance at Pantages and it inspired him with a great idea. He tells me he is going to write an Aked drama for one of the moving picture companies. It will embody all the crucial occurrences of Doctor Aked's life. One scene will show him on the auctioneer's block in Liverpool. Another will show him preaching from the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church while John D. Rockefeller slumbers comfortably in the best pew. Still another will show the trustees of the Rockefeller Church giving Doctor Aked the tip to quit. Then there will be a picture of Doctor Aked arriving in San Francisco. The grand finale will be a picture of the reverend gentleman arranging salary terms with William Randolph Hearst. I asked this ingenious composer of scenarios if he thought Doctor Aked would stand for the series, only to receive the retort: "He didn't kick when they 'mugged' him for the ten, twent' and thirt', did he?"

The Clock Winder Talks

"Say, you've got me in bad with the Administration."

The speaker was The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. I asked him what he meant. "It's lucky for me," he went on, "that I've got a ten-year contract to wind the clock or I'd lose my job."

"What's the trouble?" I asked sympathetically.

"That stuff you wrote last week about the Irish patriots and the Columbian Knights that are running the Administration. I didn't know you were going to publish everything I told you. That was low down, under your hat, in the submarine."

I expressed my regret at not having been aware of the fact, and hoped that I had caused him no embarrassment.

"Oh, I'm not sore," he said. "Joe Dwyer has quit talking to me, but I should worry. The only thing is I feel sorry for Danny Ryan and

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Matt. Sullivan and Judge Griffin and Jack Neylan and the rest of the boys that go to the same church."

"What's the matter with them?" I asked.

"Didn't you notice?" the clock winder asked in amazement as he shifted his key to the other shoulder.

"Notice what?"

"That they weren't at the Progressive rally last Saturday?"

No, I had not missed them.

"Well, they weren't there," said the clock winder. "They got orders from Sacramento after that stuff came out in Town Talk. You see the grouch in Los Angeles has been growing fast. The Governor has been worrying for a long time. That was why he had all the ministers in the State invited to a free holiday at the University farm. You didn't notice any Catholic priests among them, did you? Even Father Crowley, though he's close up and has been running a farm for the Youths' Directory and from all accounts really needs instruction in farming—he wasn't there, and take it from me he wasn't invited." At this point the clock winder shifted the key again and was about to leave me.

Why Joe Was Missed

My friend of the clock had excited my curiosity. I wanted to know about the orders that had been issued from Sacramento. "Do you mean to say," I asked, "that Harbor Commissioner Dwyer wasn't at the Progressive rally."

"If he was," said the clock winder, "he must have had a gag in his throat. Joe's function at Progressive meetings is to lead the applause when the Governor comes in. He didn't lead last Saturday. The first Oski-wow-wow boy at the rally was Chester Rowell, a true blue member of my church—the Presbyterian."

"What about Danny Ryan?" I asked.

"He's the three-cheers leader—always rises at the Governor's peroration—but you didn't hear the boy orator last Saturday. No, it's just as I told you. All the Sullivan-Dwyer clan were ordered to keep in the background for awhile until the Governor can scatter a few plums among the Junior Order of American Mechanics down South."

The clock winder probably detected an expression of scepticism on my face, for he took me to task for my incredulousness. "Did I ever give you the wrong steer?" he asked. "Didn't I tell you months ago that the Governor was going to run for Senator and that he was only bluffing about being in doubt as to whether he'd be a candidate for Governor again? Yes, I told you, and you published it, and now you see all the newspapers are getting wise. And there's something more I can tell you—about these wooden piers,—but well, I guess I better not. If I get too fresh Joe Dwyer might pull the ladder from under me some day when I'm on my way up to wind the clock."

And he left me abruptly.

Kellogg's Latest Coup

For a man who has been in San Francisco only a few short months F. W. Kellogg has certainly raised merry inferno with the newspaper situation. Kellogg is a sort of journalistic prestidigitateur who palms newspapers very much as Malini palms double eagles. When he came up from Pasadena to look us over there were three morning and three evening newspapers in San Francisco. Kellog made a few conjuring passes and the Call disappeared from the morning field. He murmured "Hey, Presto, Cockalorum!" (which, it will be recalled, was the formula of conjuration used by Oliver Goldsmith for the edification of the infant George Colman), and the Call reappeared, a full fledged evening paper. And now, at the behest of his magic, the Post has disappeared, or to be more accurate, has had its identity merged with that of the Evening Call. The net result of Kellogg's activities is that San Francisco now possesses two morning newspapers, the Examiner and Chronicle, and two big evening papers, the Call-Post and the Bulletin, for we may leave the little News out of the account. That isn't bad for a man whose name was scarcely known in San Francisco local rooms one year ago.

Kellogg Explains

I asked Kellogg for some account of his latest journalistic transaction, and this is a summary of what he told me: "The Evening Call has purchased the name, circulation, goodwill and Associated Press franchise of the Evening Post. The entire plant of the Post has been bought by me individually. This plant will not be needed by the Evening Call, but will be used by me in connection with another paper which I intend to start in a city not very far from San Francisco. No, I am not going to buy a paper; I am going to start one in that city. Is that city Oakland? I will not say that it is Oakland; neither will I say that it is not Oakland. The price paid for the property was approximately $175,000.

The Advertising Aspect

"This latest deal is part of my original plan for simplifying the San Francisco newspaper field from the advertising standpoint. The passing of the Call from the morning field saved the business men of San Francisco $400,000 a year in advertising expenditure. The consolidation of the Call and Post means that there are now four daily newspapers to be seriously considered by advertisers, and makes San Francisco one of the easiest cities in the world to cover from an advertising standpoint. It actually adds millions of dollars in value to this city as a retail market. There are three things which have been extremely high in San Francisco: rents, property values and the

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price of labor. When there were six papers in the field here the cost of advertising was also excessive. The recent changes make a saving of twenty per cent."

The Call-Post Building

"I have a refusal," continued Kellogg, "on the lease of the Post headquarters in Market street—for the unused portion of the lease—but I do not think I shall exercise it. The making of a newspaper is a manufacturing business, and you don't need a retail site for its headquarters. The Call-Post will soon announce plans for the erection of a handsome new newspaper building, a building which will be a credit to this city and which will house one of the finest of newspaper plants. This building will not be in Market street, but it will not be far removed from Market street. Further than that I do not care to specify at the present time.

As To Circulation

"On the first of September I said that the Evening Call would have a circulation of one hundred thousand before Christmas. Efforts to increase our circulation were discontinued about eight weeks ago when I became convinced that the owners of the Post would accept my proposition for their property. The Call-Post begins with a circulation of one hundred and ten thousand and upwards, the largest circulation of any evening paper west of Kansas City. I predict that our circulation will be one hundred and fifty thousand by the first of June next year." Kellogg added that some of the Post men would be retained for service on the Call-Post, but not a great many.

His Future Plans

The hint Kellogg dropped about establishing a new paper in a nearby city with the mechanical plant of the Post as the nucleus of the property, raises some interesting conjectures. Certain rumors which I had heard before the Call-Post deal was consummated came to my mind when he mentioned that project, so I asked him: "What share have William Randolph Hearst and John D. Spreckels in this latest deal?" "You can set it down," he answered with emphasis, "that Kellogg is no man's man. I own eighty per cent of the Post as of the Call, and John D. Spreckels owns twenty per cent. W. R. Hearst is interested to the extent that the Call pays him $33,000 a year for his special feature and news service." That statement stands for the present, but I should like to venture a shrewd guess that Kellogg, Spreckels and Hearst will be more closely associated before very long. I spoke of rumors a minute ago. One of them is that Kellogg has been negotiating for an evening paper in San Diego. Another is that Hearst has been figuring on a paper in Oakland. Does it require a great stretch of the imagination to visualize Hearst, Spreckels and Kellogg in a combination of evening papers embracing San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and San Diego? This is taking for granted that Hearst really owns the Los Angeles Evening Herald, and I suppose there is not much doubt about that. I shouldn't be surprised if the combination works out the way I have guessed. But on this matter Kellogg is mum.

It Was Very Sudden

The rumors about the absorption of the Post by the Call which had been current for a long time, circulated with renewed vitality last Friday, and so impressed the staff of the Post that there was a good deal of gloom in the local room. This was dispelled when Fred Hogue called the boys together and stated that there was no cause for worry as the Post was not to be sold. A notice to that effect was published in the Post that day. On Saturday afternoon Hogue called the staff together once more, this time to notify them that the deal had been put through and that they might report for duty to F. W. Kellogg of the Call on Monday morning. This shows how suddenly the end came. I understand that Hogue knew nothing of the consummation until the last minute. Kellogg and Thornwell Mullally handled the deal. Naturally when the "thirty" signal was flashed so unexpectedly before the staff, it caused an awful shock. It will be a melancholy Christmas for most of the Post employes. There were about thirty on the staff and as far as I know, only the four copy readers have been retained for the Call-Post. In all the Post employed about 175 people, so it will be seen what a lot have been deprived of steady employment.

That Eugenic Baby

My esteemed friend "Pop" Cahill called attention in his "Candid Friend" causerie last week to the eugenic baby of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bolce of Oakland. This baby enjoyed the eugenically inestimable advantage of prenatal education, and therefore, according to the eugenic assumption, came into the world with a head start. Eager that their offspring should inherit its parents' sense of humor the Bolces read "Three Men in a Boat" before the baby was born and also called on its author Jerome K. Jerome who, in my opinion, is one of the most melancholy humorists in the world. They also visited H. G. Wells, but if they mistook Wells for a humorist

HERS?

THE BLOUSE depicted above is one of our "Evangeline" models, a dainty piece of work for a dainty maid—the prices start at $5.50

WE HAVE dainty gift blouses from $3.50, and exquisite productions in silk at $6.95

A PAIR of "Cross" London Gloves is a very welcome present to a lady, the price $1.55

ONE of those crushed Morocco Vanity Bags we've just imported from Paris would be a sweet present to a sweet lassie. They are priced at . $12.50

A FRENCH Shopping Bag at $3.50

OR A Handkerchief Case (leather) $2.50

PHOTO Case (leather) with your photo in—the cases are priced from $1.50

ANGORA Sweaters are much appreciated, especially the "Roos" Sweaters $7.50

A SUPERB ROOS COAT in Velvet or Tweed—better still: one of those fascinating Mole-Plush Coats, the $45 values we're selling for $25

IF IN DOUBT a "Roos" Merchandise and Glove Order will solve your difficulty and please her.

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A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all

Sing Fat Co. Chinatown, San Francisco, Sing Fat Co., Geary near Grant Ave., and Sing Fat Co., 615 Broadway, Los Angeles, takes this opportunity to express their appreciation of your kind patronage, and are now showing the latest Chinese Oriental Silk Kimonos, Mandarin Coats, Silk Gowns, Embroidered Silk Shawls, Waists, Dress Patterns and other dainty and Unique Oriental Goods.

In all of Sing Fat Co. stores you will find an array of Oriental merchandise, valued at hundred of thousands of dollars, and as lavish assortment as can be seen in America. Mail orders will be promptly and carefully filled, and money refunded, if not satisfactory.

When in doubt what to purchase, give a Sing Fat Co. Merchandise Order, for any amount, good at any time, in any of Sing Fat Co.'s three stores.

"Ann Veronica" or "The New Machiavelli." And when baby came the Bolces showed what a keen sense of humor they possessed by naming the poor kid Eugenetta.

Wells' Disclaimer

The Bolces were not backward about telling the world of their eugenic preparations for the advent of Eugenetta, and among other things they gave the public the news of their visit to H. G. Wells. This so riled Wells that he disavowed any sympathy with eugenics or eugenists in a letter which has escaped the watchful eye of "Pop" Cahill. Wells wrote to the London papers as follows: "I regret the necessity I am under of declaring that not only do I not support eugenists and the Eugenic Society but that I have written an entirely destructive criticism of their proposals. A gentleman named Bolce came to my house a year or so ago to take photographs of me for a magizine, and secured among others one of himself and myself in conversation. He has since become the father of a child who has been named—I think unfortunately—Eugenetta. He declares that his wife was with him when he visited me—I did not know she was his wife; I imagined she was an assistant operator—and that my conversation was calculated to improve the prospects of the then incipient Eugenetta. (I doubt if he thinks so now.) I had never heard of Eugenetta until she blazed into publicity a week or so ago; it is my sincerest wish that I may never hear of her again; and I do not believe that any of these antics of her parents before her birth will have the slightest effect in mitigating her heredity. (Will American papers please copy? I am altogether an unbeliever in the inheritance of acquired characteristics.)"

Hearst and Eugenics

Whether William Randolph Hearst believes in eugenics or not I cannot say, but I am in a position to show that he carries the fear of harmful prenatal influences to an unusual extreme. Before the Hearst heir was born William Randolph endeavored to keep all Hearst papers away from his wife. Mrs. Hearst, however, has always taken a keen interest in her husband's publications, and Hearst realized that it would be quite impossible to restrain her from reading the papers he publishes in various parts of the country. They had always been brought to her every morning and she refused to give them up. That was several years ago when the Hearst papers were much more sensational than they are today. They made a specialty of murder, suicide and sudden death. The more grewsome the story of violence the more copiously it was illustrated with photographs and drawings. Pictures of men and women taken after death, pictures of revolvers, knives and hatchets that had inflicted death, pictures of rooms or sheds or roadways with the usual "X marks the spot" and all the other horrors that the morbid readers of yellow papers revel in were a big feature of Hearst journalism in those days. But when Hearst realized that his papers could not be kept away from Mrs. Hearst, he issued an order which all the men who were employed at that time in Hearst local rooms throughout the country will readily recall. He ordered that all such illustrations should be omitted in the future. The order was so sweeping that not even a photograph of the funeral of a prominent man could be used in any Hearst paper. It was expected that the order would be repealed after the birth of the Hearst boy, but it was not. It is still in force, although it is occasionally disregarded. One result of that order was the decimation of the ranks of Hearst artists and photographers. The Hearst art rooms have never employed anything like the same number of men since that time.

The Bee Reminds Us

Two or three weeks ago when describing the dance held on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre after the regular performance I questioned whether an affair like it had ever been held in this city before. Comes the editor of the Sacramento Bee and deposes as follows:

Dost remember the days lang syne when Marie Aimee, the queen of French opera bouffe, played a remarkable engagement of eight weeks at the California Theatre? That engagement closed with a fancy ball in the theatre—tickets, ten dollars. The parquet—you remember the parquet of those days?—was floored over, and the dancing took place upon the stage and over the floored parquet. And it was a dance. Louise Beaudet was a beautiful little thing then; afterward she starred with Daniel Bandmann, and is now working for the movies. The piece de resistance of the wee, sma' hours was an exhibition of kicking ability by bonnie Louise, the stovepipe hat of a famed railroad president being the target. She toppled it off every time, to the applause of a ring of admirers, and to the great delight of the magnate, who was very affectionate and quite hilarious.

Would-be Hangmen

J. H. Arbogast, for eighteen years the noose adjuster at San Quentin, was relieved of his job recently by the Prison Directors. No fault was found with Arbogast's official conduct as a hangman, but he was also a prison steward and his stewardship was unsatisfactory, so he was discharged. The news that San Quentin was without a hangman had not been public for three days before the President of the Prison Commission, Dennis M. Duffy received applications from four men who were eager to get the job. These men did not apply for the stewardship at San Quentin, mind you, but for the job of officiating at hangings. There was no joke about these applications either. The men applied in all seriousness, setting forth their qualifications for the employment. The world includes some queer people, does it not? Dickens knew what he was writing about when he drew the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge."

An Expensive Signature

It was Henry T. Scott who arranged with Albert Herter of New York for the painting of the wonderful canvases which adorn the walls of the new St. Francis dining room. When the price had been fixed, Herter explained that he would not sign the pictures. Scott asked him why.

"If my signature goes on the paintings," said Herter, "it will cost you $3,500 more."

Scott took a long pull on the Partagas which is hardly ever out of his mouth and considered.

"Well," he said finally, "I suppose if you paint these pictures with the idea of not signing them

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The stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware is larger and more varied than ever before. You are cordially invited to call and view this marvelous display. Christmas gifts can be selected now and laid aside.

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ou will not do your very best work. We want
e best that is in you. Your signature comes
gh, but we must have it."

Only one of the pictures is signed with Herter's
ll name. The rest bear the modest "A. H."
nd the question is, if Scott paid $3,500 for the
gnature, what must he have paid for the seven
nvases. The sum has not been made public.

ittell Still At Work

Theodore Hittell, the historian of California,
in his eighty-fourth year, but has not yet given
writing. For several years past he was en-
aged on what many thought would be his last
erary work, a history of the Hawaiian Islands.
his was recently completed, but the venerable
riter did not lay down his pen. He immediately
ommenced a history of the Walker expedition
Central America and spends many hours every
ay at his task. Hittell is well equipped to write
e story of "the gray-eyed man of destiny," for
knew him well. And it is a story which all
alifornians, to say nothing of others, will be
ager to read. The octogenarian writer has ex-
llent sight and writes a script so fine that it
axes the eyes of much younger people.

he Great Reviler

"It is a singular thing," said Senator Reed on
he floor of the Senate last week, "and I simply
emark it in passing that about every time the
haracter of any man from the West is brought
question somebody rises with a telegram de-
ouncing that citizen for all that is bad and
icked and villainous, and at the end of the
elegram we generally find the euphonious name
of Francis J. Heney." The singular thing is not that our pre-eminent reviler should be always reviling but that a Senator should always be found willing to read his disgusting slanders.

The "Better Babies" Concession

"Who is managing the 'concessions' of the Panama-Pacific Exposition?" The question is Collier's, the editor of which thinks that "The Temple of Childhood" scheme should be thrown out. It is a fraud, he says, designed to deceive 250,000 parents the country over. There has been so much criticism of this "concession" that doubtless the Fair directors will take heed of the advice that has come to them from several quarters. They will probably see that from the standpoint of self-interest if nothing else it will be advisable not to encourage a downright fraud masquerading under pretense of a plan to promote the propagation of "Better Babies."

Immortals in Baseball

Think of a baseball game in which Napoleon and Julius Caesar were the battery for one team, in which Mark Antony played second base and Cleopatra kept score! Connie Mack or Muggsy McGraw never dreamed of gathering such immortals together. This wonderful game took place at Oak Park, Stockton, two weeks ago. It was possible because there were seventeen men in the bill at the Stockton Orpheum that week, and the stage manager rounded out the necessary number. Dr. Anspacher and Bill Jacobs were the battery for Morton's "Ginger Girls," as Jim Morton the monologist insisted on naming his team. Dr. Anspacher is the husband of Kathryn Kidder and plays Napoleon in her tabloid version of "Madame Sans Gene." Bill Jacobs of the Chronicle had just made his vaudeville debut with Waldemar Young, the Chronicle's dramatic critic, in their classical travesty "When Caesar Ran a Paper" (and a very successful debut it was for all concerned). Jacobs who caught for the "Ginger Girls" plays Julius Caesar in the sketch. Young who plays Mark Antony played second base for the opposing team known as Kidder's "Broadway Belles." Caroline Mundell who plays Cleopatra in the Young-Jacobs sketch was the score keeper. A feature of the game was the classy playing of the four Chinese vaudevillains, the Chang Hwa quartet of this city. When the game was over Cleopatra found that the score stood fourteen to fourteen.

Stanford Stories Reissued

Fifteen years ago Charles K. Field and Will Irwin were Stanford students with literary ambitions. Both were prolific producers of short stories, college skits and lyrics, Irwin writing and publishing under his own name and Field under the dog-Latin pseudonym of Carolus Ager. Among their achievements was a series of stories in which the atmosphere of the college was skillfully preserved. These stories were very good fiction and when they were gathered into a book, the volume had a ready sale. It has been out of print for a long time. Meanwhile Field has become the editor of Sunset and the president of the Bohemian Club while Will Irwin has conquered the big literary field of New York. But those old stories retain their vitality, and so the English Club of Stanford has seen to it that another edition was published. It is just off the press of A. M. Robertson, and a very fine book it is with beautiful illustrations from photographs of the university. Every Stanford man will want a copy, and its sale will be large among those who like a good story no matter what the subject.

"Hang it all, Helen, didn't you promise at the altar to love, honor and obey me?"

"Yes, dear."

"And didn't I positively forbid you to pay more than $25 for a new hat?"

"Yes, dear, but I found I simply could not love or honor you if I obeyed you."

SENATOR MUENTER SAYS AKOZ QUICKLY CURED BAD STOMACH

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Count de Montgelas on the Tango

One of the best dancers in the smart set is the Count de Montgelas, a nobleman who arrived here some time ago and is so pleased with San Francisco that he will probably stay. The Count does the tango as few others can. He has grace and he has knowledge. Don't overlook the importance of knowledge in the tango. The Count knows the real tango, which cannot be said of some other prominent people who attend the smart tea dances. I had a talk with the Count the other day, and he told me that very few dancers do the real tango. The Count loves dancing and it gives him physical pain to see bad dancing, just as it hurts him to hear bad music. So he has been showing his friends how to do the really truly Parisian tango steps. And to spread the gospel of the genuine tango he consented that I should quote him in the matter.

Dancing Offenses

"We cannot all be singers and accomplished musicians and we know it," says Count de Montgelas, "so why think that we all have the gift of being wonderful dancers? Luckily for most of us the last two years have developed a dance commonly known as the rag or turkey-trot and of late re-baptized the one-step, a dance which nearly everybody ought to be able to master if not to perfection at least fairly well. That is, if they will confine themselves to the plain dance and leave out all attempts at fancy steps and dips which should be reserved for the few who are able to do them gracefully. To dance the waltz well is much more difficult than to rag and therefore the offences against good and graceful dancing are much more frequent when the music plays a waltz. But the offences become innumerable and at the same time insufferable when the band strikes up a tango, this little known and therefore much abused dance, the most graceful of them all.

Only One Tango

"Out of a hundred people there will never be more than twenty who will be able to dance the tango at all and not more than ten who will dance it well. And the tango must be danced well, for as graceful and beautiful as it is if danced properly, it is awkward and offensive if danced otherwise. Another fact I want to impress, namely that there is only one tango, only one that has the right to this name as a classical dance, the same as the minuet, the polka, the waltz and the one-step. So you may dance the Brazilian tango or the two-step tango or the Castel tango, or any other tango, but if all these different tangos are not essentially the same, none of them is right. The tango originated in Argentine among the lower classes and as danced by them is impossible in the ball-room. This original Argentine tango has been modified and shaped for use in the ball-room by Parisian cabaret dancers and dancing teachers. This Parisian or modified Argentine tango is the classic tango; all the rest are inventions of teachers. The tango is a slow dance with snake-like movements of the lower part of the body while the upper part from the hips upward is absolutely stiff. There are no shoulder movements, no high kicking; therefore all so-called tangos seen on the stage and in the ball-room with those features are not the tango. They may be composed of different steps which also appear in the tango, but it is the way of doing the steps, not the step itself which makes the dance what it is. Slowness and creepiness together with correct holding of the body, these are the essential features of the tango.

Imitation Tango

"Only ten per cent of the people anxious to learn the tango will ever be able to do it. Teachers have made up various dances to tango music, and if well invented and well done, these are possibly very pretty and probably more adapted for the general dance loving public, but mind, they are not the tango, and should not be called the tango. I don't hesitate an instant to declare that with very few exceptions known to myself the people teaching or dancing here have never even seen the tango danced correctly. People therefore who are anxious to learn the tango, and the more of them there are the better, should find out first whether the person to whom they are going to pay money really knows what he claims to teach. This is a case where the Pure Food Law could be applied to great advantage. By this precaution you will help to give the tango the position which it ought to hold among the other classic dances and which is endangered here in San Francisco at least, by well advertised imitations."

Mrs. Crocker's Tall Hat

Mrs. Templeton Crocker is the first of the San Francisco smart set to wear one of the new tall hats that are threatening to cause all kinds of trouble with the roofs of limousines and taxicabs. Mrs. Crocker of course brought her hat from Paris. On her it is stunning, but whether the average woman will be able to wear the "latest" in hats is a question. It is about two feet high, and fits closely around the face before starting up. It ends in a peak and the whole thing is of black velvet, unrelieved by any color. Mrs. Crocker is slighter and more willowy than ever and the hat adds to her height. I'm sure the familiar blue limousine will have to be made over to accommodate the dernier cri in head gear.

The Peter Martins May Come

The possibility that Mrs. Peter Martin will soon come to San Francisco is causing much mild excitement in society. Walter Martin has gone to New York and may decide to bring Peter to California where the climate, it is hoped, will benefit his health. If he does, Mrs. Peter will come too and spend some time with her mother-in-law. I don't suppose she will go out much, but even if she goes a little and entertains quietly she will liven things up with her originality, wit and independence of spirit. She is always a great help to Queen Eleanor when she visits her and assists her at the numerous receptions and dinners at the Broadway mansion. Mrs. Peter has been devoted to her husband during his illness and is constantly with him.

A Doubtful Compliment

Two fair ladies who were doing the Bohemian Club art exhibition stopped before Theodore Wores' portrait "A Study in Purple."

"I think it's horrid," said one.

"It's not badly painted," commented the other, "but what could poor Wores do with such a subject. She looks a fright."

The second critic had hardly said these words when a gushing girl rushed up to her.

"I see you are admiring Mr. Wores' portrait," she gurgled. "Isn't it lovely? I was just saying how much it looks like you!"

Richelieu to Write a Book

The Duc and Duchesse de Richelieu are at Coronado, enjoying themselves with the same whole-hearted eagerness which distinguished their stay in San Francisco. No tea dance is complete without them, and these functions are very popular at the Hotel del Coronado, so they are quite happy. After spending two weeks or so at Coronado the ducal couple will go down to the desert of Arizona and New Mexico to study the Hopi Indians. The explanation of their interest in these Indians is very simple. Francis McComas who was painting down on the desert recently with Xavier Martinez told the Duc about the wonders of that country and so fired the Richelieu imagination that nothing would do the Duc but that he should see for himself. The Duchesse caught her husband's enthusiasm. When he returns to Paris the Duc will write his impressions, not only of the Indians but of Americans too, and California may expect to

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e itself in print as a Duc sees it. Perhaps if e knew the Duc was "among us taking notes" e might have been more careful of our behavior. 's too late now.

elton's Pretty Wife

Mrs. Felton Elkins has made a decided hit in ociety and has already made loads of friends in e Burlingame set. She is the center of at- action at the exciting polo games at San ateo and looks prettier than ever with her ush of excitement at seeing Felton's good polo laying. She is one of the best dancers at the hes Dansants and Elaine Ertz and Enid Gregg ho have held the palm for dancing, stood still admiration when she first danced the tango with ouglas Crane. Young Mrs. Elkins has had ather a sad history in spite of her extreme outh. She was married when she was only seven- een to an elderly man of great wealth. The mar- iage was an unhappy one for the girl wife, but was ended a year later by the death of her hus- and who left her a large fortune. She lived uietly in London with her mother for a year or wo after that and it was then that she met Fel- on Elkins who went there to produce a one-act lay at one of the large vaudeville houses. She s related to the Breckenridge family of Kentucky nd inherits much of Southern beauty and charm f manner.

Dance News

A Monday night dancing class, under the pat- onage of Mesdames Rudolph Spreckels, Robert Oxnard, Mendell and Miss Jennie Hooker, meets t the homes of these ladies each Monday even- ng. Mrs. T. Parker Lawrence is instructing them n the Argentine Tango, as well as the popular nd simpler dances of the winter. Mrs. B. Hart as organized a most enthusiastic class of twen- y dance-mad folk which meets at her house lternate Tuesday evenings. Mrs. Hart's dancing gowns are the envy of all who behold them. Tre- oll and Doucet have used their most original deas in fashioning them. That dancing is supple- menting golf is attested by a promise of future tea dances at the Ingleside Golf Club. Possibly the versatile caddie will be requisitioned as a lance partner with a taxi meter attachment. Dr. and Mrs. W. Francis B. Wakefield extend welcome to their friends on Wednesday evenings when Mr. T. Parker Lawrence instructs the assem- blage in the latest terpsichorean novelties. A bi- monthly dancing assemblage is being organized to meet in Tait's ballroom at the beginning of the new year. Despite the demand upon their ser- vices even during the holidays, the "Dancing Lawrences" are to have a belated honeymoon on horseback. They plan a week's trip down the coast to Monterey and return. Both assert that riding relaxes and rests them after twelve hours daily on the dancing floor. Miss Marian White has taken the Cap and Bells Club for the winter months and will direct those merry dancers in the newest ballroom favorites. Count Montgelas proves his devotion to the Argentine Tango by volunteering his services to a select class meet- ing in the ballroom of the Keystone Apartments Monday evenings. The El Cerrito Polo Club holds its bi-monthly dance tonight, with the Law- rences in charge. The Brazilian Maxixe is fast becoming a favorite with the progressive young people of the polo set. Felton Elkins and Mrs. de Guigne present this dance most charmingly.

Del Monte Notes

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. W. Yates, U. S. A., have been spending a week or ten days at Del Monte prior to their departure for the Philippine Islands. Col. Yates is an enthusiastic golfer and is on the links every day. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Perkins of Sheridan, Wyoming, stopped off for a few days' rest while on a tour of California in their motor. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hunter and Miss Marcia Fee, all of San Francisco, have taken the Ocean View Cottage on the Seventeen-Mile Drive for a week. They are very fond of walk- ing and think nothing of the short mile between the Cottage and Pebble Beach Lodge where they have all their meals. Mrs. and Miss Cogswell of Sandusky, Ohio, stopped over a day last week. They are friends of W. H. Smith Jr. who has taken apartments for an indefinite time. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby of San Francisco were guests at the hotel for a week. Mr. Armsby attended the convention of the Dried Fruit Association, which met there last Tuesday and Wednesday. He also spent a great deal of his time on the links.

Notes from Coronado

A most delightful couple spending the winter at Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. P. Chatonlenco of St. Petersburg. Mrs. Chatonlenco's home before her marriage was Philadelphia, but she is now quite a Russian enthusiast. G. E. Tener of Pittsburg, a brother of the famous football gov- ernor, is a guest at the hotel accompanied by his attractive daughter and Miss Brown, also of Pittsburg. Mr. and Mrs. J. Alden Smith Jr. are among the recent arrivals. Mr. Smith is the son of the Senator from Michigan. Willard Cham- berlin of San Francisco spent the week-end at the hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Forrance of Pittsburg. Miss Helen Weaver of San Fran- cisco motored down for the week-end with a party of Angelenos including Mrs. Phillip Forve, Miss Mary Forve, Mrs. J. Maier and Miss Hazele Ball. Mrs. Lottie Munn, well known in golf circles, spent the week-end as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Von Tesmar.

Souvenirs at Tavern

The high standard which has been so long maintained at Techau Tavern goes much farther than the usual cafe service which contents itself with culinary attractions alone. At the Tavern, for instance, one hears music, both vocal and in- strumental, of a quality far superior to that which is generally associated with restaurants. As an appreciation of the patronage of the ladies, the management also distributes on Saturday af- ternoons varied souvenirs of a high order of merit, such as are certain to please ladies of dis- criminating taste. Last Saturday afternoon the souvenirs consisted of toilet preparations of the Aubrey Sisters of New York; preparations which have a nation-wide vogue because of their un- questioned excellence.

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PORTOLA FESTIVAL PARADE Oct. 24, 1913

Mrs. Fiske's Great Triumph

By Theodore Bonnet

A great test of Mrs. Fiske's art is that to which it is subjected at the Columbia in Edward Sheldon's play "The High Road" which he describes as a "pilgrimage in five parts"; a very great test, and Mrs. Fiske comes through in triumph. Our gifted actress makes the pilgrimage all the way from Silas Page's farm where she fed the pigs to the mansion in Madison avenue over which she presided, taking twenty-three years to cover the distance, and you accompany her through the vital vicissitudes of her career, halting with her at the luxurious flat where she lived with her artist lover, sharing her enthusiasms later on when victory is achieved by her propaganda for an eight-hour law for women, and, finally, sympathizing deeply with her in the moments of acute suspense in the one passionate and pathetic scene that Mr. Sheldon has penned. All of which I pronounce a very great triumph for Mrs. Fiske, for though Mary Page, the character she portrays, was closely studied and realized by the author, it is like an oasis in a desert of unreality. Mary Page acts and reacts with shocks of desire and aversion on puppets whose postures of intensity are remote from verisimilitude, yet Mrs. Fiske insinuates herself into our credulity. She is mistress of our emotions. How are we to account for this? The play is in its second season. It has been a big success everywhere. Critics like it. In no small measure perhaps it attracts attention because it reflects some of the ideas of the feminist movement and of the uplift cults. Perhaps it is sufficient in these days of social and political regeneration for a play to become the pilgrimage of a person who embodies some of the principles that are preached by our academic and sophomoric philosophers. Mr. Sheldon has given us the type. She has been reading Karl Marx, and it is evident that she has no superstitious notion about the Christian ideals touching the sex question. She is true to type in this,—that she has very strong humane impulses which are satisfying to the conscience of so many of the lady disciples of Bernard Shaw. What though she be a man's mistress, so long as she has a heart for the poor working girl? Think of all the women to whom this principle is grateful! But Mary Page is sincere and she has the courage of her principles. She abandons her lover, and the parting was very touching up to the point where she told him she was going to work in a shirt-waist factory. "How much are you going to get? he asks. "Seven dollars a week," she replies. Thus does Mr. Sheldon seek to impress us with the prodigiousness of the renunciation. And thus also does he illustrate his principle weakness as a playwright. It is a weakness not of craftsmanship, but of judgment, and therefore hard to overcome. A man of judgment would have said to himself were he tempted to emphasize the degree of renunciation, "I must make all that clear before I come to the suprême moment. It will never do to provoke a laugh in the midst of a tense situation." As the scene was written by Mr. Sheldon it causes you to pause and wonder whether it is intentional burlesque. For indeed it is intensely ludicrous when you come to think of it, not that the heroine, mistress of an artist, should renounce a life of luxury and sin to go to work in a shirt-waist factory, but that the artist who has come to love her with an honest affection and who wants to marry her should, at the height of his grief, become curious and inquisitive as to the amount of her wages. I have wondered since whether Mr. Sheldon's play isn't a satire all through, a satire on the kind of heroes that are made for us by Lincoln Steffens. For instance he gives us a reform Governor who marries Mary Page and runs for President, and who serves well to illustrate the average reformer. This Governor is a man of very high character, but like so many of our reformers his sense of honor, propriety and decency is only skin deep. A blackmailer who knows all about Mary Page's past, but no more than the Governor himself, threatens to expose it in his newspapers. The Governor is informed by three members of the campaign committee. He admits the blackmailer to his home and permits him in the presence of the three politicians to subject his wife to a cross-examination after the manner of "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Isn't he a typical reformer? But think of making a hero out of him! Now this is the big scene of the play. And it goes! And it is really worth seeing if for no other purpose than to realize how a playwright may trifle with the emotions and intelligence when he has the assistance of a great actress. Great is Mrs. Fiske. But is hers a triumph of art alone? I think not. She is a woman of great magnetism and temperament. Her nervous frame vibrates with earnestness. Beneath the placid exterior there is always a ground-swell of emotion, but above all there is the personal note, the note of sincerity, giving us the sense of a woman behind the mask, of a woman with a mind energetic, a heart purposeful and strong.

Melba, Kubelik, Et Al.

By Helen M. Bonnet

Of a concert at which Melba sang and Kubelik fiddled there is little to be said in the way of criticism unless one is in the mood to rhapsodize and is assured that readers will not protest. But as Melba and Kubelik are to give another concert I should be terribly remiss in my duty to those readers of Town Talk who did not attend last Sunday's performance at Dreamland if I neglected to assure them that the conjunction of two such stars of the musical firmament as Melba and Kubelik is an event that rarely happens in a lifetime. And as years have passed since Melba was heard in this city perhaps I should also give the assurance that the great songbird's voice has lost none of its purity or color. So many familiar voices have lost their flexibility and lustre in recent years that one almost expects to be reminded by Queens of the operatic stage that all things precious must decay and perish. No such mournful reflection comes from Melba's singing. Thanks to her marvelous art her marvelous voice has retained its chaste birdlike quality. Every tone has the limpidity of a glittering mountain brook. There have been many Lucias, but few that have been able to sing the music of the mad scene as Melba sings it, as she sang it last Sunday afternoon—without slighting a note. I know there are persons who say they are bored by cadenzas and trills and the other gewgaws, as they are called, of the vocal art. Well they are not bored often; at least, not in the way that Melba bores them. For my part I am not ashamed to confess that the sheer beauty of the ornamentation that Melba gives to her songs is deeply affecting. There are persons who take such joy in her singing that they are made to weep. But they are sensitive to beauty, and have wept at sight of a ravishing landscape. There is one other criticism that is made of Melba's singing beside the curious criticism as to the perfection of her art. It is the criticism that her singing is passionless. I have heard many times that she doesn't stir the emotions. This, I believe, is a very popular criticism. But to me her voice is palpitant with soul, and though I have never found her putting passion into music that was without it I have noticed that she draws from it all its essences. All the fire that a composer puts into the music of a role Melba's great and lovely voice expresses, preferring as she does to concentrate on vocal values rather than on facial expression or bodily movements. It is just here that as an opera singer she is greater than any other singer that I know of. And it is because of this method that she is especially delightful in concert. In concert all the elements of her art are shown to perfection. How delightful for instance is her pronunciation in whatever language she sings! There is no one man or woman who can sing English as Melba sings it. She gives to each vowel in singing the exact sound she would give to it in speaking, and her consonants that never receive more than their value are never permitted to interrupt the singing tone. Oh! students of the vocal art if you wish to know what to do with the letter "r" at the beginning, in the middle and at the end of a a word go listen to Melba. Never do you hear in her singing a touch of the brogue or a Scotch burr or a French accent unless the song calls for it, and that is more than may truly be said of any other great singer. But here I am, forgetting about the great Kubelik, the pale magician of the bow who smites the exulting strings making tones that leap and flash like swords, tones that are filled with an instinctive quality of beauty. Kubelik makes us understand the extent to which technique goes to the making of an artist. What wonderful sounds he evokes from that violin! I never heard the Traumerei played on any instrument as it was played by him. It was as though the strings were responding to an invisible touch, but one could not help feeling the contact of soul and instrument. . . . Kubelik and Melba have as associates Edmund Burke, a baritone from Covent Garden, Marcel Moyse, a flutist and Gabriel Lapierre, a pianist, all worthy of the company they keep. Lapierre is a most sympathetic accompanist and hearing him on that superb Mason and Hamlin piano, with its brilliant orchestral tones was a great treat in itself. Not always, by the way, do we get good pianos at our concerts. . . . Much to my astonish-

ment I find that the Brahms Symphony (C minor) was accepted as the piece de resistance at the concert on December 5. Music loving people say of it affectionately, "The Brahms was lovely, was it not?" Or, "I did like the Brahms. Don't you think they did it well?" And there you are. Now I thought the orchestra was much better in its three Wagnerian things (including of course the accompaniments to Herr Whitehill). Perhaps it is because Mr. Hadley always conducts Wagner with his "most magnificent arm movements." I quote from "Papa," quite the cleverest up-to-the-moment play it has been my good fortune to read. However it seems that it was the Brahms Symphony which made the deepest impression. There is to be sure a sort of what one may be allowed to term majestic restfulness about this work—an authoritative but loving command to a troubled soul to seek the sunlit paths of peace and uneventfulness. The overture to "Die Konigskinder" was charmingly done. That is about all we shall have the pleasure to hear of the beautiful Humperdinck opera—until, maybe, we shall build our Opera House. . . . Mr. Whitehill was to me a disappointment. He has much artistry and fine intelligence but his really splendid voice that day was unequal to the great task he had set for it. He has a fine dramatic intensity and enthusiasm which made it all the more apparent that he was reaching up in a hazardous way to his higher register, thus leaving his hearers quite exhausted after their anxiety as to what the result might be. As he is probably of a very nervous temperament, we should not expect to hear him at his best after having been on a train two or three days. His reputation as a Wotan gives him a distinction which his performance at the symphony commands us to make every allowance for. . . . The Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler concert Tuesday night at Scottish Rite Hall was a lure to pianists who know her to be a mistress of the instrument, one of the greatest of her sex. She gave a most delightful program. Mme. Zeisler has an astonishingly facile technique and an exuberance of power in the employment of which she reveals a true poetic insight. It was deplorable that the Hadley-Whitehill joint-recital occurred on the same evening as the Bloomfield Zeisler concert for very few persons took the trouble to attend both, and those that did missed part of each program. The St. Francis ball-room held a large audience in which were many society folks, friends of Mr. Hadley and admirers of his art. He plays with accurate dexterity, but sometimes shows a not too keen appreciation of tone value. Mr. Whitehill sang two groups of charming songs. He, too, has many admirers. Mrs. Robert Moore Hughes looking a picture of youthful beauty in a charming green and white frock was an excellent accompanist.

Gossip of the Theatre

Alice Lloyd and Frank Fogarty

London and Dublin give us of their best at the Cort this week. There is our old friend Alice Lloyd singing her 'Arriet songs as only she can sing them, and our old friend Frank Fogarty with his cannonade of Irish fun. Both of them are favorites with San Francisco which first made their acquaintance at the Orpheum. Alice gives us some of the old songs that first made her popular here, and Frank repeats some of the old stories. That is as it should be. We're far from tired of "Splash Me"; we are glad to hear Frank's "You Can't Bunco Me." But of course both Alice and Frank bring a lot of new entertainment to the Cort. Not least noteworthy are the dances they do together in the cabaret scene of their big vaudeville show. To see Alice and Frank in the latest dances is to derive a new delight from their versatility. They foot it with a joyous abandon that the audience is in no mood to resist. We like to see our friends unbend and enjoy themselves, and Alice and Frank romp so gaily that their work becomes play. In the more dignified part of their offering they display an artistry not to be questioned. Both possess individuality. Both do their particular stunts as no others can do them. A happier combination could hardly be thought of, and our thanks are due to the New York manager who had the happy thought. The rest of the show Alice and Frank bring is vaudeville of the first class.

—E. F. O'Day.

A Best Seller Dramatized

When "The Common Law" was appearing in one of the Hearst monthlies the dear young girls went simply crazy over it. Everybody must have known at least a score of the dear young girls who found it well nigh impossible to wait from month to month for the installments of this Chambers best-seller. How they talked about it and about! How they pondered its "problem" between chocolates! How they raved of Valerie West and "Kelly" Neville at conversational sewing bees! How they sighed with regret when the last sugar-coated chapter was brought to an end! But now the dear young girls are happy again. "The Common Law" has been turned into a play. The entrancing Valerie and the irresistible "Kelly" are bodied forth on the stage. You may be sure the dear young girls have been flocking to the Savoy this week. And that they will flock again next week. And while they are munching more chocolates and buzzing at more sewing bees they will compare the characters as they had visualized them from Chambers' glittering descriptions and the artist's adorable illustrations with the same characters as played by the company at the Savoy. There were thrills in the story, you may be sure. Don't doubt that there are thrills in the play; at the end of the first act, for instance, when Valerie poses for "Kelly" in a Monna Vanna drape which conceals her body from the audience but not from "Kelly." The audacity of that is bound to flutter the hearts of the dear young girls. Happy Chambers who can so flutter those young hearts! And bold players who essay to repeat the thrilling!

—E. F. O'Day.

NONETTE

The violinist who sings next week at the Orpheum.

The Russian Violinist at Pantages

Pantages features a Russian fiddler this week. Perhaps, though, "fiddler" is too familiar a term, considering that the program tells us Alexander Kaminsky is "violin virtuoso soloist to the Czar" and comes direct to us from the Royal Opera House of Moscow. To be violin virtuoso soloist to the Czar must be no mean honor. One can imagine such a musical dignitary soothing the sorrow and banishing the melancholy of the Czar even as the youthful David who, it is unnecessary to recall, was harp virtuoso soloist to King Saul, soothed the sorrow and banished the melancholy of that impulsive and dangerous monarch. It is interesting to learn that the Czar is so fond of music that he has a violin virtuoso all to himself. That he fully appreciates the playing of Alexander Kaminsky may be inferred from the gold medals and beribboned decorations that enliven the conventional black dress coat of the virtuoso. Kaminsky is a pale man with a big mop of red hair who plays with a dreamy abstraction, as though the music lulled his soul to drowsiness. It goes without saying that his playing does not produce that effect on his audience. He is warmly applauded, which shows that the audience at Pantages has a ready welcome for violin virtuosity. Kaminsky is not only a player but also a composer, and he renders a Russian Fantasy of his own which has probably been heard by the Czar. He also plays a Paganini piece, a Sarasate Caprice and the "Cavalleria" Intermezzo. His twelve-year old daughter accompanies him on the piano. She is a sweet, pretty little girl with long golden hair.

—E. F. O'D.

The Farewell Zeisler Concert

This Saturday afternoon, December 13, at half past two, that splendid pianist Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler will give her farewell concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium, presenting a most interesting, varied and beautiful list of works. Beethoven will be represented by the charming

Menuett in E flat major and two numbers transcribed from "The Ruin of Athens." Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," five Chopin gems, two of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" and works by Moszkowski, Schubert-Liszt and Schubert-Tausig will complete the exceptional offering. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Company's and Kohler & Chase's.

The Melba-Kubelik Concert

Melba and Kubelik will give their second joint concert at Dreamland Rink this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. and with the assistance of Edmund Burke, Marcel Moyse and Gabrile Lapierre will present a program that will arouse the audience to enthusiasm just as last Sunday's program did. Mme. Melba's principal numbers will be the "Jewel Scene" from "Faust," Bishop's "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark" with flute obligato played by Moyse and Gounod's "Ave Maria" with the great Kubelik playing the violin obligato. Kubelik's numbers will include the Concerto in D minor by Wieniawski, Dvorak's "Humoresque" and Bazzini's brilliant "Ronde des Lutins." Mr. Burke will sing the aria from Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth" and Elgar's "Pipes of Pan." Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and on Sunday at Dreamland after 10 o'clock.

"Bower of Melody" at Empress

"The Bower of Melody," a spectacular musical novelty presented by Evans and Harris, will be the headline attraction at the Empress next week. Twelve talented musicians render a repertoire of ensemble and solo numbers, the instruments being cornets, trombones, 'cello, tuba and harp. There is also singing by Anna McMahon, a cultured soprano, and Bert Sheridan, a resonant baritone. "Fun in a Swimming Pool" is presented by the Three Emersons, noted gymnasts from Europe. Louise Mayo, a statuesques young woman with a beautiful voice, will be heard in a repertoire of songs. She received her early training in musical comedy in London. With special scenic embellishments, the Ballo Brothers, Mexican serenaders, will appear. Martini and Maxmillian are masters of illusion who do clever tricks and then undo them. Sam Harris is a well known singing comedian. Lalie Brooke will present feminine fads and fashions, an act to interest the women folks, amuse the men and make the young laugh.

Another Week of "The Common Law"

"The Common Law" will continue at the Savoy another week. There are matinee on Sunday, with bargain matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Those two ubiquitous individuals of cartoon fame, "Mutt and Jeff," will drop in at the Savoy for the holidays, beginning an engagement Monday evening, December 22, in their latest vehicle entitled "Mutt and Jeff in Panama," said to be extremely funny.

Miss Murray at Kohler & Chase's

The feature of the program to be rendered at this Saturday's Matinee of Music at Kohler & Chase Hall will be the solos of Miss Jessie M. Murray, contralto. Miss Murray is well and favorably known in the bay cities' musical colony and has made excellent impressions every time she appeared at various musical functions of private or public character. Miss Murray has chosen songs by Nevin, Gross and Gounod which are specially suited to her artistic qualifications. There will be an instrumental section on the program which will be rendered on the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

The Gaiety's Second Show

Tomorrow, Sunday, the final performance of "The Candy Shop" will be given. On Tuesday night the curtain will ring up on the second Gaiety musical show and all is in readiness to prove to local theatregoers that the pace set by the new house will be maintained, if not surpassed, in "The Girl at the Gate." With its scenes laid amid circumstances that are bound to appeal, and a company of clever people, the coming production starts off with all in its favor. From Panama and the junketings incident to the opening of the canal the locale of the play moves in the second act to San Francisco itself, with gorgeous settings representing various phases of the great 1915 fair. Irene Franklin leads the cast. She will interpolate several of her own peculiarly individual songs, the character gems that have made hers a name to conjure with in vaudeville. Those supporting the star include

RENEE NOEL
Who is scoring a hit in "The Common Law" at the Savoy Theatre.

VERA FULLER MELISH and RUTHERFORD HERMAN
A scene from "The Blindness of Virtue," the great play on the sex problem, which will be revealed at the Cort Theatre next week.

Will Phillips, Reece Gardiner, Irving Newhoff, oty Phelps, Ida Van Tine and Cathryn Rowe almer—all finished and accomplished entertain-s. An important feature of "The Girl at the ate" is the music. It is from the pen of Ben I. Jerome and the score throughout is of the histling and toe-tapping order. Look out par-cularly for one number "The World's All Wrong gain."

hampion Life Saver at Orpheum

The most pretentious aquatic spectacle in audeville will be presented with John F. Con-oy as its principal feature at the Orpheum next eek. Conroy's title is "The World's Greatest ife Saver" for he has rescued 137 persons from rowning. He is assisted by two charming girls, oth very beautiful and magnificently developed who are conceded to be wonderful swimmers nd divers. The opening of the exhibition con-ists of a series of beautiful poses. Mr. Conroy hen gives an exhibition of muscular develop-nent after which a number of picturesque scenic ffects are shown, followed by a series of dives, orward and backward, single and double somer-aults and combination dives where all three nter the water together. Ed Gallager and Bob Carlin will present the nautical travesty "Before he Mast." A performance that is unique will e offered by Bert Levy, "The Famous Artist Entertainer." Nonette, the singing violinist, too opular and well known to require eulogy, will e heard in favorite numbers. Muriel and Fran-is, "Just Two Girls," render popular and semi-lassic songs. Bollinger and Reynolds are wire walkers. Next week will be the last of Lyons and Yosco, and Taylor Granville, Laura Pier-pont and their company of fifteen in "The Sys-tem."

"Girl in Taxi" at Alcazar

There will be a mixture of melody and mirth at the Alcazar next week, for Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell, the stock company and several specially engaged artists including Myrtle Ding-wall, are announced to appear in "The Girl in the Taxi," one of the three biggest musical com-edy successes recorded in this country during the last five years. It was adapted from the French of Anthony Mars by Stanislaus Stange who skillfully managed to make it fit for the American stage without sacrificing any of its original brightness. Contemporary with "The Chocolate Soldier" and "Madame Sherry," it has been in the same class as a money-getter, and is still touring the Eastern circuits as a high-price attraction. During its run at the Alcazar there will be no departure from the regular ad-mittance rates. That the Alcazar folks are equal to the vocal and terpsichorean demand of "The Girl in the Taxi" is assured by the hits they have already made in musical plays. Miss Vaughan and Mr. Lytell have triumphed with them in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" and "The Talk of New York," and more re-cently their interpretation of "Madame Sherry" kept the piece running three consecutive weeks. Rehearsals of the coming production warrant be-lief that it will be another tribute to the ver-satility of Belasco & Mayer's people, for they sing and dance with no less ease than they act, and how capably they do the latter San Fran-cisco knows.

Society Mystery at Pantages

The top line feature on the bill next week at Pantages carries an air of mystery. A local so-ciety girl who hides her identity with becoming modesty, has written and produced a spectacular dancing act that will rival anything that has been seen here for sensationalism. The scenery and costuming of the act are among the most elaborate ever staged here. Charles Rielly, popular Irish tenor, will offer Walter Montague's new playlet "The Bells of Shandon." He will sing favorite Irish ballads. The Five Juggling Normans are athletic college boys. Katherine Miley is a comedienne with topical songs. The Romero fam-ily of six dance alluring numbers, sing operatic selections and play upon a huge marimbaphone. Vincent and Raymond in songs and patter, the Lattell Brothers, called the Apollos of Vaudeville in artistic poses and current local "movies" will complete the bill.

May Irwin Coming

May Irwin whose effervescant personality is always a source of keen delight to theatregoers here, comes to the Columbia Sunday night, De-cember 21, with her most recent success—"Widow by Proxy"—written by Catherine Chis-holm Cushing who is responsible also for "The Real Thing" and "Miss Ananias." Miss Irwin's

MATTIE TOWNSEND
Who will appear at Pantages next week.

IRENE FRANKLIN
Star of the Gaiety Theatre in "The Girl at the Gate."

latest play is said to be better adapted to her own peculiar and unctuous methods than any thing she has heretofore attempted, and the character of the singing teacher "Gloria Gray" allows for the introduction of several of her latest song hits, including "The Kelleys Are at it Again," "I never Knew," "Happy Little Country Girl" and "Over the Garden Wall." Miss Irwin's engagement will be limited to two weeks.

Mrs. Fiske Another Week

"The High Road" will be seen again next week at the Columbia, with Mrs. Fiske in the principal role. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given. The engagement will close on Saturday night, December 20.

"The Blindness of Virtue" at Cort

"The Blindness of Virtue" which will be seen at the Cort next week beginning Monday night, has had great success in both England and America. The play is now in its second year in this country under the direction of William Morris. It was first produced at the Little Theatre in London and made a sensation. It was dramatized by Cosmo Hamilton from his novel of the same name at the suggestion of the Bishop of London who saw that great good could be accomplished if the theme of the book were brought to the attention of the general public through the medium of a play. The present cast includes Frank Elliott, Rutherford Herman, Harley Knowles, Vera Fuller Melish, a daughter of the well known actor Fuller Melish, Alys Rees, Pollie Emery and Marjorie Allen. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinee will be reserved exclusively for women and young girls.

Gaby Coming to Cort

The Christmas week attraction at the Cort will be Gaby Deslys and the New York Winter Garden Co. in "The Little Parisienne." This is the first visit to the Pacific Coast of the beauteous Gaby, and in sending her on tour the Winter Garden management has surrounded her with a company of more than usual merit. Her associates include such well known people as Harry Pilcer, Joseph W. Herbert, Forrest Huff, Fritzi Von Busing, Edgar Achison-Ely, Louise Meyers, Arthur Lipsen, Hattie Kneitel, Percy Lyndal and others. Gaby will begin her engagement at the Cort Sunday night, December 21, continuing for eight evenings, and with matinees on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday (Xmas) and Saturday. She brings to San Francisco over 150 complete changes of costumes, all of the latest Parisian design, to say nothing of her famous collection of gems which are valued at over $800,000. Gaby is the highest paid artist in the world, receiving over $5,000 per week for her services, and it is estimated for the tour of the Pacific Coast she will take back with her over $45,000.

The Smoker's A B C

A is the Amber of acceptability.
B is the Butt that we chew in tranquillity.
C's the Cigar that we smoke with avidity.
D is the Dream that assumes such solidity.
E is the Excise that mars our autonomy.
F is the Fine-cut we smoke from economy.
G is the Guest whom we greet with civility.
H the Havana that marks affability.
I is the Incense we burn so abundantly.
J is the Jar that supplies it redundantly.
K is the Kind of cigar a divinity
L Loves to purchase to give her affinity.
M is the Maiden we're anxious to mollify
N Nicotine, at whose shrine we must qualify.
O is the Ogre that threatens minaciously.
P is the Pipe that we cling to tenaciously.
Q's the Quintessence, the height of felicity.
R's the Resort which we have to duplicity.
S is the Smoke we watch curling so slenderly.
T is the Tribute we pay it so tenderly.
U is the use of tobacco—utility—
V is the Vanquished, whose end is futility.
W Wreaths of smoke surely must signify.
X Xanthic stains which the smoker will dignify.
Y is Yearning which gnaws so mordaciously.
Z is the Zephyr which follows sagaciously.

"I guess San Francisco has a very unhealthful climate," said the man from the backwoods. "I think the people there have a cold about all the year round."

"Why so?"

"Well, when I was there last summer they put a handkerchief by everybody's plate."

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD

Zeisler.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Traders were not inclined to do much last week, so business was light and price movements were irregular. Little fresh news of a favorable character came out and several unfavorable developments hurt sentiment, though they were not of great importance to the stock market. Canada took more gold, call loans rose sharply, there was an unfavorable bank statement, a large realty company interested in New York City properties failed and the Mexican situation was not encouraging. Union Pacific was strong and this helped Southern Pacific. Steel common sold off fractionally on persistent reports of declining trade and Bethlehem Steel broke on small transactions. Considering the pessimism of its head, the securities of this corporation are holding up well. The industrial list was relatively weak and some comparatively inactive stocks of this class were hard to sell. Copper shares were lower because the metal market was in an unsatisfactory state in London and traders believe that the exports of the metal merely add to stocks held abroad, and are not bull factors even if they do make stocks small on this side of the Atlantic. The building trade of the country has received a check and this hurts copper metal quite as much as the steel trade. Banking interests show little interest in the market and are not helping its constructive side very much. Usually when everybody is so pessimistic and the market declines a small fraction, it gets oversold and on any favorable news such as we might get in President Wilson's special message on the trust question next week or a hint that the rainroads will be granted an increase in rates, stocks would respond very quickly to any buying, and sentiment would change overnight. We believe the situation is such that stocks can be bought at this level and that the present price discounts all that has happened of an unfavorable nature.

Wheat—The strength which developed in wheat early in the week continued right up to the close and the market has a broader appearance than in months. The advance is apparently thoroughly legitimate, as it is based upon a healthy cash situation not only at Chicago but at other outside markets as well. General estimates of spring wheat reserves are very small both in this country and in Canada as the unparalleled fall weather has stimulated marketing to an unusual degree. Deliveries on December contracts landed with shippers who ordered the wheat out, and at Minneapolis where stocks of wheat are very large. If the spring wheat movement falls off as predicted there should be a rapid and substantial decrease in the visible supply, the size of which now is the principal bear argument for lower prices. There were messages from Argentina reporting black rust, but at the same time mentioning the fact that the weather was fine and harvesting was progressing very favorably. We expect reactions from time to time but believe that May wheat around 90 cents can be bought with very little risk and that a little later prices will be much higher.

Corn has ruled dull, with no very large trade, and the market followed the action of wheat to moderate extent. Weather over the entire corn belt for the past ten days has been distinctly unfavorable for the movement and grading of corn, and according to all former precedents, corn prices should have been higher, but the market has failed to be affected materially by conditions, and it looks as though some of the big traders were inclined to sell out, which certainly at the present level of prices would not make new investors buy. We think corn might work off a couple of cents and the market be in much better shape. Should the receipts materially increase and the weather improve, which it probably will some time, we would look for a moderate break in values.

Cotton—The cotton ma.ket pursued an extremely irregular course during the week. After touching new low levels early in the week it rallied but failed to hold its advance and closed the week with all options below the 13 cents mark. The trade is confused by the many divergent ideas as to the probable yield, and while opinion seems to have crystallized around a crop of 14,250,000 bales, there is a doubt in the minds of all as to the estimate which will be put out by the Government next week. Judging from the official condition reports this estimate should prove bullish, but the ginning returns have been larger than last year to date, and the trade feel that they will be taken at their face value and play an important part in the compilation. Opposed to the bearish crop ideas based on heavy ginnings is the argument that an unusually large percentage of the total has been picked, ginned and marketed to date, on account of the highly favorable price basis, the good weather of late, and the labor troubles abroad. The latter were adjusted without a strike although the foreign news generally was of very little help to the bulls. Foreign crop accounts continue very optimistic, and many claim that in the final analysis it will be found that any shortage in the American crop will be offset to some extent by the Egyptian and India crops. The demand for spot cotton in the South has fallen off, although the spinners takings for the week were quite large, but the bears argue that this represents cotton contracted for some time ago. Receipts continue quite large and the visible supply showed a fair increase for the week. The market is now off over a hundred points from the best figures at which most of the cotton has been marketed and we believe the remnant of the crop will not cause any pronounced setback from this level.

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Christmas Number 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXII. San Francisco, December 20, 1913 No. 1113

GABY DESLYS

The world-famous celebrity, who will make her initial bow to San Francisco theatregoers at the Cort Theatre on Sunday night, December 21.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition

By Clarence R. Ward, A. A. I. A.
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When asked recently for a recipe for the creation of a great Exposition, I replied something after this fashion:

"Take a large measure of brains, add experience and cleverness in equal parts and a modicum of skill from the creative element, and mix with quantities of steel, timber and mortar, stir thoroughly with the spoon of executive ability and industry from the constructive branch, garnish with leaves and flowers from nature's garden, and there you have it—no not quite—the mass needs a yeast—the yeast of public appreciation."

In the case of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, this last ingredient is woefully lacking. It is really surprising, not to say discouraging, to note the indifference and ignorance of the general public of San Francisco on this subject. About all the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker seem to care about the matter is the immediate monetary gain to themselves, and this not having appeared immediately, they are much more inclined to knock than to boost the project. Most people seem to have taken so little interest in it that the record of admission to the grounds which in other expositions was great at this period of construction, remained almost nil until an aviation meet was promoted.

The people should know that this world's exposition is going to be so wonderful both by day and night, that the scope and quality of exhibits and amusements are to be so great and new, that there will be no necessity for holding another for a decade to come. The Chicago Fair was great, greater than any held since, but Chicago while celebrating an event long since passed was in itself a new thing to the public and consequently most interesting. The great minds that planned and built that Fair justified that interest; ergo, success.

Architecturally speaking, the genesis of the plan of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was due to the necessity for shelter at times from our brisk ocean breezes. The result is three great sheltered but connected courts on east and west axis, in turn cross-conected to the great Marina or waterfront garden on the north and with two fine south courts, as well as the great south or tropical gardens. At the east end of the main group between it and the Machinery Palace lies a wide avenue of palms, while between the group and the Fine Arts Palace at the north lies a fine sunken garden and lagoon. So it will be seen that we have nine great features instead of practically one, as in former fairs. The group of architects who produced this plan and later designed its individual component parts have worked in the greatest harmony and the result is sure to be pleasing.

A hypothetical trip through the Exposition might prove both instructive and interesting by way of technical analysis. Approaching the Fair through the portals of a giant flowering hedge thirty feet in height, we enter the south garden, a dream of beauty such as can well be imagined that wizard of plants and gardens, John McLaren, would produce. Continuations of this great garden will be found in the Court of Flowers and Court of Palms, designed by George W. Kelham. In architectural style they show Italian feeling of the Renaissance period and with their sunken gardens and fine planting these sheltered courts are certain to be the charming spots of the Fair.

Flanking the south garden to the west is the Horticultural Building, with its great dome of glass with flanking pavilions. It is designed in the modern French school, by Bakewell and Brown, and is very ornate and graceful. To the east of the Horticultural Building, on axis with it, balancing it and harmonizing nicely with it, is Festival Hall. This building is circular in plan and domical in elevation and section, a rather unusual arrangement for an auditorium. It is by Robert Farquhar.

Approaching the entrance to the main group, we are confronted by the Tower of Jewels, designed by Carrere and Hastings. This mighty tower is 436 feet in height—over one hundred feet higher than the highest structure in San Francisco. It is at once the main vestibule and focal point or clue to the design of the Fair. It would be hard to place this design in the category of architectural styles. The architects have appeared to adapt whatever their genius, training and taste appeared to suggest to them. The result is majestic in effect and should teem with glorious color when it is covered with cut-glass jewels of various sizes and tints skillfully placed and so arranged as to oscillate in the wind and sparkle in the sun and electric light.

Through the giant arch under this tower, we enter the Court of the Universe, designed in that impressive and effective manner of McKim, Mead and White, which has now become familiar to us all. This great court is elliptical in form, 500 feet long, containing fine sunken gardens, with fountains and terraces. The "style" of the great colonnades surrounding it is Classic, with the faintest touch of Orientalism in the flanking pavilions and the north and sourth triumphal arches. These arches are larger than the Arc de Triomphe in Paris and are each surmounted by two splendid groups of statuary, typifying respectively, the nations of the east and west. It might be interesting to note that the elephant in the former group is 36 feet in height and yet so well proportioned is the group that it comes into perfect harmony and scale with the whole. The colonnade is surmounted by many bejeweled figures typifying the stars.

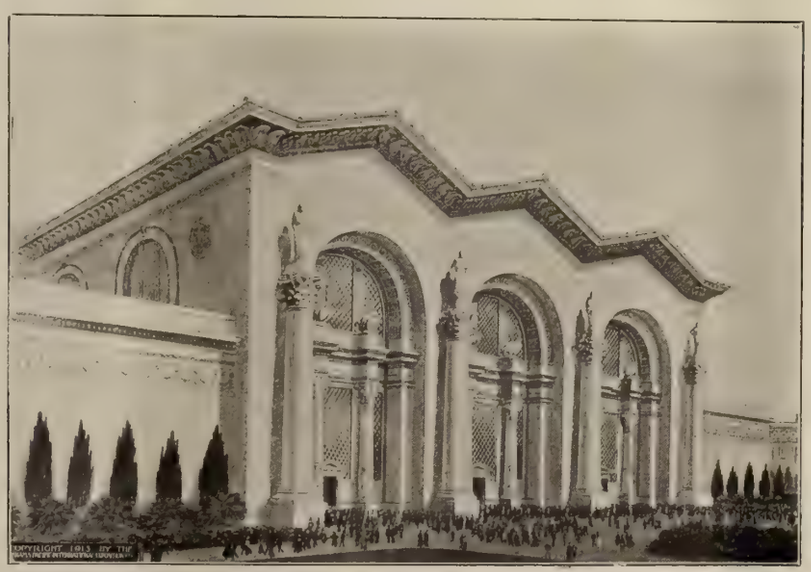
From this court looking out toward the bay over a lagoon, in which the facades will be mirrored, we see the Column of Progress, past which is an entrancing view of the bay and the Marin hills.

To the west of this is the Court of Abundance about 350 feet square. This court is planned for various pageantry and festivities, and as might be expected from its architect, Louis C. Mullgardt, contains much of his own personality. It is slightly reminiscent of the Gothic with a touch of Spain, but might probably be said to be in his own style. Mr. Mullgardt had charge of the erection of the Fisheries Building at the Columbian Exposition and those who saw it will remember his wonderful detail. This court with its cascades, chimes, towers and pools should be charming.

Still further to the west through the Avenue of Palms is found the Palace of Machinery. Aside from the handling of a building of its great dimensions, Ward and Blohme, its architects, were confronted with the problem of designing a building of such architectural style and proportions as to effectually stop the main group at this point and obstruct any vision of the necessarily gaudy amusement concessions and the transportation facilities from the main body of the Fair. For this reason, they chose the great arch motif best typified in the ancient baths of the Roman Emperors and in later years in the Pennsylvania Station in New York, which is considered one of the most impressive pieces of architecture of modern times. To stand under the vast timbered arches in the Machinery Hall, containing as it does enough lumber to build one hundred and fifty large residences, or say to provide a one-inch plank walk from here to the Misouri river, is really an impressive sight and furnishes in itself an interesting exhibit of the construction of the largest frame building in the world.

To the east of the Court of the Universe will be found the Court of Four Seasons, containing statuary effectively placed and cleverly lighted and symbolizing the title of the court. This court is designed in the finely impressive manner of Mr. Henry Bacon, the architect of the Lincoln Memorial, and in a different way should be equally as successful. It is in direct contrast with the Court of Abundance and indicates that the plan of the Fair is so arranged as to provide a series of agreeable surprises as the visitor passes from court to court.

Proceeding west of this court, we find beautiful lagoons, quiet pools and sunken gardens, a fit setting for the Palace of Fine Arts. Mr. B. R. Maybeck, the architect, as might be expected,



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NORTH FACADE, MACHINERY HALL

The enormous size of this building, the work of Ward and Blohme, may be judged from the ant-like figures in the foreground. They represent human beings drawn to scale.

has handled this building in a very original manner. It consists of a graceful Temple of Art which forms the main entrance to the wide semicircular Art Building proper and will contain various halls in which will be placed the exhibits of the higher arts. The subtle handling of the setting of this building, consisting as it does of the relation of water to plant life and plant life to building, making the latter appear as though it had grown directly from the lake, is very interesting.

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TRIUMPHAL ARCH, COURT OF THE UNIVERSE

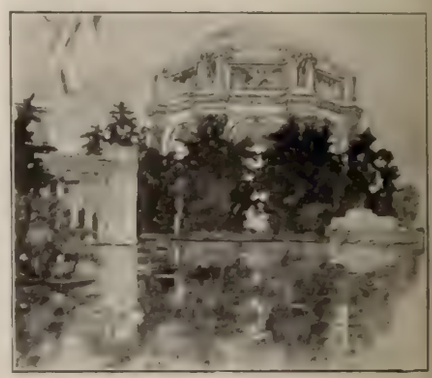
Directly to the north and the shores of the bay will be placed the California Building, 400 feet in width by 650 feet in length, by far the largest and finest State building within the grounds. This building is a clever adaptation of the architectural motifs to be found in the Old Missions and is so arranged as to save the old shrubbery formerly in Harbor View, which should go far to produce an illusion of the age of the Missions. This building, containing great ball rooms, banquet halls and official headquarters, will surely be the center of the social life of the Fair. The building flanks to the west the splendid Marina which is a great green lawn extending along the entire waterfront of the Fair. It is predicted that this will be one of the most interesting points of the whole Exposition, as the Marina is so arranged as to accommodate a vast number of people to view the marine pageantry and in addition affords one of the most beautiful combined land and sea scapes in the world.

The arrangement of the general plan of the Fair being in one single group and the various courts assigned to various designers, it became necessary to appoint architects for the outer walls. Bliss and Faville were selected and have handled this difficult problem in a very clever manner. It has been necessary for them to run the entire gamut of the styles in order to harmonize their work with the connecting groups and adjacent buildings and it is certain that any view of these walls, containing and supporting the various portals, towers, buttresses and domes, with the walls flanked by tall cypress, eucalyptus, palms and shrubbery, will be most interesting.

Space is not available to touch upon the sculpture or mural painting, but the names of Bitter, Calder, Patigian, Tilden, Roth, Denelli, Aiken and others amongst the sculptors, and Guerin, Reid, Simmons, Dumont, Dodge, Mathews and Hassam amongst the painters, should indicate that some fine and harmonious work will be executed.

In most foreign countries the officers, designers and builders of such an Exposition outlined above would be decorated with appropriate orders and receive all of the honors and emoluments which accompany them, while in this community the tendency is to look upon them as a lot of hired men fortunate in being able to obtain and hold their jobs, and the emoluments consist in either inadequate financial remuneration or none at all and in addition they receive unjust criticism as to delay, misspent monies, incompetency, favoritism and what not. In this article you find the recipe for ingredients of a world's fair, except one.

Let the ignorant educate themselves so that the whole community may furnish the yeast of appreciation and make this Exposition the greatest the world has yet seen or is destined to see for years to come.



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PALACE OF FINE ARTS

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COLUMN OF PROGRESS AND LAGOON

Seen from the Court of the Universe this will be one of the most entrancing vistas of the Exposition.

WAR

By George Sterling

The night was on the world, and in my sleep
I heard a voice that cried across the dark:
"Give steel!" And gazing I beheld a red,
Infernal stithy. There were Titans five
Assembled, thewed and naked and malign
Against the glare. One to the furnace-throat,
Whence issued screams, fed shapes of human use—
The hammer, axe and plow. Those molten soon,
Another haled the dazzling ingot forth
With tongs, and gave it to the anvil. Two,
With massy sledges throbbing at the task,
Harried the gloom with unenduring stars
And poured a clangorous music on the dark,
With loud, astounding shock and counter-shock
Incessant. And the fifth colossus stood
The captain of that labor. From his form
Spread wings more black than Hell's high-altar—ribbed
As are the vampire-bat's. The night grew old,
And I was then aware they shaped a sword. . . . .

In that domain and interval of dream
'T was dawn upon the headlands of the world,
And I, appalled, beheld how men had reared
A mountain, dark below the morning star—
A peak made up of houses and of herds,
Of cradles, yokes and all the handiwork
Of man. Upon its crest were gems and gold,
Rare fabrics, and the woof of humble looms.
Harvests and groves and battlements were made
Part of its bulwarks, and the whole was drenched
With oil and wine and honey. Then thereon
Men bound their sons, the fair, alert and strong,
Sparing no household. And when all were bound,
Brands were brought forth: the mount became a pyre.
Black from that red immensity of flame,
A tower of smoke, upcoiling to the sky,
Was shapen by the winds, and took the form
Of him who in the stithy gave command.
A shadow between day and men he stood;
His eyes looked forth on nothingness; his wings
Domed desolations, and the scarlet sun
Glowed thro their darkness like a seal that God
Might set on Hell forever. Then the pyre
Shrank, and he reeled. Whereat, to save that Shape
Their madness had evoked in death and pain,
Men rose and made a second sacrifice.

December, 1913.
Carmel, Cal.

The Medusa Of Despair

By Clark Ashton Smith

I may not mask forever, with the grace
Of woven flow'rs, thine eyes of staring stone;
Ere fatally I front thee, fully known
The guarded horror of thy haggard face,
Thy visage carven from the heart long dead
Of some white, frozen star—ere thou astound
My life to thine own likeness, and confound—
Depart, and curse more kindred things instead:

Triumphant o'er what realms of elder doom,
Where even the swart vans of Time are stunned,
Seek thou some fit, Cimmerian citadel,
And mighty cities, desolate, unsunned,
Whose walls of horrent and enormous gloom
Make sharp the horizon of the light of Hell.

The Cucugnan Doctor

Translated for Town Talk from the Provencal of Joseph Roumanille

Joseph Roumanille and the poet Frederic Mistral were the founders of the Provencal Renaissance or Felebrige a movement in France to revive the literature of the old langue d'oc, or Provencal, which, as every student knows is one of the oldest of Latin languages. It was the language of the Troubadours and is older by several centuries, according to some antiquaries than the Northern Romance, or what we properly call French. It is today a living, spoken language and there are many French citizens in the region of Avignon, just as in the Basque country who do not speak one word of French. It is related of Roumanille that he began writing in French, but changed to his native Provencal through the intercession of his mother who grieved because she could not read the writings of her son. In 1855 Roumanille began the publication of l'Almanach Provencal, which is still published annually to the great joy of the people of the Midi. This little publication, which is read with equal delight by peasants, poets and artists, contains many of the tales and traditions of old Provence and is said to represent the real spirit of that interesting country. Most of these stories combine great charm and simplicity of style with a remarkable depth and nature. The following was originally published in l'Almanach Provencal. Naturally it loses much in the translation.

He was a wise man and a scholar, this Cucugnan doctor, who had studied much and learned much; however at Cucugnan, where he had been established for two years, he inspired no confidence and the fact that he was never seen without a book in his hand argued strongly against him.

"It is plain that he knows nothing at all," said the natives one to another, "else why would he need so many books? He reads, reads eternally! If he is studying, it is certainly to learn, and if he has need to learn it is because he does not know and if he does not know, he is an ignorant person."

There was no one to refute this logical deduction and the unhappy doctor went from bad to worse. It was absolutely necessary that he should earn his living, yet the poor devil hardly earned the water that he drank. It was time, certainly, that conditions should change.

One day, to accomplish this end, he passed the word in Cucugnan that his knowledge was so great, so powerful and so supreme that not only could he heal the sick, which was, in fact, mere child's play, but he was also able to bring the dead to life.

"Yes, yes, the dead," he repeated, "and those who have been buried any length of time. I will resuscitate any one you like, in broad daylight, in the open cemetery."

It is needless to say that believers were not numerous. However, the incredulous said to one another, "Let us put him to the test. There is nothing to be lost in seeing what he can do." Some of the inhabitants stood ready to believe, saying, "Who knows? So many discoveries are made nowadays and he has read so many, many books! If he accomplishes the miracle we have only to applaud him and if he fails we have only to hiss him. Let him try his miracle and we will soon discover what he has in his head."

Accordingly it was agreed that on the following Sunday, at high noon, in the open cemetery of Cucugnan, monsieur le docteur would bring one dead person to life, or two if necessary; there were gossips who said even nine or ten.

As one might imagine, the cemetery of Cucugnan was filled to overflowing well in advance of the stated hour on the Sunday agreed upon. It was like the crowd that fills the church on Easter day. The second stroke of the clock announcing mid-day had hardly sounded when faithful to his promise, monsieur le docteur arrived, clad somberly in black. It was with difficulty that he elbowed his way through the crowd and reached the great cross where he climbed upon the pedestal.

There he bowed, spat, wiped his nose and began:

"My friends," he said, "I have promised you to bring a dead person to life. I will keep my word, but who shall it be? It is the same to me whether I resuscitate Jacques or Jean or Nanon or Babette or Claude or Simon. Who shall it be? Suppose I choose Simon—what was his name—Simon Cabanier who died a year ago of a bad attack of pleurisy! Shall he be the one?"

"Pardon, monsieur le docteur," feebly said Catherine, the widow of Simon. "He was assuredly a brave and an honest man! He made me very happy and I will weep for him as long as I have eyes in my head—but do not bring him to life, I beg of you, for see, I am just laying aside mourning and my parents want me to marry Pascal. A week from today the bans will be published and I have already received presents."

"You have done well to speak the truth quite plainly, Catherine," said the doctor, "otherwise matters would have been complicated for you. Suppose then that I resuscitate Nanon Carratte who was buried on the beautiful feast of Candlemas."

"Take care, monsieur le docteur," cried out Jacques Lamele, "Nanon was my wife. We were ten years together—ten years of Purgatory—all Cucugnan knows it. Let Nanon stay where she is, for her sake and for mine. She was a real pepper-box, monsieur, stubborn as a mule, lazy and quarrelsome and untidy! And with all that the tongue of a viper! Mon Dieu, what a tongue—it would have made St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin quarrel. And I am not saying everything"

"But—my friends," began the doctor—

"Pardon me, if I interrupt you," screamed Jacques, "but this is the situation. As my wife left me with three brats on my hands I married again—what else could I do? Now you will see how impossible it is—"

"Yes, yes, I understand. It is clear that you could not well manage with two wives in your house. One I think is enough for you, so let it remain so. But whom shall I bring to life, for you see, my good friends, we must settle on someone? How about good old Maitre Pierre?"

"Maitre Pierre of the old farm?" asked Felix Bonne Poigne.

"The same."

"Ah, my poor old father! May God give him rest! A holy man certainly, but do not resuscitate him, for if he came to life his heart would be broken to find so much discord in our family and so much confusion in our affairs! After a law-suit and many disputes and fights, even hair pullings, we have divided the little piece of land that my father left. But now it is each one for himself. None of us has enough to divide with anyone. There are six of us, and we have each many children."

"Then it will not be possible . . . ?"

"Pardon, monsieur le docteur, if you bring him to life we will have to arrange a pension for the poor old man. Nothing could be more just! But the years have been so bad! You know yourself that the silk-worms have done nothing, that the vines are diseased, that the wheat was blighted, that worms have attacked the olive trees, that it rains so little . . ."

"Very well—we will let Maitre Pierre rest in peace! But since I have not come here to waste my time nor yours I will take the matter in my own hands and will awaken. . . . Whom shall I awaken? Will no one choose?"

"Marie! awaken my Marie," cried at this moment a woman, weeping like a Magdalen.

"No, no, monsieur le docteur," cried a young girl. "Do not disturb her. Before she died she told me everything . . . and then we laid her out with her beautiful white robe and flow-

(Continued on Page 33.)

Christmas Musings In A Library

By Robert McTavish

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Splendid gentleman that he was, how Longfellow loved Christmas! We cannot all sing Christmas carols, being vocally ill-equipped. But if not our voices, at least our hearts we may lift up in Christmas canticles. And where better than "by the fire" in the library "till the night expire" and with it the last leaping flames of the cheerful blaze?

Let Longfellow sing again, and we shall bear the burden heartfully:

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Other poets have loved that angelic refrain. Tennyson, for instance, in "In Memoriam," a poem which makes one think of evergreens drenched in showers and little pools of rain on gravel paths by well kept lawns, and so would sort well with Christmas weather even though the poet did not sing:

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

And here is the refrain which sent us from Longfellow to Tennyson:

Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will to all mankind.

Well does he say too:

They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule—

for unlike Easter which is a festival of joyousness all compact, there is always a trace of tears on the cheek of Christmas.

But let us banish the tears for the nonce. Tears are never to be encouraged. Ho! for jolly Saint Nicholas!

He was dress'd all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he look'd like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself.

Blessings on thy departed soul, Reverend Doctor Clement Moore, for this delicious poem, written for thine own and all children, grown children included!

But let us turn to more solemn thoughts, as becomes Christians at this solemn time:

Near where the shepherds watched by night
And heard the angels o'er them,
The wise men saw the starry light
Stand still at last before them.
No armored castle there to ward
His precious life from danger,
But wrapped in common cloth, our Lord
Lay in a lowly manger.

But while the world about him slept,
Nor cared that he was born,
One gentle face above him kept
Its mother watch till morn.

This was in Bethlehem, of course, for we do not for a moment accept Renan where he says:

"Jesus was born at Nazareth, a small town in Galilee, which before his time was not known to fame. All his life he was called by the name of 'the Nazarene,' and it is only by a somewhat far-fetched and contradictory hypothesis that, in the legends respecting him, he is described as having been born in Bethlehem."

It is any wonder that Lionel Johnson put a point of interrogation after Renan's name? Or that his elaborately argued thesis of a Life does but strengthen our belief in Christ's divinity?

The poets, all of them, had a better way in this matter:

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe of him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise.

When the long-faced, sour-souled brethen forbade Christmas merriment by Act of Parliament and enjoined a fast instead, this might have been Puritan Milton's answer to the affront!

That frowning attitude toward Christmas lasted a long time. Thus we read in Mrs. Gaskell's book, where she describes the environment of the girl Charlotte Bronte:

"Christmas was then a season of peculiar indulgence and conviviality, and a round of entertainments was given, consisting of tea and supper."

Out upon the niggardly tea and supper that made this Christmas conviviality! Is it any wonder Charlotte and her sisters wrote so gloomily?

Give us Dickens instead. Give us the Christmas of holly and mistletoe, of merry dance and steaming bowl. Give us the Christmas spirit that made a human being of the miserable Scrooge, so that in all fervor we may say with Tiny Tim, as the genial blaze dies down:

"God bless us, one and all!"

A Christmas Reverie

By Daniel O'Connell

Until skies were darkened, and fortune failed me,
And friends forsook me for lack of pelf,
I never knew what a good companion,
What a glorious fellow I was myself.

Now, seated here by the blazing embers,
With my cup of wine in the twilight dim,
A long procession of dead Decembers
Come floating over the goblet's brim.

And I drink to him, that other fellow,
Who never has wandered from my side,
From youth's callow hours to the sere and yellow
Pal and companion, both true and tried.

We have no secrets from one another;
We've been in sunshine, we've been in rain,
At the knees we've knelt of the same dear mother,
By her bier have suffered the same keen pain.

I bid him call up those dear dead faces
We both so loved in the golden past,
And we dream again of the old embraces,
And the clinging arms about us clasped,

And of one fair woman, so sweet and tender,
No lovelier maid on God's earth, I ween;
Oh, lips like rose-leaves, eyes deep and tender!
Right proud you found us to call you queen.

It was then we quarreled, you bid me shun her,
And you called her false, and your words were sooth,—
But what mortal eyes could have gazed upon her
And not swear her breathing of love and truth.

Then came hopes and fears, and long nights of waking,
Heart-sore with yearning, and passion tossed,—
One day contentment, and then the aching
Of a ruined life and a treasure lost.

Now, old companion who has walked beside me
In desert paths and when blooms were rife,
Too close and faithful to e'er deride me,
My alter ego, my other life,

From this silver goblet we'll quaff together
The same good draught of the same good wine;
When the curtain falls on life's stormy weather,
In the same cold chamber we'll both recline.

TOWN TALK

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New York Representative, Frederic M. Krugler, 37-39 East Twenty-eighth street.

The Regulation of Santa Claus

The first quarter of the twentieth century will be remembered less for what it accomplished than for what it demolished. This is a period of disintegration and of aggressive dissent from all accepted traditions. There is protest against the whole scheme of human things. Nothing is tolerable but blasphemy. Everything old and revered is on the defensive So it was to be expected that Santa Claus would be put into the dock. Santa Claus is general manager of a very old institution, but older ones have been put under the microscope. Take marriage, for instance. Upon intelligent examination it has been found unutterably demoralizing. Philanthropy that came into the world with Christianity, our best thinkers condemn as a sign of the inequality which they would abolish. The physical satisfaction to be found in drink they would deprive us of along with the commonest joys and the little delights in the excitement of minor dissipations. Obviously Santa Claus is not in harmony with the times. Santa Claus being a plutocrat at heart the investigation of his business was to be expected. He is the prototype of all the stout, elderly, conservative gentlemen rolling in tainted wealth who have so perfected the practice of giving that it has become a pleasant accomplishment. In the nature of things immunity was not for Santa Claus. In this day and generation the Spug was as inevitable as the Pujo Committee. When a man goes about making gifts it is evident he is much better off than the man who goes about receiving gifts. The receiver who receives with due grace secures to the giver a desirable form of happiness, which is in itself objectionable. Why should one man be able to command this happiness and thousands be compelled to contribute to it? Here is manifest inequality, a thing that democracy is in honor bound to destroy. Hence that typical Democrat, the Spug, who steps in to regulate this offensive Christmas business. He knows that from the receiver's standpoint all gifts are divided into things we want and things we don't want. And as receivers constitute a very respectable majority it is to the promotion of their interests that the ministrations of the Spug are consecrated. So the Spug says to the inconsequential minority impersonated by the well-nourished Saint, "See that you give nothing that is not worth accepting." In time of course the Spug will take a firmer hold on the situation and gradually ameliorate the condition of receivers. The Spug is a true Democrat, a direct descendant of that most unimaginative of men, the Puritan of old who abolished by act of Parliament the Abbott of Unreason and the Lord of Misrule, ancient functionaries who once presided over the Christmas season. The Spug is imbued with the spirit of the times, the spirit of interference and regulation, the spirit of freezing reason and disillusionment. Given his way he will regulate Christmas on a scientific basis, just as life itself is to be regulated by the Eugenists and the other reformers of this period of tragic ineptitudes who are giving us innovations that pile up perplexity, uncertainty and pain, and all with the vague promise of leaving us to "pale despair and cold tranquillity." But let it not be supposed that we are pessimistic. We know that the farcical melodrama of life has its periods of mumbling in the darkness, and that when beauty is flown from the heart the hunger for it goes not unappeased. If for some "the ancient stars are tired and dim," plainly we see the new star that announces Him.

Johnson Exposes His Hand

Having something of pride in our power of vaticination we readily subdue our native modesty that we may point to a prophecy made in these columns weeks ago. It will be remembered that just before leaving his native State to campaign for certain Progressive job-chasers in the East Governor Johnson was quoted in one of his official organs to the effect that he was in doubt as to whether he would run for Governor again or resume his law practice. Thereupon we predicted that he would run for the Senate. Again when Henchman Rowell announced himself as a candidate for the Senate we guessed that he was a stalking-horse (or is it ass?) for Johnson, and that he would quit at the psychological moment. Indeed we affirmed without the slightest suggestion of dubiety that the whole program had been laid out. Of the Governor in our issue of October 25 we said: "He will be a candidate—but not for Governor," also, "As the hart panteth for the water-brook, so the Exalted One for a seat in the Senate of his country;" further, "If our Excellency intended to run for Governor again he would have no reason to be playing the flirt. There are several reasons for keeping his real ambition in cold storage. One reason is Heney who is a candidate for the Senate. Heney is to be served by Johnson as La Follette was served by Roosevelt." So it appears that back in October we had the situation sized up with more than clairvoyant accuracy.

When Progressives Fall Out

The wild ass is not to be crowded out of the running. If Johnson runs for the Senate Francis J. will run for Governor. If Johnson runs for Governor, the former attorney for the Contra Costa Water Company will run for the Senate. Now let the Governor elect as to the process by which he will earn his fodder after his present term is ended. Of one thing he may be certain,—that the wild ass will try for a stall despite all the intriguing of his enemies. The plucky little reviler is not to be manoeuvred off the board by the shallow stratagems of the Governor's serviceable tools and sycophants. But now that Heney has asserted himself what will the Governor do? Heney's plan of action gives the Governor pause. The Governor sees that it would not be well to be succeeded by so pertinacious and vengeful an enemy as Heney. What would Heney do with the machine? What would Heney find out if he went burrowing into the transactions of his predecessor? These are considerations that call for sage counsel and careful weighing. We felicitate ourselves that in this crisis we have no partisan feeling. Our generous sympathies are with him who needs them the most. But while the imbroglio finds us absolutely impartial we are nevertheless keen for developments and apprehensive of nothing but the interment of the hatchet; for we realize that when patriots with a superfetation of virtue fall out the unregenerate may find consolation in the incidental apocalypse. How refreshing even now for common clay to find that there is little of divinity in the reformers who have been shaping our ends! They are of the same stuff, it appears, of which their predecessors were fashioned; of which, indeed, the politician from time immemorial was fashioned. If the politicians of old, as Shakespeare tells us, were men "who would circumvent God," the politicians of today are men who would circumvent not only God but one another. How little of manly frankness there is among these men in whom the people repose the utmost confidence! Friends once, in the sordid struggle for office, in the intimacy of their association as job chasers, all their meannesses have been revealed to one another, and nowhere is there so much distrust of them as in their own narrow society.

The Lure of Vaudeville

How fortunate is the public in being immune from the humiliation that springs from consciousness of self-betrayal! The individual often starts from his slumber hours before dawn and asks himself, "How could I make such an ass of myself? What was it that impelled me to such folly?" Now, the dear people are never afflicted with these stings of memory. Responsibility for whatever absurdity the public is guilty of is so widely distributed that no molecule of the body politic ever has his understanding penetrated with the fact that he contributed to the delinquency. Were it otherwise the public would lose much sleep. Think of what would happen every time an idolized civic patriot was found out! There are millions of people in this country who voted for William J. Bryan whenever he was disposed to run for the Presidency. Let us suppose that not more than half of them are able now to see him as he really is and that they all began to blush at one and the same time. What effect would the temperature have on the crops? The case of Bryan is far

rom exceptional. The public is in a battle nood about patriots every day, and as time uns on our greatest heroes, the objects of ur warmest adoration are reminding us of ur colossal stupidity. Consider the case of Sulzer who has followed Bryan into vaude-ille, but with more justification since he is ut of a job. The people of New York were xceedingly keen about Sulzer a few months go, but when he made his appearance in vaudeville in Buffalo more than half the seats were empty, and when he reached Chicago the manager was losing money. Now comes Shank of Indianapolis, a great popular hero until he forfeited his vested interest in bombast. Shank has signed up for fifty weeks in vaudeville. His subject is "The High Cost of Living," and it will be illustrated with moving pictures showing the difference between living a few years ago and now. Vaudeville is fast becoming the last refuge of the uproarious friend of the people. Blease of South Carolina is drifting that way fast, though at present he is running for the Senate which is rapidly degenerating into a Chautauqua tent, and threatening to become a stepping-stone to the "movies." But all the while the dear people are self-satisfied and nobody is to blame. Democracy means that what is everybody's fault is nobody's fault.

The Awful Hypodermic Syringe

A young man has been arrested in Newark, N. J., on complaint of a woman who charges that he injected into her hand a rare narcotic poison of mysterious South American origin with intent to throw her into a stupor and then do what he pleased with her. The New York Sun has asked the authorities of Newark to refrain from giving the story official endorsement until they are able to ascertain that the woman has spoken the truth. The story has appeared in so many forms, and has so persistently baffled attempts at verification that the Sun is sceptical and inclined to regard it as "a sample of hysterical nonsense." But now a man having been actually arrested for trying to drug a woman we have a case that may be made the subject of investigation, and the Sun thinks the opportunity for establishing the facts should not be neglected. It would of course be interesting to have the facts of this case established, but what light would they throw on all the cases that have gone before? Even though it be shown that no attempt was made to drug the woman, the conclusion does not become imperative that no man with a hypodermic syringe is roaming the country in quest of material to keep alive the agitation against white slavery. Whatsoever the facts of the Newark case the hypodermic syringe will continue to be employed as one of the "properties" of the thrilling white slave drama, and platform agitators will continue to harrow up susceptible sensibilities with thrilling tales of the stupefying of innocent maidens with subtle narcotics. Why try to blink the facts of life as they are borne home to us by the Feminist Movement? All women are inherently, nay militantly, virtuous, and all history to the contrary notwithstanding the art of seduction is never practiced by the female of the species. Potiphar never had a wife, Cleopatra was the victim of Antony's wiles, Messalina is a myth, Lucille a legend. Who invented love-charms? Man of course, and he invented also the stories about their employment. It isn't true that Lucretius took his life in an amorous fit caused by a love-potion, or that Lucullus lost his life from the same cause. The fact is that prostitution is kept going by the hypodermic syringe, and that no woman may ever be seduced except by means of a drug or under promise of marriage.

The Tyranny of Busybodies

Two thousand Prohibition propagandists marched to the capitol in Washington the other day to demand that a federal law be enacted for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Doubtless in time these propagandists will get just what they want. We are gradually coming under a yoke of general superintendence, and nothing succeeds like the domineering spirit of those wild-eyed fanatics who go about prescribing their own personal and ecccentric habits for the rest of us. It has come to pass that wherever there is a whim there is a propoganda behind it to make it a statutory requirement. In time none of us will be able to do anything except what other folks like. Once upon a time it was thought to be desirable that a man should have his own way provided he did not infringe on the rights of others. By political freedom was meant having one's own way on the grandest collective scale, and that system of government was thought to be the best that most carefully let people alone. We used to do a great deal of boasting about our political freedom, but from yielding to one tyranny after another we have reached a point where there is a general atmosphere of irritation, where the principle of existence is like that of a religious community in which abnegation of will is rigidly enforced and a domineering spirit has reached a frightful ascendancy. The country is full of busybody moralists engaged in quenching the spirit of liberty as though love of one's own way implied demoralization, selfishness, insubordination and all that is ungentle and unlovable. The monstrous spirit of Puritanism is now trying to impose its absurd restraints on the whole nation. The principle of political freedom has been banished from the country, and men now go to Europe not for intellectual pleasures alone as formerly but to have their own way. We regard it as not at all unlikely that in time it will be a crime to manufacture wine in California. In a country whence the Comic spirit is vanishing, where we take our shrieking hypocrites of politics and divers moral propagandas seriously it would seem but natural to expect wine-drinking to become a crime. Comedy first came rollicking and frolicking on the scene under the divine protection of the Son of the Wine-jar, as Dionysus is made to style himself by Aristophanes. Where now is the Son of the Wine-jar? Surely not in this country where sham and pretense go unscathed, where there is no demand for the ridicule that shows people what ails them. Perhaps Dionysus is a prophet and knows that the juice of the grape is to become tabu.

The Grant Recall

Our esteemed and amiable contemporary the Chronicle is shocked to learn that a petition for the recall of Senator E. C. Grant has been filed and that in all probability it will necessitate a special election. Senator Grant, it appears, is charged with nothing but having voted "against the wishes of his constituents on three or four bills." The Chronicle "submits that a law under which such a performance (the recall election) is possible is an atrocity." There is no need of submitting the proposition to us. We know what the law is. We have a large vocabulary of epithets that may be justly employed in describing the law, and that is one reason why we love to see it in operation. Aside from the desirability of giving the people what they want, we think it eminently proper to apply the law in the case of Senator Grant if he is guilty of the atrocity of voting against the wishes of his constituents. What greater atrocity can a member of the Legislature be guilty of? The Chronicle appears to have lost sight of the fact that it is the fundamental principle of the New Freedom that the man in office is the mouthpiece, nothing more, of his constituents. It was the notion of the old, obsolete freedom founded by the sapheads of Jefferson's and Washington's day that it was to the interest of the people to choose for their rulers the most instructed and the ablest persons to be found, and having done so, to allow them to exercise their knowledge and ability for the good of the people under the check of the freest discussion and most unreserved censure. It was under that principle that our nation prospered, but not in a spiritual sense. While there were full dinner pails for the fit, the unfit and those unfortunates who were congenitally lazy, fared not so well, and so it became necessary to alter the scheme of creation. Among other things we adopted the recall by which we compel even judges to be attentive to the wishes of their constituents. The recall is regarded as one of our greatest blessings. It keeps the machinery of politics moving, makes it advisable to keep the election booth on the street corner all the year round, and stimulates the flow of the taxpayers' money into the pockets of needy election clerks. Let us not complain of the recall. And above all let us not waste our sympathies on Senator Grant. This gentleman voted to make the Fair dry and for every bill designed to improve the morals of his neighbor. We believe that Senator Grant is truly representative of his constituents. He is the typical average citizen, and like Chester Rowell he has all the distinguishing marks of a Progressive high idealist. Let us apply the recall to him if for no other purpose than to enable him to vindicate himself and prove that his constituents are no better than himself.

Varied Types

CLVI—DENNIS M. DUFFY

By Edward F. O'Day

"I hold," says Dennis M. Duffy, president of the State Prison Commission, "I hold that the offender should be saved rather than reformed. The best time to deal with the law-breaker is before the gate of the penitentiary closes behind him."

Colonel Duffy is a working penologist. He is an expert on prisons and their inmates because he has devoted himself heart and soul to the subject ever since Governor Johnson appointed him to the Prison Board. He is full of his specialty. He thinks about it, talks about it all the time. Meet him in Market street and engage him in conversation on the topic most remote from prison work—he'll have the conversation around to his chief interest before you know it. A good part of every day he devotes to prison affairs. The mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sons, daughters, wives and sweethearts of convicts elbow clients in his law office. And none goes away without a hearing. Such a man is bound to have valuable ideas about penology which is a science for practical men, not theorists. All Colonel Duffy's ideas are the fruit of experience. I don't believe he has ever sat down to formulate a prison theory. He observes the ways of prisoners, he studies the viewpoint of prisoners, he extracts their histories, he tries to fathom their thoughts. And because he is deeply sympathetic with prisoners, he succeeds with them where others blunder and fail. So when Colonel Duffy says that prison work should begin outside prison walls he is talking what he knows, not uttering glittering paradox.

"It is easier," continues Colonel Duffy, "to reform a free man than it is to reform a prisoner. But it is more important still to reform society. When we succeed in reforming the attitude of society toward the law-breaker, there will not be so many men in prison as there are today.

"Society must be taught to give the law-breaker a chance. It must learn to change its attitude toward him whether he goes to prison or not. What we need most of all is a wise and liberal administration of the probation law. In the hands of a judge who knows how to be generous and at the same time firm in its application, the probation law is a great instrument of good.

"Every wise measure should be used to save a man from prison when there is a chance to reclaim him without incarceration. There are many men serving sentences at present who were convicted of crimes that were not crimes at all a few years ago. In this class of convicts, imprisoned for offenses which are not crimes at Common Law, the wise mercy of the judge should be brought to bear. Take for instance the young man who passes a bad check. Most bad checks are passed in saloons by men under the influence of liquor, and the money raised on them is almost invariably spent for more liquor. Such cases are never prosecuted unless the bad check passer fails to make good. Now it is not a felony to embezzle a sum under fifty dollars, but a man may be convicted of felony and sent to State's prison for passing a bad check for one dollar. In fact the men serving terms for this offense have usually passed a check for fifteen or twenty dollars—that is the average amount. Does it not seem too bad that a man should be branded a convict for this offense? Why could he not be released on probation and be allowed to earn money to make restitution for his offense and at the same time contribute to the support of those dependent on him instead of being sent to prison? It would be better for the offender and better for society. And in this connection, why should there not be some regulation, say by the police commission, of this check cashing in saloons? Many saloon keepers make it a rule not to cash checks. When men they know ask to have a check cashed the saloon keepers lend them the money instead. If saloon keepers were prohibited from cashing checks under penalty of a revocation of license, many young men would be saved from the penitentiary.

"In this connection one of the greatest judicial wrongs of today should be mentioned. I refer to the short sentence which so many judges impose in lieu of probation. The short sentence imposed on men who could well be given probation too often makes those men confirmed convicts. It takes from them that something, call it nerve, courage, manhood, what you will, which can never be returned. Too often the short sentence is imposed because the judge hesitates to grant probation for fear of alienating public opinion. The short sentence is a compromise between the judge's conscience and expediency.

Courtesy of the Call.
DENNIS M. DUFFY

"Next to saving men from going to prison the most helpful feature of prison work today consists in restoring the convict to society after his debt to justice has been paid. The greatest instrument for good in this work is our parole law. Our parole law is good, but it is not and cannot be properly administered under present conditions. The Prison Commissioners, serving without salary, give one day a week to prison work, and in hearing applications for parole they must depend on the reports of wardens and other prison officials who are quite likely to make honest mistakes. The men who administer the parole law should live in the prisons where they can study the convicts at first hand and talk to them in the yard as man to man. The prisoner is not at himself, he is embarrassed and nervous when called before a body of men who judge him by the impression he makes at a single interview.

"But when a man has been paroled the real test begins, not only for the man but for society. And here there is much to be desired in the attitude of society. The men who are most eager to make good and to regain the position they have lost are, unfortunately, the men whom society is least willing to take back. I refer to the men who have been convicted of murder and other crimes of violence, men who had led good lives until they were betrayed into violence by the heat of passion. It is very difficult for such men to get a real start after they have been paroled.

"They are not helped at all by the professional philanthropist. It is not the professional philanthropist, the man or woman who engages in prison work for the money or the glory in it, who helps such ex-convicts, but the unostentatious, unpretentious citizen who holds out a helping hand without a brass band accompaniment. The professional philanthropist is insistent that prison be made more attractive. He overlooks the fact that it is more important to give men work on their release from prison than to make prison attractive for them while they are in. The professional philanthropist is forever insisting that this or that convict be paroled, but when you apply the acid test by asking, 'What employment will you give him when he goes out?' you are met with a shrug or a frown or an 'I'm sorry' or an 'How can you expect me to employ a man like that?' As a matter of fact, despite all you hear about the slowness of the Prison Board to grant paroles, there are every month eight or ten or twelve men entitled to parole but detained in prison because nobody has come forward to promise them suitable employment. I am putting the number as low as possible. Some months there are fifteen or twenty. The Prison Board is more generous to parole than society is to receive the paroled men.

"The parole system has had an excellent effect on prison discipline. It helps the prison to run itself. It has aroused a spirit of co-operation between the prisoner and the prison official. It has a greater influence than religion which, I regret to say, is not the large factor in prison which one would like it to be. The prisoners show the utmost respect for clergymen who visit the prisons, but they are usually indifferent to religious influence. Religion suffers in prison from religious pretenders among the prisoners, hypocrites who are serving terms for horrible offenses and who pretend to be devout—men who perhaps used religion to aid them in their horrible crimes and continue to use it in prison in the hope of expediting their release. A large percentage of those in prison for rape and offenses

(Continued on Page 33.)

INVESTMENT SECURITIES
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Perspective Impressions

Christmas culinary note: The teredoes gorged themselves on wooden piles a la Joe Dwyer.

Roosevelt's was known as the Tennis Cabinet. Why not call Wilson's the Psalm-singing Cabinet?

President Wilson peeved at the Carabao reminds us that he was once a schoolmaster.

A girl doesn't have to be very brilliant to be clever at repartee—under the mistletoe.

Announcement of one's candidacy for Senator or Governor threatens to become one of the cheapest forms of publicity.

Does the country at large give a hang whether Mrs. Ella Flagg Young is or is not superintendent of the Chicago schools?

Has the law of compensation anything to do with the circumstance that while the cost of living is getting higher women's gowns are getting lower?

The Heney-Johnson scrap is scandalizing the self-righteous who are like worshipers in a church holding up their hands in holy horror at the spectacle of a scrap between two stained-glass glories in a window.

If the Administration doesn't wish to be ridiculed it ought to quit being ridiculous.

By the way, do the cafeterias do much business on Christmas?

It doesn't follow at this season of the year that the gifted maiden is a brilliant maiden.

A Cincinnati preacher serves free lunch in his church. Bet you a million that most men would rather pay for a drink than hear his sermons and eat his ham sandwiches free of charge.

When the chauffeur remarks that he has just run across an old friend it may not be well to interpret him literally.

Without being cynical we don't take those New Year's checks drawn on the Bank of Friendship very seriously.

One Christmas mystery is how children who live in apartment houses manage to preserve their faith in Santa Claus.

Gubernatorial Candidate Curtin bases his claim to consideration on the fact that he has written more laws into the statute books than any other man in this generation. A sound reason for voting against him.

Many Christmas presents express a lively expectation of reciprocal favors.

Don't get cross if the youngsters break their Christmas toys. It's a sign their health is good and their spirits high.

One of the most melancholy sights in the world is a bachelor eating a lone Christmas dinner in his club.

Did you ever notice that the men who kick most about the service at the club are the stingiest when it comes to contributing to the Christmas box?

The motto of our uplifters is "Tax the industry for the benefit of the wage-earner and pass the cost on to the consumer," but all the while they are yelling, "Down with the cost of living." And unfortunately so high have they lifted things that we cannot afford to applaud them—not even with decayed eggs.

Mr. Hearst has handed out this large chunk of wisdom: "The railroads should not receive more than they deserve." No greater calamity could befall us in Mr. Hearst's opinion than a rush of prosperity to the railroads, for then the revival of soup-kitchens might be delayed till after the next Presidential election.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Church Desertion in Germany

The wholesale exodus of Germans from the state church has greatly stirred the Kaiser. Previous to a recent national holy day he issued an order forbidding twelve Socialist mass meetings, hoping thus to induce the people to attend divine services. The exodus from the church has reached such proportions that some of the south German states have raised the fee for declaration of abandonment of the church to $25, and if the declaration is not made the tax for the support of the church continues in force. Similar measures are being considered in Prussia.

French Women and the Vote

The proposal to extend the suffrage to French women was beaten in the Chamber of Deputies recently by a vote of 311 to 13. It seems that most Frenchmen are unable to regard seriously any attempt to give women a share in political life. It seems too that French women are not very eager for the ballot. In ever increasing numbers they are going into professional and business careers, but apparently they have little desire to mingle in politics. One argument against woman suffrage in France is that women would be too subject to clerical influence, and would thus be a danger to the clerical regime. This argument is taken seriously in some quarters.

The Australian Navy

Five years ago the American battle fleet visited Australia on its memorable voyage around the world. At that time the Australian Prime Minister said: "We live in hopes that from our own shores some day a fleet will go out not unworthy to be compared in quality, if not in numbers, with the magnificent fleet now in Australia." Today there is a Dominion squadron manned, controlled and paid for by the people of the Commonwealth of Australia. This new squadron is dedicated by Australia to all genuinely imperial service. It is intended to "maintain the honor and integrity of the Empire in any and every sea in the world if necessary." That is a promise which Great Britain is very glad to receive. There is great elation in London over the new Australian fleet.

G. B. S. on Gaby

The Bishop of Kensington went to see Gaby Deslys dance at the Palace Music Hall and was so shocked he wrote to the Times about the performance. George Bernard Shaw has come to Gaby's defense and breaks a lance with His Grace. "A Bishop," he says, "who goes to a theatre and declares that the performances there must not suggest sexual emotion is in the position of a playwright going into a church and declaring that the services there must not suggest religious emotion. The suggestion, gratification, and education of sexual emotion is one of the main uses and glories of the theatre. It shares that function with all the fine arts." This made the Bishop indignant. He pointed out that sexual emotion could be wrongly as well as rightly educated. He thinks that Gaby is anything but an uplifter, and says her performance was altered so as to include objectionable features after it passed the Censor.

Intellect and Age

Recent French medical statistics as to the age when man has the most intellectual vigor give interesting results. It is from forty to fifty-six years that the most brilliant things have been accomplished by the majority of human beings. Chemists and physicians have made brilliant discoveries at forty. Poets have accomplished masterpieces at forty-four, and novelists two years later. Famous warriors average forty-seven, musicians are most brilliant at forty-eight, and actors at the same age. Moralists are greatest at fifty-one, politicians at fifty-three, humorists at fifty-six, thus demonstrating that the last thing one learns is how to amuse one's contemporaries.

Football's Toll

Fourteen killed and 175 injured players comprise the levy exacted by football during the season of 1913. This record of fatalities exceeds that of 1912, when thirteen players met death and 183 were injured. These figures are taken from press reports, which often do not give the full number of injured. The 175 injured represent only those who were incapacitated for several days at least. Only two college players were killed.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Letters To Santa Claus

Dear Santa:
Please give me a little advice.
J. R*l*h.

Dear Santa:
Please give me surcease of Heney.
—H. J*h*o*n.

Dear Santa:
Please give me a megaphone.
—Dr. A**d.

Dear Santa:
Please give me an explanation of that Contra Costa matter.
—F. H*n*y.

Dear Santa Santa:
Please pick something nice for me. I'm afraid to express a wish.
—C. R*w*l.

Dear Santa:
Please give me another king.
—G*y D*l*s.

Dear Santa:
Please give me credit for Hetch Hetchy.
—J. D. P*e*a*n.

Dear Santa:
Please give me another chance.
—A. K*s*l*d.

Dear Santa:
Please let me keep Rolph's goat.
—A. G*l*g*r.

Dear Santa:
Please give me war with Mexico and Bryan's scalp and the friendship of organized labor.
W. R. H*a*t.

Dear Santa:
Please give me back my place on the first page
—T. R**s*v**t.

Dear Santa:
You are an error of mortal mind. Please give me absent treatment.
—J. W. W*r*s.

Shyama

By Rabindranath Tagore

"Theft from the king's treasury!" the cry ran through the town. The thief must be found, or there will be trouble for the officer of the guards.

Valjrasen, a stranger from a foreign port, came to sell horses in the town, and, robbed by a band of robbers of all his earnings, was lying in a ruined temple outside the walls. They charged him with the theft, chained him and led him through the streets to the prison.

Proud Shyama, of a perilous charm, sat in her balcony idly watching the passing crowd. Suddenly she shuddered and cried to her attendant, "Alas, who is that godlike young man with a noble face, led in chains, like a common thief? Ask the officer in my name to bring him in before me."

The chief of the guards came with the prisoner and said to Shyama, "Your favor is untimely, my lady; I must hasten to do the king's bidding."

Valjrasen quickly raised his head and broke out, "What caprice is this of yours, fair one, to bring me in from the street to mock me with your cruel curiosity?"

"Mock you!" cried Shyama, "I could gladly take your chains upon my limbs in exchange for my jewels." Then turning to the officer, she said, "Take all the money I have, and set him free."

He bowed and said, "It cannot be. A victim we must have to stay the king's wrath."

"I ask only two days' respite for the prisoner," urged Shyama. The officer smiled and consented.

On the end of his second night in prison, Valjrasen said his prayers, and sat waiting for his last moment, when suddenly the door opened and the woman appeared with a lamp in her hand, and at her signal the guard unchained the prisoner.

"You come to me with that lamp, merciful woman," said he, "like the dawn with her morning star after a night of delirious fever."

"Merciful indeed!" Shyama cried, and broke out in a wild laughter, till tears came with a burst, and she sobbed and said, "There is no stone brick in this prison tower harder than this woman's heart." And clutching the prisoner's hand, she dragged him out of the gates.

On the Varuna's bank the sun rose. A boat was waiting at the landing. "Come to the boat with me, stranger youth," Shyama said, "only know that I have cut all my bonds, and I drift in the same boat with you."

Swiftly the boat glided on. Merrily sang the birds. "Tell me, my love," asked Valjrasen, "what untold wealth did you spend to buy my freedom?"

"Hush, not now," said Shyama.

Morning wore on to noon. Village women had gone back home with their clothes dripping from the bath, and pitchers filled with water. Marketing was over. The village path glared in the sun all lonely. In the warm gusts of the noontide wind Shyama's veil dropped from her face. Valjrasen murmured to her ears, "You freed me from a bond that was brief to bind me in a bond everlasting. Let me know how it was done." The woman drew her veil over her face and said, "Not now, my beloved."

The day waned, and it darkened. The breeze died away. The crescent moon glimmered feebly at the edge of the steel-black water.

Shyama sat in the dark, resting her head on the youth's shoulder. Her hair fell loose on his arms. "What I did for you was hard, beloved," she said in a faint whisper, "but it is harder to tell you. I shall tell it in few words. It was the love-sick boy Uttiya, who took your place, charging himself with the theft, and making me a present of his life. My greatest sin has been committed for the love of you, my best beloved."

While she spoke the crescent moon had set. The stillness of the forest was heavy with the sleep of countless birds. Slowly the youth's arm slipped from the woman's waist. Silence round them became hard and cold as a stone.

Suddenly the woman fell at his feet and clung to his knees crying, "Forgive me, my lord. Leave it to my God to punish me for my sin."

Snatching his feet away, Valjrasen hoarsely cried, "That my life should be bought by the price of a sin! that every breath of mine should be accursed!"

He stood up and leapt from the boat on to the bank, and entered the forest. He walked on and on till the path closed, and the dense trees, tangled with creepers, stopped him with fearful fantastic gestures. Tired, he sat on the ground. But who was it that followed him in silence the long dark way, and stood at his back like a phantom?

"Will you not leave me?" shouted Valjrasen. In a moment the woman fell upon him with an impetuous flood of caresses; with her tumbling hair and trailing robes, with her showering kisses and panting breath she covered him all over. In a voice choked with pent-up tears, she said, "No, no; I shall never leave you. I have sinned for you. Strike me if you will, kill me with your own hands."

The still blackness of the forest shivered for a moment, a horror ran through the twisting roots of trees underground. A groan and a smothered breath rose through the night, and a body fell down upon the withered leaves.

The morning sun flashed on the far-away spire of the temple when Valjrasen came out of the woods. He wandered in the hot sun the whole

(Continued on Page 35.)

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXV—APRIL EIGHTEENTH

By Lowell Otus Reese

(This is not the first time that the name of Lowell Otus Reese has appeared in this series. While he was doing special newspaper work on the Bulletin some few years ago Reese wrote many verses worthy of preservation. The following was written one year after the calamity of 1906, was published with illustrations in card form and enjoyed a wide sale.)

Rather rude, that other April back in nineteen hundred six,
When we hugged our nighties close and sprinted through a rain of bricks:
Even yet, with modest blushes, we remember with a shock
How we did the living picture as we galloped 'round the block.

Scared? Oh never! We were calm as an old camp-meeting psalm,
(Throw your silver in the sink and grab the cat and get away).
You can start a palpitation, scare us up to beat damnation,
But the best home in creation is old 'Frisco by the Bay.

There was smoke and fire and ruin and calamity to burn,
But we saved the cat and parrot, and we didn't give a durn;
Then we scraped away the ashes, and we hummed a little verse,
And we cooked our muddy coffee, thanking God it wasn't worse.

Let her come again—who cares? We are used to little scares,
We may see our homes go heavenward in smoke and fade away.
But we'll take our old stew-kettle, and we'll camp in finest fettle,
Till the old earth's stomach settle under 'Frisco by the Bay.

Hear the hammers click and clatter? Hear the donkey-engines snore?
We are making San Francisco four times bigger than before;—
Four times bigger, four times better for a thousand years to come—
Four times best of all creation, and we guess that's going some!

Bring your jiggle, bring your shock; make the landscape reel and rock;
Smoke us, singe us, scare us silly, but we're here and here we'll stay.
You may jar the Earth and shake us; you may build a fire and bake us;
But be hanged if you can make us pack our trunk and move away!

The Spectator

The Rival Revilers

There are stormy days ahead for California. The pestilential winds of vituperation will soon be blowing across the State, and we shall be deluged with the gall and bitterness with which our job-chasers of the Progressive faith are already overflowing. A turbulent campaign is in the offing. Fancy a Heney and a Johnson as opposing leaders of factional strife! Between two such gallant heroes trained in the mire of politics, ripsnorting lawyers of the shyster type, whose principle of practice is abuse of the other fellow, there is no place for moderation. Each distinguished for his facility of temper, anxiety for truth will never leave either in fear of himself. With each striving for his own aggrandisement there will be nothing of forbearance or magnanimity, nothing but the sentiment "Away to heaven every consideration of decency and fire-eyed fury be my conduct now." As the man who winds the ferry clock has politely phrased it, "The Kilkenny cats are hanging on the same line." Whichever wins the spectators are to be assured of a rattling good "go." No spectacle in life is more certain in its appeal to general sympathy than that of a great reviler reviled. Here is a case of two great revilers with their hats in the ring. The words of each have cut a swath through the feelings of their compeers, and now their sensitive souls are to be seared by the same verbal vitriol that they have been scattering over the State and through all the land. Right and left, up and down have flown the winged shafts of their scorn, the poisoned barbs of their self-righteous wrath. Surely now that we find each great patriot the ignoble foe of the other preparing to blast him with thunderbolts of language, it is not for us to call the police or summon the Board of Health.

Comfort for the Enemy

Meantime the Republicans of California are finding much that is heartening in the internecine strife that marks the scramblings and bargainings for place and power among Progressives. Every bit of tittle-tattle from the rival camps brings them fresh encouragement. Democrats too are elate over the situation. The Hon. James D. Phelan's friends are saying that things are coming his way at last, as he will surely get all the Progressive vote that is disgruntled by the primary. Republicans on the other hand are of the opinion that their candidates will fall heir to the sorehead vote. Samuel M. Shortridge's friends can't see how he can lose, especially with Phelan in the race, as Phelan is bound to get support from Progressives of both the Democratic and Republican parties while the standpatters will certainly unite behind a conservative. Thus far the only Republican who has announced himself a candidate for Governor is Phil Stanton of Los Angeles.

Pardee and Shortridge

Apparently the Progressives are worrying somewhat over Shortridge's candidacy, for they are attacking him in their kept journals. The most vicious of them is Doc. Pardee's Oakland paper. The other day Shortridge's attention was called to an item of personal abuse that was thought to have emanated from Pardee himself. The mild-mannered attorney smiled. "How like the good doctor!" he commented. "When Pardee was a candidate for Governor he personally requested me to open his campaign in Oakland, which I did. Toward the close of the campaign I went to Humboldt at my own expense as always to speak for Pardee. While there I received a wire from him to come on and wind up the campaign with him in Oakland. To get back on time to comply with his request I boarded a lumber schooner and on my arrival I addressed the people of Oakland and once more urged them to vote for Dr. Pardee. From the honorable gentleman who now abuses me at the bidding of his masters I received—not even thanks. But that was because he was preoccupied with the business of the campaign. I feel sorry for Pardee."

The Chivalrous Samuel

Abigail Scott Duniway, the Grand Old Lady of Oregon and sister of the late Harvey Scott, has been writing of Mr. Shortridge in the Spectator. In a letter to the editor she says: "Noting the fact that my old (or rather young) friend,

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Samuel M. Shortridge, of San Francisco, is a candidate for the office of United States Senator for California, recalls an incident I am pleased to remember. In the early years of my work for equal suffrage, when Mr. Shortridge was a boy of about 16 years of age, I went to Salem to hold some equal suffrage meetings in the opera house. I was my own agent and manager in those days, and it was difficult to get boys to distribute my dodgers, because other boys would laugh at them. I mentioned my dilemma to Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, at whose home I was a guest. Young Sam, who was present, arose to the situation and said: Fetch out your dodgers! I'll distribute them! And he did, to such effect that the opera house was crowded during two or three consecutive lecture evenings. When I tendered my young friend the usual fee for his services he said: Not a penny! I am proud to do such work for the sake of my mother and my sister! I said then that Sam would make his mark some day. And he has." From this it appears that Samuel M. Shortridge is probably the earliest champion of woman suffrage among the men of the West.

As to Campaign Monies

The politicians are beginning to figure out how much money will be spent in the campaign next year. Some of the hungry chair-warmers are looking to days of plenty, while certain candidates with lean bank accounts are not without a feeling of apprehension. That "Bill" Kent will put a large sum into his friend Heney's fight for senator or governor may be taken for granted. Kent is the best political spender we have. Up in Sacramento the political hangers-on sigh with pleasure every time they think of the way his coin was poured out in his congressional campaigns. Then there is James D. Phelan. How much money James is willing to pay for the toga remains to be seen. In the old days he spent as much as $25,000 for a mayoral campaign. Frank J. Sullivan, his brother-in-law, used to act as his disburser, but times have changed; the relatives are no longer friendly, and somebody else will have to handle the Phelan finances. Rudolph Spreckels is the other millionaire whose generosity the chair-warmers are trying to appraise. Spreckels has never spent much of his own money in politics in the past. He is democratic enough to encourage the contributions of the political polloi. Still he may loosen up this time. At least the chair-warmers hope so.

A Poor Man in the Field

Samuel M. Shortridge may or may not be handicapped in his campaign by the lack of money. Shortridge is not a rich man, and he will not be able to keep up the spending pace set by Kent or Phelan. Unlike them, Shortridge started life poor and whatever he has he earned by hard work. When he was a youngster ambitious to become a lawyer he had to teach school in Napa to support himself during his studies and if Judge Hastings had not put his law library at his disposal, Shortridge would have been severely handicapped. The estimates for the cost of a senatorial campaign under the direct primary run all the way from $25,000 to a quarter of a million. It will be seen therefore that Shortridge cannot hope to unlock the door of the Senate with a golden key. He will be a candidate in the true spirit of the primary law which is supposed to place rich and poor on a parity before the electorate. The fact that he will make his appeal on merit and that a shower of gold pieces won't drop from his hand every time he gesticulates ought to commend him to the voters.

Kent's Defiance

Congressman "Bill" Kent is hurling transcontinental defiance at Governor Johnson. When he left San Francisco to return to Congress, Kent was in anything but a friendly mood toward Hiram, but his feelings have been wrought to a more furious pitch by recent developments. Kent has been writing to his friends here that if Johnson wants a fight he'll get it good and plenty, and there is no reason to doubt that Kent means what he says. The feeling between the two men became exceedingly bitter after a meeting at the Palace Hotel about three weeks ago. It was a stormy session which opened with a bluff on Johnson's part and closed with a threat from Kent which silenced the Governor, for the time being at least. Johnson sought the meeting, but perhaps he is sorry now that it took place.

Bill and Hiram Fight

The Governor sent for Kent, and Kent was nothing loth to meet him. Something like the following conversation took place, though of course there were embellishments, for both men when excited have a characteristic in common with the army in Flanders.

"Kent," said the Governor, "you are altogether too friendly with the Democrats. You've got to cut it out. If you don't I'll put a Progressive candidate for congress into your district and beat you."

"You will, will you?" replied Kent hotly. "Let me tell you that I'll take a hand in the senatorial or gubernatorial fight if I find it necessary, so you'd better keep your fingers out of my affairs.

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As for my friendship with Democrats, I intend to remain friendly with one Democrat by the name of Woodrow Wilson because I'm for him, and I want to serve notice on you right now that you've got to stop roasting him!"

This in substance was what took place, and it may be a mere coincidence that Johnson has not attacked President Wilson since. The last time he paid his disrespects to the President was in his Los Angeles speech when he said that Wilson's Mexican policy was unpatriotic and vacillating and that one word from Roosevelt was worth an army under Wilson.

Preston's Pull

Congressman Kent, by the way, has been given the credit for landing John W. Preston of Ukiah in the United States Attorney's office. Preston's name has been sent to the Senate and there is little doubt that he will be confirmed, although the local Democrats who were for Steve Costello or Frank Gould have besieged Washington with protests based on Preston's flirtation with the Bull Moose. Kent put in a good word for Preston but did not get him the job. Preston owes it directly to his personal friendship for Attorney General McReynolds. Preston went to Ukiah from Tennessee which is McReynolds' home State. The two men were personal friends. Indeed they stumped the State for Palmer and Buckner and against Bryan in the campaign of 1896.

Would-be Bourbon Governors

The bars are down, and the ambitious Democrats who would like to succeed Governor Johnson are rushing out of the corral. Seven names are under discussion already, with many counties still to be heard from. Right here in San Francisco that gentle-souled Bourbon Sidney Van Wyck has a very dignified head-piece in the ring. Van Wyck will make a very polite campaign, for Sidney has never called any man a hard name in his placid career. There are two State senators in the race. "Constitutional John" Curtin of Sonora belongs to the stand-pat wing of the party. For years he has cherished the hope of presiding over our destinies at Sacramento. "Constitutional John" studied law while driving a mule team in the mountains and has built up a very comfortable practice. He takes his nickname from the fact that he has a great reverence for the State Constitution. In the State Senate he is regarded as an authority on that instrument. The other State Senator who is a candidate is John Bunyan Sanford, the Ukiah editor who is known as "the gray eagle of the Democracy." Sanford is a Democrat of progressive tendencies. If he were not a Democrat he'd be a Bull Moose. I don't think he can expect warm support in the south, for in the last Legislature he offered a jocose amendment to the Constitution dividing the State in two, the southern part to be known as Southern Cafeteria. Bakersfield has a favorite son in Fred Hall, an oil man of considerable means who has been in the Assembly and who hates Pinchot and his conservation policies. Then there is Ed White of Watsonville, a veteran Democrat whose reflected glory it is that Steve White was his brother. Finally Los Angeles has two men who are in the hands of their friends: Lorin Handley, president of the Board of Public Works, and Albert Schoonever who is from San Diego but moved to Los Angeles when he was appointed United States District Attorney, much to the chagrin of the Purityville job-chasers. It will be a merry contest, will it not?

An Intellectual Giant

Speaking of Sanford the other day the man that winds the ferry clock remarked that the gray eagle was more to the taste of the people these days, than Frank Short of Fresno. I asked the clock-winder what he meant. He said that he had heard several Alameda commuters of the Republican party say that Frank Short would make a fine Governor, and that he ought to be persuaded to run. "I laughed at them," said the clock-winder. "I laughed at them because the people don't want men of the Short type, men who have the brains to be successful in their profession. Even a Sanford may have some difficulty in getting by."

"Is Sanford a lightweight?" I asked.

"Not exactly," said the clock-winder. "In the last legislature of muttonheads he loomed up as an intellectual giant, and of course that's bad for him now that the people are partial to the Rolphs and Troys. But say, that's a corking platform of Sanford's."

"What's his platform?" I asked.

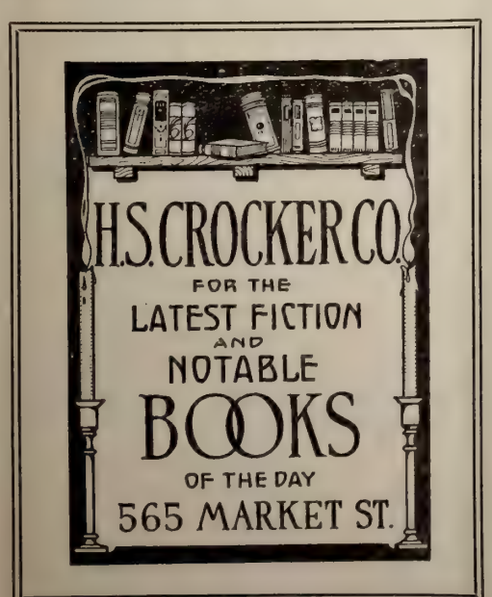
"He pledges himself to wipe out five thousand jobs and save the people one million eight hundred thousand a year."

"But can he keep that pledge?" I asked.

The clock-winder gave me something of a look of scorn. "Keep it?" he exclaimed, "I should say he can. Haven't you noticed how the payroll has crawled up? No? Well just take a peak at the Railroad Commission and get wise. Formerly they had a secretary and about three clerks. Now they've got one hundred and twenty-five men. That's the way it is all along the line. The Governor has given us several unsalaried commissions, but take a look at the jobs they've handed out and keep an eye on the mileage bills."

The Effect of Hard Times

The clock-winder took a trip to Los Angeles the other day and on his return he reported that the Progressive party was rapidly disintegrating in the cafeteria town. "Whenever times are hard," he shrewdly remarked, "the party in power gets all the blame, and down in Los Angeles they are not putting all the blame on the Progressive Democrat in Washington; they are holding Johnson responsible, too. They are comparing the situation in Los Angeles to the situation in Seattle where times are so hard that the State is building roads just to give men employment so that they may get enough to eat." I asked the clock-winder why Los Angeles should be compared with Seattle. He explained that both were "hard up" and that the people of both towns have been remarking that both California and the State of Washington have taken all the short cuts to the millennium.



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"Are you on," he asked, "as to how tough it is in Los Angeles?"

I was not on. So he enlightened me.

"It's this bad," he said, "the City Council has granted the people an extension of several months' time in which to pay their taxes. So you see our good Christian neighbors to the south of us are getting all that's coming to them of uplift government."

Polk on Physical Culture

A physical culture professor invaded the architectural sanctum of Willis Polk a few days ago. He stated that he had been sent by friends of Polk who were worried about his physical condition and his constant neglect of exercise.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Willis.

"I want half an hour of your time every day," said the professor.

"I estimate," replied Willis, "that my time is worth one hundred dollars an hour. Half an hour, therefore, will cost you fifty dollars."

"But I'm not to pay you," exclaimed the astonished professor; "you are to pay me for my services!"

"Let me tell you something," said Polk. "I was born on a battlefield. As a baby I had colic, croup, whooping cough and all other infantile diseases. As a child I had the measles, mumps, scarlet fever and other ailments. In my boyhood I suffered from all the complaints that boys ever suffer from. Since attaining manhood I have had a sun stroke and a stroke of paralysis. Let me add that my paternal grandparents lived for more than eighty years; that my maternal grandparents passed the seventy-five year mark; while my parents were both well past seventy when they died. In the circumstances I am not going to pay any professor of physical culture to kill me before my time. Good day!"

A Clubman's Keen Palate

Some of our young bon viveurs of clubdom have yet to develop the courage to ask for a bottle of Golden State. As it is less expensive than foreign brands it takes a certain degree of moral courage to call for the California product. But not to lack of courage did young Ghirardelli the chocolate man attribute his preference for French wine when the subject was under discussion at the Olympic Club the other day. He explained to Al Coney, the Golden State booster, that he had no relish for any but imported wine. "That's too bad," said Coney, "because naturally you are in favor of patronizing home industry. I find your chocolate just as good as any imported chocolate, and I'm sorry you cannot say as much for our wine, especially as so many wine-drinkers have come to regard Golden State as better than French wines. As to taste they say there's no difference."

Ghirardelli was sceptical. In fact he was sure that the difference was so perceptible that he could detect the home brand without any trouble. Coney doubted that Ghirardelli could accomplish this feat; offered to bet he couldn't and a bet was made. Coney was willing to bet that the chocolate man couldn't do the trick twice out of three times. Ghirardelli was generous. He bet that he could do it three times running. So the wines were ordered and served in colored glasses. The umpire was Ellis Parrish, and among those present were A. L. Sundell, Joe McElroy, George Oxnard and Bob Fleming. Looking at the wine before tasting, Ghirardelli saw a bead and immediately pronounced it a globule of the Golden State wine. As a matter of fact it wasn't but Coney said that wasn't a fair test; the terms of the bet required that the wine be tasted. The glasses were shifted and Ghirardelli drank. "This is Golden State," he said triumphantly pointing to one of the glasses.

"That's once," said Coney. "Now do it again. And Coney chuckled.

Ghirardell smiled, turned his back to have the glasses shifted again, but the umpire told him it wasn't necessary as he had lost the very first time.

So many similar bets have been lost that Golden State is making its way very fast.

One of Our Reformers

During the last session of the Legislature a Senate page died and a collection was taken up for an appropriate floral offering. Each senator was assessed a dollar. The collector who was one of the best known men in the upper house went to a fellow solon, one of San Francisco's representatives, and asked him for his donation.

"I haven't any change on me," said this senator, "but I'll write you a check."

So he wrote a check for one dollar. The collector took the check to his bank, and remarked jocularly:

"If that check comes back, charge it to my account."

And sure enough the check did come back! I tell this story because the senator who wrote that check is one of our most strenuous reformers and because the other senator was in town the other day laughing over the incident as a good joke on the apostle of progressivism.

Vaulting Ambition

Two San Francisco men have been mentioned as possible successors to the late Interstate Commerce Commissioner John H. Marble. These are William R. Wheeler and Seth Mann. But there is an aspirant in the field who has not been mentioned except by himself and who ought to be valuable to the student, if such there be, of the psychology of office seeking. I refer to one Eugene Shelby who is a deputy in the office of Tax Collector Low. Shelby entered himself in the race and is making a single-handed fight for the plum. I hear that he is a cousin of Senator

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Lane of Oregon, but I have still to learn that Lane has indorsed his candidacy. Shelby has been seeking indorsements from the federal office holders and other prominent Democrats here, but I'm afraid he hasn't met with much success. Nobody would give a plugged Lincoln penny for his chances, but Shelby is optimistic.

At the Caminetti Dinner

Naval Officer James H. Barry made an eloquent speech at the dinner tendered to Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti by prominent Italians last Monday evening. Among other things Barry said that undesirable immigration should be restricted and that Caminetti was the man for the job. Of course Barry referred to Chinese, Japanese and Hindoo immigration, but an Italian who attended took the statement in a broader sense. Only recently from Italy and with an imperfect command of English, this Italian thought that Barry included Italian immigration in the scope of his remarks. So when called upon for a speech he arose and delivered in Italian a sizzling excoriation of the Naval Officer. Those who understood his remarks tell me that he scorched "Jim" to a turn. The climax came when he stamped down the banquet room and pointed the finger of defiance at our Naval Officer, crying "Barry! Barry! Barry!" at the top of his voice. And all the while "Jim" sat smiling, oblivious of the purport of his remarks but taking it for granted that they were in the highest style of exuberant Latin compliment!

The Bay District Grand Stand

"I've just been out to Ninth avenue and Fulton for a glass of lager and a cheese sandwich," the Old Timer told me several days ago. I knew the Old Timer had something on his mind, for he usually begins his reminiscences with a seemingly unimportant remark like that, but I pretended a lack of sympathy. "That's a long way to go for a drink and a bite to eat," I told him. "Perhaps," he said, "but Ninth avenue and Fulton isn't as far away now as it used to be in the old days when I spent many a happy, yes and many an unhappy hour too, out in that neighborhood." "Meaning—?" I queried. "Meaning the old days of the Bay District Track," he explained. "I read in the papers that they were going to pull down the old grandstand of the track. When the track was closed in 1896 the grandstand was moved about three blocks southwest, opposite the entrance to the Park, and they turned it into a cafe. Now they are going to put up an apartment house, so the old grand stand has to go. I had to have one more look at it, so I went out and paid ten cents for a drink in the structure I sat in many a day to see my horse come home with the money—and sometimes without it, you may be sure."

Memories of the Track

"Those were great old days," continued the Old Timer. "In that old grand stand, out in the shadow of Lone Mountain, the fathers and mothers of the present generation used to sit and vent their feelings when the starters made a bad start (there was no gate in those days) with cries of 'Kill the starter!' I suppose their sons and daughters will be sitting in another grand stand on the other side of Lone Mountain this spring when the new ball park opens, crying 'Kill the umpire!' From that old grand stand I watched such classy racers as Marigold, Revolver, Minnie Elkins, Little Esperanza, Porter Ashe's never-to-be-forgotten Geraldine and those two bad actors at the post Sir Reel and Duke Stevens. I saw such jockeys as the Sloan brothers, Tod and Cash, Claude Burlingame, Joe Navarez, Felix Carr, the Webber brothers, Johnnie, Charlie and Joe, Chavez and Jerry Chorn, the colored rider who was riding under orders from the celebrated Little Pete. Then there were Charlie Miller and Little Isom and the gray-haired veteran George Howson who rode such endurance marvels as Mollie McCarthy, Thad Stevens, Wild Idle and True Blue. But I'm afraid I'm getting back to the early seventies when they had the four mile heat races at the old race track near the Ocean House Road. Let me tell you, some of those riders were better judges of pace than the riders of today. The races were longer and they had to hold their horses in reserve. There are still some men left who can tell you of the day when Johnnie Webber was trying to break the world's record for four miles with Marigold. Mat Storm, the famous trainer, told him to pace the first mile in 1.50 flat and by Jove, if Johnnie didn't do it to the eighth of a second!

The Darktown Derby

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Turin, Italy, - - - Oct., 1911

colored riders only. All the colored men in town turned out for that. I remember one Darktown Derby day my favorite waiter at the Palace handed me a racing program instead of a menu card. It was the only time he ever made any sort of mistake. The races would start to the strains of 'My Old Kentucky Home' and finish to the strains of 'There's a New Coon in Town Tonight.' It was a grand sight to see the dark boys in their gaudy colors going to the post mounted on the best horses in the stables. And I recall the days of the high wheel sulky when drivers like Orrin Hickok, Joseph Cairn Simpson, editor of 'The Breeder and Sportsman,' Pat Farrell and Billy Donothan held the reins. Great old days, but gone, gone forever." The Old Timer sighed and went his way.

Divorce and Business in Reno

The last Nevada Legislature passed a law which did away with the notorious conditions that made the Sagebrush State the quick-action divorce mill of the nation. It takes you a year to get a divorce in Nevada nowadays. This new law has only been in effect since July, and yet, according to a friend who has just returned from the neighboring commonwealth, the following effects are observable in Reno alone: One restaurant has failed and gone out of business; one restaurant has moved to cheaper quarters; two ladies' suits and dry goods stores have gone out of business; three of the most prominent divorce lawyers have moved to other States; furnished houses which it was nigh impossible to rent before are now very plentiful; and one physician has left for other parts. All of which makes quite a difference in a small town like Reno.

Bishop Nichols, Author

Bishop Nichols is about to appear before his many friends and admirers in this State as an author. Paul Elder announces for early publication a souvenir of the Bishop's travels called "Some World-Circuit Saunterings." Those who know that Bishop Nichols possesses a felicitous literary style and a genial outlook upon men and things will look for this volume with anticipations of pleasure, while others will make the discovery that the head of the Episcopalian Church in this diocese is no less graceful as a writer than he is as a pulpit orator. The Bishop's saunterings took him from New York to Gibraltar and Algiers; then to Naples, Pompeii and Rome; then to Perugia, Florence and Assisi, birthplace of Bishop Nichols' favorite Saint Francis; then to Athens, Constantinople, Alexandria, Cairo and the Holy Land where he arrived in time to spend Easter at Jerusalem. The return trip included Avignon, Paris, London, Waterloo, Cologne, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow; then over the Trans-Siberian to Dalney; and so home by way of China, Japan and Honolulu. The book is to be copiously illustrated.

The Ferrier Performances

It is an excellent work that M. Andre Ferrier is doing in San Francisco. For by presenting plays of the best French authors he is fostering an appreciation of French literature and giving his own countrymen and foreigners the pleasure of hearing the beautiful language well spoken. In this city I have often heard French residents complain that very little had ever been done to bring the French people together; also, that while the French love their own country dearly and their language too they do not make strenuous efforts to propagate their native tongue. Indeed, there are French folks away from home who do not even insist on their own children studying French. The Ferrier performances therefore are deserv ng of much commendation and

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ncouragement and it is gratifying to find that nany Americans are taking advantage of the erformances as a means of study. It is an opportunity to familiarize oneself in the original with he best French literature. The last performance or instance, "L'ete de la Saint Martin" by Meilhac and Halevy, a charming comedy of French lomestic life, was well given and much appreciated. Those in the cast were M. and Mme. 'errier, Mlle. Michele and M. de Villers. It was ollowed by an Offenbach operetta, "Le Marriage ux Lanternes."

Elder's Christmas Cards

Paul Elder has brought out a series of very beautiful Christmas cards. They are of all sizes, in all warm holiday colors and they carry all sorts of pretty and appropriate sentiments expressed in prose and poetry. Some of them are illuminated like old missals, some of them are finely illustrated. They are serious and humorous. There are some for oldsters and others for the young. There is one in the form of a legal document on vellum and there is a special one for bridge players. In all of them good taste is apparent. They are the sort one does not hesitate to send to the most exacting friend.

Irrigation for Yolo and Solano

The irrigationist is the magician of present-day farming, and the man who saves water that would otherwise go to waste and turns its enriching streams over agricultural acreage renders a service that is almost invaluable. One of the most important projects of this kind in California today is that of the Yolo Water and Power Company, a corporation officered by Roy M. Pike, president; C. L. Parmalee, J. Craig, J. K. Armsby, H. D. Connick, W. J. Hotchkiss, L. W. Stephens, John Spring and Louis Titus—all of them, it will be noticed, prominent men in this and neighboring communities. The company is constructing a system for hydro-electric power and irrigation, a system that will greatly develop the resources of the Sacramento Valley, but particularly those of Yolo and Solano counties. It will surprise many to learn that this will be the largest joint development of power and irrigation in the West, and second only to the immense Imperial Valley development in size of irrigation system and water supply. The company is forming a huge storage reservoir by raising the level of Clear Lake in Lake county ten feet above lowest low water. This will mean checking 425,000 acre feet of the flood waters of Cache Creek, utilizing the fall of the water for two hydro-electric plants developing 45,000 kilowatts of electric energy and then distributing the water for irrigation over territory from Dunnigan to Dixon and from the foothills between Esparto and Vacaville to the overflowed lands through the Yolo Basin. It is unquestionable that these lands will thus become one of the State's most productive sections. Lack of an adequate water supply has been a great drawback, but now that it is assured progress and improvement have been wonderfully stimulated. Instead of grains the more profitable irrigated crops will be raised, thus increasing the farmer's income and the value of his land. The work already done by the Yolo Water and Power Company made it possible during the past irrigation season to irrigate, from a smaller supply of water in Cache Creek than had been available any time during fifty years, over 10,000 more acres of land than were ever irrigated before. In consequence more land has been prepared for irrigation during the past season than in several previous seasons put together. The work of the company is proceeding rapidly, and the impounding dam four miles down Cache Creek from Clear Lake is rapidly being completed. The work of securing overflowage rights around the entire shore of the lake is being carried forward rapidly, and already over sixty per cent has been secured. The reclamation which will be done in Big Valley and Upper Lake will add considerably to the resources of Lake County, for several thousand acres of its finest lands will be brought under cultivation. During the past summer contracts for the construction of a $75,000 dredger to handle this work were let to a Stockton firm, and its erection has already commenced. Viewing the work already completed by the company it is readily seen that Yolo and Solano counties can look forward to an irrigation plant which for completeness of design and for permanency of construction equals those cconstructed in any other section, and is certainly surpassed by none. All this work has not been accomplished without difficulties, but it was so meritorious in its nature that capital was quickly interested, the necessary funds being secured through White and Company, the bankers of New York and London. The main offices of the company are located here, but there is a branch office in Woodland and it is from that place that the great engineering work is handled.

One of Breuer's big canvases can be framed by E. B. Courvoisier as expeditiously and as satisfactorily as a little Copley print or one of your family photographs. Christmas stock now ready for your inspection. 431 Sutter street, between Powell and Stockton. (Advertisement)

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The A. B. Spreckels Home

This Beautiful Edifice at the Northeastern Corner of Washington and Octavia is One of the Finest Specimens of the French Renaissance in This Country

This is the season of the year for children's parties, so Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels having just moved into their new home will have it warmed on the afternoon of the twenty-third with sunshine from the hearts and glow from the spirits of happy rollicking little ones, friends of those bright youngsters, the Spreckels' children. Mrs. Spreckels is that most warm-hearted of women the mother with a love for all children, and she may be depended upon to give the little guests of her children the time of their precious lives.

The new Spreckels home, by the way, is one that will add greatly to San Francisco's reputation for the beauty of its residence architecture. For sheer beauty it is unsurpassed anywhere in a State notable for its magnificent homes and stately mansions. It is in every sense a noble edifice, a most chaste specimen of what is technically known in architecture as the French Renaissance. The exterior finish is in a soft light cream Manti limestone, with graceful balconies, gates and grille doors of solid tooled bronze.

The first story comprises a grand salon, a reception room, a den, living room, dining room and superb Pompeiian Court.

All of these apartments are at once sumptuous and chaste, and the decorations are of a most artistic character.

The second floor contains spacious bed chambers, and a carefully appointed library, the shelves of which are laden with volumes that compose one of the finest private collections in the city. Mr. Spreckels is a book-lover, and he has a relish for rare books and a taste for fine bindings.

In the attic story concealed from view from the street is the children's playroom, and this is probably the most important room in the Spreckels home.

In the basement are the kitchen, cosy and comfortable rooms for the servants, a garage, and the other rooms that go to make complete the home of people that can afford the luxuries and refinements of life.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

It Was an Elopement

It will surprise many people to learn that the marriage of pretty Marie Russell to Paul Fagan was an elopement. All the intimate friends of the young people know that there were two wedding ceremonies for the youngsters last Friday; one performed at Redwood by Justice of the Peace Lampkin, and the other by Father Cantwell, the Archbishop's secretary, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent. Miss Russell and Mr. Fagan had been sweethearts since childhood. They are both extremely young, Miss Russell being only seventeen while her bridegroom has just turned twenty. In the circumstances it was natural that they should long for a romantic wedding, and what is more romantic than an elopement? So without taking anybody into their confidence they left home at noon on Friday, went to Redwood City, the mecca of romantic pairs on matrimony bent and went through a civil ceremony before the "marrying justice." They were married at two o'clock and returned to the Lent home at three. When the news was broken Mr. and Mrs. Lent arranged for a religious ceremony. This took place at the Lent home in Pacific avenue. I believe there would have been no opposition in the first place, so it must have been for romance alone that the youngsters stole away to Redwood.

Mrs. Magee Tea-Dancing

Mrs. Tom Magee made her first appearance at the Tea Dances at the St. Francis this week and to the surprise of the smart set appeared in a fancy costume of light green charmeuse. Mrs. Magee is famous for her stunning tailored suits and seldom wears anything else in the day time. She of course wears pretty fluffy lace waists with her severely cut suits, but rarely as fancy a gown as at the dance the other day. She came with some of the Burlingame crowd. Mrs. Fred McNear did some exhibition dancing with Count Montgelas that rivaled the dancing of the Cranes. Georgie McNear has mastered all the intricate steps of the tango, hesitation, castle and other walks and what's more, dances them gracefully. Mrs. Pomeroy usually chaperons a crowd of debutantes to the dances and the bevy of pretty girls are always surrounded by beaux.

A Cinderella Ball

It will be pleasing to the belles and beaux of society to learn that the patronesses of the Cinderella have decided to give a brilliant ball this season. The date as yet is not definitely settled. This is the most exclusive ball of the season, membership and invitations numbering only about two hundred. More properly speaking the balls are called the Impromptus since the Cinderellas were reorganized. Mrs. John Mailliard, Mrs. Hall McAllister and Mrs. Ed L. Eyre are on the board of directors. Owing to the recent death of Mrs. Eyre's sister, Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, it is to be expected that this lady will not serve this year.

A Romance of Long Standing

The marriage of Gertrude Hinz and Frank Walsh in January will be the culmination of a love affair of long standing. Frank has been devoted to the attractive Mill Valley belle ever since she has been in long dresses and they had ridden, golfed and tennised together during the long summers in Marin county until last summer when Gertrude went to Alaska to visit her sister and brother-in-law, Lieutenant and Mrs. Bruce Butler. She was immensely popular at Fort Seward and all the bachelor officers at the post fell head over heels in love with her. Two or three days before she left for home, she became engaged to the handsomest young officer of the Thirtieth Infantry, Lieutenant Basil Duke Edwards. When she came back to Mill Valley, the glamor of brass buttons and army life wore off and she soon telegraphed Lieutenant Edwards that she could never be his wife. A few weeks later her engagement to her first love, Frank Walsh, was announced and the Fort Seward episode is a closed chapter. The wedding will take place in the beautiful Hinz home. The late A. C. Hinz was one of the pioneers of Marin county and built his home there long before the crowd came to the picturesque valley. The house commands a magnificent view of Mt. Tamalpais and the bay and the terraced gardens lead to the road below.

For the Army Relief

Did you ever hear of the Army Relief Society? The chances are that you have not. And if you have, could you give any sort of definite account of the work it does? Probably not. The Army Relief is not doing good to the clamor of a military band, but it is one of the most vital, the best organized and the most beneficent charities in the United States. The Army Relief Society which has branches in all parts of the country takes care of the widows and children of enlisted men who die in the service. It houses, clothes and feeds these dependent ones, gives them medical aid; in fact it aids them in all sorts of ways when they are unable to aid themselves. One of the mysteries of life is how an enlisted man musters the courage to get married, but the fact is there and the Army Relief Society takes active cognizance of it when the enlisted man dies. One of the most important parts of its work is the education of children. This work it has carried on for years, and the record of accomplishment in this department alone would justify the existence of the Society. Young men and women, the children of enlisted men who have been educated by the Society are occupying splendid positions in the professions and in business all over the country. Quite a number of the young men are officers in the Army. Of course the Army Relief Society needs money for its work. This is contributed by the regiments throughout the country, and contributed cheerfully. The Sixteenth Infantry which is in our midst wants to contribute more than its usual amount this time, so our charitably disposed people have a chance to help them out.

An Army Tea Dance

Instead of sending its contribution to the Army Relief Society headquarters the Sixteenth Infantry is going to invest the money in a tea dance, confident that the investment will net them substantial dividends and so swell the funds of the worthy charity. The president of the Sixteenth Infantry section of the Society is Mrs. George H. Bell Jr., the wife of Colonel Bell, and the secretary is Miss Minnie Hillman. With the

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hearty co-operation of the regimental officers and their wives they are going to give a tea dance at the St. Francis on the afternoon of January 15. The music will be the best in town, there will be exhibition dancing by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane, and the smartest people in town will be there. The list of patronesses indicates the whole hearted way in which the affair has been taken up: Mesdames George Boardman, W. C. Bennet, E. L. Brayton, Herbert H. Brown, Chas. Butters, Herbert C. Capwell, Charles Templeton Crocker, Andrew Carrigan, Bowie Detrick, Henry Foster Dutton, V. McD. Ellinwood, S. S. Farnsworth, Sylvanus Farnham, C. A. Gove, Joseph D. Grant, George D. Guyer, Charles Groos Jr., John T. Knight, Frederick B. Kellam, Henry Kugeler, Dixwell Hewitt, Andrew B. Hammond, Frank C. Havens, William G. Irwin, Jesse W. Lilienthal, Oscar Fitzalan Long, Eleanor Martin, Walter S. Martin, George H. Mendell Jr., John McMullin, Arthur Murray, Alexander McCracken, John McNear, George W. McNear, Charles C. Moore, Henry Payot, Frank Pixley, Carter P. Pomeroy, Ramsey D. Potts, George A. Pope, John I. Sabin, Edward J. Tobin, John H. Robertson, James Rolph Jr., Augustus F. Rogers, Henry T. Scott, Frederick W. Sharon, George Shreve, William T. Sesnon, Frank G. Sanborn, M. C. Sloss, Egbert B. Stone, Gaillard Stoney, Reginald Knight Smith, William B. Tubbs, Hamilton Stone Wallace, William H. Whiting, John P. Wisser, John C. Wilson, Harry Manville Wright, William Thornton White, Misses Laura McKinstry and Jennie Blair.

Our Princess Moves

I hear that Princess Giuseppe Rospigliosi has decided to rent the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome and make her home in Paris. The Princess who was formerly Miss Reed of this city and later Mrs. Parkhurst of New York, spent so many unhappy years in Rome when she was trying to have her marriage to the Prince validated by the Pope, that it is not at all surprising that now that her husband is dead, she should wish a complete change of environment. There was some thought of the American Ambassador to Italy, Thomas Nelson Page, renting the Palace but the gardens were recently sold for the construction of a theatre and the place was spoiled in the eyes of Mr. Page. The Princess apparently has no thought of returning to San Francisco. Her last visit here was about a year ago and she came to arrange the interment of her mother. The young millionaire who was her constant companion during her visit has spent much of the last year abroad, and there are rumors that a third marriage may be the next chapter in the romantic history of the Princess.

"Girls of Today"

Some time ago the New York Times asked its readers in all parts of the country to submit photographs of the young women whom they considered most typical of the American girl. Hundreds of pictures had been submitted when the contest closed. To pick out the typical American "girl of today" was the difficult task entrusted to the well known illustrators James Montgomery Flagg, C. Allan Gilbert, Clarence Underwood, Philip Boileau, Penrhyn Stanlaws, W. L. Jacobs and Hamilton King. All but twenty-nine pictures were eliminated and finally a New York girl, Miss Helen McMahon, was picked out as the typical "girl of today." The pictures of the twenty-nine have been published in the Times, and San Franciscans will be glad to learn that there are three San Francisco girls in the number. These are Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Gertrude Warren of 1253 Washington street and Miss Ethel Pissis of 1834 Gough street. No other city outside New York secured such a representation. There are two Philadelphia girls among the twenty-nine, one St. Louis and one New Orleans girl. So San Francisco's boast that it is unusually well dowered with girlish pulchritude holds good.

Kate Carew Well Known Here

The cable dispatch from London announcing the serious illness of Mrs. Harry Chambers caused great concern here where Mrs. Chambers is prominently connected. She is the eldest daughter of the late Robert Williams, niece of Mrs. Thomas Van Ness and of Gardner Williams, the diamond king. She is also a cousin of Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. William Denman and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard. Mrs. Chambers did her first newspaper work in this city on the Examiner as Mrs. Mary Davidson. Later on she went to New York where she married Harry Chambers, the playwright and brother of Haddon Chambers. She did brilliant work under the name of Kate Carew. She was subsequently divorced from Chambers and went abroad to take up newspaper work in London with marked success. Mrs. Robert Williams, her mother, resides in this city with the little son of Mrs. Chambers.

The Godoy Family

The appointment of Senor Don Albert L. Godoy as the new Consul of the Mexican Republic to the District of Columbia, interests San Franciscans who know the family. His father Jose F. Godoy, and his mother belonged to a prominent early-day set here. His mother was Miss Adele Pirran, daughter of the late Albert Pirran, a French capitalist here. The marriage

The White House

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young Godoy's parents took place in this city er twenty-five years ago. Later the couple oved to Mexico where Jose F. Godoy after- rds entered the diplomatic service. The Godoy me was the rendezvous of a brilliant musical d literary set, as well as of men who have come prominent in the financial world. It was re that Marie Arrington gave her friends evi- nce of her wonderful talent reciting with Jose Godoy one evening a scene from Romeo and liet. Miss Arrington later went on the stage here as Marie Burroughs she quickly rose to me.

Present from Raphael

As a Christmas present to his nephew in aris, Raphael Weill has purchased the bronze gure "Twilight" by Arthur Putnam. The bronze ttracted much attention at the recent art ex- ibit at the Bohemian Club and is considered ne of Putnam's best works. David Weill has a onderfully fine art gallery and his collection f notable paintings of the eighteenth century is ne of the finest in France. His uncle has fre- uently aided him in his selection of works of rt and the addition of the work of a local sculp- or to the gallery is a decided compliment to art n San Francisco.

An Unusual Lecture

The lecture given on last Friday evening at he California Camera Club was one of the most uccessful ever given by the club. It was a leparture from the regular order of entertain- ment. The "Historical Description of Spain," n pictorial as well as musical entertainment, was presented by Mr. Santiago Arillaga assisted by Mrs. Laeticia Arillaga. The lecture began with a short talk about the different peoples that have occupied the Iberian peninsula. The veteran pianist not only gave the entire lecture but also all the accompaniments and piano solos without notes.

Del Monte Society Notes

Del Monte has never looked prettier than now, and the management is looking forward to a jolly holiday crowd over Christmas and the New Year. The golfers will find the course in excellent condition; in fact those who have been playing during the past ten days say that it was never better. There is a strong growth of grass as a result of the rains which fortunately came at such times as not to interfere with the play- ing of the guests. At the big hotel preparations are under way for celebrating Christmas. A fine big tree has been selected and will be placed in the lobby and beautifully decorated. The new orchestra will help to liven things up under the leadership of Will A. Prior. On January 1, 2 and 3 will be held the usual New Year's tourna- ment for both men and women. This will be a handicap affair, and it is open to all classes of golfers. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Plumb, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Knox of Waterloo, Iowa, and Mrs. H. F. Herrick of Keokuk who are touring the West, stayed a couple of days, taking auto trips and visiting the many points of interest.

Notes from Coronado

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Newton (nee Sher- wood) of San Francisco spent several days at Hotel del Coronado, motoring round the coun- try and were among the enthusiastic dancers. Dixwell Hewitt arrived at the hotel for the week-end with P. H. Griffith of Los Angeles, and on Sunday morning motored through the Ex- position grounds. C. H. McKinstry, U. S. A., registered the first of the week. Lieut. Nick- erson, 7th Cavalry, son of Colonel and Mrs. Nickerson now in Manila, has joined the School of Aviation on North Island, but is making the hotel his abiding place. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels were hosts at a delightful dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Mirza Ali Kuli- Khan, the Persian Minister from Washington who is making quite a stay at the hotel. Ex- tensive preparations are being made for a Turk- ish ball to be given for charity at Hotel del Coronado on January 17. It promises to be a very brilliant affair. Among the patronesses are Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Uriel Sebree, Mrs. Sands Forman, Mme. P. Alex- andre Chatoulenco, Mrs. Wm. M. Vance, Mrs. Percival Thompson, Mrs. Griffing Bancroft, Mrs. Wm. Clayton, Mrs. Reed Dilworth, Mrs. Walter Dupee, Mrs. Parker Symes, Mrs. Frank Hall Moon, Mrs. A. B. Daniels, Mrs. Geo. W. Banks, Mrs. John Dupee, Mrs. Chas. Reeves and many others. The charities which will be benefited by this affair are the Helping Hand Home and Day Nursery.

At Pebble Beach

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser were at the Pebble Beach Lodge for dinner last Sunday evening. It is getting to be a regular custom for them to en- tertain their friends at the Lodge Sunday even- ings. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hatton of Rancho Del Monte and some friends had luncheon at the Lodge Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Haas who have been stopping at Del Monte for sev- eral days this week had dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge with several of their friends Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. William R. Magatt, Miss Hull, John P. Reddington and J. F. Whitten- berger of Santa Barbara stopped for luncheon at Pebble Beach last Thursday. They have been spending the week at Del Monte, playing golf.

Pacific Grove Notes

Mr. and Mrs. J. Phillmoore of London are registered for a few weeks' stay and are devot- ing most of the day to golf. Miss Daw of New York, a prominent official of the national body of Y. W. C. A., was there with Miss E. Schooley, the State executive secretary, for an inspection of the new home of the association recently completed by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at Moss Beach. Many additional improvements are ar- ranged for the coming year. Bay City arrivals during the week were Frank H. Bridges, C. K. Greenleaf, W. S. Barry, H. W. Price, John A. Gill, T. J. Huges, E. A. Weller, G. Montgomery, P. H. Myers, G. J. Walters, Arthur K. Bell, J. R. Weeks, B. Solomon, W. E. Carter, W. F. Feader, T. H. MacGraw, M. M. Fallon and E. W. Trapp. Also Chas. Hunter of Los Gatos, and F. H. O'Keefe, A. DeSosa, H. H. Ledyard, G. W. Borchers, D. C. Howard, A. C. Cheney and B. Levy of San Jose.

At Paso Robles

Among recent guests at Paso Robles were: Mrs. J. E. Burke, Mrs. George Lunt, Mrs. George Hinkel, Mrs. W. P. Caubu, Mrs. E. R. Jesson, Milo M. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Howe, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Freed and many others.

Mumm Still the Word!

Simply out of curiosity I have been asking various hotel men and cafe proprietors about the selling qualities of the various French cham- pagnes. I have not been surprised to learn from one and all that Mumm remains the banner vin- tage among those who know what's what in "embottled laughter." And indeed those who have eyes in their heads may satisfy themselves at any assemblage of connoisseurs that the fa- miliar "Cordon Rouge" maintains unabated its great popularity. That this is due to the merit of the wine alone cannot be said. Unquestioned as is the merit of Mumm it takes a good part of its popularity in this community from the popu- larity of Ned Greenway, its genial champion. Our society leader is the exponent of the best sociabil- ity we know, and his prominence makes for the success of his business enterprise.

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Good News For Carmen

aithful and Cautious Service to Receive Substantial Recognition from the United Railroads

December 13, 1913.

The new administration of the United Railroads has thus far occupied itself chiefly with wo considerations: The improvement of its service and the welfare of its employees. Notwithstanding the very severe conditions existing in he money markets of the world, it has thus far een able to comply with all the requests of the ity and State officials and with many of the equests of the improvement clubs of the city. t has investigated every complaint and enleavored in each instance to remove the causes or criticism.

It has appreciated that, with the present high cost of living, it must go to the limit of its resources in improving the condition of its employees, and to this end it proposes to inaugurate the three following plans:

1. The families of all employees of the company who may die while in the employ of the company will, without any expense for premiums or otherwise, receive two hundred and fifty dollars after three years' service, five hundred dollars after four years' service and one thousand dollars after five years' service. Even at the present time this benefit would accrue to the families of about sixteen hundred employees.

2. Beginning with January 1, 1914, the wages of platform men who have served six months will be increased one cent per hour; the wages of those having served one year or more will be increased two cents per hour.

3. In view of the fact that the paramount duty of the company is to avoid the killing and maiming of people and that to accomplish this we must have the loyal and faithful co-operation of our platform men, it is proposed to offer a special reward for such co-operation. The basis for the proposed plan will be the money paid during the year 1913 for damage claims, and, to the extent that in succeeding years the amount of such claims may be diminished, we shall distribute among the platform men the entire amount so saved in proportion to their actual hours of employment during the year in which the saving was effected.

Jesse W. Lilienthal,
President, United Railroads.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Much interest has been taken in the concert which Mrs. Mabel Ordway Brookover gave on the evening of December 19 at Kohler and Chase Hall. A large audience heard with pleasure her mellow and powerful contralto. She rendered a fine program and was generously applauded.

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Sheriff Eggers

The shrievalty of a large city like ours is a responsibility to tax the powers of the most capable man. The duties of a sheriff in a great metropolis like San Francisco are multitudinous in their variety, fatiguing in their demands upon physical energy, and there are so many departments to such an office that only a citizen of extraordinary versatility, equal at once to great mental concentration and unwearying physical performance can adequately fill the position.

The electorate of this municipality knew what it was doing when Fred Eggers was elevated to the dignity of Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco. It was a happy choice, calculated to restore the confidence of those pessimists who were inclined to doubt the worth of the franchise.

SHERIFF EGGERS

One of Sheriff Eggers' greatest charms is his perfect approachability. He is not stand-offish or exclusive. Any man, woman or child with a grievance may have an audience with our Sheriff. The powerful and wealthy are no more welcome in his office than the weak and poverty-stricken. Indeed, he meets all men half way, actually going out of his way to grasp the hand of affliction and to say a word of good cheer to the downcast.

All the judges and attorneys of this city commend Sheriff Eggers' administration of the shrieval office, being loud in their praise of the prompt and efficient methods inaugurated. He is the watchdog of our jury system, taking the greatest care to see that justice is given to all accused persons.

In his administration of the County Jail Sheriff Eggers has introduced many badly needed reforms. The waste land has been brought under cultivation by the prisoners. The prisoners now work six acres which supply five hundred prisoners at the Jail with fresh vegetables; and enough are left over to supply the City Prison and one or two more municipal institutions.

Sheriff Eggers has established a bakery at the County Jail with a capacity of five hundred pounds of bread per day, thus saving a great deal of money to the city.

Indeed Sheriff Eggers last year handed over to the city treasury the tidy sum of $1600 which had been saved under his administration.

Anxious to stimulate the love of healthy and innocent amusement, Sheriff Eggers has fitted up at his own expense a moving picture show with a complete outfit so that the prisoners may have entertainment every Sunday evening.

Sheriff Eggers "knows how." He has had experience in municipal service. He served for two terms on the Board of Supervisors, and before that was for thirty-two years a tea and coffee salesman in this city.

The city is to be congratulated on his administration, and it is to be hoped that the electorate will let him go on with the good work throughout many terms of service.

TECHAU SOUVENIRS FOR LADIES

Among the many souvenirs which have been presented on Saturday afternoons to the lady guests of Techau Tavern in appreciation of their patronage, there is none perhaps which has given more genuine satisfaction than the celebrated preparations of the Aubrey Sisters of New York. These cosmetics have a nation-wide distribution based solely on merit, and include such articles as Face Beautifier and Greaseless Face Cream. Undoubtedly their popularity in San Francisco has been greatly stimulated by the liberal manner of their distribution by the Tavern management.

An Architectural Tragedy

I met a melancholy snail
  Zigragging on the walk,
He cried, "I wish to ease my soul,
  Do listen while I talk!

"I lived in comfortable ease
  Till I grew rich. Alack!
My wife then started to improve
  The house upon my back.

"She said, 'This home is out of style,
  Call in the architect;
It ought to have some wings and be
  Renaissance in effect.'

"Her mother wanted gables built
  To make me more Queen Anne;
Her sister thought Colonial
  Would be the proper plan.

"The others wished a bungalow,
  But now that it is done
You see the sole result attained—
  A bughouse built for one!"

The fool is apt to believe everything or nothing.

THE ACME OF PROTECTION

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Largest in the West

Gossip of the Theatre

Irene Franklin at the Gaiety

This second Gaiety show comes out of Chicago where the industrious Will Hough put the words together while Ben Jerome attended to the music. As for the lyrics, they seem to come from all sorts of sources, those sung by Irene Franklin being credited to herself and Burton Green while the rest remain anonymous. Miss Franklin's lyrics are what might be expected from her, clever, slangy and breezy. Some of them are the old favorites we heard her sing at the Orphuem. The Jerome music is light and tuneful, calculated not to weary the ear. As for the Hough book, well, it is not a very good book. Plots are not necessary in such shows, but when a plot is injected it should be carried through to the end. Hough thought so little of the plot he shoe-horned into "A Girl at the Gate" that he carried it half way through the second act and then dropped it somewhere behind the scenes. The Hough comedy is fair in spots but too often resides in jokes and quips that have been frayed by long usage. It is up to the comedians at the Gaiety to improve the quality of the comedy, and this they will undoubtedly do with some outside assistance as the show goes into its second week. That "The Girl at the Gate" needs a good deal of strengthening there can be no doubt. It may be rash to make a suggestion to the management, but I cannot refrain from saying that the audience would be much better pleased if Irene Franklin had more to do. Aside from her specialties which of course are the feature of the show, and a splendid feature, she is in no way concerned with the progress of the piece. The makers of "The Candy Shop" did better by Maude Fulton and Billy Rock. Indeed those two principals worked much harder than Irene Franklin does, and they found their reward in overwhelming success. Irene Franklin, I am sure, would work harder if more work were given her. At least I have the temerity to guess that she would. She is a delight, is Miss Franklin, and we cannot get too much of her. Why not give her more speeches like the one in which she introduced her husband to the audience. It was one of the best in the show. In justice it must be said that a piece like this cannot be judged from its first night. "The Girl at the Gate" will grow better with every performance.

—Edward F. O'Day.

New Things in Vaudeville

There is always something new under the roof of the vaudeville house. Nothing is so old that it may not yield surprises, as Bollinger and Reynolds are illustrating on tight rope and slack wire at the Orpheum this week. Then there is the swimming tank in which John F. Conroy and his diving girls give fresh interest. Conroy has reaped more medals than any other life-saver in the world. A great deal that is new in rib-tickling nonsense is supplied by Gallagher and Carlin in a travesty which they call "Before the Mast," during the course of which the audience is thrown into convulsions of laughter. Most of the piquancy in this week's bill is supplied by two very fetching and sprightly young women—Muriel and Francis. On their first appearance they look as though they might have come from behind convent walls, but one soon perceives the touch of Broadway in their sophisticated manner and catches the hint of a zest for the humor called risque. Indeed Muriel and Francis have the tang of a French farce done over for American consumption. That stirring three-act drama "The System" is still thrilling folks at the Orpheum, and at every performance the villainous detective evokes expressions of resentment from the gallery.

—T. B.

Christmas Week at Alcazar

With the customary Belasco and Mayer enterprise, the management of the Alcazar Theatre has spent weeks in devising an appropriate and tempting attraction for their patrons for the holiday season. After much careful deliberation a musical play was decided on, as meeting the requirements of the festive spirit better than anything else. The Alcazarans have been scoring all sorts of successes in musical plays lately and are gaining a nation-wide reputation for their work. Therefore it is not surprising to learn that the management has decided to put

MAY IRWIN

In "Widow by Proxy" at the Columbia Theatre beginning Sunday night, December 21.

on an elaborate production of the only George M. Cohan musical play that has never been in San Francisco. Incidentally this policy of giving San Francisco first productions is being appreciated by the Alcazar's clientele, as is manifested in the large houses that greet the first night of a new play. Aided by their two stars, Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell, and the clever and versatile players, to say nothing of Stage Director Fred J. Butler, Belasco and Mayer will offer the first local production of the best of all the Cohan plays, "The Man Who Owns Broadway." It must be the best for Cohan himself declares it is. One thing is certain, it is brimful of joy and music and fun and laughter. It is as clean as a whistle and as tuneful as Pan's pipes. It tells a real story, too; not the usual musical comedy plot, but a story replete with interesting characters and telling situations, all in the spirit of satire and fun. It discloses a humorous attack on hero worship, and Cohan has written it with the very sharpest pen he could find. He has larded it with bright, snappy and catching tunes. Among the best are "The Man Who Owns Broadway," and "Dance, Dance, Dance," sung by Mr. Lytell; "I'm in Love With One of the Stars," sung by Miss Vaughan; "Barnum Had the Right Idea," sung by Mr. Wesner, a big specialty song interpolated by Myrtle Dingwall who has been specially engaged for her role; the Ukulele Trio by Messrs. Lytell, Wesner and Butler, and the big tango number, "My Tango Girl," sung by Miss Dingwall and danced by Mr. Lytell and Miss Dingwall and the entire company. There are specialties galore for all the members of the cast and a series of new, original and alluring dances for the chorus. In the second act, laid in Martin's Restaurant in New York, Fred Butler will stage a complete cabaret show. Miss Vaughan and Mr. Lytell will have the support of Burt Wesner, Kernan Cripps, J. Frank Burke, Edmond F. Lowe, Ralph Bell, Frank Wyman, David W. Butler, Louise Brownell, Myrtle Dingwall, Frances Carson and the classiest chorus that has ever twinkled its feet in O'Farrell street.

Voila! Gaby Comes

Gaby Deslys, the most talked-of of all foreign stars who have ever visited America, and the big Winter Garden Company with a chorus and orchestra of thirty musicians, will be the Christmas week attraction at the Cort beginning Sunday evening, with matinees on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday (Christmas) and Saturday. This is Gaby's first appearance on the coast. It is also her first tour, as she has hitherto been seen only at the Winter Garden, New York. In sending her to San Francisco her managers are presenting her in a modern three-act musical comedy entitled "The Little Parisienne," with book by Joseph W. Herbert and Harold Atteridge, and score by Felix Albini. The piece has been adapted from a French source, and the Parisian flavor is well suited to Gaby. However, in playing the leading role in "The Little Parisienne" Gaby sings and speaks entirely in English, which tongue she has mastered in the last three years. "The Little Parisienne" is not to be confused with a vaudeville entertainment, as the characters in the play are regularly laid out and run throughout the three acts. Gaby's supporting company will include Harry Pilcer who has danced with her in the Winter Garden and in Europe for the past two years, Joseph W. Herbert, Forrest Huff, Fritzi Von Busing, Edgar Atchison-Ely, Louise Meyers, Arthur Lipsen, Hattie Kneitel and Percy Lyndal. As an Eastern writer recently said: "G stands for Gaby as well as gowns," and in calling attention to her wonderful collection of costumes it is only necessary to say that they are regarded not only in London, Paris and New York but in every city wherever she plays as the final words in dress creation. She has over 150 complete changes, and never wears the same gown twice in the same city. When she comes to San Francisco aboard a special train she will be accompanied by an enormous retinue, and her now famed Victoria Leghorn hen which she carries with her for the purpose of laying fresh eggs.

May Irwin at Columbia

Comedy will reign at the Columbia during the two weeks commencing Sunday night when May Irwin who has gained great fame and great wealth by her refined methods of fun-making, appears in a new farcical comedy called "Widow by Proxy," written by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. May Irwin can always be depended on to keep an audience in a merry mood. Her art is refined, her bubbling good nature infectious.

There is no special message in "Widow by Proxy" unless it be that of cheer. That is the only kind May Irwin has ever carried in her professional career. Theatre-goers wherever Miss Irwin has appeared in this new play are agreed that she was never funnier. She sings a budget of catchy numbers in that inimitable style that is all her own. The same splendid cast that supported Miss Irwin during the long run of "Widow by Proxy" at George M. Cohan's Theatre in New York will appear with her here. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays, also on Christmas Day and New Year's Day.

Melba-Kubelik Farewell

So many hundreds were unable to gain admission to the last concert of Melba and Kubelik that Manager Greenbaum has arranged to bring the artists back for a big farewell event at Dreamland next Saturday night, December 27. Many who find it inconvenient to attend the Sunday concerts will welcome this announcement. Mme. Melba promises to sing the "Chanson Triste" by Duparc, the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello" and either the "Jewel Scene" from "Faust" or the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," having received many requests for both of these numbers. Kubelik promises the first movement of the Tschaikowsky "Concerto," the "Zigeunerweisen" by Sarasate and a "Tango" by the famous Spanish composer Ferdinand Arbos. Edmund Burke, the Irish baritone whose singing has been no small feature on the Melba-Kubelik programs, will sing a number of splendid works. The sale of seats will open next Tuesday at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Melba-Kubelik in Oakland

The Melba-Kubelik combination will give a concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Wednesday afternoon, December 31, at 2:30 p. m. A special program is being prepared, and Kubelik has already decided to play the "Concerto" by Saint-Saens, the "Scenes de Czardas" by Hubay and the "Tango" by Arbos. Mme. Melba's numbers will be announced in a few days. For this event the tickets will be ready at Ye Liberty box office on Friday, December 26. Mail orders should be addressed to H. W. Bishop at that theatre.

WILHELM BACHAUS

The famous pianist who will appear in recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, January 4, Thursday night, January 8, and Saturday afternoon, January 10.

Bachaus Piano Recitals

The foremost of the younger generation of piano virtuosi is unquestionably Wilhelm Bachaus who promises to become as popular as even the great Paderewski, for he possesses the power of interesting both the musician and the layman. Wherever Bachaus has appeared once he is engaged for return concerts and in London and Berlin he is one of the very few pianists who can crowd the largest halls at every appearance. His playing is in a class by itself; he is not a disciple of any certain school or method but his aim is to play the piano beautifully and to interpret the works of the masters as they themselves would have loved to hear them. The first Bachaus concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 4, the second on Thursday night, January 8, and the farewell concert Saturday afternoon, January 10, on which occasion by special request Bachaus will play the great "Wanderer" Fantasie by Schubert-Liszt, a masterpiece rarely heard on concert programs. Mail orders for the Bachaus events may now be sent to Manager Will Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's.

Kathleen Parlow

The first of the great violinists to visit us in 1914 will be Kathleen Parlow who commenced her career in this city at the age of six, showing a most wonderful talent even then. Parlow is more than a great violinist; she is a genius and is now admitted to be the greatest living woman violinist and in the ranks with even the greatest of the men. It was through the influence of some of our leading society people that the little girl was sent abroad to study with Auer, the master of Zimbalist and Mischa Elman, and now she is to return to us a world-famous star. Miss Parlow's concerts will be given February 11, 15 and 17, besides which she has been engaged as soloist at the next symphony concert and to play for the Berkeley Musical Association.

The Orpheum Road Show

The Orpheum Road Show, under the direction of Martin Beck, which opens at the Sunday matinee, should make an exceptionally strong appeal to the amusement public, for it includes a number of the most brilliant stars in vaudeville. Billy B. Van whose life has been spent in making people laugh and whose reputation is international, will, in conjunction with those shining vaudeville lights Rose and Nellie Beaumont and an excellent supporting company, appear in the one-act comedy "Props." In the role of Steve Gall, the property man, commonly known as "Props," Mr. Van presents the most finished character delineation he has ever at-

SOPHYE BARNARD

"The Girl with the Thrushing Voice," who comes next week with the Orpheum Road Show.

tempted. Cecil Lean who will be recalled as the featured comedian of "Bright Eyes" and other successful musical comedies, will, with the assistance of Cleo Mayfield, a handsome and gifted young comedienne, contribute a number of songs and travesties. Mr. Lean is the author of the lyrics and music for his songs as well as the incidental talk in his travesties. Miss Sophye Barnard, known as "The Girl with the Thrushing Voice" because of her beautiful mezzo-soprano, was one of the favorite pupils of the celebrated Jean de Reszke. After leaving the concert stage she scored a great hit as Natalie in "The Merry Widow" in New York, but resigned to accept vaudeville engagements in Europe where she created quite a furore. Lou Anger whose impersonation of the German soldier has made him a world-wide reputation, will deliver his amusing monologue concerning the trials and tribulations of soldiers. Ed Corelli and Chas. Gillette, "The Odd Pair," show as much brains in their comedy work as they do control of muscle in their acrobatic evolutions. The Six Samarins, Russian whirlwind dancers, will give a fine exemplification of their acrobatic national dances. A special feature will be Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane who reign supreme in the realm of ballroom dancing. They will introduce their versions of the tango, the one-step, the hesitation waltz and other terpsichorean modish fads. The remaining acts will be Nonette, the singing violinist, and John F. Conroy and his models and diving girls.

"Mutt and Jeff" at Savoy

"Mutt and Jeff in Panama" will start on Monday night, continuing for two weeks. "Mutt and Jeff" come this time in a new production and one calculated to overshadow their previous appearances in this city. Manager Gus Hill secured the services of Owen Davis to write the book and the jingles, while the songs and incidental music are by those well known composers Will H. Cobb and Leo Edwards. There are no dull moments and the entertainment appeals to all classes. The dozen principals have been carefully selected from the musical comedy world and the chorus is large, comely and capable. The company numbers over fifty people, while the scenery, costumes, electrical effects and production generally are of a high standard. There will be matinees on Christmas and Sunday, with bargain matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. "The Common Law" will be given for the last times Sunday afternoon and evening.

Morality Play at Empress

"Happiness," a morality playlet, is announced as the headline attraction at the Empress next week. It is a playlet of heart interest that appeals to everyone and has been lauded by press and pulpit as it points a strong moral. Twenty people are in the company. Harry Mayo, former basso of the Empire Quartette, and Jack Allman will be heard in vocal selections. Bruce, Duffet and Company have a farce, "Over the Transom." Monte Brooke and Bert Harris have a novel offering entitled "The One and the Other" with graceful dances and humorous patter. The Livingston Trio are horizontal bar experts. Billy Caine and Culture Odom contribute a rapid-fire conversational and vocal turn. Other features and motion pictures complete a splendid bill.

Coming, "Little Women"

"Little Women" will be presented at the Cort on Monday night, December 29. "Little Women" is a full-grown play in four acts, full of vigorous action, bright dialogue and strong human appeal. The dramatizer of Louisa M. Alcott's immortal story, Marian de Forest, has not "spoiled" the book—that is to say, she has not distorted its episodes and characters, nor changed its atmosphere and tone. Those who have been admirers of the book need have no fear that their illusions will be shattered by the play.

The Music Matinee

Another very delightful program has been prepared for this Saturday's Matinee of Music

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Week Commencing Monday Night, December 22nd
Matinees Xmas and New Year's, Saturday and Sunday
EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL
And the Alcazar Players in the Big Holiday Attraction
"THE MAN WHO OWNS BROADWAY"
The Best of All the George M. Cohan Plays
Songs, Specialties and Fascinating Show Girls
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Seats Now Selling for New Year's Eve

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O'Farrell Opposite Orpheum
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America's Most Popular Comedienne
IRENE FRANKLIN
Supported by 60 Comedians, Singers and Dancers in the Musical Merriment
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BILLY B. VAN, THE BEAUMONT SISTERS & CO. in the Musical Comedy "Props"; CECIL LEAN and CLEO MAYFIELD in "Songs and Travesties"; SOPHYE BARNARD, "The Girl with the Thrushing Voice"; LOU ANGER, "The German Soldier"; CORELLI & GILLETTE, "The Odd Pair"; SIX SAMARINS, Russian Whirlwind Dancers; NONETTE, the Singing Violinist; JOHN F. CONROY AND HIS MODELS AND DIVING GIRLS; Special Feature, MR. & MRS. DOUGLAS CRANE in Ballroom Dancing.
Evening Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phone Douglas 70.

SCENE FROM "MUTT AND JEFF IN PANAMA"
At the Savoy Theatre for the holidays.

SNAPSHOT OF MME. NELLIE MELBA AND JAN KUBELIK
Leaving Grand Central Station in New York for their great transcontinental tour. Melba and Kubelik will give return concerts at Dreamland Saturday evening, December 27, and in Oakland at Ye Liberty on Wednesday afternoon, December 31

at Kohler and Chase Hall. The feature will be the solos of Mrs. Grace Le Page, a lyric soprano who possesses a beautiful, flexible and ringing voice with unusual warmth and richness of color. She is especially well equipped in operatic repertoire. On this occasion Mrs. Le Page will sing an aria from Puccini's Madame Butterfly and one from La Boheme. There will also be the usual series of interesting instrumental solos which will be rendered on the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

The Gaiety Show

"The Girl at the Gate," featuring Irene Franklin, will be seen again next week at the Gaiety. There will be matinees on Christmas Day, Saturday and Sunday.

The Next Symphony

A program of uniform excellence, enlisting the services of Kathleen Parlow, violinist, as soloist will be the offering of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the sixth symphony concert Friday afternoon, January 9. The complete program: Franck, Symphony, D Minor; Saint-Saens, Concerto in B minor for Violin and Orchestra No. 3, Op. 61; Hadley, Rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay;" Tschaikowsky, Serenada, "Melancholique;" Wienawski, Carneval, "Russe," Miss Parlow.

Tommy Murphy at Pantages

Tommy Murphy, the great little Harlem lightweight who has been in the limelight of publicity during the past two weeks, has been engaged by Manager Pantages to be the special attraction on the bill next week. Eddie Miller, a clever bantam, and a couple of fast boxers will assist Murphy. Gunboat Smith, the big heavyweight champion who meets Arthur Pelky next month, with Jim Buckley, the little fighter's manager, will act as referee during the sparring bouts on the stage. "In and Out," the regular headline feature on the program, is a rip-roaring farce given by the Howe-Northland company. The big and little folks will enjoy the clever tricks of Pickard's Seals. The White Duo are husky athletes who do flips in the air. Dorothy Gordon, a vivacious comedienne; Leslie and Sol Berns in funny patter; and the Three Harmony Singing Maids will round out the bill.

Every man should be continually on his mettle, but even the man of steel may lose his temper.

The man who is his own worst enemy seldom buries the hatchet.

She Was Shopping Early

She screamed in terror when her purse
Was snatched from out her jewelled hand,
And hurled a modest semi-curse
Toward the fleeing, bold brigand.
And when the copper caught the thief
She seized the purse with anxious air,
And breathed a sigh of sweet relief
To find her treasures all were there:
A penciled note
Her fellow wrote,
A sugar plum,
A wad of gum,
A hairpin (bent),
A copper cent,
A button hook
With broken crook,
A safety pin,
A curling tin,
A powder rag,
A sachet bag.
These were the treasures which she bore
Around with her from store to store
While on a shopping tour, to see
The many pretty things which she
Would love to buy if she but had
The cash, and with a smile so glad
It almost made the copper sneeze,
She thanked him, and, with sprightly ease,
Tripped on to seek another store
Or two where she could shop some more.

In taking an ocean trip some people can't even keep down their expenses.

Hope may be a good asset, but it is responsible for a good bit of wasted time.

Of course, the pen is mightier than the sword. It gets a lot more exercise.

Even the funniest play won't keep some fellows from going out between the acts for a smile.

MELBA-KUBELIK
AT DREAMLAND
STEINER AND SUTTER
FAREWELL CONCERT
SATURDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 27th, 8:15
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With Everything New This Year
50 Clever People—Catchy Songs—Fetching Dances—Beautiful Scenery
Nights and Christmas and Sunday Matinees, 25c to $1.
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In Bits of Training Life
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"IN AND OUT"
PICKARD'S SEALS, Trained Sea Monsters
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BLANCHE GORDON, Vivacious Comedienne
WHITE DUO, Fun in the Air
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Next—Monday, December 29th—"LITTLE WOMEN"

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In The Christmas Novel

(From the French)

I can still see Baron Gousselard seated at the corner table at the Maison Doree. In the corner the diner enjoyed a breath of air when the door opened, and he also avoided being jostled by the waiters.

The baron is forty years old; he is beginning to get a little stout. His tufted whiskers, dyed by a skillful barber, give an expression of satisfaction to his plain and vulgar features. He finished a portion of red shrimps and asked for a second dish.

A Neighbor (related to the baron): I see, my dear Gousselard, that you are fond of shimps.

The Baron: That which guides me in all the actions of my life is the desire to relieve misfortune. I have an income of 200,00 francs, and I devote it to the welfare of the disinherited of the earth. Four francs a dozen for shrimps is a little dear, but I think of the unfortunate fisherwomen in the water up to their hips, winter as well as summer. Almost all of them are burdened with families. What would become of them if work was not assured to them by generous customers?

The Neighbor: You are right! It is one's duty to sacrifice one's self.

The Waiter: What wine will monsieur le baron take?

The Baron: Tour-Blanche with the fish, then Chateau-Margaux.

The Waiter: Seventy-six?

The Baron: As usual.

The Neighbor (smiling): Twenty francs a bottle?

The Baron: The wine growers have been so troubled with phylloxera. It is our duty to go to their aid. All the world drinks vin ordinaire. They can get rid of that very easily. That is why I take pity on the growers of the choicer vintages.

The Waiter: And after the turbot?

The Baron: Truffled partridge. A partridge which was not shot. The lead shot ruins game; the wounded part sometimes has a little odor. And then we ought to help along the poor poachers, who have not the means to pay for a hunting permit. These fine fellows live in cabins and huts, and since they spend their nights in searching for game, it is only just to have consideration for such hard workers.

The Neighbor: What a heart you have, baron.

The Baron: That is my nature. To leave nothing to chance, to make the poor share in a fortune, for which I should blush if I were not constantly preoccupied in making it redound to the profit of the country.

The Call Boy of the Restaurant: Monsieur, the bell rings for the first act.

The Neighbor: You are going to the theatre?

The Baron: The legitimate theatre has had no chance for some time. The cafe chantant and the cabaret kill the theatres where one may not smoke. That is why I regard it as a duty to give my support to the drama.

The Neighbor: You will not be alone in your box?

The Baron: I am expecting Fanny ————. She is not playing this evening.

The Neighbor: I read in the papers that she has an engagement in St. Petersburg.

The Baron: Yes, at the Theatre Michel. I introduced her. In two or three years she will have made a fortune.

The Neighbor: I have heard that you are not sorry to see her go?

The Baron: Well, it has lasted for some time now. But I shall not abandon her family. Fanny has a sister. I shall from now on attach her to my person, and their fine little mother will not stand to lose anything.

The Neighbor: You certainly are one of the benefactors of humanity.

The Baron (modestly): You see, my fortune is at the disposal of every one.

Tabloid Philosophy

In the combination of life preservers we must take into consideration both cork and corkscrews.

Just because a man is wedded to his art is no reason why he should feel that he can neglect her.

It's hard to grasp an opportunity without feeling that some other fellow has hold of the other end.

It doesn't always pay to take the word for the deed. Many a fellow couldn't keep a promise in a safe deposit vault.

The man who parades his virtues may be as much of a poseur as the fellow who boasts of his vices.

Of course there are sermons in stones. Many a minister has preached about that little affair between David and Goliath.

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Rev. Walter F. Thornton, S. J., President

The Cucugnan Doctor

(Continued from Page 8.)

ers in her hair! She was like a bride! Oh leave her, I pray you, in the blessed ground, for he that she loved abandoned her and she could love no other. She died so gladly, monsieur le docteur!"

"Poor little Marie! However, all this is becoming tiresome. To bring matters to a close I will awaken Gringelet who swallowed his tongue in eating cod-fish, about a month ago."

"I will not have it—I will not have it," screamed Louiset Coquelico, her two arms in the air. "He sold me his vineyard and his farm-house on terms payable during his lifetime. For ten years I paid him all and more than the value in good, shining silver and never withheld a cent. If you bring him to life I must begin the payments again. It would not be just, monsieur le docteur!"

"Well, if not Gringelet—let us see! I am thinking of one who died leaving neither wife nor children, nor brother nor sister—only the memory, the example of all the virtues and his few sous to your hospital—your good pastor, whom you loved so much, for whom you shed so many tears and who in the other world we may be sure is looking out for the natives of Cucugnan. What if we bring him to life?"

"No, no," cried out one after another. "That would never, never do!"

"He was old, the poor man," said Mise Rousseline, the mother of the congregation, "and deaf as a post. When I went to confession I had to scream my lungs out. Leave him there in the glory of God, for at present we have a pastor who is young and capable. He sings like an organ and preaches like a seraph, whereas the good old pastor was very hard to listen to, if the truth must be told. His sermons were long and the church was cold and many a time had we rheumatism in consequence."

"Well, well, what shall I say? Let us turn to the other side! I see there a little wooden cross. One would say that the flowering grasses and the little white daisies had tried to conceal its somber color, so closely do they cling around the cross. It is the grave of an infant—he was only ten months old when he died, says the inscription. Surely it would be a sin to bring him to life—he is so happy to be dead—to be gone from a world where one hears—what you tell me, my poor friends. If, however, you wish me to bring him back, I will do it just the same."

"Monsieur le docteur," said a poor old woman, weeping. "This little child was ours and I am his grandmother, my daughter had not yet weaned him and he was cutting his teeth, when alas, he died. Ah, if you could have seen how beautiful he was, our little dear! But God took him and His will be done. We have now another nursing baby. God knows well what He is doing! What He takes away with one hand He gives with another. My daughter would not have milk for two babies and we are too poor to hire a nurse."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Enough for today, too much, I might say—since you have not wished that I work the miracle today—for you see, you have rendered it impossible—I will try to do it another day—not in bringing the dead to life, but in coming to the aid of the living who are in danger of death. Adieu."

Who has not told you that henceforth from this memorable Sunday our doctor worked miracles in Cucugnan. He did not resuscitate the dead, but he saved many a life. The inhabitants have full confidence in him for, they say, If he did not keep his promise in the cemetery, certainly it was not his fault.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 12.)

against children are religious pretenders. Unfortunately the other prisoners are apt to judge religion by these hypocritical devotees.

"But the parole system is a real influence for good. It is perhaps due to this system that so many convicts are well behaved. Ninety-five per cent of the prisoners are trying all the time to observe the rules of prison discipline. Most of them do this because they are impelled by their better natures so to do; the rest are actuated by the hope of parole. Under the parole law a prisoner starts to work his way out as soon as he lands in prison.

"Has my faith in human nature suffered by my prison work? Certainly not! It has been increased. It has increased my inclination to give men a chance. There are failures, there are bitter disappointments, but when you consider that eighty per cent of the paroled men make good and that only two and six-tenths per cent of them return to prison for new offenses, you will see that an abounding faith in human nature is justified.

"When you contrast some prison officials with some prisoners, there is no reason to lack faith in the prisoners. I have known a minister at the prison who sold pardons. I have known a superintendent of construction who robbed the State. I have known a lieutenant of the yard, a man who held steadfastly to the theory that no convict could be reformed and who took an unholy joy in the discovery of a recidivist, I have known such a man to rob prisoners of their trinkets and other trifling belongings. When the keepers of convicts are crooked, why not give the convicts a chance?

"Before I leave the Prison Board I hope to see the jute mill abolished and replaced by factories where prisoners may learn trades that will be of some use to them when they are released. The jute mill at San Quentin is the only one in the State where the raw jute is handled. What good then does it do a prisoner to learn how to make sacks? He should learn something that he can work at when he goes back to re-establish himself in society.

"One thing more. I think prison officials should be trained for their work as men are trained for the army and the navy. Service and efficiency should be rewarded by promotion, and all political considerations should be rigorously excluded. Every guard, every clerk employed in our prisons should have reason to believe that there is a possibility of his some day becoming warden."

Don't judge by appearances. Many a man with one foot in the grave puts up a mighty stiff kick with the other one.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was under pressure during the greater part of the week. Several issues made new low records for the year and what rallies occurred were feeble. The statement of Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty that he would not favor an increase of rates unless it was proved that the increased revenue would be used for the improvement of the railroads, created an unfavorable impression. Reports of a general decline in business made another bearish factor. Canadian Pacific was weak all week and lost nearly ten points. The weakness was due to heavy selling from London with only a limited demand. American Telephone and Telegraph was under pressure, selling at a new low figure for the year, while New York Central also made a new low record, the lowest since 1908. Heaviness in New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio was attributable to less favorable views of the rate situation taken by the street as a result of Mr. Prouty's remarks. The selling in American T. & T. was said to be for New England account on rumors of a reduction in its dividend. There was also heavy selling toward the end of the week in General Electric which also made a new low price on the present movement. The offering of ten million U. S. Rubber first preferred stock to stockholders at par seems to have been a failure. Steel and the coppers held up well considering the depression in the general list. Traders however are all against the market and are predicting lower prices for everything. As long as this pessimistic sentiment prevails we don't expect much of an upturn, but stocks are selling at a very low level and usually when sentiment is so bearish there is a turning point and stocks bought around the present level should prove profitable with a little patience.

Wheat—The week witnessed a considerable increase in public interest, although the advance in prices has not been extraordinary. The receipts in the northwest and Canada have moderated to some extent, and while the export business has not been unusually large, it is of good proportions. The foreign inquiry is constant and gives no sign of abating. Recent advices from Argentina confirm former reductions in their wheat crop and the surplus which that country will have for export. While these elements in the situation have heretofore afforded a strong foundation for prices, the condition of winter wheat has recently become a factor of great importance. The unusually mild wet weather has forwarded the growth of the plant to such a degree that it has reached a state where freezing weather would do great damage, and in addition insect life is reported from several States. The different items enumerated make for a strong situation, and with such conditions existing, there seems little likelihood of any but moderate declines. We believe the long side presents excellent opportunities for profit, and suggest purchases on reactions.

Corn—There was very little action in the corn market the past week although there was some weakness toward the end of the week. The weather throughout the belt has turned more favorable for the movement of the crop and receipts are beginning to show a fair increase, and next week's movement is expected to be quite large. Cash prices show some signs of weakening and are just beginning to get in line with the futures. There is some congestion in the December option but with favorable weather this option should go to a discount under the May. Outside markets have been getting a fair amount of corn and it looks as if they are about filled up, which will mean that the bulk of the receipts will now be headed toward Chicago. Eastern demand for corn is poor and is being supplied by Indiana and Ohio. We look for lower prices temporarily, but believe corn should be bought on any drive from this level.

Cotton—The cotton market was a seesaw affair until the Government crop report made its appearance. On this report, showing an estimated crop of 13,677,000 bales exclusive of linters, the market became very active, advancing over a dollar a bale and had all the earmarks of a good strong market. However, Liverpool did not take kindly to it and sent lower prices the following day, and as this was a surprise to the bulls they lost heart and the market was sold to standstill prices, selling off nearly fifty points with hardly any sign of recovery. The week-end figures were bullish, showing spinners' takings about the same as last year while the receipts were under last year. The Government's report came out showing the consumption for November as large as October and about the same as last year. This was construed as bullish, but had no effect on the market. Sentiment has undergone a decided change and those who were predicting 15 cents for cotton are now talking 11 cents. Their principal argument seems to be that owing to the general depression in all lines of business the world will not need as much cotton this year as last and that present prices are high compared with last year. The spinner does not seem to be anxious for cotton and is only buying on a hand-to-mouth basis. There is a lot of spot cotton held by southern speculators which is expected to come on the market should prices decline another fifty points. At the close of the week the market looked decidedly weak and unless something turns up to change sentiment prices will undoubtedly work lower.

Fear may cause a woman to change color, but that isn't the only thing.

The Bible tells us we should love our enemies. I wonder if that is why women always kiss each other.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund	158,261.32
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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Shyama

(Continued from Page 14.)

day by the river on the sandy waste, and never rested for a moment.

In the evening he aimlessly went back to the boat. There on the bed lay an anklet. He clutched it, and pressed it to his heart till it bruised him. He fell prone upon the blue mantle left lying in a heap in the corner; hid his face in its folds, and from its silken touch and evasive fragrance struggled to absorb into his being the memory of a dear living body.

The night shook with a tense and tingling silence. The moon hid behind the trees. Valjrasen stood up and stretched out his arms towards the woods, and madly called, "Come, my love, come!"

Suddenly a figure came out of the darkness, and stood on the brink of the water.

"Come, love, come!"

"I have come, my beloved. Your dear hands failed to kill me. It is my doom to live."

Shyama came and stood before the youth. He looked at her face, he moved a step to take her to his arms—then thrust her away with both hands and cried, "Why, oh why, did you come back?"

He shut his eyes, turning his face, and said, "Go, go, leave me."

For a minute the woman stood silent before she knelt at his feet, and bowed low. Then she rose and went up the river bank, and vanished in the vague of the woods like a dream merging into sleep; and Valjrasen, with aching heart, sat silent in the boat

---

Virtue is its own reward, and truth is one of the virtues.

Sabel

By Emilia Pardo Bazan

Returning from Compostella, the mountebank met some gentlemen who were amusing themselves by snaring birds with nets of green silk. They called for a tale of love in exchange for three monedas, and the mountebank began:

"I praise the Holy Virgin!

"Sabel brought her red cow from pasture and came home with fear, because the night was falling. From a thicket of brambles and flowering honeysuckle, spattered with scraps of light green and shining like drops of sea-water, came Alberte and stepped in the way of the girl. He took off his velvet cap, adorned with the feathers of a cock, under which spread thick curls of the hue of rye-straw, and asked:

"'Do you love me, Sabel?'

"The yes mounted from the girl's soul to her lips; but her father had forbidden such loves. Sabel dropped her head and answered:

"'I do not love you, Alberte, although you are very pleasing to look at.'

"Alberte did not answer a word. He drew his cloak about him and walked all night without once looking back, by the bank of the river which moans between dark mountains. When he came to the dusty plains, bordered with rows of poplars, he saw a huddled village and the tall towers of a cathedral, and he saw also a shining cavalcade. It was the queen and her following.

"The queen looked at the gallant youth and ordered her pages: 'Give him to eat and drink, wash him with fragrant waters, clothe him with silk and scarlet, then bring him into my presence.'

"They gave him his fill of food and generous wines; they bathed him in the cistern of the Moors; they poured rosewater over his body and presented him to the queen in crimson doublet and rich hose; and he was the most beautiful of her pages, and the queen employed him in carrying her crimson train, in keeping her vessel of perfume, and in smoothing the cushions of her throne.

"One day as Alberte came out of the palace, a woman stopped him and called him by his name. She was pale, her feet were bare and bloody, she trembled with weariness and fever; but Alberte knew Sabel, the fresh peasant girl.

"'Why did you come, Sabel, if you did not love me?'

"'I did love you, Alberte, I did love you! My father beat me with a branch of furze and bade me send you away. When you went, I wept every evening. I left my red cow and I walked till I came here.

"'Go back, Sabel! I am in the queen's service.'

"From the garden the breeze brought at that moment the odor of flowering honeysuckle. Alberte could not do otherwise than open his arms, and the girl threw herself into them.

"From her grated window the queen saw them. When night fell she sent for the captain of her archers and bade him kill the lovers without delay. The queen called the sexton of the cathedral and bade him bury the bodies—Sabel under the choir, behind the black double grating, and the body of Alberte at the foot of the great altar, that the lovers might not be united even in death—so that when the queen read her prayers in her missal with leaves of vellum she might kiss the

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stone that covered the body of the page, after she had trodden on the one that covered Sabel.

"And behold! From the tomb of Sabel came shoots of bramble and flowering honeysuckle, and they grew swiftly and climbed over the seats of the choir and clung with thousands of thorn-fingers to every image and covered the wall with leaves and masses of little flowers, pale as the faces of the dead. At the same time there grew and thrived a young chestnut-tree at the foot of the great altar. It had many branches, a straight slender trunk, and a thick top with foliage of the hue of rye-straw.

"'Let them root out those branches and that tree!' cried the queen; and they rooted them out every evening, and the next morning they were larger and richer in leaf; the rude branches of the chestnut-tree grew to the windows of colored glass and broke them, and the claws of the brambles disturbed the foundations of the walls and covered the black double gratings. From the choir to the altar the plant-arms extended and sought and found each other, and the branches of bramble of the young chestnut-tree bound themselves tightly about it, formed a hard thick knot, and climbed and grew with a furious impulse that made the whole cathedral tremble from its deep foundations to the spires of its tower.

"'Your sin, O Queen, destroys the cathedral,' said the good bishop in anger. 'Do penance, and join the bodies of those you killed in a sepulcher of carved stone, supported by the forms of faithful dogs.'

"Scarcely were the bodies of Alberte and Sabel placed together, when they became like wax; and when the queen did penance three nights and three days, the miracle was accomplished. But in the heart of the queen brambles went on growing, and the thorns came out through her robe and stained it with thick, red blood.

"I praise the Holy Virgin!"

The difference between pride and vanity depends upon whether we have it or it is possessed by some one else.

Letters

Race Course Stories

"Blister Jones" is John Taintor Foote's first book. Though it is in no danger of being hailed as an "epoch-maker," it is well written and interesting. Blister Jones was a horse trainer whose education had been gained chiefly through contact with men and things. There are ten short stories which may be enjoyed separately or as a continued procession. They concern the horses he has trained and managed, the jockeys who have ridden them and the owners by whom he was employed. There are tragedy and comedy, pathos, hard-luck and a glimpse or so of the shady side of the "sport of kings," though on the whole, perhaps the transactions are no more questionable than many that spell success in the legitimate business world. From Bobbs-Merrill.

An Unusually Good Story

"When Fools Rush In" is a neat little story, unusual in kind and unusually well told. The author William Richard Hereford is not a prolific writer. His first book appeared three years ago and was well received but he has had the wisdom not to try to force his market by bringing out two half-baked romances every year since. He was Paris correspondent for the New York World for several years and it becomes apparent almost at the first page that his knowledge of the city is not second-hand, though most of the characters in his story are Americans. The tale purports to have been written by Prince Florimond de Saint-Sauveur, a kindly philosophic noble of the old regime, and only to have been edited by Mr. Hereford, and the illusion is well sustained. Bruce Converse was an American painter. In the same studio building was a Miss Eleanor Moore who, chaperoned by her aunt, was cultivating her voice. It was plain that with the good-natured camaraderie and the proximity of the two artists, they would be sure to fall in love, and then two glorious careers would be ruined, their friends thought. Prince Florimond, the Vicompte de Volny and Madame Leslie Pointer, a wealthy American widow, entered into a "kindly" conspiracy to separate the prospective lovers. When art and love are in conflict, which must give way? For a while the conspirators carried out their well-meant scheme. Both the artist and the singer succeeded beyond expectations, and apparently they were content, but when they met there was a cataclysm. There is no "Bohemia" and no hint of the salacious. The men and women are clean, clever, and conduct themselves with decency. Bobbs-Merrill are the publishers.

"Ring for Nancy"

Ford Maddox Heuffer is probably best known to American readers as an occasional collaborator with Joseph Conrad, and Mr. Conrad is always serious, so there is a surprise in store for the readers of "Ring for Nancy." It is an amusing comedy of English life in which the author takes occasion to poke fun at railway literature, Henry James and a variety of reform associations bent on suppressing everything under the sun save prayer meetings, though it is by no means certain that any one of them would tolerate even a prayer meeting conducted by another. It is a lively bit of comedy, full of mystery and love with a happy ending, and leads one to believe that after all there are lunatics at large in other sections of the world as well as in our own. From Bobbs-Merrill.

"The Wondrous Wife"

"The Wondrous Wife" is the title of Charles Marriott's new novel, and coming so soon after the successful "Catfish," it is assured of a cordial reception. The plot involves love, disillusionment, sacrifice and renunciation, and it is only an exceptional woman who, after her experiences, would have followed the course. Margaret Lisle fell in love with and married a poet. She found herself obliged to live with a man, and the man and the poet were different beings. Austin Lisle had temperament which will be readily interpreted as an inclination to do as he pleased, and when his attachment for an actress who took the leading part in his plays became so conspicuous as to call for general comment, there was a sundering of the domestic relations. Margaret went away to establish a business. Lisle gathered about him a somewhat ragged Bohemian set who ate him out of house and home, but just as his vogue as a playwright began to fail and his actress to tire of him, and he of her, Margaret's business was flourishing, and her friendship with a civil engineer warmed into ardent love. She had meant to hold it down to friendship, but theory and practice were at odds. A new volume of poems from the pen of Austin Lisle led Margaret to write and congratulate him and the immediate result was an invitation for her to return. She had no desire for reconciliation and had she known that he had already parted with his actress she would not have written. Fawcett, the engineer, was about to depart for South America, and urged Margaret to join him, his reason being that since (under English law) Margaret could not obtain a divorce the next best course would be for her to give her husband cause to apply for legal separation. Circumstances were shaping Lisle's life in a different way. He was developing ataxia, and the wondrous part of Margaret's wifehood came in when she abandoned her plans and returned to him, knowing that he might live for years, always helpless. From Bobbs-Merrill.

The door of adversity is always ajar.

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EXTRA FARE—TRAIN DE LUXE

Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station)	11:20 a. m.	Ar. Tacoma 2nd Day . .	7:40 p. m.
Ar. Portland 2nd Day . .	2:30 p. m.	Ar. Seattle 2nd Day . .	9:00 p. m

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Three-Room Suites	Writing Desks	Ladies' Maid
Berths and Sections	Stenographer	Hairdressing
Observation-Clubroom	Stock Reports	Manicuring

FIRST CLASS TICKETS ONLY

Portland Express

Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station)	1:00 p. m.	Ar. Tacoma 3rd Day . .	4:45 a. m.
Ar. Portland 2nd Day . .	10:40 p. m.	Ar. Seattle 3rd Day . .	6:15 a. m.

Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars. Observation Car. Dining Car to Portland
ALL CLASSES OF TICKETS

Oregon Express

Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station)	8:20 p. m.	Ar. Tacoma 3rd Day . .	1:40 p. m.
Ar. Portland 3rd Day . .	7:20 a. m.	Ar. Seattle 3rd Day . .	3:15 p. m.

Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars. Dining Car to Portland
ALL CLASSES OF TICKETS

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NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, ELLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN CROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly of real property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to-wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HOCK, Deceased—No. 16,262; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of HENRY HOCK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Frank L. Fenton, Room 329 Mills Building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY HOCK, deceased.

CHARLES H. HOCK,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Henry Hock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 22, 1913.

FRANK L. FENTON,
Attorney for Administrator with the Will annexed,
329 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1577

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, that the undersigned, Henry MacVine, residing at 136 Palm avenue, San Francisco, California, is doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of "CHICAGO CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY."

Dated, December 9, 1913.

HENRY MACVINE.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 9th day of December, 1913, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared HENRY MACVINE, known to me to be the person described in and who subscribed the foregoing instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 9, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.

S. W. MOLKENBUHR, Attorney,
828 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-13-5

APPLICATION FOR A DECREE OF VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,802; Dept. 6.

In the Matter of the Application of WESTERN STATES AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Decree of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Western States Amusement Company, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to and has this day filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve and disincorporate; and that on MONDAY, the 22nd day of December, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, before the above entitled Court, Department No. 6 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Hall of Justice, Clay and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, California, the said application will be heard and determined.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.
By H. BRUNNER,
Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 17, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. Brunner, Deputy Clerk.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attys. for Petitioner,
First National Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-22-5

Quite naturally it isn't the man with a level head who does the most butting in.

Of course we should all love our neighbors, but the trouble is our wives are apt to object.

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The magnitude of this tremendous increase in advertising made by The Chronicle **is not equaled by any other newspaper in San Francisco, morning or evening.** In fact, there are few newspapers in America that can boast such a record. This gain means that The Chronicle printed 465¼ pages—or 3,291 columns—or 68,867¾ inches more advertising than during the same period of 1912. **This is an average gain of one and two-fifths pages of advertising for each day during the 11 months.** No more substantial proof of the advertiser's confidence in The Chronicle could be offered than this splendid advertising achievement.

Chronicle's Gain Made as Follows:

Local Display - - -	682,150	Lines Gain
Foreign Display - -	180,908	Lines Gain
Classified - - - -	101,090	Lines Gain
Total - - - -	**964,148**	**Lines Gain**

*The Classified Advertising gain of The Chronicle does not include gratuitous situation wanted advertising printed.

The advertising gain and losses of three other San Francisco newspapers are shown below so that comparison may be made to the enormous gain of The Chronicle for the eleven months of this year compared to the same period one year ago, as follows:

Chronicle Gained - -	**964,148 Lines**
Examiner Lost - -	**72,212 Lines**
Bulletin Lost - - -	**331,058 Lines**
Post Gained - -	**168,084 Lines**

The month of November was another record breaking month for The Chronicle. The advertising gain during this month was as follows:

Chronicle's November Gain 132,128 Lines

ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital	$4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits	$1,789,256
Deposits	$29,975,868

We Offer the Best Facilities for Handling Pacific Coast Items

BOND DEPARTMENT

Safe Department Vaults

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WASHINGTON DODGE	Vice-President
J. FRIEDLANDER	Vice-President
C. F. HUNT	Vice-President
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Crumbling Highway

A section of the State highway in the neighborhood of Mountain View laid a few months ago is now undergoing repairs. This is not in accordance with specifications. As we understood it the highway was to be made to last until after the next State election. Such being the case somebody has erred. This is a serious matter, and there should be a prompt investigation with a view to finding out whether the Mountain View contretemps is in the nature of a frame-up against the Governor's machine. Of course it may be that the farmers near Mountain View are unreasonable. Maybe they put too much weight on their vehicles. It should be remembered that the "wearing surface" of the State roads now in course of construction, consisting of scrap asphalt mixed in oil, is only a quarter of an inch thick. A thicker surface would probably last longer, but the money (eighteen million) wouldn't go as far as it is desirable that it should go in the interest of the politicians now on the job. The desideratum is not a thick surface but one that will spread all over the map. The principle on which the Governor is building the roads, however, may be defeated if the roads go to pieces in all sections of the State before the campaign is well under way.

An Unstable Patriot

That most capricious and whimsical of men, the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels, has turned another corner, and his bewildered disciples, pale, pop-eyed and panting, are beginning to betray signs of dementia rudolphiana. It was but the other day that this effervescent young millionaire unbottled himself of a gas and electric public service project. The glad tidings were disseminated that his philanthropic impulse had risen supreme, the result being a firm resolution to give the dear people cheaper gas and electricity. Now it appears that Mr. Spreckels has been laboring with that philanthropic impulse and that he has subdued and conquered it. Instead of investing his money in a big public service enterprise he will conduct a propaganda for government ownership of all public service plants. He opened the campaign in the Bulletin one day last week. About the same time this vacillating patriot turned his political coat again. He has come back to the Republican party. On President Wilson he has served notice that he cannot stand for the caucus system. Presumably the viciousness of that system was made manifest when Tom Fox was made postmaster of Sacramento. Of what use Mr. Spreckels will be to the Republican party we are not able to imagine at this moment. That as a Republican he will be of some use to himself we can readily perceive since his dearly beloved friend, the Hon. James D. Phelan, now aspires to the Senate of his country. As Mr. Phelan is a Democrat, Mr. Spreckels as a Republican cannot be expected to take either a pecuniary or a moral interest in his friend's campaign.

Our Great Native Son

Another illustration of the consequences of the extension of democracy comes from Washington where Senator Works charges that the Hon. William R. Hearst converted the Senate of his country to acquiescence in the Hetch-Hetchy project. It is not to be gainsaid that Mr. Hearst is a man of extraordinary power. His is a power that grows by what it feeds upon, and it is devouring institutional government at a great rate. Increasing the power of the people means augmenting the power of the colossus of journalism. How tremendous is the power this man wields we perceive every time he brings pressure to bear on Congress. We know there are men in Washington always ready to do his bidding. They need his influence in their home State, and they are as servile as a Rolph, as sensitive to an editorial as a humble member of the Board of Supervisors. There is more than one Senator willing to make an ass of himself every time a Hearst paper wants an interview to celebrate some petty achievement in journalism. The other day our Chamber of Commerce, which but a few months ago was held up to ridicule by the Examiner, publicly solicited the influence of Hearst against a bill that was put through the Senate by Andrew Furuseth in the interest of the sailors of Sweden and Norway and fatal to American ship owners of the Pacific. And why not? With President Wilson kow-towing to every anarchist of organized labor in the country, where is there a better man to appeal to than William R. Hearst? Hearst is not to be frightened even by a leader of organized labor. And if he has not yet reached the point where he may dictate to the President at least he can give a turn to public sentiment that will cause the President to sit up and take notice. No wonder he was in favor of the election of Senators by direct vote of the people!

Speaker Clark On His Hind Feet

Gradually it is dawning on some of our statesmen in Washington that the people are once more making the acquaintance of "hard times." But the men who take orders from the White House are reluctant to see the truth. Thus we see Speaker Clark, for instance, denying that there is anything wrong with the country. But it is clear that this great statesman does not believe what he says, for in the same breath in which he censures certain Republican leaders for crying hard times he says that blame for existing industrial conditions should be placed on the Senate for delaying the currency bill. At the same time he professes to believe that the country is prosperous, and justifies his belief by pointing to a cement plant in his district which is working 2,800 men on three shifts of eight hours each. Representative Church, an intellectual giant from Fresno, is of one mind with Speaker Clark, and he would forbid members of Congress from talking about hard times, believing as he does that money stringency is to be induced by conversation. Representative Church probably knows of a prosperous laundry in Fresno, and is by that circumstance convinced that everybody is on the right side of the ledger. The amazing exiguity of these men, one a leader of his party, is deserving of study. That they are where they are shows how we let things slide. We wonder whether either of them has heard of what has been happening to the railroads of the country or of the postponement of tax collections in Los Angeles or of road building in the State of Washington as a means of feeding the hungry.

Senator Root's Views

According to Speaker Clark and his confreres the currency measure will make the country blossom like a rose. If our Democratic statesmen are right the electrical effect of their currency legislation will soon be felt in all the channels of trade. If these statesmen are right Senator Elihu Root is wrong and wrong are most of the bankers of our country. But Senator Root, whom Lord Morley has pronounced the brainiest man he ever met, and whom Colonel Roosevelt described as the man with the greatest intellect and soundest judgment in contemporary public life, is regarded by Speaker "Champ" Clark as nothing but a "calamity howler." However, Senator Root has given currency matters some study, and though he hasn't brought the light of a cement plant to bear on them it may be that his views in the grey light of future

events will take on a sentimental interest. In his speech on the Owen-Glass bill he said that "it would fasten on a surprised country the fundamental defects of the Bryan doctrines which the country had three times overwhelmingly repudiated." Reasoning from basic principles rather than from cement plants, Senator Root concludes that "expansion under the bill will be unlimited, prices will rise, gold will vanish, stocks will fall, and American securities driven from abroad will force repurchase in gold at home that can only be supplied by the continuous issue of bonds." This is not a picture to quicken the holiday spirit or to make us feel that better times are hastening toward us. Now Senator Root is not of the class of statesmen who draw their conclusions from a few meagre facts, but rather from certain elemental principles that are not the less important because from their nature they elude immediate observation. These principles form the groundwork of inexorable economic laws.

Frightening Investors

Senator's Root's speech was in advocacy of certain amendments providing for the elimination of the insurance of bank deposits, increasing reserves and limiting the proposed issue of notes. The insurance of bank deposits, he said, would set a premium on bad banking and enable any adventurer to win customers through the endorsement of the Federal government. Under the loose language of the bill, he said, almost any conceivable paper could be used as a basis for currency issue. Inflation might expand the currency of the country to $1,800,000,000. The effect would be to add to the disquietude of investors abroad, who were already alarmed at the difficulties American industries encountered in their search for reasonable profits, and whose fears have not been allayed by those transportation companies that recently have either reduced or passed their usual dividends. From this last observation it would appear that Mr. Root regards the prosperity of the Missouri cement plant as of less significance than the passed dividend of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Indeed it is not to be gainsaid that Senator Root is inclined to be an alarmist. He goes so far as to warn Congress that the holders of the great bulk of American securities are going to be keenly alert regarding the financial policy of this country. "Before October, 1907," he said, "more than $200,000,000 of securities were sent back to us just on the suspicion that things were not going right, and last September over $200,000,000 came over on the judgment of some people that it would be wise to reduce their risks." In other words the intimidation of foreign capital by our flamboyant demagogues in high places has found expression in the unloading of securities. Yet we are not doing anything toward allaying the apprehensions of foreign investors. On the contrary we appear to be intent on increasing their alarm. With our troubles multiplying, the uniform attitude of the Administration is one of hostility to capital. When the Secretary of Labor isn't inveighing against property rights, the Postmaster-General is talking about putting all the telephone and telegraph companies out of business, or the President himself is trying to out-Roosevelt, the howling corroboree dancer of Oyster Bay by advocating the abolition of Presidential conventions and nomination of candidates for the Presidency through the agency of direct primaries throughout the country. We are experiencing today the ill-effects of a protracted course of hysterical conduct through which we have accumulated a variety of disorders, but there is no let-up. The cry of the hour in Washington is for more experimentation.

The Monarchy of California

It did not require a decision of the Supreme Court to enable us to appreciate the extraordinary powers possessed by our Railroad Commission, but for some folk it would probably require a surgical operation to enable them to perceive whence these powers emanate. The Supreme Court says that making the voice of the Legislature the supreme law of the land "is but a reversion to the English form of government which makes an act of Parliament the supreme law of the land." In this particular matter of the regulation of public utilities, it would seem, we have done something more than follow the English system. By a curious paradox in our passion for democracy we have made of the Governor of the State an unconstitutional monarch. We have given him powers greater than the powers of any monarch in the civilized world. For, ultimately considered, it is not the voice of the Legislature, but the voice of the Railroad Commission that is the law of the land. The Railroad Commission has powers, derived directly from the Legislature and but indirectly from the people, which cannot be restrained by any provision of the Constitution notwithstanding that the Constitution is the voice of the people. In other words the people under the New Freedom personally conducted by Hiram Johnson have surrendered their power to the Legislature that it might be turned over to the Railroad Commissioners. And who are these all-powerful gentlemen? They are the creatures of Hiram Johnson, elective monarch of the Progressive State of California. The principle of the whole thing, you see, is very easily to be apprehended if you separate the parts from the whole and scrutinize them closely. The principle is what comes from simplifying democracy in order to bring the government back to the people. The simplifying of democracy inevitably results in putting the government in the hands of one man, as in this instance we have put the government of our public utilities in the hands of the Executive. Fortunately for us the Executive for the time being is a man without reproach, without, indeed, any of the ordinary human susceptibilities which render the epithet "frail" applicable to mortal man. He gave us a Railroad Commission beyond the reach—mirabile dictu—even of himself, except, perhaps, in his capacity as preacher of righteousness. But think of what might happen! Of course we are not concerned about our public utilities. They are not deserving of our sympathy. But think of the awful temptation to which they have been subjected, the temptation to spend millions to elect a serviceable Governor. Think of the possible catastrophe—the death of Governor Johnson just before the time for appointing the commissioners. We should have had Lieutenant-Governor Wallace on the job, a pure man to be sure since he is a Progressive, but not so finicky as Johnson about his honor, as we judge from the circumstance that he availed himself of the Statute of Limitations the other day when sued for money alleged to have been obtained by fraud. So careless a man might have given us for a Railroad Commission some of these hungry Progressive boys who are now on exhibition in the squabbles over jobs. But all this speculation is of little worth save as a means of reminding the dear people of their good fortune in having a Class A commission and a superlatively honest Governor. Ah! a great blessing is Hiram, and he will probably realize on second thought that in view of all the extraordinary powers which the people in the madness of their fascination turned over to the Executive he should squelch his Senatorial ambition and stay where he is indefinitely.

An Old-Fashioned Reformer

The Right Reverend Bishop Hanna is a clergyman who can discriminate between the evils that human power can remove and the evils that human patience must bear. This we infer from some of the observations which he made the other night in a lecture for the benefit of the Catholic Japanese Mission. The subject of the lecture was St. Francis of Assisi. This is a subject that easily turns one's mind to questions touching the improvement of mankind and the amelioration of the condition of unfortunate human beings. St. Francis was a reformer with that power of discernment that marks the difference between common sense and stupidity. St. Francis, as Bishop Hanna remarked, saw all the terrible evils of his age, and he sought to make things better, but he "did not put his trust in an elaborate program," preferring to aim "directly at the moral improvement of the individual." This he did by teaching men to love one another and to find joy even in poverty. "He did not preach institutional reform," said Bishop Hanna; "he did not urge revolutionary changes; he did not preach discontent; he knew the truth of the old German proverb, 'Let us be better and the world will be better.'" Bishop Hanna would have us try to realize the Francis ideal today. Evidently the gentleman is no crusader, has no zest for turning things upside down or experimenting with legislative devices for the renovation of the world. Doubtless Bishop Hanna is not inclined to believe that you can produce re

sults by hocus-pocus, or bring on the millennium by reproaching whole classes in a wholesale fashion, or by rousing the savage beast in the breast of the generation. For Bishop Hanna is of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church which has very old-fashioned ideas that have come down from the days of Christ, inspiring at times men of the most saintly character. According to these ideas there is something more than materialism in politics, and society has something of a sacred or religious character, and its problems are not to be solved on the principle of bringing us the ocean to make our broth with. The priests of the church that propagates the Francis ideal are not to be found taking part in the civil war in which the inspiration of one side is the cant of altruism and the other side many of the meaner passions of human nature. They would introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity. They strive not to make men richer but to make them truer, purer, nobler.

Perspective Impressions

Hillsboro is to make war on germs, but not on the polo bug or the tango microbe.

The Military Order of Carabao seems to have the President buffaloed.

William Rockefeller is now buying at $65 the stock of the New Haven that formerly sold at $279. Thus are the rich impoverished by railroad and other kinds of baiting!

Representative Kent is in favor of extending the term of Congressmen to six years. The thought of the last barrel that he opened gives an awful twinge to Billy's pocket nerve.

"The loveless age is coming," says a Chicago eugenist. The only loveless age that is coming to all of us is old age, and that need not be loveless in any except the restricted eugenic sense.

So Vice-President Marshall has yielded to the lure of the circuit! Isn't it time for the White Rats to protest against the demoralization and corruption of an honest profession?

Another reformer with a deformed reputation. The founder of the George Junior Republic has been declared guilty of taking liberties with little girls.

Cheer up, this sad mad old year will soon be dead, and there is hardly anything more for the Democrats to do.

"Five hundred blind folk hear Peary lecture," says the paper. Nothing remarkable in that. Now, if they saw him lecture—

The newspaper pictures of clubwomen in the fancy dress of amateur theatricals are not what we should call alluring.

It's right enough to call these jemmethayden affairs "danses du pave," but refer to the girls who take part as "femmes du pave" and you invite trouble.

Professor Vincent O'Shea of the Wisconsin University is in favor of teaching slang in the public schools. Some teachers can't help teaching it.

Hint to newspaper correspondents in Mexico: Never lose sight of the reading public's demand for novelty. So when you describe a Mexican girl who wears a cartridge belt, call her a Joan of Arc.

David Starr Jordan is now diatribing in an Eastern weekly against Mars in a heavy, platitudinous fashion as though his intellect were struggling for egress as the sun might struggle to emerge from behind obtrusive clouds.

A conundrum suggested by the experience of the people of Lessburg, Va.: Why is a trip up a dark alley at a late hour of the night like inviting Secretary Bryan to grace an occasion? Because it involves the danger of a hold-up.

Lieutenant-Governor Wallace was sued the other day for $10,000 which he was alleged to have obtained by misrepresentation. He made no defense but got a non-suit because the claim was outlawed. Thus we learn that a Progressive's reverence for the law extends to the statute of limitations.

The People's Forum

Gaby and the King

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Do you believe the story about King Manoel and Gaby Deslys? I don't. There are other stories written by press agents which impress me more than this one. The fact that Gaby chattered about King Manoel at the time of his dethronement does not remove my skepticism. Who was it said: "Some kiss and tell; others don't kiss but tell?" This may be such a case. I happen to know that shortly before the Revolution in Portugal Gaby Deslys was stopping at the Royal Palace Hotel in Lisbon. The Parisian journals said she was stopping "au Palais Royal." Reproduced in Portuguese papers, the announcement suggested that Gaby was residing at the Royal Palace. Of course she never took the trouble to deny this, and her press agents went out of their way to elaborate the story. King Leopold didn't meet Cleo de Merode until the yarn about their liaison was many years of age. I wonder if King Manoel ever met Gaby?

Sincerely,
—Incredulous.

Rolph in Washington

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Now that the smoke of the Hetch Hetchy battle has cleared away, can you tell me what good thing Mayor Rolph accomplished by going to Washington? I have so far failed to discover an adequate answer to this question, although I read the newspaper accounts quite faithfully. They merely told me that Mayor Rolph sat in the gallery, an attentive listener during the debates. Perhaps he was all the time exerting his powerful mind for the purpose of suggestionizing the Senate. Or perhaps his trip to Washington lacked any but a purely spectacular importance. I am reminded of the time Veneering bought the rotten borough of Pocket Breeches and solemnly went through the motions of an entirely unnecessary canvas. The Podsnaps and all his other parasites entered into the spirit of the occasion. If you turn to the first volume of "Our Mutual Friend" you'll read how one of these retainers suddenly announced that he'd "go down to the House of Commons and see how things look." This was an inspiration which all the other parasites envied. Dickens continues:

"They all crowd to the door to see Brewer off. Brewer says to his driver, 'Now, is your horse pretty fresh?' eyeing the animal with critical scrutiny. Driver says he's as fresh as butter. 'Put him along then,' says Brewer. Driver darts up, Brewer leaps in, they cheer him as he departs, and Mr. Podsnap says, 'Mark my words, sir. That's a man of resource; that's a man to make his way in life.' To my mind it was just as necessary for Mayor Rolph to make that trip to Washington at your expense and mine as it was for Brewer to go to the House to see how things looked.

Sincerely,
—A Tax Payer.

The Muse's Defi

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Reading in the paper that the Department of Agriculture has succeeded in producing a persimmon without a pucker, my Muse inspired me thus:

So now the persimmon has lost its pucker!
We'll soon have the kickless mule;
The cactus has long ago shed its spine—
What next from the Burbank school?
The steamship no longer needs a stack;
Carnations don't have to be red;
The apple seed has receded from view,
But the lettuce still has its head.
There's one thing, though, in this dear old world
That will always possess a soul;
For try as they may they never can make
A doughnut without a hole!

Sincerely,
—John L. Marsino

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CLVII—GEORGE A. KNIGHT

By Edward F. O'Day

"Take two men out of the Progressive party in California, and there would be no Progressive party."

Thus George Knight, talking politics, his favorite subject. For years George Knight has been immersed in politics, State and national. Time and again he has stumped California for Republican governors and the United States for Republican presidents. He is the only man we have in California who has made his influence felt in the councils of the G. O. P. and his voice heard throughout its largest convention halls. He has enjoyed the confidence of Garfield, McKinley, Mark Hanna and other big men. He has seconded the nomination of presidents and has spoken side by side with them on memorable occasions. And he's a hard-hitting, uncompromising fighter who never had to rap more than twice to hold an unruly convention in line. He is not active in politics just now, but he loves to talk politics just the same.

I asked Knight who were the two men he referred to.

"Governor Johnson and Railroad Commissioner Eshleman," he replied. "The Progressive party is a party of individuals, and in California these two individuals are the party. The rest don't count.

"Frank Heney doesn't figure. If the same proportion of people indorse him throughout the State as indorsed him in San Francisco after the triumphal march of his graft prosecution, he'll be an algebraic minus. I don't believe he can be elected to any office in California. I judge from what people say and from his attempt on the district attorneyship. Dry rot attacks all those he gets behind. Fickert beat Ralph Hathorn for district attorney because Heney sent Hathorn a telegram of indorsement. Heney has the habit of office-seeking. First he was a Democrat; then a Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican; now he's a Progressive. He is a self-appointed candidate; he's his own convention and nominating committee. And he's willing to take what's left. Money won't help Heney much. It only helps the man who is not handicapped in other ways.

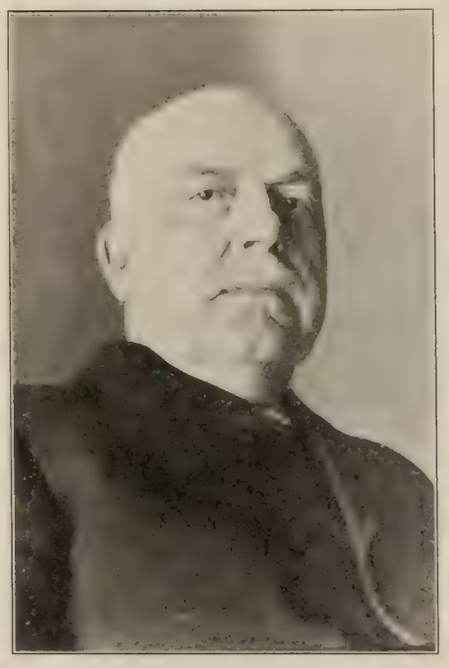
"Rowell doesn't figure either. If you applied the eugenic rule to him in politics he wouldn't exist. And Rudolph Spreckels is never heard from except when his self-interest is concerned. He didn't enter public life till he wanted something and found he couldn't get it.

"Governor Johnson is able and aggressive. Like a surgeon he's not afraid of blood when he cuts. He will be a strong candidate for Governor or Senator. From his viewpoint his administration has been a success because it has done what he promised. But it has not been good for the State, and I don't think the State will stand very long for some of the measures he has given it. Governor Johnson has been extravagant, but from the viewpoint of mere politics that is to be commended. He has taken care of his political friends at the expense of the treasury, and hasn't sought to placate his enemies.

"As for Eshleman, the general repute of the Railroad Commission over which he presides is that its rulings have been fair, able and equitable. No corporation has a sound complaint to make against it. It is as strong a tribunal as the Supreme Court. Whether Eshleman's popularity as a Railroad Commissioner would be enough to land him in the governorship is a problem. We don't know yet who his opponent will be. And there may be internal hemorrhages in his own party.

"The trouble with the Progressive party is that it is a party of negation. It fights for nothing tangible as the old parties do. The Progressives tell us that certain things exist which ought not to exist, and we all admit that. You can't run a party on a policy of negation any more than you can run a bank that way. And you can't build a party on an individual, whether it be Roosevelt or Johnson.

"We hear much from these Progressives about friendly contests. There are no friendly contests in politics. I've seen two hypocrites attempt it, and all went well till one of them got



Courtesy of the Chronicle

GEORGE A. KNIGHT

mad. Hypocrites in the Progressive party? Well, it is hard to distinguish between sincere conversion to a cause and hypocrisy. But when one man thinks he's closer to the spring of purity than his neighbor he is either a hypocrite or an egotist. You know, a man may become so imbued with egotism that he will do wrong with a good conscience; and to the spectator he looks like a hypocrite."

Then Knight talked in a more general way. He doesn't think President Wilson will be renominated, let alone re-elected. "His early training," he says, "prevents his success as our Chief Executive." The Republican party suffers at the hands of "a lot of old women who crept into power when the party was prosperous." Its salvation depends on men like Senator Borah. Roosevelt has drifted away, but he will be disciplined and taken back. He had the biggest responsibility of any President since Lincoln. He gave the United States the Panama Canal and California the battleship fleet. No President was fairer to the corporations. Knight thinks he will be the next nominee of the Republican party and that he will be re-elected.

As for our city government, Knight says we haven't any worthy the name. Rolph will not be re-elected. "We shall have a union labor administration next time," he says, "for the city is now in the hands of the few and the comparison between the Rolph and McCarthy administrations is all in favor of McCarthy's."

Knight is not in sympathy with the professional reformers. "If we try conscientiously to root the evil out of our own souls we'll have little time for reforming our neighbors."

Pointing out that of the Twelve Apostles there was one who betrayed the Master, one who denied him and one who doubted him, Knight says that the same proportion holds good among all men.

"In politics the ratio is, three crooks to nine honest men," he says. "Sometimes there are more than three crooks. But that must be in politics. The politician who tries to beat a cinch bill by silent prayer is off the track. And it is so in all human nature. An illustration: The Palace Hotel harbors the finest people in the world. And yet, if Colonel Kirkpatrick would give me the equivalent of what guests of the Palace steal every year, I'd be independent for life. If thievery is so prevalent, how can you expect purity in politics? And yet political conditions are getting better. There is no doubt about that.

"If I had my life to live over again I'd go into politics. I was district attorney for three terms in Humboldt, but I'm thankful that I never ran for any important office. I've had the freedom of the private offices of four governors, Perkins, Markham, Budd and Gage, but I never made use of it. The lawyer who takes a fee in consideration of his pull with a governor or any other official is not honorable. No man in the United States has had more solid satisfaction out of politics than I have had. I've enjoyed the friendship of the country's big men since the eighties. I've had the honor of speaking in Madison Square Garden with Roosevelt and Taft to twenty thousand people, an honor I wouldn't exchange for thousands of dollars. My party has honored me and my ambitions more than I deserved; that's why I cling to it.

"But politics has been a hindrance to me in my profession. It has taken me away for long periods from my law office. And besides, the public has an idea that the man who can talk never thinks.

"If I were starting life over again and determined to succeed in politics at any cost, if I made up my mind to go into politics for what there was in it, I'd act differently. I'd join every fraternal organization in the country. I'd never express myself affirmatively on anything. You wouldn't be able to pull a definite statement out of me with a boat hook. I'd be as big a demogogue as the best of 'em. I'd tell the people that they ought to rule; and that the government ought to supply them with everything including boots and hats. I'd keep talking about reform. I'd prate about honesty on the principle that, the bigger the thief the louder the cry of 'Stop Thief!' I'd play to the dishonest part of humanity, but I'd do it carefully and not be found out. I'd sing 'Onward, Christian Soldier' and I'd say 'Thou shalt not steal.' That is the recipe for success in politics, the kind of success a certain sort of politician achieves."

I have a suspicion that Knight was thinking of certain Progressives. I wonder if I'm right?

Three Tales

By Lord Dunsany

I—Furrow-Maker

He was all in black, but his friend was dressed brown—members of two old families.

"Is there any change in the way you build our houses?" said he in black.

"No change," said the other. "And you?"

"We change not," he said.

A man went by in the distance riding a cycle.

"He is always changing," said the one in black, of late almost every century. He is uneasy. Always changing."

"He changes the way he builds his house, does e not?" said the brown one.

"So my family say," said the other. "They say e has changed of late."

"They say he takes much to cities?" the brown ne said.

"My cousin who lives in belfries tells me so," aid the black one. "He says he is much in ities."

"And there he grows lean?" said the brown one.

"Yes, he grows lean."

"Is it true what they say?" said the brown one.

"Caw," said the black one.

"Is it true that he cannot live many centuries?"

"No, no," said the black one. "Furrow-maker will not die. We must not lose Furrow-maker. He has been foolish of late; he has played with moke and is sick. His engines have wearied him nd his cities are evil. Yes, he is very sick. But in a few centuries he will forget his folly nd we shall not lose Furrow-maker. Time out f mind he has delved and my family have got heir food from the raw earth behind him. He will not die."

"But they say, do they not," said the brown ne, "his cities are noisome, and that he grows ick in them and can run no longer, and that it s with him as it is with us when we grow too many, and the grass has the bitter taste in the rainy season, and our young grow bloated and die?"

"Who says it?" replied the black one.

"Pigeon," the brown one answered. "He came back all dirty. And Hare went down to the edge of the cities once. He says it too. Man was too sick to chase him. He thinks that Man will die, and his wicked friend Dog with him. Dog! He will die. That nasty fellow Dog. He will die too, the dirty fellow!"

"Pigeon and Hare!" said the black one. "We shall not lose Furrow-maker."

"Who told you he will not die?" his brown friend said.

"Who told me!" the black one said. "My family and his have understood each other time out of mind. We know what follies will kill each other and what each may survive, and I say that Furrow-maker will not die."

"He will die," said the brown one.

"Caw," said the other.

And Man said in his heart: "Just one invention more. There is something I want to do with petrol yet, and then I will give it all up and go back to the woods."

II—Lobster Salad

I was climbing round the perilous outside of the Palace of Colquonhombros. So far below me that in the tranquil twilight and clear air of those lands I could only barely see them, lay the craggy tops of the mountains. It was along no battlements or terrace edge I was climbing, but on the sheer face of the wall itself, getting what foothold I could where the boulders joined. Had my feet been bare I was done, but though I was in my nightshirt I had on stout leather boots, and their edges somehow held in those narrow cracks. My fingers and wrists were aching. Had it been possible to stop for a moment I might have been lured to give a second look at the fearful peaks of the mountains down there in the twilight, and this must have been fatal.

That the thing was all a dream is beside the point. We have fallen in dreams before, but it is well known that if in one of those falls you ever hit the ground—you die: I had looked at those menacing mountain-tops, and knew well that such a fall as the one I feared must have such a termination. Then I went on.

It is strange what different sensations there can be in different boulders—every one gleaming with the same white light and every one chosen to match the rest by the minions of ancient kings—when your life depends on the edges of every one you come to. Those edges seemed strangely different. It was of no avail to overcome the terror of one, for the next would give you a hold in quite a different way or hand you over to death in a different manner. Some were too sharp to hold and some too flush with the wall; those whose hold was the best crumbled the soonest; each rock had its different terror, and then there were those things that followed behind me.

And at last I came to a breach made long ago by earthquake, lightning, or war: I should have had to go down a thousand feet to get round it and they would come up with me while I was doing that, for certain sable apes that I have not mentioned as yet, things that had tigrish teeth and were born and bred on that wall, had pursued me all the evening. In any case I could have gone no further, nor did I know what the king would do along whose wall I was climbing. It was time to drop and be done with it or stop and await those apes.

And then it was that I remembered a pin, thrown carelessly down out of an evening-tie in another world from the one where grew that glittering wall, and lying now, if no evil chance had removed it, on a chest of drawers by my bed. The apes were very close, and hurrying, for they knew my fingers were slipping, and the cruel peaks of those infernal mountains seemed surer of me than the apes. I reached out with a desperate effort of will towards where the pin lay on the chest of drawers. I groped about. I found it! I ran it into my arm. Saved!

III—Exchange No Robbery

The poet traveled so far from his native land that he came at last to the country where poets have honor.

And there he met with a ruffian.

And the faces of the ruffian and the poet were so much alike that they might have been brothers. Therefore they talked together. And the ruffian asked the poet what he was. And the poet answered him: "I am only a poet, and I make verses, but none cares for them."

And the ruffian said: "In this country poets have honor."

And the poet said to the ruffian: "What are you?"

And the ruffian said: "I am a common ruffian. I go into houses and set the husband against the wife or stir up strife amongst the children. Or I go out into the fields to put hatred into the laborer's heart and make the servant rise against his master. And sometimes I make men to curse their lot and bring discontent among them. It is my amusement."

And the poet said to him: "Why do you do these things?"

And the ruffian said again: "It is my amusement. Men are made in all manner of ways."

And suddenly the poet seized him by the wrist: "Quick," he said, "let us change, for we are like in face so that we might be brothers, and in this country you say that poets have honor! And in my country such men as you are in high places and get great wealth and verily they have much honor."

And the eyes of the ruffian twinkled for he was a greedy man; and he and the poet changed places there and then; and in that far country the poet at last had honor, and the other has dwelt in our midst for many years. Reader, I dare not tell you his honored name.

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Poems About San Francisco

CXXVI—THE MERCHANTS EXCHANGE

By William H. Rhodes ("Caxton")

(Dr. [illegible] William H. Rhodes, a well known San Francisco lawyer and Bohemian, is remembered for the stories and verses he contributed to the local press under the pen name of "Caxton." The best of these were collected after his death and published as "Caxton's Book." This volume came out in 1876 with a preface by the editor Daniel O'Connell and an "In Memoriam" by W. H. L. Barnes. It is long since out of print, of course. It contains "The Summerfield Case," "The Telescopic Eye" and other stories which won Rhodes more than merely local attention. There is a rather long poem on the laying of the corner stone of the Merchants Exchange from which the following stanzas are selected.)

Around this mart the world's great trade shall center;
Within these walls a Babel tumult sound,
Not that which made doomed Shinar a memento
Of human pride laid level to the ground,
But blended music of all tongues shall enter,
And in trade's peaceful symphonies resound!

Here shall Confucius braid his ebon tresses,
Perfume the cup with aromatic teas,
Supply gay beauty with her gaudiest dresses,—
The worm's fine fabric, and the Bactrian fleece;
And in exchange shall quaff a balm that blesses,
Freedom and truth, in every passing breeze!

Here Kamehameha realize the splendor
Foretold by sirens, singing 'round his isles,
How cane and pulu be the realm's defender,
And roof his palaces with golden tiles;—
When sturdy Saxons should their hearts surrender
In captive bonds to coy Kanaka wiles!

Here Petropaulowski store her richest sables,
Tahiti waft her oranges and limes,
The Lascar weave his stout manila cables,
The Malay chaffer midst his porcelaine chimes,
Ceylon with spices scent our groaning tables,
Pariah bring Golconda's gems, not crimes;

Beneath this dome the Tycoon's gory dragon
Shall fold his wings, and close his fiery eyes;
Here quaffing from the same enchanted flagon,
Fraternal incense shall to Heaven arise;
Whilst Vishnu, Thor, Jehovah, Bhudd, and Dagon
Shall cease all strife, and struggle for the prize!

The Spectator

The Powers Frame-Up

When a young man by the name of David Powers was arrested for seduction the other day he affected an air of indifference, saying that the case was a "frame-up" contrived by the defendants in the Western Fuel Company's cases with a view to discrediting the testimony which he was expected to give. Then came his brother Edward Powers, indignant at the arrest of one of the Powers tribe, and promising by way of resentment to give testimony against the Western Fuel defandants which would ensure their conviction. It was implied that he had intended to withhold this conclusive testimony, but changed his mind when his brother was arrested. All of which made interesting reading matter in the dailies, and of course it was read by the jury, for the Western Fuel defendants are on trial. They were on trial in the newspapers long before they came into court, and now they are undergoing trial inside and outside of court. Such is justice as administered in our enlightened country. We have grown very humane of late. We are keen for social justice, eager to uplift; we are indulging all the tender feelings that become the gentle Christian and bespeak the kindly Samaritan. Altruism is in the air, and the cant of it turns an occasional stomach. There is one individual, however, one outcast for whom we have not the slightest compassion—the prosperous man on trial for his liberty. Now it is possible for an innocent prosperous man to be charged with crime, but we must take no thought of that possibility. The presumption of innocence is only for the labor union assassin, and when he pleads guilty we must lament the social injustice that impelled him to his crime. I am not criticising: merely calling attention to a phenomenon that might well be pondered by some pretty decent folk who prate about the golden rule and flatter themselves that they are more humane, more generous and more magnanimous than the rest of us.

The Powers Brothers

For any one with a tolerable acquaintance with frame-ups the Powers frame-up is as implausible as an underworld drama. The frame-up as an adventitious aid to justice is an old story in San Francisco, where prosecuting attorneys and even judges have co-operated with private detectives in executing mean stratagems in criminal cases. Defendants are not addicted to frame-ups, for they are extremely dangerous expedients. The detective for the prosecution can afford to take a chance. He has control of the machinery, if not the assent of the prosecuting attorney. In the case under discussion, what fools the defendants would be to put themselves in the power of the family that caused the arrest of David Powers. Further, why go to the trouble of discrediting a man already discredited? For be it known, this is not the first time David Powers has been arrested. He has been worse than arrested. He has been convicted, and he has served time; not for trifling with the affections of a girl, but for smuggling opium. And he has been further discredited in a measure as a witness against the Western Fued defendants inasmuch as he was discharged by them. He was discharged for availing himself of the facilities which his employment afforded to smuggle opium. Not only was David discharged, but his brother Ed. also, the man who is now going to tell the truth because of the frame-up against David. And in addition to David and Edward, there was the father of them, who was also employed and discharged by the Western Fuel Company. Now David is the man who instigated the indictment of the defendants, but we are asked to believe that had it not been for the frame-up against David his brother would never have been in sympathy with the prosecution.

Our Humane Journalists

Of the foregoing facts no mention was made by the daily papers when they told of the arrest of David Powers and quoted him to the effect that he was the victim of a frame-up. The dailies were not ignorant of the facts. But if the dailies told the whole truth it might tend to neutralize the Powers tale, and so they refrained. The dailies are always with the prosecution except when a union man is on trial. They love to see a man go to jail; especially a prosperous one, or any one against whom there is a hue and cry, as we saw at the time Diggs was on trial. The presumption of guilt is the favorite presumption of our ultra-humane journalists of the daily press, and to vindicate it they'll not hesitate in the midst of a trial to ridicule expert testimony upon matters of which they have not the slightest knowledge. Thus we find them in this very Western Fuel case laughing at the idea of coal losing weight by oxidization and gaining weight by absorption. Perhaps if they were to give the case some study they might find that what is really absurd is the charge that the defendants conspired to rob the government, and that in ten

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years' time while handling nearly half a million tons of coal a year they succeeded in stealing only $27,000. That precisely is the charge.

A Not Unreasonable Request

If I declare an open season for children's stories, will my gentle readers indulge me to the extent of two paragraphs? They will? Then here goes! J. Delmore Lederman has a four-year-old hopeful who will some day, no doubt, be a prominent lawyer like his father. Meanwhile he displays a creditable spirit of intellectual independence, as the following will illustrate. A short time ago Mr. and Mrs. Lederman told him that if he would be a very good little boy the stork would bring a baby brother or sister. I suppose he behaved himself satisfactorily, for one day Mr. Lederman announced the glad tidings.

"The stork," said paterfamilias, "has brought you a nice little baby sister. Would you like to see her?"

"No," answered the son and heir, "but I'd like to see the stork."

Son and Critic

The other story I have from Otto Irving Wise who has just returned from a business trip to New York. It concerns his brother, the well known Rabbi Stephen A. Wise. In connection with his synagogue work Rabbi Wise conducts an institution for children known as the City of Justice. It is on the lines of the George Junior Republic, and each youngster picks out a profession, business or trade for himself, the idea being to cultivate natural talents along the lines of inclination wisely directed. The young son of Rabbi Wise has just reached the age when he is eligible for the City of Justice. It was incumbent on him to pick out his favorite work. He declared that he would like to be a printer. This did not meet the ideas of Doctor Wise who was anxious that his son should be the Rabbi of the City of Justice. Father and son argued the matter for some time, but the fascination of printer's ink had gripped the boy and he refused to give way. Finally Rabbi Wise said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, son. You come to the synagogue with your mother and hear me preach. If I preach a good sermon, you shall be a Rabbi. If I preach a poor sermon, you shall be a printer and I'll become a printer too. Is it a go?"

It was; and the youngster went to hear his father preach. When Rabbi Wise returned to his home that day he found the boy waiting for him on the front steps. And this was the greeting:

"A printer for yours, dad!"

Wheeler as Marc Antony

Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, attorney and bosom friend of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, remains faithful to the Administration at Sacramento, and will never have reason, it is to be hoped, to regret his fidelity. The other day Mr. Wheeler as a member of the Tooley Street Committee called on the Governor, and with all the fervor of Marc Antony offering Caesar the crown begged His Excellency to give further proof of his devotion to the State and his appetite for political pie by consenting to withhold his services from the multitudinous law clients that pine for him and give the Progressives the opportunity of voting him into the Senate. Coy as a bud at her coming-out party the Governor gently waved the committee aside until further notice. This much, no more, I gather from the public prints. The man that winds the ferry clock tells me that when Wheeler left the holy presence the Governor remarked in an aside that as a matter of fact Charley wanted the job himself. How thoroughly en rapport with one another these politicians are!

A Successful Agitator

A great little man is "Andy" Furuseth, the wild-eyed friend of the men that go down to the sea in ships. "Andy" has set the Chamber of Commerce by the ears. He has given ship owners the shock of their lives. "Andy" has put our merchant marine on the ragged edge. Though a leader of organized labor, which is generally believed to hate the Jap, he has conceived a scheme by which Japan will be given a monopoly of shipping on the Pacific Ocean, and the scheme is now well on its way to fruition. Unless the Lower House of Congress can be induced to stop "Andy" from accomplishing his crazy purpose the shipping business will receive a mighty severe stroke of paralysis. Hats off to "Andy"! Just a frenzied little agitator with a consuming passion for realizing certain preposterous ideals for the benefit of seamen, he has brought the Senate of the United States down to his level and induced it to eat out of his hand. "Andy" has done many things for the seaman, so many things that the captain is now at the mercy of the sailors' union and discipline on ship-board in Pacific Coast ports is a thing of the past, but "Andy's"' greatest achievement is the La Follette bill which passed the Senate in October.

The Humane "Andy"

The requirements of the La Follette bill are such that they can be complied with by none but the Japanese steamship lines. The bill provides that no ship of any nationality shall be permitted to depart from any port of the United States unless she has on board a crew not less than seventy-five per cent of which in each department shall be able to understand any order given by the officers. This means that Oriental crews would be barred from all European and American ships. Ostensibly the purpose is to provide for the safety of passengers, but the real purpose is to increase the membership roll of the seamen's union. There is no difficulty about establishing quick and accurate communication between European officers and an Oriental crew, but "Andy" would have Congress believe that he is concerned only about passengers. After seeing "Andy" handle a strike one would never suppose that he was burning up with humane impulses, but yet he is always thinking of the terrible risks that passengers take. When the "Volturno" was wrecked "Andy" had himself interviewed. "The prominent fact," said he, "so far as the information is at present available, was the lack of skilled men to handle the boats. The only supreme test of skill in a seaman and the one most important to the passenger is the seaman's

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ability to lower a boat and get her away when a gale is blowing." When that interview was published "Andy," nor anybody else, had any information at all as to conditions on board the "Volturno." Subsequently it was learned that there was no lack of efficiency or discipline when the wreck occurred or when the terrible conditions were met.

For the Safeguarding of Passengers

Because of his concern for human life "Andy" put a clause in the La Follette bill requiring that two able-bodied seamen shall be carried for each life boat. Now the crew of a steamship are as capable of handling boats as the men who rank as able-bodied seamen, but "Andy" would make work for his Norwegian and Swedish friends of the union, and so he would have them hired to be on hand in the event of a wreck. In the case of a steamer like the "Congress" now in the Pacific Coast passenger and freight service to comply with the terms of "Andy's" bill twenty men would be employed to do nothing but smoke their pipes and wait for a collision in the fog; that is, if the "Congress" remained in commission, but the fact is that "Andy's" bill if it goes through will put our coast steamers out of business, just as it will put an end to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company with its fleet of Pacific liners. On the whole it's a wonderful bill, and from the standpoint of the steamship magnates of Japan it's the loveliest piece of legislation ever proposed.

To Encourage Deserters

As to other foreign steamship owners the bill is quite as objectionable as to the men on whom we rely to build up our merchant marine, for it provides special facilities by which foreign crews may desert as soon as they reach an American port. No foreign consul will have the right to enforce the shipping articles under which a crew shipped in a foreign port, for the bill releases the crew from their contract as soon as they enter an Americcan port. Thus does "Andy" propose to abrogate our treaties that he may be able to do business with seamen from foreign parts. But of course Japanese ship owners will not be affected, for Japanese crews have too much respect for their home government, which arrests and prosecutes recalcitrant seamen when they return home. There is, indeed, nothing in the bill to which Japanese ship owners will object. If "Andy" had made the bill in Japan he could not have improved on it from the Japanese standpoint.

The Banquet to Baum

There was plenty of "electricity" but little "gas" about the banquet which the officials of Pacific Gas and Electric tendered to Frank G. Baum last Friday night. The atmosphere was charged with the electric energy of active brains, but there was a marked absence of the "hot air" that spoils too many dinners. Frank Baum is the engineer who built the Lake Spaulding Dam and supervised the Bear River development, the greatest engineering feat so far undertaken by the men who give us "Pacific Service," and perhaps the most remarkable project of its kind ever carried to a successful finish. There were two hundred men of accomplishment gathered in the magnificent Rose Room of the St. Francis to do honor to Baum. There were hardy men who know how to harness streams and conquer the wilderness, and there were polished men whose superiors do not exist in the financial centers of the West. The banquet made it plain that John A. Britton is the orator of P. G. and E. He has an easy manner in after-dinner oratory, and can be light or vigorous as he pleases. Eugene De Sabla was routed out of his chair for a talk, but took refuge in reminiscence. So did John Martin. Neither of these, I fancy, relishes making an address. As for Baum, he talked with a pointer, and the slides he illustrated were more eloquent than any words could be. And Frank Drum for whom the new power house has been named, enjoyed everything but didn't say a word except to his neighbors at the table. These captains of industry are conspicuously lacking in unnecessary talk.

The Effect of Conservation

John Britton didn't mince words when he had occasion to refer to the Government's policy of conservation. It seems that the canal which carries the water from the Drum power house was surveyed across some thirteen hundred acres of land in the Lake Tahoe Forest Reserve. Permission was sought of the Department of the Interior to carry the canal across this waste of granite and scrub. But the Department absolutely refused to cut any red tape for P. G. and E. and it became necessary to construct a siphon to carry the water around this piece of government land. The siphon cost $75,000; the canal would have cost $15,000. So the refusal of the Government cost the company just $60,000. "Who are the true conservationists?" asked Britton, and nobody had any doubt about the answer. Britton declared that he intended some day to go on the platform and tell the people of California what harm the federal policy of conservation is doing this State.

A Problem Solved

In his talk Britton told a good story about John Martin, a story which illustrated the quick wit and resourcefulness of that power magnate. As everybody should know, Martin and De Sabla are the world's pioneers in the long distance transmission of power. When they brought their first power lines down from the mountains to the Bay the world of electrical engineering followed their revolutionary project with the deepest interest. One of the knottiest problems of the work consisted in carrying the heavy power cables across Carquinez Straits on heavy steel masts. To the mind of a certain great engineer of Boston this involved difficulties practically insurmountable, and he made the journey from Boston to San Francisco to put his objections up to John Martin

"Mr. Martin," he said, "I understand that the wind sometimes blows up Carquinez Straits at the rate of sixty miles an hour. When your power lines are strung across the Straits the wind will blow with such velocity some day that it will blow them together and you'll be short-circuited. That seems to me to make your project impracticable."

John Martin had not thought of this perfectly sound objection, but the solution occurred to him on the spur of the moment.

"We'll have no trouble," he told the Boston engineer, "because instead of stringing our power cables like this (and with fingers wide apart he spread his hand horizontally), we'll string them like this (and he turned his hand to a vertical position). Doesn't that solve the problem?"

The engineer who had come all the way from Boston to have his objection answered with a twist of the hand nodded his head in silence.

A Self-Made Man

Frank Baum in whose honor the banquet was given, is an engineer who has risen to the top of his profession from the humblest beginnings. Like many another ambitious youth he had to work his way through Stanford, and he'll tell you that it was a mighty hard grind. After leaving college in '98 he rose rapidly in his profession, and the Lake Spaulding development is his greatest achievement so far. Just to give an idea of the tremendous scale on which this work was done, the Spaulding Dam is at present as high as the Humboldt Bank Building in this city. The plan is to build it still higher later on, and

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when this is done it will be higher than the Assouan Dam in Egypt; in fact it will be the highest dam in the world. All the various parts of this great engineering work, the dam itself, the Drum power house, the aqueduct, the siphon, the Cordelia substation and so on, were carried through on such a careful schedule that they were all completed within twenty-four hours of one another and the first test of the entire system developed not a single electrical or mechanical weakness.

A Gaby Enthusiast

"I have here," said the anemic youth with the dank locks, "a few lines of poetry—"

"We're not taking any," I interrupted coldly, and went on with my work.

"—which I should like to read to you," he continued. And before I could say anything he began:

A fig for the frown of the prude!
Who cares for the meow of the tabby?
Away with the rude by nature imbued
With brains so shabby and flabby
And hearts so infernally crabby
They cannot appreciate Gaby!
Her charms they defy halting prose;
Limping verses they cannot enhance her;
See her pose on her toes in her marvelous clothes
While the saints look askance and askancer!
See her so and then truthfully answer—
Was there ever so wondrous a dancer?
Just look at her gracefully glide!
Just bask in the glow of her smiling!
Would your pride make you hide if she came to your side
And you knew she was bent on beguiling—

"Young man," I interrupted, "this is a family journal. Good day!"

But he had the nerve to ask for a pass to the Cort before he faded sadly away.

Stars Coming to Alcazar

George Davis of the Alcazar management went East recently to sign up some big attractions for the coming year. He has wired Fred Belasco that his efforts so far have been crowned with great success and that he has some agreeable surprises in store for Alcazar patrons. Two big stars are coming to the Alcazar immediately after Lent to play a special season of a number of weeks. Fred Belasco won't let me reveal their names just yet. While speaking of the Alcazar it is worth mentioning that Martin Merle, the talented young playwright has taken the responsible position of press agent there, succeeding "Jim" Crawford who has other affairs to claim his attention. Merle is the author of "The Light Eternal" which is still on the boards, and of "The Mission Play of Santa Clara" which he wrote at the request of the late Father Kenna for his alma mater. He has another play in preparation.

Death of D. S. Dorn

After a long illness death brought relief last Sunday to D. S. Dorn, the lawyer, who was for many years among the most active and successful practitioners at the bar. Dorn was a native of Marysville, one of five children all of whom have been prominently identified with the affairs of this State in the last twenty-five years. He came to this city with his brother M. A. Dorn some twenty years ago, and together they began the practice of law. Young, active and studious they devoted themselves to the practice of their profession with great energy, and in a short time they became engaged in litigation of considerable importance. Always strong in his faith in the future of San Francisco D. S. Dorn invested his savings in real estate, and in time he became a very successful speculator and amassed a large fortune. A loyal San Franciscan, after the fire he took an active part in rehabilitation activities, and at the time of his death he was the owner of the Von Dorn and Stratford hotels. He was the senior member of the law firm of Dorn & Savage of which his brother, the late M. A. Dorn was a member at the time of his death nine years ago. He leaves a widow Mrs. Camille Dorn and five children: Miss Camille, Miss Marion, Miss Katherine, John H. and Donald S. Dorn.

A Methodical Burglar

William Bastian, the burglar who was fortunate enough to get a sentence of four years just before the police discovered that he had been arrested in the East, is a remarkable criminal. Perhaps no burglar ever taken by the local police pursued his career with such method and care. A student, Bastian's most useful weapon of crime was the Encyclopedia Britannica. When he began his thieving here he took only money. He has stated that he left houses empty handed many times because he could find no money and did not care to touch the jewels that were his for the taking. He did this for some time; then, becoming prosperous, he invested $120 in a diamond ring. He took this ring to various pawnbrokers and jewelers, pretending that he wished to sell it, and haggled with them over a proper price, frequently asking them to compare it with other diamonds in their stock. In this way he acquired a good working knowledge of diamonds, and thus equipped began to steal them in addition

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to money. He extracted the diamonds from their settings and sold them so. Being of an economical turn he decided that it would be a pity to have the gold settings go to waste. So he went through a hard course of reading in the Britannica until he had mastered the process of melting the metal and extracting the pure gold. Then he began taking the gold to the Mint. His curiosity was excited when he learned from these visits to the Mint that platinum was more valuable than gold. He went back to his trusty encyclopedia and read all about platinum. Having mastered the subject he began stealing diamonds set in platinum, and the platinum he sold to jewelers, being by this time familiar enough with the technical side of that business to talk glibly to dealers and so convince them that he was in the wholesale jewelry trade himself. Bastian always operated during the dinner hour, entering likely houses by the front or back door as occasion offered. If intercepted he had a ready excuse for being on the premises, and such was the frankness of his demeanor that he invariably got away—that is, until the last time.

A Puzzled Copper

The next time Detective Joe Redmond goes on the stand to testify as to the truth, honesty and integrity of anybody he will know what integrity means. He had trouble with the word last Thursday in Judge Cerf's court. Henri Maillard was suing his former attorney Marshall Woodworth for $2200, bail money which Woodworth claimed as his fee for defending Maillard on a charge of white slavery. Detective Joe Redmond was put on the stand to testify as to the character of the plaintiff Maillard.

"Have you ever discussed the plaintiff's character for truth with anybody?" asked Maillard's attorney.

Redmond answered in the negative, and made the same reply in regard to Maillard's honesty.

"Have you ever discussed the plaintiff's character for integrity?" asked the lawyer.

Redmond started to reply, hesitated and then turned to the judge. There was a whispered colloquy. Then Judge Cerf turned to his clerk.

"Mr. Clerk," he said, "please bring me a dictionary."

Before you laugh at Detective Redmond, try yourself to differentiate the two words "honesty" and "integrity."

Wickes Wanted To Know

Attorneys Selden S. Wright and Thomas P. Wickes met in the rooms of the Appellate Court not long ago. They were waiting for the court to sit, for both were interested in a motion to dismiss an appeal. But they were on opposite sides, and a certain amount of unfriendliness had developed between them. In his bland way Selden Wright tried to smooth away the difficulty, but his overtures were chillingly rebuffed by Wickes. He persisted in his well meant efforts to be cordial to his opponent until finally Wickes burst out with:

"Do I understand your name to be Selden Wright or Seldom Wright?"

And Selden retired within the shell of his professional dignity.

Bradstreet Man Becomes Banker

Announcement has been made of the resignation, effective January 1, of Clarence E. Baen, superintendent of the Bradstreets company at San Francisco, with jurisdiction over Northern California, Hawaii and Western Nevada. Mr. Baen who has been identified with Bradstreets since 1893, leaves that company to become assistant manager of the San Francisco branch of the International Banking Corporation under the management of E. W. Wilson. He will be succeeded by C. J. Wellman, formerly manager of the Portland (Ore.) office of Bradstreets. Mr. Baen's equipment for his new duties comes of a wide general experience in matters of business. He was engaged in civil engineering when he first entered the service of Bradstreets in Cincinnati in 1893. During that employment he studied law at the Cincinnati Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1899. In 1900 he took charge of the credit department of a large manufacturing company, leaving the next year to engage in the practice of law at Denver. In 1904 he was appointed superintendent of Bradstreets for the State of Colorado, coming to San Francisco in 1908 to take the office he is now resigning. He has been active in fraternal and association work, being a member of the Credit Men's Association, the Commercial and Commonwealth clubs.

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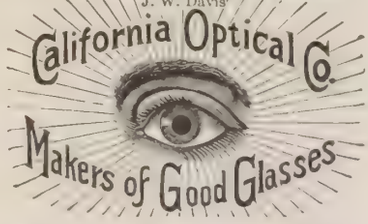

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Record for Romances

Fourteen engagements, and the season not half over, is surely a record for romance. With the McMullin-Gallois betrothal and those of Elizabeth Wheeler to Bradway Head and Vera de Sabla to Bert Payne, there are still eleven to be announced, it is said. Everyone knows who they are and if the acknowledgments are delayed, the romances are just as interesting. Doris Wilshire is said to be one of the recent fiancees and there are rumors of another in her set. Then there is said to be a second romance in the Wheeler household where pretty Miss Jean is reported among the betrothed. The fiance of rumor is a very well-liked young bachelor who is the third of his name and whose family home is one of the old places down the peninsula. The most interesting of all, however, is not to be announced until the Spring when society will be given a delightful surprise.

Beautiful Hannah Hobart

While the rest of the world is acquiring slenderness, Mrs. Hannah Hobart has gained weight, and the added avoirdupois is wonderfully becoming. When she came home from abroad last year her fashionable attenuation was the envy of her friends. But her radiant beauty of a few years ago was rather sadly spiritualized. Now however she is fresh and youthful looking with all the glow and color that made her the loveliest girl in the Greenway set a few years ago. The country air of California has done it, Mrs. Hobart declares. She is wearing black a great deal this winter. Not long ago she was lunching with her former sister-in-law, Walter's sister, at the Fairmont, wearing a gown of black velvet with a black lace-brimmed hat and lynx furs, that set off her fair beauty admirably. Since the Hobart divorce the close friendship of the two young matrons has been continued. Mrs. Baldwin is also looking especially well these days. Her health has greatly improved and she has been reveling in the pleasure of being back in California, although the Baldwins' Christmas was spent in their Colorado home. If rumors are true and Mrs. Hobart may announce the most interesting engagement of the season in the Spring, Walter's sister will be the first to wish her happiness.

Radiant Eliza

One of the most feted of the engaged girl is pretty Eliza McMullin who is a picture of happiness these days. She is being rushed to death with dinners, luncheons and teas but found time the other day for a quiet luncheon at the St. Francis with her happy fiance John Gallois. Miss McMullin was dainty and charming in a tailored costume of tan cloth with spats to match, and a piquant hat with emerald green plumes that matched the emeralds of her engagement ring. The marriage in Oakland will be a quiet affair for relatives and a few close friends, and since the young people are to honeymoon abroad society may not greet the bride until late in the Spring.

A Brilliant Match

The Cunningham girls are having a gay time in Paris where they are visiting Mrs. Arthur Lord, the former Marion Louderback of San Francisco. Mrs. Lord, since her marriage to the son and heir of a well known New York retail merchant, has lived abroad and is counted one of the beauties of the American set in Paris. Hers was one of the most brilliant matches a San Francisco girl has made. It followed a tour of Europe when the handsome Miss Marion, just out of school, met young Arthur Lord at a reception at the American Embassy in Paris. Their marriage took place abroad and Mrs. Lord has visited her former home but once since then. Her mother, Mrs. Louderback, still lives here. Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham are doing society in Paris under her wing and in the same exclusive set with Mary Ethel Crocker chaperoned by Princess Poniatowski.

Mrs. Carolan's Clothes

The gowns of Mrs. Carolan have been the sartorial sensation of the week, and paradoxically, they were not in the least sensational. Everyone knew Mrs. Frank would bring home stunning things, and she did, but there is a quiet distinction in everything she wears. Her costumes are never like the brilliant plumage of Mrs. George Pope who hasn't worn the same gown twice since she came home from Paris; nor like the bizarre effects of Mrs. Templeton Crocker's derniers cris. For her first appearance at a St. Francis the dansant she wore black, a gown of velvet slightly draped, with short coat, and sable furs. Her hat was broad brimmed with a black aigrette. Everyone was delighted to welcome her home, and told her she never looked better in her life. A day or two later she was shopping with her friend, Mrs. Henry T., this time in a costume of dull copper colored luvetyne with black lynx furs. The combination was singularly becoming, with a black picture hat on her raven tresses. The Carolans are going back to Paris in the Spring and meanwhile are entertaining and being entertained right and left.

Bavardized English

My devotion to the cause of English undefiled led me, some time since, to utter a protest when one of our newspaper bavardes spoke of Miss Soandso as the "instigation" of a social function. In this case "instigation" was used in lieu of the bavarde's handy word "motif." Of course "instigation" is not synonymous with "motif." Now comes another of our newspaper bavardes and sets this gem in the bezel of her society small talk: "Under the espionage of Captain Harry Howland, preparations are being made for a gala event." This seems to suggest that Captain Harry Howland is a spy or "fly cop." I assure my readers and the readers of the paper wherein this bavarde trifles with our beloved language, that Captain Harry Howland is nothing of the sort. I venture the assertion that Captain Harry Howland has never practiced espionage in his life. Have you, Harry? (Answer from Harry by wireless: "Certainly not!") The affair which the bavarde places "under the espionage of Captain Harry Howland" is the tea dance to be given at the St. Francis on the fifteenth of January for the benefit of the Army Relief Society. Captain Harry Howland is working with his usual enthusiasm to make this affair a success, but it is perhaps worth stating to insure the peace of mind of those who attend that there will be no espionage in connection with it.

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their new mansion Tuesday, and very appropriately, the first affair given there was a party for children. The Spreckels' have three youngsters and are wrapped up in them heart and soul, as all know who have ever seen them in public or private. To watch "Dolph" Spreckels and his charming wife in a theatre box with the youngsters is as good as seeing the play itself, such unaffected delight do they take in the children's happiness. It was a wonderful children's party they gave Tuesday afternoon. A nurseryful of kiddies enjoyed it with little Dorothy, Alma and Adolph Spreckels. There was a wonderful tree laden with toys and the most wonderful Santa Claus that ever donned furs in the person of him whom we all hope to see elected Senator, Samuel M. Shortridge. The grown-ups who were privileged to attend were all in costume, and an afternoon of madcap merriment it was indeed. In the evening there was a dinner-dance for a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels. And while the glasses clinked and the music played the youngsters were sound asleep dreaming of Santa Claus.

Carrigan Gets Coveted Post

Official honors have come to a young Californian. Clarence Carrigan who married Anna Sperry, the niece of Mrs. Will Crocker and Princess Poniatowski, has just been appointed Consul-General at Grenoble, France. The post is a coveted one, and the Carrigans will do a lot of entertaining for traveling friends along the Riviera. They have been living in Lyons where Clarence was vice-consul until his promotion by President Wilson the other day. Mrs. Carrigan has spent a good deal of time in Paris with her aunt, the Princess, and her cousin Mary Ethel Crocker who will visit her at Grenoble in the season. Clarence Carrigan was formerly consul in Nova Scotia, having entered the service soon after his marriage a few years ago.

Help for Working Girls

For the very worthy purpose of raising funds for the Recreation Club for Girls Who Work, at 507 Harrison street, a special performance of "Within the Law" will be given at the Cort on January 12. Tickets are being sold at an advance of one dollar over the usual price. The officers of the club are: Mrs. George Cadwalader, president; Miss Virginia Joliffe, vice-president; Miss Helen Chesebrough, secretary; Mrs. N. I. Messer, assistant secretary. On the board of directors are: Miss Brigham, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Dibblee, Miss de Turbeville, Mrs. L. W. Harris, Miss O'Connor, Mrs.

IRENE FRANKLIN
Star of the Gaiety Theatre in "The Girl at the Gate."

A. McBean, Mrs. H. Pillsbury, Mrs. R. M. Pike, Mrs. R. H. Smith, Miss Treanor, Mrs. J. O. Tobin and Mrs. J. C. Wilson. Among those who will occupy boxes at the benefit may be mentioned: Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Bourn, Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. A. Taylor, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Cluff, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Sharon, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. S. Tobin and Mrs. C. W. Clark.

At the New Cecil

The new Hotel Cecil, under the management of Mrs. W. F. Morris, opened last Monday with nearly every suite either occupied or spoken for. Every room in the house is outside, sunny and attractive, the furnishings are in exquisite taste and all the appointments are thoroughly modern and up-to-date. Mrs. Morris has started a dancing class under the supervision of Miss Smith for the benefit of the guests in the hotel. The first meeting was held on Tuesday evening in the banquet hall on the top floor. These dansants will continue throughout the winter. Among those who are permanently located at the Cecil are: Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Whittle who have closed their home in Mill Valley; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Symmes, Mr. and Mrs. George Newton, Captain and Mrs. L. B. Simonds, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Thorne and Miss Alma Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. James N. Block and Miss Medora Block, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and Miss Daisy Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. A. C. McKenney, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Chisholm, Mrs. B. N. Rowley, Mrs E. V. Foote and Miss Clara Wilson. The Misses Marjorie and Dorothy McGuire and Hugh McGuire Jr. are spending their Christmas vacation with their father Hugh McGuire at the Cecil.

Del Monte Notes

Del Monte has been especially honored this week by having such distinguished guests as Madame Melba and Herr Kubelik and their party. They are all very fond of Del Monte and when out on this coast never miss an opportunity to spend at least a few days there. On Thursday Madame Melba gave a most enjoyable tally-ho party and luncheon at Pebble Beach Lodge. Friday some of the men hired a launch and went deep sea fishing and had great sport. Steelheads are jumping in the bay and another party is being planned for the first of the week. Tuesday Herr Kubelik and Mr. Powell accompanied by Dr. Teaby and Mr. Husted leave for the Empire Club for a day's duck shooting, returning Wednesday night. Saturday evening Madame Melba was hostess at a delightfully informal dinner in the private dining room. The table was beautifully decorated with poinsettias with a miniature Christmas tree in the center covered with brilliants. Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Backus of Prince Rupert, B. C., spent several days playing golf while on their honeymoon. Mrs. Backus was Miss Rita Dinsmore of San Jose. From San Francisco are Messrs. Fred S. Chapman and Thos. H. Means who are motoring up from Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Longwell, Miss M. A. Longwell and D. W. Longwell of Santa Monica were guests for a few days.

Delicate Perfume at Tavern

Parfum Mary Garden, that most delectable of all perfumes, the favorite scent of those who appreciate delicate fragrance rather than a too pronounced odor, is one of the souvenirs which the lady patrons of Techau Tavern anticipate with the greatest pleasure. This is the perfume which will be presented to all ladies who are present at the Tavern next Saturday afternoon and it will be distributed in the daintiest of miniature bottles, as an expression of the appreciation of the management for the liberal patronage accorded the cafe. The Tavern is now in its holiday garb, the arches of the balcony being appropriately decorated with Christmas trees illuminated by colored electric lights. What with the superior music, the lights and the unsurpassed menu and service, the Tavern is undoubtedly the favorite cafe of connoisseurs.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Gaby Deslys

She is of medium height, and she carries not an ounce of superfluous flesh. Her arms are thin, but her legs, lithe and supple, are the legs of an athlete, beautifully formed and as firm as granite. One speaks of Gaby's legs frankly and dispassionately as one would speak of the legs of a statue or the lines of a building. For after all it is of her legs that Gaby invites criticism. They are a great part of the show. Always she is clad in witching transparency, in the filmy, lustrous webs that goddesses used to wear. Always deftly arrayed, she is never austerely garbed. The greater part of her apparel is on her head. It is her legs that Gaby has educated. Most of her technique is in her underpinning. But let it not be supposed that this much advertised woman has little more than fleshly attractions to justify a stage career. Gaby is a star with a good deal of mimetic talent. She has no fear of surrounding herself with clever people or of letting others take the centre when she is on the stage. There is something curiously exotic about Gaby. She is like a picture painted in bizarre colors with innumerable gradations of light and shade wherein no discordant note mars the harmony of the whole. There is in her much of that languorous beauty that poets love, and which they liken unto the beauty of the lotus on warm moonlight nights. An actress as well as a danseuse is Gaby, and her gamut in the purely sensual is wide. Hers is a method concerned for the most part with all those vital things which the conventions were invented to hide us from, but which in these days are uppermost in the minds of a society weary of itself, without rest and without escape. While her dancing is not an art with any emotional significance, it is an expression of temperament, abounding in paphian posturing and some of the serpentine graces of the Orient. The music comedy in which this pretty Frenchwoman comes to us is the kind of piece that shows how the stage takes on the complexion of the general morals and customs of the moment. The theme is somewhat lickerish, and the plot gives promise of leading to some riggish episodes, but they are deferred beyond the fall of the last curtain. In this play Gaby Deslys plays the part of an amorous wife, one of the kind that redeem men from virtue, a type of the fair demon that leads men to hell through the portals of paradise. She has a lover to whose country home she goes while her husband stays at home ostensibly to involve himself with a woman that his wife may obtain a divorce. The wife returns ungratified, the lover being opposed to the divorce scheme, preferring to share the woman with her husband than to have her on his hands. Nothing wrong with this plot in this sophisticated day and generation. And as to the dialogue it is chaste and clever.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Comical May Irwin

If there's a woman on the stage more comical than May; well, I should like to know her name—that's all I've got to say! I ventured out on Sunday night to brave the wind and rain, and May proved such a funny card I'd venture out again! I'd dare the blizzard, face the snow; I'd even scorn the thunder, to see May cutting up again, she's such a mirthful wonder! My feet were damp, I had a cold; but visions of la grippe all vanished into thinnest air when May began to quip. She got me laughing right away, and as the evening wore I chuckled, chortled and guffawed until my sides were sore. Miss Irwin's is a native gift for making people happy; her humor's broad but not too broad; her wit is keen and snappy. I never saw a comedy in which the jokes were cleaner. Good reason! Smut would ne'er comport with Irwin's sweet demeanor. She makes you laugh the healthy laugh and smile the kindly smile; erotic, leering riskiness is foreign to her style. A woman wrote the play she brings, a clever woman whose pen seems to be inspired by a genuine Comic Muse. The yarn she spins is full of fun—full of excitement too, and so well handled you can't guess what May is going to do. She leads us all a merry chase until we're out of breath; the only danger is that we may laugh ourselves to death. But folks don't die of that complaint, especially these days when so much crime and sadness is depicted in the plays. We're sated with the underworld; we're crammed with sordid vice. It pays no doubt, but may I give our playwrights this advice? Forget white slaves and lures and things; don't dip your pen in night; enjoy the sunshine for a while; then sit ye down and write! Be merry, joyous, crack a smile! Put laughter in your play! You'll do some good, and more than that, you'll find that it will pay! Meanwhile our deepest thanks are due, May Irwin, unto thee; and when you next appear in town, may I be here to see!

—Edward F. O'Day.

CATHRINE COUNTISS

The distinguished American star actress who will appear next week in "The Birthday Present" at the Orpheum.

The Cranes at the Orpheum

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane have been headliners in the passing social show for some months. They have done much for the rag and tango in San Francisco. Also they have done much for folk who knew not the delight of the dance, and for folks to whom the dance means money in the till. The Cranes have made the aristocracy democratic in the interest of commerce. They have effected the raising of the bars and made money for the bars. In other words the Cranes have helped folk kill two birds with one stone, and therefore they are entitled to credit as well as the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. But while the Cranes have played a very prominent part in the passing social show, in the Orpheum road show they do little more than distract attention for a few minutes from the regulation vaudeville performance. True they introduce an elegant manner as becomes high-price dancing teachers who have been tripping the light fantastic with our elect of Blingum. They have brought their air of refinement with them into vaudeville. And in none of their graceful maneuvers is there a suggestion of the abandon that goes so well in the theatre. It is as though they would say to the polloi who have never been to a tay dansant, "This is the way we do it at the St. Francis apres le theatre." And away they go, these exponents of corporeal poesy, realizing perfect grace in motion. It's a great privilege to see the Cranes, but not at all thrilling. They hardly make a dent in an otherwise typical bill. They don't get half as much applause as the Six Samarins, the whirling dancers, who have a technique of their own that is not to be despised. It would be hard to say who makes the biggest hit in the road show, but certainly Bill Van in the sketch "Props" provokes the greatest number of screams.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Wilhelm Bachaus, Pianist

Wilhelm Bachaus, the young piano virtuoso who is achieving a series of triumphs in Eastern cities and who is recognized as the foremost of the younger generation of virtuosi, will give his first concert in the West at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon, January 4. Manager Greenbaum is confident that after he has played his first concert musical San Francisco will be at his feet. The program is a varied and beautiful one. There will be a "Rhapsodie" in G minor by Brahms followed by two gems of the old classicist Scarlatti. Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," a group of Chopin works and numbers by Schubert-Liszt, Rachmaninoff and the player's own transcription of Richard Strauss' "Serenade" will complete the offering. The second and only evening concert is announced for Thursday night, January 8, when Schumann's "Papillons," Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, three Mendelssohn works and numbers by Chopin, Liszt and Paganini-Liszt will be included in the program. The final Bachaus concert will be given Saturday afternoon, January 10, and on this occasion the seldom played "Fantasie" Op. 15 usually called "The Wanderer" by Schubert, will be the feature of the program which also contains masterpieces by Gluck-Saint-Saens, Rachmaninoff, Liszt and Schumann-Liszt. The sale of seats for these concerts will open at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's next Wednesday morning and mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Paderewski

Paderewski, "the master of the masters," having completely recovered from the attack of pleurisy which interfered with the first part of his tour, is again playing as no other living pianist can. At his concert in Chicago last week he was compelled to play seven extra numbers at the conclusion of the program and it became necessary to remove the piano from the stage before the vast audience would depart. The critics were

just as enthusiastic as the public and were unanimous in the opinion that "it was the same great Paderewski as of yore." Manager Greenbaum announces that Paderewski will play here once only, and the date is Sunday afternoon, January 18, at Dreamland. On Tuesday afternoon, January 20, he will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse and then will go to Los Angeles, these being the only three towns in California to hear the "pianist with a message" this season.

Pavlowa

Pavlowa and her company come to this city for an engagement of one week at the Valencia on Monday night, January 19. The principal male dancer will be M. Novikoff, and there will be a dozen other star dancers besides a complete corps de ballet and symphony orchestra. The original costumes and scenery designed and executed by Leon Bakst, Boris Anisfeld and others will be brought along and Manager Greenbaum promises us a series of stage pictures the like of which have never been seen in this city.

Melba and Kubelik Farewell

The farewell appearance of the great Melba-Kubelik combination in this city is announced for this Saturday night at Dreamland Rink when Melba will sing such gems as the Waltz Song from "Romeo and Juliet," the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello," Duparc's "Chanson Triste," "The Mad Scene" from "Lucia" and other splendid numbers while Kubelik promises the "Concerto," a Sarasate "Gypsy Dance" and a jolly "Tango" by Arbos. Edmund Burke, the splendid baritone, will sing some of his favorites and the program will again prove a delight to all who have the good fortune to attend. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to accommodate an enormous throng and as such concerts are rarely heard in one's lifetime it is safe to predict another enormous attendance. The doors will be open at 7:30 p. m. Next Wednesday afternoon, December 31, at half-past two, Melba and Kubelik will give a special program in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse after which they take the train for Denver where they are to give one concert before journeying to New York. Tickets for the Oakland concert may be secured at the box office of Ye Liberty Playhouse only.

Kathleen Parlow

Kathleen Parlow, the greatest living woman violinist and one who may be claimed rightfully as a San Francisco product, will return to us a world-famous star and give recitals at Native Son's Hall on Sunday afternoon, January 11, and Saturday afternoon, January 17. On Thursday afternoon, January 15, Miss Parlow will give a special concert at the Cort in aid of the building fund of the First Congregational Church. This promises to be a big social as well as musical event, as some of our foremost people are members of this congregation which first sponsored Kathleen Parlow when at the age of six she made her debut here. Miss Parlow has just appeared as soloist with the New York and Chicago Symphony Orchestras and with the orchestra of the grand opera house in Montreal. The critics all agree that she is a genius.

Another Week of May Irwin

"Widow by Proxy" with May Irwin as its star continues at the Columbia. The company includes Clara Blandick, Marie Burke, Helen Weathersby, Helen Orr Daly, Orlando Daly, Joseph Woodburn, Arthur Bowyer and Joseph R. Garry. Miss Irwin and her company will begin their second and final week Sunday night. In addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees, a special performance will be given on Thursday afternoon (New Year's Day).

A Venus at the Empress

The Empress announces a program full of comedy and novelty. "A Night at the Bath," a song comedy, and Katie Sandwina, an athletic Venus and her company of continental gymnasts, share headline honors. "A Night at the Bath" is a novelty with many clever song and dance specialties. Katie Sandwina is a young woman of perfect proportions with all the beauty of Venus and the strength of Hercules. With the assistance of three men she executes a series of gymnastic stunts and feats of strength preceded by some posing. Lew Wells will contribute a monologue and some saxaphone eccentricities. Rollicking ragtime roysterers are Harry D'Arcy and Andy Williams. Willischis is a jolly juggler. Mond and Salle wear stunning gowns and dance gracefully. A refined musical act is offered by Cremona and Crevelli, a violin virtuoso and a 'cellist.

Unprecedented Success at Alcazar

So unprecedented has been the success of the Alcazar's big holiday offering "The Man Who Owns Broadway" that the management has decided to break its rule and present this lively musical melange for a second week, with many added features in the way of new songs, dances and specialties. Belasco and Mayer have more than kept their promise to the public in connection with this attraction. Nothing better has ever been offered to their patrons. The whole company has caught the swing of the Cohan spirit and the stars, Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell, have never been seen to better advantage. Mr. Lytell's song "The Man Who Owns Broadway" is en-

WILHELM BACHAUS

The noted pianist who will appear in concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, January 4, Thursday night, January 8, and Saturday afternoon, January 10.

MARTA OATMAN

A Californian with "Little Women" at the Cort Theatre.

cored again and again nightly and his tango, danced with Myrtle Dingwall is recalled a half dozen times. His specialty in the last act developes a talent heretofore unknown in this clever young actor. Miss Vaughan captures a large portion of the success with her lively "Dixie" song and her big feature number, "I'm in Love With One of the Stars," covers her with new honors. Not a small share of the success of the play goes to Myrtle Dingwall whose glorious soprano voice carries the song "My Tango Girl" to top-notch success and her duet "Somebody Loves You," sung with Edmund Lowe, tickles the audience into prolonged applause. J. Frank Burke, Kernan Cripps, David Butler, Jerome Storm, Louise Brownell and Frances Carson are as much at home in this musical play as they are in the more serious drama and the big beauty chorus, with its innumerable changes of costume, splendid voices and lively dancing is one of the most entrancing features of the production. Burt Wesner's singing of "Barnum Had the Right Idea" is a triumph. Neither time nor money have been spared on "The Man Who Owns Broadway" and the way it is done at the Alcazar is a credit to the young American author. Much of the success of the production is due to the novel staging and original effects introduced by Stage Director Fred J. Butler who was assisted in the musical and dancing numbers by Bothwell Browne, a past master in this particular branch. There will be a big time at the Alcazar on New Year's Eve and there will be a big holiday matinee on New Year's Day. Other contracts for the Vaughan-Lytell season prevent the management from continuing "The Man Who Owns Broadway" after next week and no one who loves good, clean, lively and melodious entertainment can afford to miss this attraction.

"The Girl at the Gate" a Hit

Whatever may be the reasons that prompt managers to pay their players half salaries during Christmas week, they surely have no visible effect insofar as the Gaiety is concerned. If "poor business" is the excuse, as it is generally accepted to be, then the Gaiety must be an exception. Never was business so brisk as it has been this past week. Christmas merely seemed to stimulate the desire on the part of local playgoers to see a real holiday show, for such the present Gaiety offering unquestionably is. There is the sunshine of Irene Franklin's presence in "The Girl at the Gate." Miss Franklin is repeating her former San Francisco triumph. All the old admirers are renewing their homage and countless new friends are added to the dainty comedienne's list at every new performance. Miss Franklin has no end of rich material in the way of characteristic songs and she is generous as ever in revealing it. The costumes and scenery of this snappy show are especially inviting. Tawdriness is taboo at the Gaiety. A matinee of Irene Franklin and "The Girl at the Gate" will be given New Year's Day.

"Little Women" at Cort

"Little Women," dramatized from Louisa M. Alcott's famous story, will be presented at the Cort on Monday next, under the direction of William A. Brady. Anyone who has read the book should see the play and those who missed the initial treat should lose no time in getting acquainted with the delightful characters it has immortalized by seeing the dramatized version. The dramatized version was made by Marian de Forest. All the principal incidents of the story will be found in the stage adaptation. Three of the acts are laid in the old sitting room of the March family in Concord. The last act is laid in Plumfield orchard. William A. Brady is said to deserve the thanks of the American theatregoing public for the discretion he has used in selecting the cast. In the company are Marta Oatman, Jane Marbury, Jean Brae, Ida St. Leon, Lillian Dixon, Henrietta McDannel, Helen Beaumont, Robert Fischer, Frank McEntee, Donald Gallagher, Marshall Birmingham and Selmar Romaine. In addition to the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees, there will be a New Year's holiday matinee on Thursday and an extra performance on Friday.

Second Edition, Orpheum Road Show

The second edition of the Orpheum Road Show which will open next Sunday afternoon, includes seven new acts. Cathrine Countiss, an emotional star of beauty and magnetic charm, will appear in the immensely successful playlet "The Birthday Present." It tells a vivid little story of everyday life, involving a beautiful woman who has made the supreme sacrifice for a rich and fascinating man of the world—a typical New Yorker. There is a blend of comedy and pathos and a big dramatic scene where the woman's spiritual awakening is brought about through the artless appeal of a little child. Frequenters of musical comedy concede Lillian Herlein to be one of the most beautiful and capable of prima

MUTT and JEFF

Who will be seen "In Panama" at the Savoy during the holidays.

MAY IRWIN

Who has scored a big hit at the Columbia in "Widow by Proxy." The second and final week of the engagement begins Sunday night.

donnas, and the audiences of the vaudeville theatres throughout the East have unanimously confirmed this opinion. In the singing novelty which she will present Miss Herlein will wear a number of exquisite gowns of the latest vogue which she recently brought with her from Paris. "The Information Bureau" which the Five Sullys, three men and two girls, will introduce, is a combination of singing, dancing, talking and gymnastics cleverly blended. Lew Hawkins whose daintiness of dress and deportment has earned for him the sobriquet of "The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy," will entertain with songs and stories. The Brads, Frederick and Minita, call their act "Sunshine Capers." It is a melange of pantomime, contortion acrobatics and comedy and enjoys a high reputation in Europe where for many seasons the Brads were a prominent feature of the leading music halls. The Dolce Sisters are a trio of pretty girls who sing pretty songs in a winsome manner. Lennett and Wilson's performance will consist of a comedy bar act which is a mixture of pantomime, comedy and gymnastics. On the triple bar they execute many novel, daring and extraordinary feats. The only holdover will be Billy B. Van and the Beaumont Sisters and company in their great comedy hit "Props."

Mutt and Jeff Score at Savoy

That delightful duo of ne'er-do-wells, "Mutt and Jeff," are again at the Savoy, cheering up the multitudes with their latest whimsicality, "Mutt and Jeff in Panama." In this new piece which will begin its second and last week on Monday, the favorite newspaper cartoon creations of Bud Fisher appear in every guise imaginable. They are sailors, waiters, pseudo secret service agents, Spanish dancers and other unique characters. There is lots of good, clean fun, plenty of exciting adventure, catchy songs, lively dances, pretty girls and features that can only be seen in an entertainment of this kind and there is a snap and dash about the performance that almost takes away one's breath. The musical interruptions are many and timely, the girls of the chorus appear in a change of costume every time that they come on the stage and the principals are clever people who are well versed in musical comedy work. The costumes are new and beautiful, the electrical effects novel and the scenery is most pleasing to the eye. In addition to the bargain matinees of Wednesday and Saturday, there will be special matinees on New Year's and Sunday. The last performance will take place Sunday, January 4, and beginning Monday, January 5, "Antony and Cleopatra," the latest of Kleine's celebrated productions, will be shown for the first time in America.

From North Beach to Pantages

Power's New York Hippodrome elephants, the sensation of the animal world for the past eight years, will feature the new show at Pantages. There are four big fellows with the act which stars tiny "Baby Mine," the smallest performing elephant in the world. From North Beach come the Seven Accordeonists whose tingling tunes on miniature concert piano accordeons have won them a name in the local Italian colony. Billy Link and Blossom Robinson have an offering with smart songs and bright patter. The Demistrescu troupe of horizontal bar experts; Benson and Bell, a duo of classy dancers from England; the Dorothy Lyons company in a comedy playlet called "A Modern Ananias"; and the Otto Brothers in a merry musical skit entitled "The Merry Teutons," with comedy movies, will round out the bill.

The Next Symphony

By far the most pretentious programs ever given by a symphony orchestra in San Francisco will be those of the Symphony Orchestra for the second half of its 1913-1914 season. Friday afternoon, January 9, will find the first symphony concert of the New Year ushered in with a program that bids fair to prove one of "greatness." Assisting the orchestra in the capacity of soloist will be Kathleen Parlow. She will play the Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor for violin and orchestra, and a group consisting of Tschaikowsky Serenade, "Melancholique," and Wienawski's Carneval, "Russe." Caesar Franck's joyous symphony in D minor, the performance of which gave such pleasure to those who attended the first concert, will be repeated by request. Henry Hadley's Rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay" which won the prize of $1,000 offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs for the best American composition and was chosen by the judges Charles Martin Loeffler, Henry Krehbiel and Walter Damrosch from twenty-five orchestral compositions submitted in competition, will be given at this concert for the first time in San Francisco. The work has found representation on the programs of all the great symphony orchestras of this country and Europe.

WILHELM
BACHAUS

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7—NEW ACTS—7
CATHRINE COUNTIS and her Company in "The Birthday Present"; LILLIAN HERLEIN in a Singing Novelty; THE FIVE SULLYS in "The Information Bureau"; LEW HAWKINS, "The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy"; THE BRADS, "Sunshine Capers"; 3 DOLCE SISTERS, Vaudeville's Daintiest Singers; LENNETT & WILSON, Comedy Bar Act; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS; Last Week BILLY B. VAN, THE BEAUMONT SISTERS & CO. in the Musical Comedy "Props."
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stock—The two most important events in years tending to give confidence to business have occurred this week. Decision of the administration to permit a five per cent advance in railroad rates adds $100,000,000 to the revenues of the railroads, and affords not only a protection to bond and stockholders but will permit of an expansion of $1,000,000,000 in new securities and thus assure the improvements essential to a normal growth of the properties. This will be felt in revival of general trade as the railroads are the largest consumers of building material and steel products. Agreement between the Government and the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. shows a conciliatory spirit between the authorities and large corporations, which will bring about adjustments under the Sherman act without disturbing business. The passage of the currency bill removes a disturbing feature. The foregoing caused a decided advance in the market at the end of the week. Stocks were bid up all through the list and shorts were anxious buyers with every prospect of the market showing a further advance next week. President Wilson in an interview with newspapermen said that other corporations beside the American T. & T. have shown a disposition to conform with the Sherman law. He did not specify, however, what corporations he had in mind. He reiterated that there seemed to be a general disposition among corporations to ascertain what the law was, to learn what would be expected of them and to comply with the spirit of the law. The President said that the Attorney General would cooperate and welcome the impulse on the part of business interests to take the initiative. We consider the outlook very encouraging to investors and believe there is a period of advancing prices before the market.

Wheat—The past week has seen considerable strength in the market, although the change in prices is not very marked. In the beginning considerable apprehension was felt over the fate of the winter wheat plant owing to the change in the weather from a wet muggy condition to dry and cold. The moderation during the last few days, however, has quieted the fears of the trade in that respect, but other elements in the situation have furnished quite a substantial bottom to the price. The export demand for our wheat and for Canadian wheat was quite good, and there is a general impression that on any recession in prices this demand will continue to be in evidence. The news from the Argentine has been generally of an unfavorable character, but the most recent estimates of the exportable surplus are larger than those submitted a short time ago. There is a strong and widely prevailing sentiment in favor of the long side and the market certainly exhibits but little if any weakness. As a general proposition the advance which has already taken place would result in an overbought condition and a resulting proportionate reaction, but the slight declines that take place, instead of producing further weakness, on the contrary disclose the demand that exists below, and the losses are therefore quickly regained. We believe the market will gradually attain a higher level and suggest purchases on the breaks.

Corn—A very narrow market in corn with sentiment changing a little to the bear side. The mild weather so far this season has undoubtedly saved millions of bushels of corn that would have been fed under normal winter conditions. Receipts show a big increase over last week and it looks as if the farmer has made up his mind to let go of some of his corn around present prices. There is a big concentrated long interest in the December option and this has kept the price of the May option up, as very little corn has been delivered out by the elevator interests. Cash corn is now selling at a price where it is profitable to buy it and make contract corn and with this condition existing it looks as if the longs will get considerable corn on contract. We feel friendly to corn but believe there should be a further break to around 67 cents for the May option.

Cotton—The ginning report issued by the Government last week was the big factor in the market. The report showed that there had been 12,923,000 bales ginned up to December 15 against 12,493,000 last year for the same time. The trade were looking for a ginning report of not over 12,8000,000 bales and when the figures were announced cotton was for sale in large quantities all around the ring. The selling kept right on up to the close of the week and barring a few minor rallies there was very little support to the market. Shorts had no trouble in getting all the cotton they wanted as several large commission houses who have been very bullish advised their customers to get out and take their loss. The market is now about one hundred points below the prices made on the publication of the Government preliminary estimate of the crop and the same people who considered the Government estimate as being favorable to higher prices are now talking lower prices and point to the large ginning figures as an indication that the Government's estimate of the crop will be too low. The general opinion seems to be that the crop will be in the neighborhood of 14 1-2 million bales and some good authorities say it will be nearer 15 million bales. All other items of interest that should ordinarily affect the market were overlooked. Spinners takings for the week were as large as last year while the receipts were less and the visible supply statement showed 311,000 bales less in the visible than last year. There is no question that the cotton goods trade have felt the depression in all lines of business but the price is now down around the 12 cent level and as the bulk of the cotton has already left the farm and gone into consumption it is not reasonable to expect the remnant of the crop to be such a factor in breaking the price. We believe cotton should be bought on this decline and favor the May option.

The Boss Who Wasn't Boss

Once upon a time, runs a modern fable, a youth about to embark on the sea of matrimony went to his father and said:

"Father, who should be boss, I or my wife?"

The old man smiled and said:

"Here are one hundred hens and a team of horses. Hitch up the horses, put the hens into the wagon, and wherever you find a man and his wife dwelling stop and make inquiries as to who is the boss.

"Wherever you find a woman running things leave a hen. If you come to a place where a man is in control, give him one of the horses."

After ninety-nine hens had been disposed of he came to a house and made the usual inquiry.

"I'm boss o' this farm," said the man.

So the wife was called and affirmed her husband's assertion.

"Take whichever horse you want," was the boy's reply.

So the husband replied: "I'll take the bay."

But the wife did not like the bay horse, and called her husband aside and talked to him. He returned and said:

"I'll believe I'll take the gray horse."

"Not much," said the young man. "You get a hen."

When a woman knows a secret she makes every word tell.

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Letters

"Rose of the Garden"

For her "Rose of the Garden" Katherine Tynan has gone back to England when George III was king, and for her heroine she has chosen Lady Sarah Lennox, that wilful, witty and clever woman who might have been queen had she listed. It was a period when girls were "out" at fourteen, often married before their sixteenth birthdays, and talked of being old when they were twenty-five. Lady Sarah was the youngest child of the Duke of Richmond, a near connection of the Fox family, Admiral Keppel, Lady Albemarle, that crack-brained Lord George Gordon who headed the riots, and a score more of the political and social celebrities of the age. She was married when still a girl to Sir Charles Bunbury who, though he undoubtedly loved his beautiful wife, did not appreciate her but practically deserted her for his stables and the race course. Lady Sally who had been deeply in love with her cousin William Gordon from the time that she was seven years old, played with fire. She eloped with him, but they separated within a few weeks and thereafter she made her home under the protection of her brother and gave her attention to the education and instruction of her little daughter until her second marriage some twelve years later. The greater part of the text of Mrs. Tynan's story is made up of extracts from the correspondence which was carried on between Lady Sarah and her friend and cousinly confidante, Lady Susan O'Brien. Lady Sarah was an excellent correspondent, prompt, voluminous and chatty and though the letters have been judiciously edited the remains are a mine of wealth. The long years of seclusion after her elopement were by Lady Sarah's own choice and not a decree of society. It is evident that her family believed her not entirely in the wrong, and it says volumes for the discretion of both relatives and friends that Louisa Bunbury who lived to be seventeen never heard a hint of her mother's escapade or knew that her parents had been parted by any circumstance but the early death of her father. Illustrations are reproductions of portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. From Bobbs-Merrill.

Written and Illustrated by Remington

Frederick Remington's "John Ermine of the Yellowstone," first published in 1902, is another of the Macmillan reprints. It goes back to what is legendary history to the present generation, the Indian wars of the frontier brought about by the gold discoveries of the Black Hills, the consequent influx of white people and the resentment of the Indian tribes. John Ermine was a white child of unknown antecedents who had no remembrance of any other people but the Crow Indians with whom he lived under the name of White Weasel. He was a keen and clever little chap whom the tribe expected to develop into a warrior, but in his early youth he was taken in hand by an old hermit whom the Indians believed to be a supernatural being, Crooked Bear, as he was called. When the youth had attained to man's estate Crooked Bear advised him to join the army as a scout and assist the white soldiers in their war upon the Sioux. Handsome and picturesque, with the good English which had been drilled into him by his foster-father, young John Ermine was both a useful and an ornamental addition to the ranks. He met his downfall at the hands of his Major's daughter, a flirtatious charmer as keen after scalps as any Indian brave. It was the old story of the primitive man and the sophisticated woman whose warfare knows no rules, very delightful while it amused her, but very dreadful when the man took her encouragement at its face value. The end could be nothing but tragedy for the man. Illustrations are by the author.

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When it comes to an argument a man generally gives in, but a woman seldom gives out.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department) 1968 Sutter St. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1914.
A. LEGALLET, President. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near 4th. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1914.
H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank,) 526 California street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission street, near 22nd; Richmond District Branch, cor. Clement street and 7th avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1914.
GEORGE TOURNY, Manager. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, SE corner Montgomery and Clay streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2 ,1914. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1914. Money deposited on or before January 10 will earn interest from January 1.
L. SCATENA, President.
A. PEDRINA, Cashier. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, southeast corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, a diivdend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1914. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from January 1, 1914. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1914, will earn interest from January 1, 1914.
A. SBARBORO, President. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street. For the half year ending December 31, 1913, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, will be payable on and after January 2, 1914.
S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1577

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, that the undersigned, Henry MacVine, residing at 136 Palm avenue, San Francisco, California, is doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of "CHICAGO CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY."

Dated, December 9, 1913.
HENRY MACVINE.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 9th day of December, 1913, before me, J. J. Kerrigan, a Notary Public in and for said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared HENRY MACVINE, known to me to be the person described in and who subscribed the foregoing instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 9, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By H. I. Porter, Deputy Clerk.

S. W. MOLKENBUHR, Attorney,
828 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-13-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF CORNELIUS RILEY, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,163; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: PETER T. RILEY, JAMES RILEY, MARGARET RILEY, ELLEN RILEY LARKINS, JOHN O. RILEY, ELLEN CROSSEN, MARY BRENNAN, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

YOU AND EACH OF YOU are hereby notified that Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to-wit, the estate of CORNELIUS RILEY, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 26th day of September, 1912, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State consisting wholly of real property, which was by a judgment and decree of said court duly given and made, sold, and that said estate now consists of personal property solely,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to-wit, on the 1st day of October, 1912, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. HYNES, ESQ., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the 15th day of October, 1912, appointed administrator of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased; that thereafter, to-wit, on the said 15th day of October, 1912, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force,

rtue and effect and that more than one year has expired nce the issuing of letters of administration upon said tate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever en made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege e said intestate, Cornelius Riley, deceased, did not leave m surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ncestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or other, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are e next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the stribution of the whole of the estate of said deceased,

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled tate in the course of the administration of said estate and at the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are l the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far known to your petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain d declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all terests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be ade that the court make an order directing service of noce to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons havg or claiming any interest in the estate of said Cornelius iley, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said orer specified and then and there file their written appearnce in said court in the matter of said estate in response said notice and have their said appearance entered in the inutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and the register of proceedings in estates in said court in the atter of said estate and directing that in the event of their ilure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be djudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said ourt for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all ersons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid show cause and exhibit to said court their respective laims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of aid Cornelius Riley, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, f the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said ourt on the 6th day of November, 1913, made, entered and led an order directing the issuance and service of notice all persons interested in said estate of Cornelius Riley, eceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said state in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said rder the court fix Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, s the day and time for the appearance of said parties and ll persons named or not named claiming an interest in said state and interested therein,

NOW THEREFORE you and each of you hereinabove amed and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any art of the estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the ity and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the court room thereof, in room 519, of the Temporary City Hall, Number 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1914, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every, all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid,

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said Cornelius Riley, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Cornelius Riley, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS the Honorable FRANK H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of November, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON,
Deputy Clerk.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,
Attorney for Peter T. Riley, James Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley Larkins, John O. Riley, Ellen Crossen and Mary Brennan,
Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 52,053; Dept. No. 10.

LAURA GARRETT, Plaintiff, vs. LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: LEROY GARRETT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. W. HENDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
508 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-1-10

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO DETERMINE HEIRSHIP

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,449; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ERNEST V. COWELL, Deceased.

CITATION

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To ALICE M. COWELL and ALEXANDER F. MORRISON, executors of the last will and testament of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, ALICE M. COWELL, THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, a corporation, FRANK TRALAGO, JOHN MINKEL, LAWRENCE MANEY, JAMES RIORDAN, FRITZ PALM, THOMAS BYRNE, F. A. LANCE, J. VALENTE, FRANK CALDERA, MARTIN RODEREIGUEZ, PAOLA MARAKI, JOE BENATE, BERNARDO RICCO, RUDOLPH LABISH, MANUEL S. CALDERA, JOE JUAREZ, PETER MARTELLI, and LILLIAN A. HOWARD, F. A. PALMER, HENRY WILLEY, C. S. PRICE, J. W. LINSCOTT and G. A. BOND, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and any and all other persons interested, or claiming any interest, in the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, whether known or unknown and whether named herein or not.

GREETING:

BY ORDER OF THIS COURT, You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Judge of this Court, at the court room of Department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 2nd day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why this Court should not ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to the estate of Ernest V. Cowell, deceased, and all interests therein and to whom distribution should be made, and then and there to appear and exhibit to the above entitled Court your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate.

The name of said deceased was Ernest V. Cowell;

The names of the executors of the last will and testament of said deceased are Alexander F. Morrison and Alice M. Cowell;

The names of all persons who have appeared in the course of the administration of said estate up to the time of making the order for the issuance of this citation, claiming any interest in said estate are as follows: Alice M. Cowell, The Regents of the University of California, a corporation, Frank Tralago, John Minkel, Lawrence Maney, James Riordan, Fritz Palm, Thomas Byrne, F. A. Lance, J. Valente, Frank Caldera, Martin Rodereiguez, Paola Maraki, Joe Benate, Bernardo Ricco, Rudolph Labish, Manuel S. Caldera, Joe Juarez, Peter Martelli, and Lillian A. Howard, F. A. Palmer, Henry Willey, C. S. Price, J. W. Linscott, and G. A. Bond, being and comprising the "Cowell Scholarship Committee," and Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell;

And the real estate of which said decedent died seized or possessed, so far as known, is described as follows:

REAL ESTATE

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (1/4) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF ALAMEDA

1. A parcel of land in the City of Oakland, commencing at a point on the westerly line of Linden Street, distant thereon 222 feet and 3 inches southerly from the southerly line of 21st Street; thence southerly along the said line of Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence westerly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet; thence northerly parallel with Linden Street 39 feet and 3 inches; thence easterly parallel with 21st Street 132 feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 16, Block "E", Survey of the Northern Extension of Oakland.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Haywards, known as Lot. No. 13 of the "Lawrence Tract, Haywards, Alameda County, State of California," said lot being 50 feet by 100 feet.

IN THE COUNTY OF MARIN

Beginning at a stake driven in the southerly line of First Street in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, at a point 503 feet and 7 inches westerly from the northeasterly corner of a lot conveyed by J. O. B. Short and Jacob Short to E. Schwiezen by deed dated March 9th, 1869, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of said County of Marin, in Volume "H" of Deeds, at page 225; thence southerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet; thence westerly on a line parallel with the said First Street 150 feet; thence northerly at right angles to said First Street 150 feet to the southerly line of the said First Street, and thence easterly along the southerly line of said First Street 150 feet to the place of beginning. Being Lot No. 4, of Block No. 3, in Short's Addition to the Town of San Rafael, as surveyed by Hiram Austin, Civil Engineer.

IN THE COUNTY OF MERCED

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 19; the south half of the southwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 20; the southwest quarter of section 21; the north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, and Lots 3 and 4 of section 28; the northeast quarter, the north half of the northwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of section 29; the north half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2 and lot 8 of the southeast quarter, all in section 30; the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 31; Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in the northwest quarter of section 32; and Swamp and Overflowed Land Surveys No. 34 in sections 29 and 30, containing 20-69/100 acres; No. 29 in sections 29 and 32, containing 47-26/100 acres, and Nos. 45, 87, 88, 376, and 378, in sections 28, 30 and 32—all in township 5 south, range 13 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of the Gabilan Creek, near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the Official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence north 14° west 13 chains along the boundary of the Rancho Los Vergeles to stake-V-No. 1 on the United States Official Survey of la Natividad Rancho; thence south 35° west 21.40 chains along the boundary of Natividad Rancho to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 56° east 17.50 chains to a stake in the bed of Gabilan Creek, marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 3° 15′ east 14.55 chains up Gabilan Creek to the place of beginning, containing 21.46 acres.

Being lot 1 of the partition of La Natividad Rancho made and entered on April 18th, 1865, on the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson, et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al., and being also a fractional portion of section 26, township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at a stake on the west bank of Gabilan Creek near an old sycamore tree, being one of the stations of the official survey of the Rancho Los Vergeles, thence south 3° 15′ west 14.55 chains to a stake marked "JH; WJ;"; thence north 56° west 17.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH; BE;"; thence south 35° west along the west line of Rancho La Natividad 14 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 56° east 25.06 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;" in the bed of Gabilan Creek; thence south 35° west 32.22 chains to a stake marked "VB; JH;"; thence south 70° east, crossing the Gabilan Creek 24.32 chains to a stake marked "WJ; JH;"; thence north 88° 45′ east 144.50 chains to a stake marked "WJ; V; JH;" in the bed of the Gabilan Creek; thence north 8° 45 west 8 chains to station No. 14 of the official map of the Rancho La Natividad; thence north 3° west 13 chains to station No. 15 of said map; thence north 36° west 8 chains to station No .16 of said map; thence north 53° 16′ west 17 chains to station No. 17 of said map; thence north 21° 16′ west 11 chains to station No. 18 of said map; thence north 8° 45′ east 8 chains to station No. 19 of said map; thence north 37° west 33 chains to station No. 20 of said map; thence north 18° west 25.50 chains to station No. 21 of said map; thence north 53° 15′ west 28.70 chains to station No. 22 of said map; thence south 57° 15′ west 19.40 chains to station No. 23 of said map; thence south 15° west 3.33 chains to station No. 24 of said map; thence south 65° 15′ west 27.37 chains to station No. 25 of said map; thence south 48° west 16 chains to station No. 26 of said map; thence south 50° 30′ west 20 chains to station No. 27 of said map; thence south 17° west 11 chains to station No. 28 of said map; being the place of beginning—containing 1363.80 acres.

Being Lot No. 2, as the same is delineated and so de signated on the Map of Commissioners to make partition of La Natividad Rancho in partition proceedings which were entered among the official records of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the County of Monterey, April Term, 1865, in the partition suit of William S. Johnson et al. vs. John B. Wynn et al.; and being also fractional portions of sections 24, 25, 35 and 36 in township 13 south, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.; and sections 30 and 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the Gabilan Creek where the northern line of the Gabilan Ranch and J. W. Patton's northern line on the Natividad Rancho join; thence running south 88° 45′ west to the southeasterly corner of the farm now or formerly owned by August Johnson; thence along a picket fence which is or was the eastern boundary of said Johnson's farm northerly to the land formerly owned by James Houston and later by Henry Cowell; thence along said Cowell's line north 88° 45′ east to the Gabilan Creek; thence along the middle of said Creek to the place of beginning, containing about 50 acres. Being a part of the Natividad Rancho and known as Lot 18 as per the County Map of the County of Monterey made by St. John Cox and Fehy in 1877, being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. BEGINNING at the most southern corner of the Los Vergeles Rancho in the center of Gabilan Creek, thence along the boundary line between said Rancho and the Rancho Cienega del Gabilan, north 45° east 14.78 chains to a post in the corner of Lot 2 of Natividad Rancho; thence leaving said Rancho boundary north 45° 30′ west 16.50 chains to a cottonwood tree 18 inches in diameter marked "I VI"; thence south 56° west 1.10 chains to the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek, from which a willow tree 10 inches in diameter bears north 56° east 10 links distant; thence meandering up the center of the channel of said Gabilan Creek and along the boundary of said Rancho Los Vergeles southerly to the place of beginning, containing 11.10 acres. Being designated upon the map which accompanies the decree of the District Court of the Twentieth Judicial District of the State of California, entered on the 21st day of July, 1875, in the case of Arabella A. Stokes et al. vs. Josephine Winterburn et al., as Lot 6, the same being a portion of the Rancho Los Vergeles, and being also a fractional portion of section 31, township 13 south, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

1. Lots Nos. 1 and 2, of section 6, township 8 north, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. BEGINNING at the southeast corner of the Merkley Ranch at a redwood stake set on the east bank of the Sacramento River, which stake is south 79° 45' west from a oak tree [illegible] feet in diameter standing at the southern extremity of the Half Way House buildings, and running thence north 79° 45' east 4.20 chains; thence south 71° 15' east 2.49 chains to the north side of an oak tree 18" in diameter (Blazed); thence south 69° 30' east 6.11 chains to an oak tree 8" in diameter (blazed), thence south 71° 15' east 9.61 chains to the end of an old ditch; thence south 74° 30' east 3.77 chains to back fence; thence north 2° 30' east along fence 10 chains to fence; thence south 2° 30' west 2.62 chains from south line of 10-acre tracts; thence north 50° west along fence 7.74 chains to corner; thence along fence south 86° west 5.29 chains to corner of board fence; thence north 89° west along board fence 12.17 chains to corner of fence on east side of road; thence south 79° 45' west at 0.67 chains on top of levee continue same course, in all 7.60 chains, to the Sacramento River; thence with the east bank of said River down stream to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. Being part of section 11, township 8 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southwesterly line of Main Street, distant thereon 137 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Howard Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches, thence southwesterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Main Street 91 feet and 8 inches; thence northeasterly parallel with Howard Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 694 and 703.

2. COMMENCING at the intersection of the northwesterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Spear Street, running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 77 feet and 6 inches to the northwesterly line of Mission Street; thence northeasterly along said line of Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

3. COMMENCINB at a point on the southwesterly line of Spear Street, distant thereon 97 feet and 6 inches northwesterly from the intersection of said line of Spear Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street; running thence northwesterly along said line of Spear Street 40 feet; thence southwesterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches; thence southeasterly parallel with Spear Street 40 feet; thence northeasterly parallel with Mission Street 45 feet and 10 inches to the said southwesterly line of Spear Street and the place of beginning. Being portion of Beach and Water Lot No. 638.

4. COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Clay Street with the easterly line of Sansome Street; running thence easterly along said northerly line of Clay Street 137 feet and 6 inches; thence northerly parallel with Sansome Street 122 feet to the southerly line of Merchant Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Merchant Street 137 feet and 6 inches to the easterly line of Sansome Street; thence southerly along said easterly line of Sansome Street 122 feet to the point of commencement. Being Beach and Water Lots Nos. 130, 131 and part of No. 132.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN JOAQUIN

1. BEGINNING at a point 8.65 chains west from the east boundary line, and 50 links north from the south boundary line of section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 31.85 chains; thence south 33.82 chains; thence north 88° 30' west 64.55 chains; thence north 15.35 chains; thence west 8 chains to the left bank of the Mokelumne River; thence along said left bank following its meanderings upstream to a point which would be intersected by a line running parallel with and 5.63 chains north from the township line between townships 4 and 5 north; thence east on said imagined line 16 chains; thence south 1.78 chains; thence east 50.40 chains; thence north 16.78 chains; thence east 36.86 chains to a post; thence south 20.13 chains to the point of beginning, containing 326.84 acres. Being portions of section 1, township 4 north, range 4 east; section 36, township 5 north, range 4 east; section 6, township 4 north, range 5 east; and section 31, township 5 north, range 5 east, all M. D. B. & M.

2. All of those certain lots in the City of Stockton known and designated as Lots Nos. 5 and 8, and portions of Lots Nos. 1, 3, 7, 13 and 14, all in Block No. 64 east of Center Street, according to the map and survey of the said City of Stockton, commencing for the same at a point on the south line of Channel Street, in said City of Stockton, 75 feet easterly from the southeast corner of the intersection of Hunter Street and Channel Street; running thence easterly along the south line of Channel Street 85 feet; thence at right angles southerly 150 feet to the north line of said Lot 8; thence at right angles easterly 40 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the north line of Weber Avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the north line of Weber Avenue 50 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the northwest corner of said Lot 8; thence at right angles westerly along the south line of Lot 6 of said Block 64, 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet to the east line of said Hunter Street; thence at right angles northerly along said east line of Hunter Street 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 75 feet; thence at right angles northerly 25 feet to the point of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO

1. BEGINNING at a stake on the northwest corner of the tract assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence along the Coast north 20° 15' west 14.40 chains; thence north 74° west 11 chains; thence north 40° 15' west 10 chains; thence north 34° 15' west 20 chains; thence north 43° 45' west 25 chains; thence north 4° west 20 chains; thence leaving the Coast north 28° 30' east 101.78 chains; thence south 81° 15' east 30.90 chains; thence south 8° 30' east 30.17 chains; thence south 84° 35' east 190.65 chains to a point in the southeast boundary line of the official survey of said Rancho; thence on and along said line south 4 east 47.60 chains to the northeast corner of the tract assigned by the Referees aforesaid to Josefa de Haro Denniston; thence following the line of said tract north 84° 35' west 84 chains; thence south 25° 30' west 95 chains to the place of beginning; containing 1815.12 acres; said tract having been assigned to Augustine Guerrero by the Referees aforesaid and being marked No. 2 on the map of said partition. EXCEPTING all that parcel being a portion of the above described premises bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on a bluff on the Pacific Ocean, being the southwesterly corner of a tract of land now or formerly belonging to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence north 25° 30' east 62.86 chains; thence north 56° 15' west 38.93 chains to a stake in the line of fence; thence following said fence north 64° 30' west 0.76 chains; thence north 29° west 0.76 chains; thence north 23° 30' west 0.76 chains; thence north 16° west 0.76 chains; thence north 8° 30' west 3.72 chains; thence north 28° west 7.02 chains; thence north 36° 30' west 7.70 chains to the line of land now or formerly belonging to Victoriano Guerrero; thence following said line south 28° 30' west 45.27 chains to a stake on the bluff bank of the Pacific Ocean; thence following said bluff bank south 20° east 5.62 chains; thence south 4° west 2.27 chains; thence south 12° 15' east 4.54 chains; thence south 17° 45' east 5.65 chains; thence south 37° 45' east 1.75 chains; thence south 83° east 0.91 chains; thence 37° east 10.60 chains; thence south 54° 15' east 4.45 chains; thence south 46° east 4.55 chains; thence south 69° 45' east 3.03 chains; thence south 6° east 3.41 chains; thence south 37° 30' east 1.55 chains; thence south 4° 30' east 3.03 chains; thence south 19° 15' east 7 chains; thence south 41° 30' east 7.21 chains; thence south 61° east 3.85 chains; thence south 60° east 3.33 chains; thence south 87° 30' east 2.73 chains; thence south 63° east 4.55 chains; thence south 58° 45' east 3.03 chains; thence south 46° 30' east 3.48 chains; thence south 30° 20' east 9.17 chains to the point of beginning, containing 430.72 acres.

2. COMMENCING at the northwest corner of that portion of the Rancho El Corral del Tierre (Palomares) bordering on the Ocean, assigned by the Referees appointed by the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, in the suit of James G. Denniston et al. vs. A. Guerrero et al. to Josefa de Haro Denniston, and running thence south 25° 30' west 14.24 chains; thence south 64° 30' east 16.23 chains to Denniston Creek; thence north 10° 30' west 11 chains; thence north 22° west 2.55 chains; thence north 12° 15' east 3 chains; thence north 27° east 1.50 chains; thence north 13° 30' west 2.20 chains; thence north 84° 35' west 7 chains to the point of commencement, containing 16.92 acres.

3. BEGINNING at a point on the County Road forming the easterly boundary line of the large tract of land owned by Owen McMahon, deceased, at the time of his death, at the easterly corner of the tract of land conveyed to Elizabeth Owen McMahon by Elizabeth Catherine Hamlin, Ellen Maria Barry and Margaret Anna Keenan by deed dated February 25th, 1892, and running thence south 42° 36' west 35.15 chains; thence south 48° east 27.75 chains; thence north 42° 36' east 35 chains to the County Road; and thence along the County Road to the place of beginning, containing about 108 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.39 acres conveyed by Henry Cowell to W. D. K. Gibson for right of way purposes by deed dated November 27th, 1900, and recorded in Volume 88 of Deeds, at page 207, San Mateo County Records, and also a parcel of 1 acre conveyed by Henry Cowell to Giovanni Devincenzi, by deed dated November 11th, 1901, and recorded in Volume 93 of Deeds, at page 18, San Mateo County Records.

4. Lot No. 1 of section 21, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 26.14 acres.

5. BEGINNING on the bank of the Purissima Creek at the point where the line between fractional sections 15 and 16 intersects the same, thence running north between said fractional sections 5.64 chains to a gulch; thence down said gulch south 56° 15' east 2.80 chains to the bank of the Purissima Creek; thence down the Creek with its meanders south 60° 15' west 3.10 chains; thence south 60° 45' west 2.50 chains; to the place of beginning, containing about 1 acre, and being part of fractional section No. 15 in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. BEGINNING on the line between sections 16 and 21, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and at a point 16 chains east of the quarter section post in the road leading up the Creek; thence east on said line 14 chains to Purissima Creek; thence up the Creek with its meanders north 23° west 3 chains; thence north 40° 15' east 2 chains; thence north 25° 15' east 7.80 chains to the line between sections 15 and 16; thence along said line north 5.64 chains to Simmon's and Beckwith's corner; thence north 64° 15' west 0.95 chains to the road; thence along the road south 15° 20' east 2.80 chains; thence south 38° west 5 chains; thence south 18°30' west 5.50 chains; thence south 28° 30' west 6 chains; thence south 64° west 11 chains; thence south 60° west 5.15 chains to the place of beginning containing 10 acres.

7. COMMENCING at a post 20 chains from the Coast Back, running thence south 17° 30' east 20 chains to the corner of Joseph E. Selleck's 40-acre tract; thence south 72° 30' west 24.16 chains to edge of Coast bank; thence along said bank in a southerly direction to a corner post; thence leaving Coast and running north 72° 30' east 54.84 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence north 72° 30' east 29.37 chains up a ridge to head of first gulch; thence south 45° east 10.45 chains down said gulch to Lobitas Creek to an alder tree 12" in diameter standing at the mouth of said gulch upon which tree there are three notches; thence up Lobitas Creek to mouth of Willow Gulch; thence north 30° west 33.44 chains to Selleck's corner; thence south 54° west 29.68 chains; thence south 77° 30' west 40.62 chains to Santa Cruz road; thence south 72° 30' west 34.15 chains to the point of beginning, containing 577 acres.

EXCEPTING therefrom a parcel of 2.88 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company by deed dated September 22, 1905.

8. BEGINNING at a post on ridge standing in middle of Redwood Road of Bailord and Kinnerson, thence running north 31° 30' east 4.50 chains to a post; thence south 78° 30' east 8.25 chains; thence south 65° east 5.50 chains to Lobitas Creek to a redwood tree 48" in diameter, marked with 3 notches, on right bank of said Creek; thence down said Creek south 48° west 3.75 chains; thence south 35° west 5.74 chains; thence south 48° west 6.50 chains to a redwood tree 24" in diameter standing on the right bank of the Creek at the mouth of the gulch; thence up the gulch north 57° west 9 chains; thence north 38° west 4.73 chains to a post; thence north 31° 30' east to the place of beginning, containing 19.50 acres, being a portion of the Rancho Canada Verdey Arroyo de las Purissima.

9. Lot No. 1, and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 8, and the fractional sections 16 and 17, in township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing together 935.92 acres; all that portion of Lot No. 1, of section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., situated north of the County Road leading from Purissima House up Purissima Creek and containing 2½ acres, more or less; Lot No. 2, in section 21, of said township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 20.91 acres.

EXCEPTING, however, from the foregoing lots or parcels of land the following lots or parcels:

(1) A parcel of 2.79 acres, being a portion of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to William Buzzell by deed dated April 13, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 39, San Mateo County Records.

(2) A parcel of 10 acres, being a portion of fractional section 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Patrick Flyn by deed dated October 17, 1864, and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 148, San Mateo County Records.

(3) A parcel of 36.16 acres, being a part of fractional section No. 16, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by D. W. Connelly to W. A. Simmons and J. S. Blackwell by deed dated April 13, 1864 and recorded in Volume 5 of Deeds, at page 425.

(4) The right to use and possess a certain spring of water conveyed by D. W. Connelly to Silas Hovious by deed dated October 12, 1861, and recorded in Volume 2 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 44, San Mateo County Records.

(5) A parcel of 50 acres, being a fractional portion of sections 16 and 17, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to George Duncan by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 497, San Mateo County Records.

(6) A parcel of 13.22 acres, being a fractional portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to R. H. Hatch, by deed dated September 10, 1866, and recorded in Volume 6 of Deeds, at page 108, San Mateo County Records.

(7) A parcel of 5 acres, being a portion of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 6 south, range 5 west, M. D. B. & M., and conveyed by John Pursell to Silas Hovious by deed dated February 3, 1868, and recorded in Volume 8 of Deeds, at page 346, San Mateo County Records.

(8) A parcel of 5 acres, known as the "Cemetery Tract."

(9) A parcel of 5 acres, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated April 23, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 189, San Mateo County Records.

(10) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to Richard Dorety by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 518, San Mateo County Records.

(11) A parcel of 1 acre, conveyed by Henry Dobbel to the trustees of the Purissima School District by deed dated September 13, 1870, and recorded in Volume 11 of Deeds, at page 520, San Mateo County Records.

(12) A parcel of 9.33 acres conveyed by Ernest V. Cowell, Samuel H. Cowell, Isabella M. Cowell and Helen E. Cowell to the Ocean Shore Railway Company, by deed dated September 22, 1905.

10. The east portion of Lot No. 1, as per map of the J. de H. Denniston portion of the Rancho Corral de Tierra, containing about 12 acres of land.

IN THE COUNTY OF TEHAMA

BEGINNING at a point where the north line of the Wilson Tract intersects the slough at old channel of the Sacramento River said line being known as the Bennet Line, thence following along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 15° 30' west 12.50 chains; thence north 24° 30' west 9.31 chains; thence north 29° 45' west 4.37 chains; thence north 14° 30' west 10.60 chains; thence north 28° 30' west 14.65 chains; thence north 27° 15' west 11.08 chains; thence north 32° 30' west 6.20 chains, from which an oak tree marked 68 and 69 bears south 40° west 0.60 chains distant; thence north 60° west 8.15 chains; thence south 77° west 5.30 chains; thence south 19° 30' east 2.53 chains; thence south 85° west 5.27 chains; thence south 50° 30' west 5.19 chains; thence north 88° 30' west 4.70 chains; thence north 46' west 7.36 chains; thence north 75° west 4.20 chains; thence north 49° west 8.96 chains to the present channel of the Sacramento River; thence following down and along the east bank of the Sacramento River by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

South 32° west 8.05 chains; thence south 74° 30' west 16.04 chains; thence south 11° 30' west 22.50 chains; thence south 24° east 9.52 chains; thence south 36° 30' east 3.92 chains; thence south 12° east 5.05 chains; thence south 32° 30' east 24.67 chains; thence south 66° east 22.72 chains; thence south 45°30' east 3.30 chains; thence south 33° east 8.06 chains; thence south 28° 30' east 3.35 chains; thence south 18° east 2.53 chains; thence south 35° 30' east 2.75 chains; thence south 14° east 3.10 chains; thence south 1° west 2.56 chains; thence south 16° 30' east 2.54 chains; thence south 11° 30' east 3.15 chains; thence south 7° east 5.72 chains; thence south 9° 30' east 3.29 chains; thence south 3° 30' east 4.74 chains; thence south 11° 30' east 2.67 chains to the old channel of the Sacramento River; thence following up and along said old channel by the courses and distances specifically designated as follows:

North 37° 30' east 2.22 chains; thence north 44° east 2.17 chains; thence north 44° east 1.94 chains; thence north 27° east 3.46 chains; thence north 29° east 2.51 chains; thence north 3° east 4.10 chains; thence north 33° west 1.83 chains; thence north 36° 15' east 29.25 chains; thence south 49° east 3.68 chains; thence north 41° east 7.39 chains; thence north 62° east 3.88 chains; thence north 8° 30' east 6.79 chains; thence north 17° east 4.70 chains to the place of beginning, containing 589 acres, more or less, being part of the "Cuyay Rancho" known as "Snaden Island."

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 756 of the official surveys of the said County of Yolo, at a point a little north of west from the quarter section corner between sections 3 and 4, township 6 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., thence south 77° east along the upper line of said Swamp Land Survey No. 756 20.54

ains to the back corn of Hester's 10-acre tract; thence uth 13° west 2.50 chains; thence south 77° east 40 ains to a point on the west bank of the Sacramento ver, 10 rods below the northeast corner of the said wamp Land Survey No. 756, thence down the said river ith its meanders south 10° 25′ west 4.64 chains; south 1° 25′ west 5.40 chains; south 30° 30′ west 12 chains; uth 45° 10′ west 7.21 chains; thence leaving said river orth 75° 30′ west 56.50 chains to the back line of said wamp Land Survey No. 756; thence north 19° 10′ east long said back line 28.70 chains to the place of beginning, ontaining 167.55 acres of land.

2. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 361, 363, 897, and 985, ecording to the official surveys of Swamp and Overowed lands of the County of Yolo, being portions of ownship 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. A fraction of 2.10 acres, beginning at a point at the side base of the Sacramento River levee, about 30 feet orth from the cross-levee, and running thence north 18° est, along the inside base of said levee, 151 feet; thence orth 72° 30′ west 216 feet; thence south 17° 30′ west 9 feet; thence north 72° 30′ west 980 feet; thence south 7° 30′ west 80 feet; thence in a direct line to the place f beginning, being a portion of Township 7 north, range east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The south half of section 9; the south half of sec- on 10; the south half of section 12; all of section 13; he south half and the northeast quarter of section 15; ll of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter f section 19; all of section 20; the southwest quarter of ection 21; the north half of section 22; all of section 23; ll of section 24; the northwest quarter of section 28; and he northeast quarter of section 29;—all in township 8 orth, range 3 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. The south half, and the northwest quarter of section ; all of section 4; all of section 5; the northeast quarter, he east half of the southeast quarter, and the northwest uarter of the southeast quarter of section 6; the north alf of section 8; the north half of section 9; the north alf of section 10; and the northwest quarter of section 1;—all in township 9 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

6. The southeast quarter of section 31; the southeast uarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of ection 32; the south half of section 33; and the southwest quarter of section 34; all in township 10 north, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M.

7. All of section 1; all of section 2; the east half of ection 11; the north half of the south half; the southast quarter of the southeast quarter, the south half of the outhwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southast quarter, of section 12; and the north half of the orthcast quarter of section 13; all in township 11 north, ange 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

8. The west half of the northwest quarter of section 5; and the north half, and the west half of the southwest quarter of section 6; and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 7; all in township 11 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

9. All of section 25, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 118 acres; the south half, and the south half of the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 98 acres, of section 26; all of section 35; the south half, the northwest quarter, and all of the northeast quarter, lying south of Sycamore Slough, and containing 104 acres, of section 36; all in township 12 north, range 1 east, M. D. B. & M.

10. All of sections 30 and 31, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 504 acres; and all of the west half of the west half of section 32, lying south of Sycamore Slough and containing 40 acres; all in township 12 north, range 2 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

1. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, designated as Lot 1, Loop and Meserve Tract, as per map recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, EXCEPTING that part included in the right of way of the Southern Pacific Company.

2. A parcel of land in the City of Pomona, being part of the "Sycamore Tract," as shown o nthe map of the land partitioned by Loop and Meserve, recorded in Volume 52 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 1, Los Angeles County Records, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 16 as shown on said Map, thence south along the west line of said Lot 16 and the prolongation thereof 25.92 chains; thence north 68° 45′ west 12 chains; thence north 15° east 21.78 chains; thence east 6 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situate in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Lots Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5, of the "O'Neil & Haley Tract," of the said City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE COUNTY OF YOLO

1. That portion of Swamp and Overflowed Land Survey No. 1158, described as beginning at the northwest corner of section 21, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence east 18.06 chains; thence south 65.55 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 21.62 chains to the west line of said section; thence north 53.65 chains to the place of beginning, containing 107.63 acres.

2. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as beginning at the northeast corner of section 20, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., running thence south 53.65 chains; thence north 56° 36′ west 34.12 chains; thence north 59° 38′ west 13.31 chains to the center line of said section; thence north 28.21 chains; thence east 40 chains to the place of beginning, containing 162.53 acres.

3. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1041, described as the southeast quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

4. The southwest quarter of section 16, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M.

5. Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 337, 411, 1079, and 1160, according to the official surveys of Swamp and Overflowed Lands of the County of Yolo.

6. That part of Swamp Land Survey No. 1106, described as beginning at a point 16.19 chains north from the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west 12.03 chains; thence north 22.21 chains; thence east 4.20 chains; thence south 32° 30′ east 5.24 chains; thence south 76° east 5.16 chains; thence south 16.56 chains to the place of beginning, containing 23.59 acres.

7. Those parts of Swamp Land Surveys Nos. 333 and 277, described as beginning at a redwood post standing at the south corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 782, and situated south 43° 40′ west 41.50 chains from the Sacramento River; thence south 64° east 16.39 chains; thence south 69° east 38.67 chains; thence south 21° west 6.60 chains to the southeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 333; thence west 58.70 chains to the northeast corner of Swamp Land Survey No. 277; thence south 47.25 chains; thence west 13.75 chains; thence north 76° west 5.16 chains; thence north 32° 30′ west 13.05 chains; thence north 59° west 5.83 chains; thence north 73° 15′ west 10.44 chains; thence south 71° 30′ west 6.33 chains; thence north 43° 40′ east 70.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing 254.32 acres.

8. Beginning at a point where the west boundary of Swamp Land Survey No. 627 is intersected by the section line dividing sections 21 and 28, township 7 north, range 4 east, M. D. B. & M., and running thence west about 90 chains to the southwest corner of section 20, same township and range; thence north about 75 chains to the back levee of Reclamation District No. 307; thence southeasterly along said levee about 115 chains to a point marking the northwest corner of said survey No. 627; thence south along the west boundary line of said survey to the place of beginning, containing about 425 acres, in Swamp Land Surveys No. 1041 and No. 1158.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO

Lot Lettered "L", in Block 140, of Horton's Addition to the City of San Diego, according to the official map thereof.

All of the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF CONTRA COSTA

1. A portion of that certain ranch known as the Rancho San Miguel or Rancho Arroyo de los Nueces y Golgones, the first tract being the south half of Lot 7, hill land, and containing 228 acres, and the second tract being the north two-thirds of Lot 8, hill land, containing 425.93 acres.

The following is a particular description of said tracts by metes and bounds as made on partition, for which reference is made to the map and plat of survey of partition of said Rancho now of record in the office of the County Clerk of Contra Costa County, viz.:

BEGINNING at station white oak tree marked S1-11 on the segregating line between the hill and valley lands of the San Miguel Rancho; thence north 62° 2′ east 92.16 chains to post AB; thence north 17.70 chains to post SM-23; thence south 45° west to post SM-24; thence north 48° 9′ west along the ranch boundary 93.70 chains to post TP-2; thence south 46° 45′ west 56.83 chains to post JP; thence south 68° east 6 chains to post SL-14; thence south 23° 30′ east 40.97 chains to post SL-13; thence south 67° 15′ east 10.72 chains to post SL-12; thence south 0° 45′ east 27.08 chains to the point of beginning, containing 653.93 acres, more or less.

2. That portion of the Rancho Monte del Diablo which is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at post SM-24, situated at the corner of the Rancho Monte del Diablo and San Miguel Rancho, thence north 45° east 8.85 chains to station post SM-23; thence north 6° west, leaving the Rancho boundary, 3.45 chains to station post No. 3P Co.; thence along the boundary of land now or formerly in controversy between Francisco Galindo and Josiah Sturges, north 44° 30′ west 74.90 chains to station post No. 2P Co.; and thence north 32° 45′ west 27.34 chains to station post D; thence leaving the lands in controversy above named, running south 77° 30′ west 3.59 chains to station post D-2; thence south 12° west 23.35 chains to station post TP2; thence along the boundary of the above named Ranchos south 48° 9′ east 93.70 chains to the point of beginning, containing 147.41 acres, more or less.

(The two parcels of land last above described, situated in the County of Contra Costa, are claimed by the Cowell Portland Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property, and all of the parcels of land hereinafter described are claimed by the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company, a corporation, to be its property.)

All the undivided ONE-FOURTH (¼) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF EL DORADO

1. The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the east half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8; the west half of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 9; the southwest quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of section 16; all of section 17; the northeast quarter of section 20; the north half, the north half of the southwest quarter, the north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; and the south half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22; all in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. A parcel of land in section 7, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of said section 7, and running diagonally across said quarter section along the line of a fence on land now or formerly owned by Mr. Morrison, until it intersects the quarter of quarter section line and adjoining Mr. Morrison's to the County Road; thence along the center of said road to the east line of section 7; thence along said line south to the place of beginning, containing 41-2/3 acres.

3. The Schwalm Marble Quarry Mine and Lime Kiln site, being Mineral Entry No. 723 in the Series of the United States Land Office in Sacramento, California, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 38, embracing a portion of section 8, in township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Marble Valley Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California.

4. A parcel of land, being a portion of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 9 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., described as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21, and running thence due west 1320 feet to the northwest corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence due south 825 feet to the fence between the lands originally claimed by W. W. Faber and Hugh B. Taylor; thence northeasterly 1437 feet on the line of said division fence to a point on section line between sections 21 and 22, which said point is 264 feet due south from the northeast corner of said southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 21; thence 264 feet due north to the place of beginning.

5. The east half, the southwest quarter, and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 7; the northwest quarter of section 8; the east half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 18; the west half of section 29; and the east half o fthe northeast quarter of section 30; all in township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M.

6. The Blue Marble Quarry Mine, designated by the United States Surveyor General as Lot No. 50, embracing a portion of section 7, township 12 north, range 9 east, M. D. B. & M., in the Pilot Hill Mining District, in the County of El Dorado, State of California, and containing 20.66 acres.

7. The southeast quarter of section 12, township 12 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF KERN

Section No. 23, in township 32 south, range 33 east, M. D. B. & M., with the exception of a strip of land 100 feet wide, lying equally on each side of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and excepted in deed of Southern Pacific Railroad Company to Henry Cowell, dated May 5, 1892, and recorded in Volume 53 of Deeds, page 298, Kern County Records.

IN THE COUNTY OF PLACER

The north half of the southwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 22, township 13 north, range 8 east, M. D. B. & M.

IN THE COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

Lot 5, in the block or square bounded by "K" and "L", 28th and 29th Streets, in the City of Sacramento, as laid down upon the official map thereof.

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

1. Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Battery Street, distant thereon 40 feet southerly from the intersection of said easterly line of Battery Street with the southerly line of Filbert Street, thence southerly 80 feet along said easterly line of Battery Street; thence easterly parallel with Filbert Street 50 feet; thence northerly parallel with Battery Street 120 feet to the said southerly line of Filbert Street; thence westerly along said southerly line of Filbert Street 25 feet; thence southerly parallel with Battery Street 40 feet; thence westerly parallel with Filbert Street 25 feet to the said easterly line of Battery Street and the place of beginning.

IN THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

1. Beginning at the northeast corner of a lot in the City of Santa Cruz heretofore conveyed by Henry Cowell to one Hamilton, said point being on the northwesterly line of the San Jose Road, thence north 29° 27′ east 9.09 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence north 14° 40′ east 16.39 chains along the northwesterly line of said San Jose Road; thence south 75° 30′ west 20.30 chains; thence south 10° east0.19 chains to a post; thence south 70° 20′ east 8.74 chains; thence south 1.99 chains; thence south 33° east 1.47 chains; thence south 4° east crossing a brook 3.94 chains; thence south 1° east 6 chains; thence south 61° 15′ west 1.60 chains to a post at the northwest corner of the said Hamilton lot; thence south 60° 30′ east 3.375 chains to the point of beginning, containing 17.874 acres.

2. That certain parcel of land situated in the City of Santa Cruz and described as follows:

Beginning at the junction of the northerly line of Mission Street with the westerly line of River Street at a spike from which the southeast corner of Mission and River Streets bears south 79° 29′ east 40.28 feet distant; thence north 3° 50′ east 130.33 feet along the westerly line of said River Street to an iron spike on the south side of an alley; thence north 87° 57′ west 54.83 feet along the southern line of said alley to the boundary of a lot now or formerly owned by Dr. Sargent; thence south 13° 52′ west 31.78 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 88° 44′ east 9.90 feet to an iron bolt; thence south 1° 49′ west 100 feet to an iron spike in the northerly line of said Mission Street; thence south 88° 44′ east 46.96 feet along the northerly line of said Mission Street to the point of beginning, being lot No. 22, in block No. 1, of the City of Santa Cruz, and a part of lot No. 18 of the same block.

3. The southwest quarter of section 8, township 10 south, range 2 west, M. D. B. & M., containing 160 acres.

All the undivided ONE-EIGHTH (⅛) of the following described parcels of real estate, all situated in the STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE COUNTY OF SAN BENITO

1. Lots 4, 5, 12, and 13, of section 28; the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, and 10, the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 30, all in township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.; also the west half of the northwest quarter of section 32, township 14 south, range 6 east, M. D. B. & M.

2. Lots 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14, of section 14; and lot 4, of section 24; all in township 14 south, range 5 east, M. D. B. & M.

3. That certain parcel of land situated in the Town of Tres Pinos, bounded and described as follows:

A strip of land 100 feet wide, commencing on the easterly line of the station ground of the Southern Pacific Railroad 50 feet equally on each side of the said railroad as the same was formerly laid, thence running southeasterly 882.50 feet in its center line to the easterly line of Santa Ana Street, containing 2.02 acres of land, and being 897 feet on its northerly line and 869 feet on its southerly line, excepting the rights which one Charles Peck may have acquired to a small portion of said strip above described.

The railroad or motor road known as the Tres Pinos and Cienega Railroad, together with the roadbed, right of way, terminal facilities and rolling stock of the same.

WITNESS, the HON. THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 11th day of December, 1913.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys for Petitioners.
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-27-9

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